



FELIX

Issue 933

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Financial Confusion

There was considerable confusion last night over the legality of the funding of Silwood Park Day Nursery. A meeting of Imperial College Union Finance Committee (UFC), held on Tuesday night, decided that the payment of £50 by Silwood Students' Union to the nursery was illegal (*ultra vires*). Subsequently, senior union officers telephoned Silwood to instruct union members there to end funding of the nursery.

Independent observers told Imperial College News Network (iCNN) that the funding of the nursery is not illegal. If this opinion is correct, it means that the two year old decision by IC Union to cut the funding to the Imperial College Day Nursery, in Prince's Gardens, was unnecessary, and that funding to Silwood Day Nursery can be restored.

The confusion is due to the lack of a firm definition of an *ultra vires* payment. In 1983 the Attorney General issued guidelines defining what was improper expenditure by student unions. This followed allegations that student unions, most of which have charitable status, had been making large donations to political bodies, during the politically sensitive miners' strike.

The 1983 letter from the Attorney General read that all expenditure should be seen to be 'representing and furthering the interests of the students' and should 'assist in the educational aims of the college'. This has been taken by IC Union officers to mean that all expenditure must give some form of return to students, in terms of material benefits or services. On this basis, it has been decided that the nursery does not give direct benefit to students, an interpretation which itself has been questioned.

A solicitor for the Attorney General's office yesterday told

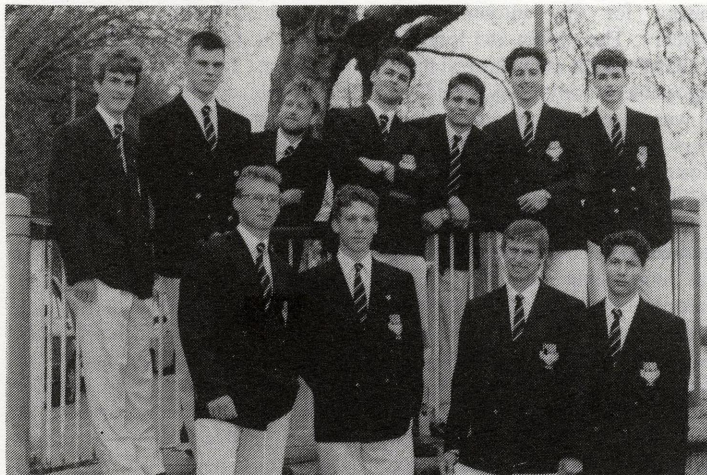
iCNN that an *ultra vires* payment was one where money was used for party political purposes. A press officer for the National Union of Students told us that for a payment to be legal, it must have some educational benefit. Charity commissioners, who have financial auditing responsibilities for most student unions, said that students' unions may only spend money on the beneficiaries named in their charter.

An independent financial expert consulted by iCNN told us that the legal deliberations of the Attorney General's office were of no relevance in this instance. He said that as both Imperial College Union and the Imperial College Day Nursery did not exist financially in their own right, they are regarded, for charitable status, as parts of the college. This interpretation was confirmed for iCNN by the Charities Commission, who found Imperial College Union listed as an integral part of Imperial College. In this case, the payment of money from ICU to the Day Nursery could be regarded as Imperial College moving money around different financial departments, and therefore would not constitute an *ultra vires* payment.

Our expert further told us that the charter that establishes the college as an exempt charity, states that the main aim of the college is to educate students and provide relevant services to further that goal. In this light, the Day Nursery aids student welfare in the same way as halls of residence and refectories.

As officers of the Union are accountable and personally liable for the expenditure they may have to repay any funds that are spent improperly. Hence, union officers are moving with caution on this issue. The position appears to be one of correcting past mistakes.

Japanese Success



Imperial's Rowing Club has won the 'Japanese Henley Regatta' for the second year running. This year they were pitted against Nihon University, Wasada University (Japan) and Bristol University. They won by a three-quarter length over Bristol. Bill Mason, the Coach of the IC Rowing Club, told Felix that the Regatta was a 'sister event' to the British race of the same name and university crews came from all over the world to compete. 'We demolished Bristol,' he added.

He said that the two British crews were given boats cut for Japanese size, and as the British teams were on average eight kilos heavier per person 'we were going under the waves rather than over them.'

Yesterday (Thursday 7 May), Mr Mason went with the second eight to Dublin to compete in the 400th Trinity Regatta, where they will compete against a number of Irish crews.

This victory follows last week's news that IC Sailing Club won the Jet Sea Cup Challenge. The Jet Sea team had difficulty in raising enough sponsorship money to take part in the Martinique Challenge. The team sent professionally

published brochures to over 100 French and British companies but received no response. The team then turned to college sponsors. The Old Centralians (City and Guilds Old Students' Association) supported the venture. Funding applications were made to the Rector, Sir Eric Ash, to Imperial College Union and to the Chairman of IC's Governing Body, Sir Frank Cooper. The Harlington Trust, which uses funds generated from the excavation of gravel from IC's Harlington sports ground, also donated funds for the venture. The team members gave £300 each of their own money because enough sponsorship still had not been raised.

Sorry

Many apologies are due for the 'bohemian' page layout of this week's Felix. Due to a printing error the pages are in no discernable logical order. Please adjust your Felices, normal service will resume next week.

The Truth About St Mary's

Dear Editor,

I fear that Ms Mountford's letter of 18th March was written from a position of ignorance, and I can therefore not criticise her for making so many factual errors. However, I do feel that it is important for someone who has at least some knowledge of the situation surrounding the merger to put the record straight.

It is right that we are a CCU of IC Union. However, it is not upon the same terms as the other CCUs. We have financial and political autonomy—we do not have to apply to UFC for money to fund our 45 clubs, and nor do we have to adopt policy that is passed at a UGM. The reasons for this autonomy are complex. The timing and location of UGM's make attendance at them impossible for any Mary's student, as was discussed in detail three years ago (when, I suspect, Ms Mountford was taking her GCSE's), when there was a move to abolish UGMs since they were deemed to be undemocratic, as it was impossible for 500 of IC Union's members (the Mary's students) to attend. This move was, sadly, defeated by the regime of Nigel Baker (a name that few may remember, but that even fewer might want to remember!). All of the efforts which have ensued since then have not been to drive a wedge between ICU and SMHMS SU, but rather, to open pathways of communication, so that those who

wish to interact from each side of the park are able to, but that nothing is forced. It was originally assumed by ICU that we would enter on the same terms as the other CCUs. We made sure that this was not to be the case—by losing separate finance and policy making, St Mary's would lose its autonomy, and all that is special to the institution. The wise people of ICU Exec who followed the Baker regime recognised that it is far better to create the opportunity for interaction, rather than taking away what we had and forcing us to the terms of ICU. And, since we signed the merger document in 1990, the partnership has grown—and that is an extremely healthy thing to occur. ICU and SMHMS SU have taken an interest in each other, helping each other out (both ICU helping us, and at least when I was on St Mary's Union, us helping ICU) and forging friendships, which is what the merger should all be about.

Hence, when I see a letter like Ms Mountford's, it makes my blood boil—to make a statement such as 'without IC Union, St Mary's would not exist' is not only ludicrous and downright untrue, but it just goes to promote the 'anti IC feeling' which initially existed at St Mary's and which, over recent years, has tended to die. The reasons for the merger are extremely complex, and I would not presume to try to explain them. However, to suggest that IC 'saved'

St Mary's from being thrown on the scrap heap is, I suspect, only a partial truth, if at all. The survival of St Mary's Hospital Medical School depends, primarily, on the existence of St Mary's Hospital, and its satellite hospitals, and the maintenance of enough patients to teach 300 clinical students. IC has no control, whatsoever, over St Mary's Hospital, and I am sure that the first London Medical School that is cut will be one that is connected to a hospital which is short of patients. Suggesting that Mary's would have died if IC hadn't rushed to save us is, I suspect, untrue.

So why did I ask the question about Ben Turner, complaining that the candidates took no interest in Mary's. Those candidates will be representing the views of IC students, including 500 medical students, to many University and College Committees which St Mary's do not have representation on. For example, upon the merger, we lost our representation on Senate, and we are now represented by a member of ICU. How can they expect to represent the views of IC as a whole if they have completely ignored 500 of the students which they represent. Similarly, St Mary's has no representative on Governing Body, so how can someone who has never even been to St Mary's hope to say what our opinion on a matter might be. I would agree that some of the candidates were given a

grilling—I believe that a hustings is meant to push the candidates, and if they couldn't stand up to the questioning that I gave them, I do not want them representing me.

As someone who was involved in many of the intricate discussions surrounding the merger, who helped to write the merger document, and who played a very major part in the year following the merger, I feel that I have the right to grill the candidates, and to find out what their plans for IC and Mary's are. I also have the right to be upset that the candidates know little, and seemed to care less, about the 500 students that they wished to represent.

The elections made me sad, as has Ms Mountford's letter. It is very difficult to take steps forwards in the partnership between IC and Mary's, and extremely easy to take steps backward. I fear that the elections and the correspondence have done little to move forwards, and probably a great deal to move back. I hope that both ICU and SMHMS SU will continue moving forwards, creating opportunities for interaction, and creating friendships. I wish them both luck—we are in this merger together, let's not start the fighting again, but move forwards arm in arm!

Simon G T Smith,

Ex President SMHMS SU (90/91), Ex Vice President ICU (90/91), 5th Year Medical Student.

The Truth About the Union Bar

●Did you know that the Union Bar's full name

Dear Adam,

On Friday 06 March, IC Radio broadcast a story about the resignation of Ramesh Patel from the Union Bar and Ramesh's replacement by Gervaise Loraine, fondly known as Jarv.

My radar like hearing items tell me that some union bods are bitching about this story. This story you know well - it was printed in the iCNN Spring News Review. For those of short memory, or no reference files, I append the transcript of the ICR story -

Gervaise Loraine, better known as Jarv, has won the position of assistant bar manager after Ramesh Patel resigned his post earlier this year. Mr Loraine was appointed

above 70 other people after the post was advertised in the national media. This now leaves the post of bar steward wide open, and the cost of advertising another post in the union bar has yet to be mentioned by sabbaticals, one of whom said, 'Jarv was far and away the best candidate for the post.' This claim has been widely rejected by students and staff in the students' union, who appear to be upset that Mr Loraine has been appointed. It has been reported that Mr Patel resigned after being forced to by in-fighting. As union staff have no right to speak under a student union staff protocol, they were unable to comment.

Now, whilst I know that some

union people are complaining, I don't know what they are complaining about. Why? Simple - they haven't bothered to tell me. As per usual, they have relied on the whispering winds to convey information downstairs. (Let me be helpful: Felix - phone 3515, 8672; IC Radio - phone 8710; STOIC - 3518).

On this basis, I have been left to guess as to the offending passage. My dog Watson tells me that it is as follows:

This claim has been widely rejected by students and staff in the students' union who appear to be upset that Mr. Loraine has been appointed.

At the time we broadcast this

report, this was true and accurate, as it was based on the only information that was to hand. Also, this part of the story 'broke', or became public, on a Friday evening.

This left two choices; broadcast and be damned, or hold it and then check. At the time, it looked good, and the source seemed solid. So we broadcast.

We were wrong, we got it wrong, the story was wrong. After checking, we could not verify our interpretation of this phrase. Therefore, we withdraw the phrase, with all appropriate regret and apologies to Ramesh, and to Jarv.

Strangely enough, we still have not received any complaint from the

Pervert Examination Leaked

Dear Adam,

I would like to complain about the insidious comments concerning my love life in your column this week.

I refer of course to the odds of 7:6 given to yourself. 'Wishful thinking' say I! We all know who you are, you sneaky, perverted, excuse for a Felix Editor, I find it appalling that your paper should sink to these levels to fill its pages.

Yours disgustedly,

Rachel Mountford, Civ Eng 2.

Dear Adam,

The following point has come to our attention and we write on behalf of a number of colleagues.

On Tuesday 28 April 1992 a considerable number of students sat the Accounting and Finance exam. This is a humanities option run by the management school and taken by:

Mech Eng, Chem Eng, Elec Eng, Physics and Materials Science second, third and fourth year

students.

The paper was a direct (actually word for word) copy of the 1987 paper. Unknown to the Management School, the paper was available in the Mech Eng library.

Officially only the 1991 paper and worked solutions were available; however some students had access to at least the '87, '88, '89 papers and official worked solutions. This is an 'open book' exam, which meant that some

students were able to copy the solutions directly from their notes.

The course is lectured and exams set by the Management School.

An examination is designed to be a fair test of a student's ability, and in this case it was not. We await further action to be taken by College.

Yours sincerely,

Names withheld by request.

Decline and Death, Four

(lines on the death of Francis Bacon; John Major, as a spider, crawls across a portrait of his corpse)

Where is your wound, friend to the full-blood?

Noblesse avenger, a ruby-rich liver crammed hard in;

but, from an opaque palette, (to little consequence)

arise a narrow-minded knife ridding doubt and freeing

The Obvious! (don't think, simile) Austere in the absence

of pain, null and numb. Grey matter, grey mouths; dolorous, be, frustrated no more!

He still stands before blankness, carving time in paint to

pale shades; visceral traps a body, gouache form quicksilver-

cruel mouth, MY drunken, sodden monster in the head. I am rapt,

sacrificed to the iconoclast; curling and sullen, the sanguine

teeth, it or I eat the work, a figure with meat.

How rapt and questionless.

But, one will die and go grey, and will not be your lover (caress

the air with fingertip savagery. Direction, not verse) See! I am

rent, and will not be! Grinning most polishedly, 'Thing on the end of

Mother of Pearl' departs the dull strop to kiss the ranks.

No sympathy for your slitted, screaming chest, but 'everyone else is

wounded.' Man of gauze!? Touch, and heal all.

D A Spooner, 1992.

is the 'United Nations Initiative on Namibia' Bar?

union. This is despite our sources (different ones this time) telling us that the Deputy President was mandated by Bar and Catering Committee to write to us about the story. However, I can report progress. We have established new links with the union, and they are now talking to us. This is most welcome. They have now realised that it is only by a freer flow of information that college media are to get their stories right first time, and that it is not enough for the union to leave us guessing, and then complain if we, infrequently, get it wrong. We welcome our re-admission to civilisation.

One final point. It must be pointed out, for the benefit of those

who have not grasped this basic point, that the Felix article, dated 18 March 1992, was in no way inaccurate. The article began, 'IC Radio reported on 6th March,' and then repeated the above transcript. It is not in doubt that IC Radio broadcast the above transcribed section. To suggest otherwise smacks of illiteracy. OK, Zoë?

My apologies for boring you, though I hope I have been obscure enough. As per usual.

Kind regards. Many pleasures in your retirement.

(While the cat's away.....)

Declan Curry,

News Editor, Imperial College Radio.

Inexcusable Thrusting

Dear Sir,

As a former contributor to your magazine, and fellow student newspaper editor, I must complain in the strongest possible terms about the behaviour of your so-called music editor, 'Poddy' at the recent 'London Student' party. The constant expression of his extreme right wing views caused the attendees from Queen Mary and Westfield College much distress, as they pride themselves on their politically correct views. While such people as 'Poddy' have a right

to their views, to thrust them unwanted on others is inexcusable.

While on the subject of inexcusable thrusting, the advances he made on every single female from QMW, were frankly, sexist and bordered on sexual harassment, and left several of them extremely distressed.

I hope you will take the action you feel is appropriate.

Yours faithfully,

Adam Tinworth, Cub Editor 1991-92, Felix reviews editor 89-91, aka Pendragon.

Revolting Vandalism

Dear Adam,

Malaysian Society's notices, including a Malay New Year card for the Malay students, pinched on a high-quality, multi-colour A1 poster on the noticeboard along the walkway was all found disappeared this afternoon, 1st May. Immediately I contacted Steve Farrant, the Hon Sec (Events), who later promised to bring up the motion in the EGM next Wednesday.

For years, Malaysian Society has been using section No. 13 on the noticeboard, (honestly) not knowing that its bona fide space is in fact section No. 8. Such examples are not scarce. Section No. 8, as in our case, has been occupied by the Chinese Society for a considerable period of time. Moreover, there are always 40-50% of empty spaces around at any one time, to say the least. It is therefore highly unlikely that any society/club will resort to claim the space at this very moment, except the motive to sabotage.

This act of malice is particularly damaging as the Sunday's celebration (3rd May) is the first major event organised by the new committee, making the task to notify its members in 72 hours a nigh impossible task. Should the poster be removed at an earlier stage, the event would be wholly disastrous, especially when guests from three societies and the Union are invited. Therefore to act so outrageously without scruple and to ignore the consequences is indeed disgraceful and revolting.

A space on the noticeboard enables a society to be in intimate contact with, not only its members, but indeed everyone in the College community. Whatever the motive behind such irresponsible and immature act, is inexcusable. Contemptuous act of vandalism like such, with strong elements of wanton destruction, is highly regrettable and should be subjected to condemnation.

Yours sincerely,

H.M. Kho, ICMS Secretary.

editorial

Many apologies for the ‘do-it-yourself’ nature of the Felix page layout this week. To paraphrase Eric Morecambe, all the pages are there, though not necessarily in the right order. Look at it as a puzzle - the page numbers are all correct, so with a bit of lateral thinking you should be able to read everything in the right order with only a bit of shuffling. It should make Felix a bit more interesting to read. Our poor

old printer looks thoroughly embarrassed by it all.

I wholeheartedly agree with many of the sentiments expressed in Simon Smith’s letter printed on page 2. For instance the notion that St Mary’s would not exist if IC had not ridden to the rescue is somewhat facile, though I feel a few further points are worth making. Firstly, while a spirit of co-operation between St Mary’s and the rest of the College is to be endorsed, this

will not happen while it is seen by many students on this side of the park that St Mary’s are a law unto themselves and while students in St Mary’s see themselves as separate to the College as a whole. I don’t say that this is fact, merely that it is perceived as such. It takes two to be unco-operative, and it is to be hoped that airing the subject will help rather than hinder. It is only when you know what people think - through letters in Felix, for instance - that you can take steps to correct them or debate with them.

Secondly, the Nigel Baker regime did not defeat the motion to abolish UGMs. If I remember correctly it was Mr Baker who attempted to push the motion through, more to give rein to his autocratic tendencies than to help St Mary’s in any way. It was defeated by those students who bothered to go to the relevant UGM, who presumably thought that handing over the Union to the Executive was even worse than continuing with UGMs than nobody has any interest in.

Speaking of UGMs nobody has

any interest in - the EGM last Thursday was called to ratify the election of Dominic Wilkinson as Honorary Secretary (Events), to elect a new House Committee Chairman - who has considerable influence over the fabric of the Union Building - and to vote on the Third World First motions which may have resulted in four major banks not being allowed to attend the IC Career’s Fair, Fresher’s Fair or to advertise in any Union Media in protest against third world debt. Presumably nobody has any interest in this as the meeting was attended by virtually nobody.

Credits

Rose, Andy T, Declan, Davids HB and S, Simon, James, Poddy, Mario, Catherine, Boris, Sam, Jonty, Stef, Bec, Scott, Toby, Steve N, Don Adlington, the anonymous authors of the Phoenix articles, John Pitt, Rony Douek, Marge, Troy Tempest, Chris Leontopoulos, les vehicules d’eau volés et drôles et beaucoup de satyrs adroites sans direction. (Ou quelquechose comme ça).

Earth Summit '92

The world’s first ever ‘Earth Summit’ begins on the 1st June in Brazil and is being billed as ‘the most important conference in the history of humanity.’ It will provide an opportunity for world leaders to sort out some of today’s most pressing environmental problems such as global warming, deforestation and protecting endangered species.

During the Earth Summit a special Tree of Life will be assembled, made up from pledges in the shape of leaves from people all around the world. Jonathon Porritt, director of the Tree of Life Project said that ‘the Tree of Life


serves as a powerful symbol of the commitment of ordinary people from all corners of the earth to a more just and sustainable future. Your pledge will serve to remind British and international statesmen, in the spotlight of the world’s press, that they can no longer afford to ignore public opinion.’

A pledge leaf has been printed on this page, for you to complete and to be sent to the Tree of Life by 3rd June. Leaves can be also be obtained from major chain stores, including the supermarket chains Sainsbury’s, Safeway and Tesco and from some radio stations.

In order to raise public awareness

of the issues relating to the summit, One World, a group of broadcasters is producing a season of programmes on the global topics of the environment, development and world peace. These will be shown all over the world during May, to a potential audience of one billion people. In the UK, the BBC are planning a six week season of programmes including documentaries, films, chat shows and comedy.

(Imperial College Union, Felix, or the staff or volunteers of either do not necessarily countenance the action encouraged in any part of this newspaper).



We'll take this card to Brazil

Fill in your personal pledge and what you expect governments should be doing at the Earth Summit.

Pledge to _____

Governments should _____

Name _____

Town _____

PLEASE SEND THIS LEAF TO:

TREE OF LIFE/

PLEDGING FOR THE PLANET

30 SWINTON STREET,

LONDON WC1X 9NX

One of the chief problems of modern reform is to improve the conditions under which people now live; yet, to improve the qualities of the generations of the future is surely a problem of equal, if not of surpassing importance. The study of this problem is called Eugenics.

It is not, as many suppose, a scheme for marrying prize-fighters

Yet, though the harm due to short-sighted legislation, misplaced charity and other causes is evident, progress has been made in other directions. Better education, better housing, cheaper food, increased facilities for travelling, shorter hours of work and higher wages—these things have all helped to improve the condition of the people;

a great result may be achieved.

Nevertheless, to effect this result is no easy matter. Where there is no will, there is no way. How, then, is it possible to raise ourselves above our present level? Direct legislation, such as prevention or restriction of certain marriages, is at the present time impossible, even if it could ever be resorted to. Such

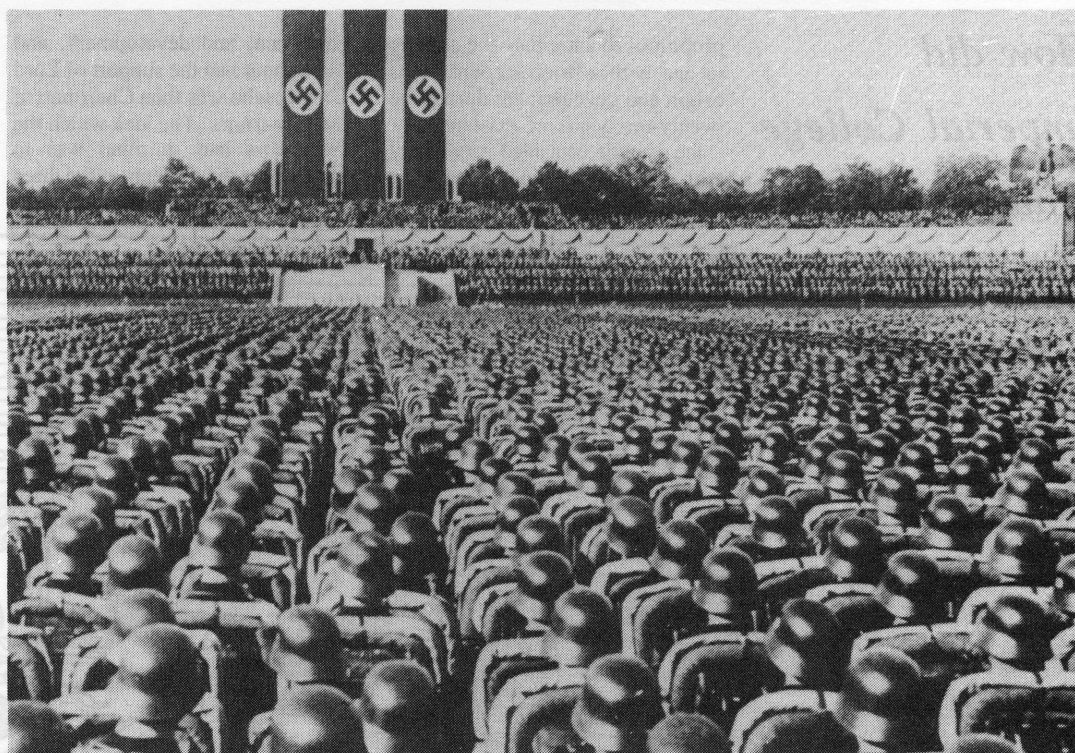
*Originally
published in
Phoenix,
November 1923.*

The Selfish Geneticist

to robust dairy maids or professors to schoolmistresses; nor is it in any sense a class movement. Its aim is a broad one—to promote the good of the community as a whole by encouraging the desirable and by discouraging the undesirable. The aim of Eugenics is to encourage the healthy, thoughtful hardworking and thrifty, and at the same time to discourage the diseased, feckless, indolent and thriftless—or at any rate to discourage them from reproducing their kind.

Unfortunately, the effect of modern legislation is often to reverse the process. Imbeciles and other degenerates are kept alive in an artificial manner, and habitual idlers are encouraged by the careless distribution of doles, whereas the thrifty and industrious are well-nigh crushed out of existence under the burden of taxation. A thoughtful working man does not have a family larger than he is reasonably able to support; but, the unconscientious are influenced by no considerations of this kind, and produce a generous supply of their degenerate children. These children, who ought never to have been born, are provided for by the State, and paid for by those who are obliged to limit their families to do so. In many cases those who have a sense of responsibility are unable to marry until late in life, and, even if they do eventually marry, they are only able to bring up a small family.

Much harm is also done by misplaced charity. Not only is it a direct evil in that it encourages the undesirable, but at the same time it diverts much of the help which might have been fitted a deserving case. The support of the aged or infirm is one of the dictates of humanity; other forms of charity are useless, except as a temporary measure to assist the individual to work out his own salvation. Any help, which enables a man to tide over a time of difficulty such as illness or trade depression, is a useful measure; but money given to wastrels is worse than money thrown into the sea, because it encourages them to breed.



but, excellent as these improvements are within reasonable proportions, they can in their present form have only an indirect effect on the future.

Eugenics has proved that (contrary to the view held by some people) men are far from being born equal either in physical or in mental characteristics; and further, that the relative value of nature is far greater than that of nurture. There is a limit to the powers of development of any individual and, short of the best possible training, this limit or capacity, as it is called, can never be reached. The best education, therefore, can do no more than develop to the full capacity of knowledge of the individual; it can never make a wise man out of a fool.

The powers of the individual, then, are limited from the moment of his conception; but, to the capacity of generations yet unborn there is no such limit. We should aim, then, at improving the capacity of future generations. Let each generation start in life a little in advance of the preceding one, and

action would interfere with the liberty of the individual, and could not for a moment be tolerated. It would be undesirable from almost every point of view. Even granting that legislation would be justifiable in certain extreme cases, hereditary diseases for example, the difficulty arises or where a distinction is to be drawn. What man can claim that he has a right to decide who shall or who shall not exist?

On the other hand many questions of this kind are determined by natural laws, which will operate of themselves as civilisation progresses, if only they are allowed to do so. In a natural state the healthy, strong and hard-working tend to survive at the expense of the weaker members of the community. Unfortunately, the modern tendency is to interfere with these laws in the worst possible way—to burden the strong with the support of the weak and indolent. As an American writer has said: 'The world is full of willing people; one half is willing to work, the other is willing to let them.' If the latter are supported by the former, this is no

doubt true; but, it may be supposed that, goaded by necessity, many of the second class would work also. The conditions under which these people find themselves will determine whether they are to be wastrels or good citizens. Ignorance is one of the chief sources of evil; and some knowledge of these questions should, therefore, form a part of our education. Even the most thoughtless, if only they were made to realise the full consequence of their own actions, might hesitate to bring into the world children, doomed to die prematurely or to suffer for a life-time, the victims of an hereditary taint.

In conclusion, let it be urged that no harm ever comes to straightforward discussion; and for us one and all to realise that in this question lies a problem of vital importance to the race of the future is to go a long way towards solving that problem. What kind of people are going to follow us in the world? Are we to hand on our great heritage to an enfeebled and degenerate race or to beings nobler than ourselves?

When the next Academic year opens in October, the Imperial College Union celebrates its twenty-first birthday. It was open actually at the beginning of the October Term 1911, though the formal opening by Sir Thomas Holland did not take place until November 3rd.

As neither ale nor port (1911 was not a good vintage year) were laid down at its birth, it may be

Science, the Royal College of Mines, and the City and Guilds (Engineering) College—in the Imperial College of Science and Technology.

The proposal to establish the Union was put before the Governors by Sir Arthur Acland who may justly be called its father. He took the greatest interest in it through all the stages of its erection,

lines of the Unions at Oxford and Cambridge, which was to be a meeting place for present and past students and a means of fostering and developing the traditions of the three colleges.

At this point it may be interesting to give a survey of the accommodation and the uses to which the various rooms were put. On the ground floor on the Prince Consort Road level, were a Dining Room and a Reading Room separated by an Entrance Hall. At one end were Committee rooms and a Reading Room for women students; at the other end a very meagre kitchen and service accommodation, with the Secretary's Office off the main Entrance Hall. Upstairs and on the Albert Hall level was another Entrance Hall dividing a Library

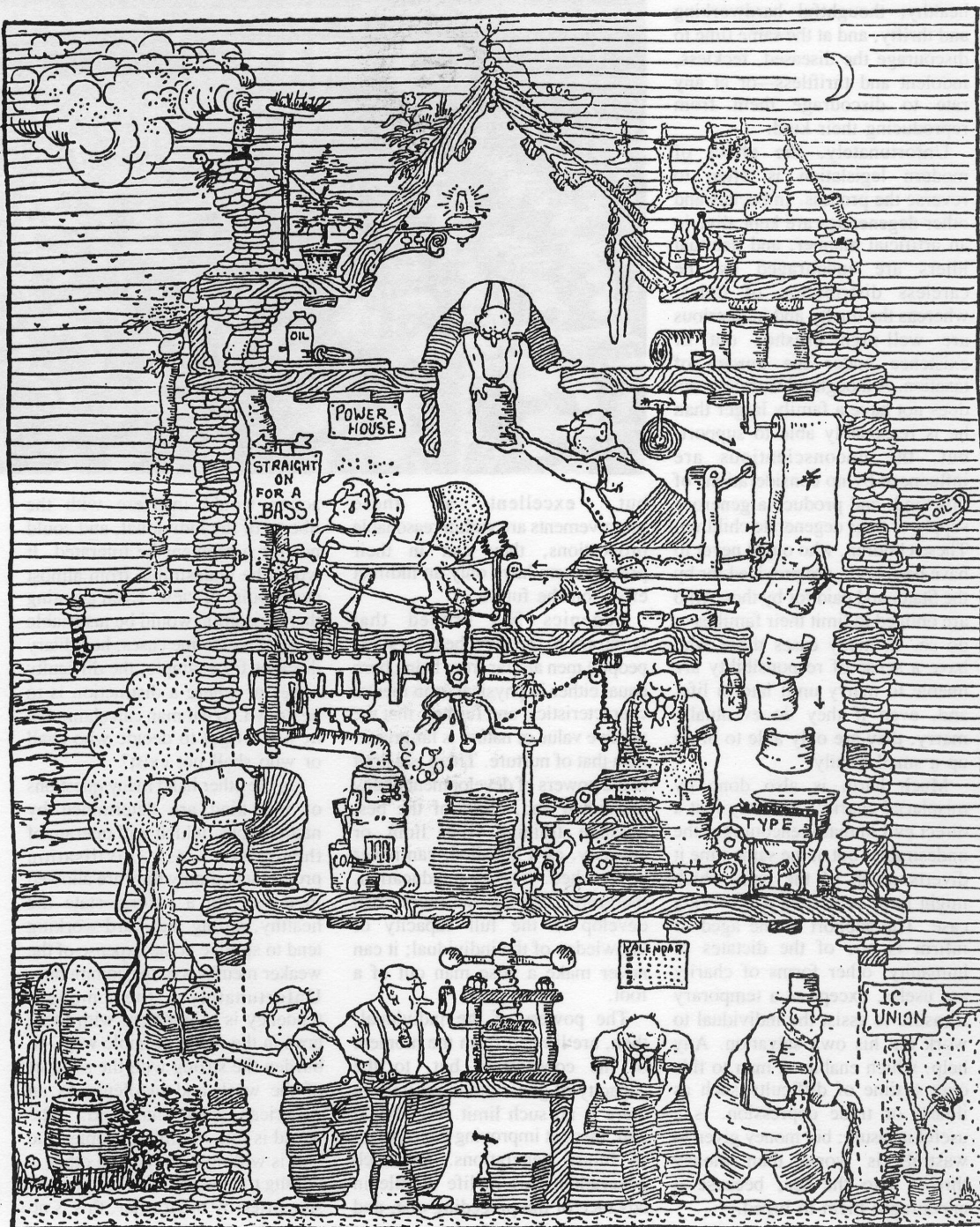
The Birth of a Union

How did Imperial College Union come into being? This article, from June 1932, describes the early Union.

propitious to anticipate the coming of age with a brief account of its origin and development during the twenty-one years of existence.

the opening coincided very nearly with the incorporation of the three colleges—the Royal College of

equipment and development, and throughout had the support of Lord Crewe, who was then Chairman of the Governors. The idea which the Governors had in mind was to provide for the students of the three Colleges a Club very much on the



The Veil is Lifted. The public can now see, for the first time, how 'The Phoenix' is produced.

with a Reading Room and private Luncheon Room for the Governors and Professors from a Gymnasium with changing rooms and shower baths. Criticism was made of the inadequacy of the kitchen and service accommodation which the Architect (Sir Aston Webb) countered by saying that it was as large as that on board ship, and to which the meek critic objected that the building was on land and there was plenty of it. The use of these rooms was changed from time to time to meet the increased demand for dining room accommodation, and the Library on the first floor became an additional Luncheon Room, the private Luncheon Room for the Governors and Professors became also the Secretary's Office, and the Secretary's Office off the main Entrance Hall was transformed into a bar and buffet.

Almost at the same time the college bookstall was transferred to the Union and occupied part of the Entrance Hall on the Albert Hall level.

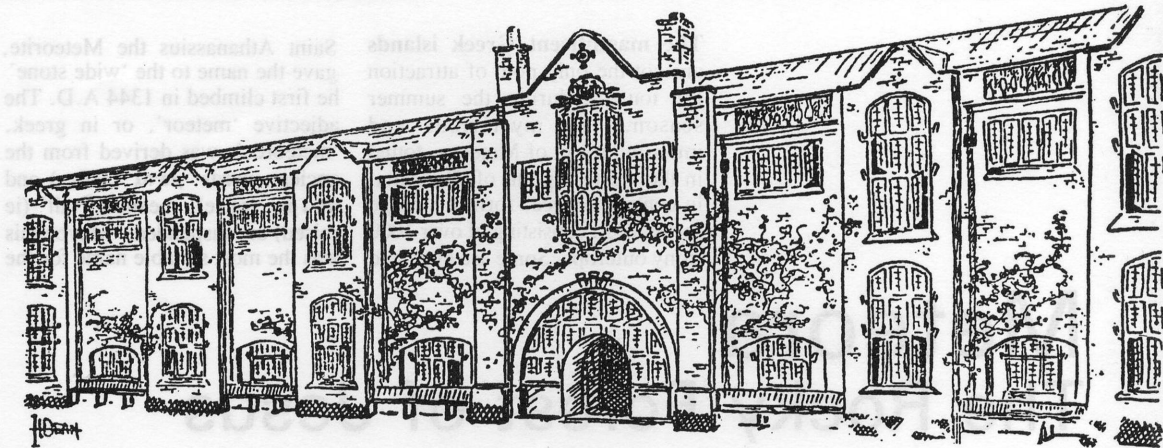
The Gymnasium which served various purposes, for plays, concerts, dances, boxing and fencing matches gradually lost interest as a Gymnasium and the special apparatus was removed.

The furnishing and equipment of the building was provided by donations from the City companies, the Governors, Professors and old students.

In its first year it was regarded somewhat timidly by some of the students and was by no means universally patronised.

The growing up of the Union may be divided into two periods separated by the War. From 1911-1914, in its infancy its growth was slow but on the whole, in spite of competing interests, vigorous.

In its first year it was regarded somewhat timidly by some of the students and was by no means universally patronised. It was interesting to observe how those who came in by twos and threes as it were on a voyage of discovery



when once they had investigated the amenities which it offered, stayed and induced others also to come. Gradually its use for all social events became general. At the outset entertainment was evident in plays, concerts—the three colleges having at that time a wealth of talent both on the dramatic and musical side—and dances.

The rules of the Union laid it down that the three Colleges should nominate the President of the Union in turn, and it fell to the lot of the Royal School of Mines to nominate the first President. The Union has been fortunate in having a succession of Presidents who were ready to devote time and energy to its progress.

During the War the Union served not only as a meeting place of its members when on leave, but as the Headquarters of the United Arts Volunteer Rifles, and of the Reserve of Guards Officers. The collection of photographs which is now in the Bar was made at this period. Naturally its ordinary activities were suspended and, it is almost sure to say that, after the War a fresh start had to be made.

From 1918 to the present time and development in every direction has been remarkable. Members of 1911 revisiting the Union today would find the most significant changes. They would find buildings to the south, east and west of them, hostels to house a hundred students, increased and increasing accommodation for meals and a great extension of social activities. They would find in the Reading Room a collection of Challenge Cups (which would excite the envy of any motor bandit) and of heads of big game.

They would find the Bar, where formerly there was only a small number of pewter tankards, now resplendent with the finest collection of them one could wish to see. An excellent custom has been introduced in which in many cases a member when leaving the college hands his tankard on to a worthy successor. They would look in vain for the Bookstall which has

been transferred to the building on the south where are also the administrative offices of the college. And they would regret that they would not find so many of their contemporaries as they would like to see.

Any account of the Union would be incomplete without a mention of the remarkable improvement in the

Criticism was made of the kitchen by saying that it was as large as that on board ship, to which the meek critic objected that the building was on land and there was plenty of it.

provision of meals which has taken place in the last few years. In the first year the catering was done under contract by a firm of professional caterers who did not find it sufficiently profitable. Afterwards, as no other firm—not even Messrs Lyons—would undertake it, the Committee decided to put the responsibility in the hands of the Secretary. The arrangement worked satisfactorily until War broke out with a consequent decrease in the number of meals and great difficulty in obtaining supplies. More recently the Secretary was relieved of this work and the catering put in the hands of a manager and manageress appointed by the Committee, with the result that as good fare is obtainable as anywhere in London at a charge which is almost incredibly small.

It would be both superfluous and impertinent to conclude by saying that, after twenty-one years, the Union has more than justified the hopes of those who founded it. It would be more pertinent to urge that in view of its great value to the College, the very considerable use to which it is put and the importance of the services which it renders, the best tribute that could be paid to its founders would be to enlarge the accommodation where it is most required, and thus ensure its greater perfection.

The magnificent Greek islands are not the only pole of attraction for tourists during the summer season. The mysterious and imposing rocks of Meteora, found in the western point of Thessalia, in central Greece, form a strange rocky forest consisting of over 1000 stony outcrops. Some are huge and

Saint Athanasius the Meteorite, gave the name to the 'wide stone' he first climbed in 1344 A.D. The adjective 'meteor', or in greek, 'meteoros', was derived from the ancient words μετα (after) and αἶρω (raise), meaning 'tall' (ie raised) or 'suspended.' Maybe this was the most suitable name for the

rocks which were to offer hospitality to people called to live above the earth, though belonging to the earth - to live between earth and heaven.

There is not much historical evidence concerning the rocks. The dearth of records, both ancient and modern, belies the interest to be found in this splendid place. In his book 'Thessalia and Ipiros' (1897), the German Geologist Al. Philopson remarks on the pebble-like nature of the rocks and hills and does not contradict the old tradition of an ancient sea of Thessaly.

Even the most casual visitor to the Meteorite monasteries must wonder how the first monks ascended those virgin, slippery and colossal rocks. Originally the visitor was hauled up in a net basket on the end of a rope, though today the ascent is aided by a smooth car road. The closest town to Meteora is Kalambaka, its name meaning 'conspicuous fortress,' since the rocks give the impression of a gigantic natural fortress from there. Recently, Kalambaka has developed into an important town where new and comfortable hotels are available for visitors who may want to see the historic monasteries at their leisure.

Meteora

The Rocky Forest of Jesus



*Chris
Leontopoulos,
Vice President
of the ICU
Hellenic Society,
describes a
singular and
relatively
unknown part of
Greece*

wide, whilst others are small and meagre, more suggestive of skeletons. They all tower to the sky, giving the impression of some other superworld.

The trunks that make up this forest gives you the impression of petrified mythical giants, but the ringing of nearby churches' bells and the sight of their domes reminds you that this is holy property - it is the 'stony forest of Jesus.' The ancient monasteries which still adorn the tops of the rocks retain their vivid Byzantine colour and orthodox tradition - an area untouched by time, an acropolis of the spirit defending itself against the materialistic attitudes of the modern age.

*petrified
mythical giants*

Meteora is an ideal place for spiritual uplift and meditation. If you want to learn how to pray, it is worthwhile going there at night and staying a little out of the way, alone. The sky is closer, the stars shine more vividly and at dawn you can hear the birds joining with the monks in their morning praise.

The name 'Meteora' is not ancient. The founder of the Holy Monastery of the Transfiguration,

Fresh

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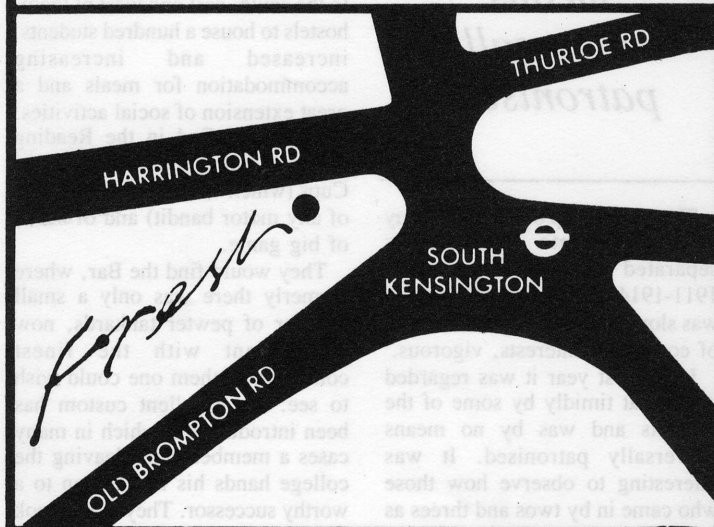
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In some respects it seems a little odd that University Students, of all people, should be thought to need a range of support services which are more comprehensive, better staffed and more accessible than those available to their peer group outside. Virtually all universities have an extensive medical service, staffed by doctors and nurses who put a high value on talking to their patients—hardly an image of general practice which would be recognisable to the consumers of National Health Service medicine in the country at large. Most universities have well staffed student services units where practical advice and help are available on demand, and where students can expect assistance and sometimes advocacy in their dealings with bureaucracy. Most universities, including this one, have appointed Counsellors whose brief, in essence, is an open-ended commitment to helping students with personal problems. Again the contrast with the world outside academia is very great. How can we justify this ineditible allocation of scarce resources in favour of the most articulate, intelligent, and able sector of the school leaving population?

*even a short
period of stress
can have a
disproportionate
effect*

Another way of phrasing the question perhaps, is this—What is so special about University students? There are two sorts of answers I believe. The most tendentious and value laden one involves the economic argument that University entrants are themselves scarce resources and that as an advanced technology based society we are fully justified, even obliged, to afford them extra support and protection. This view, (of high educational provision generally) is enthusiastically embraced by the middle classes, and is compliantly tolerated by the working classes. The other sort of answer, and the one I am most interested in, concerns the peculiar nature of a student's occupation: that is, sustained, systematic and high level learning, and the interaction between the learning process and anxiety, distress and other emotional disturbances. I do not believe that on the whole the contingent life problems that

students have to cope with are significantly different to those of the rest of their age group—indeed it can reasonably be supposed that they will not, on average, be as bad. To be sure there are some occupational hazards which are associated with the intellectual high flyer, for example academic excellence may have been attained partly at the cost of the neglect of other sorts of skills, particularly social skills, and it may be true also that some kinds of stress, inseparable from university study are not risks to which non students are exposed.

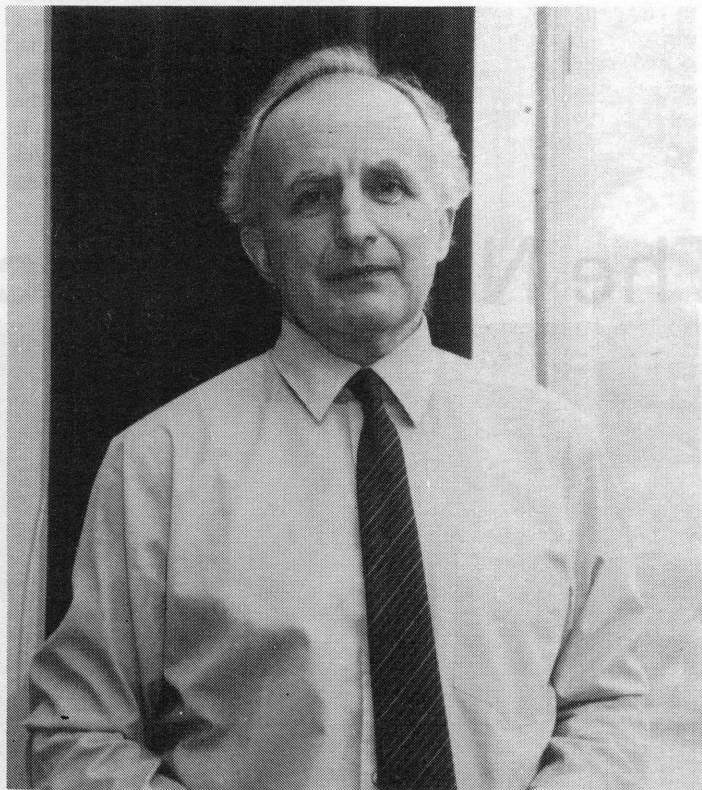
The residual, but solid, justification for professional helping services in universities is the degree to which the students' central activity—study—is impaired by factors which would be far less disabling in terms of efficiency for another person whose occupation was serving in a shop, digging holes in the road or working behind a bank counter. A bereavement, a broken love relationship, or a parental divorce, is equally traumatic for everyone, and the immediate emotional impact is precisely the same. For the university student however, and particularly perhaps for students at Colleges like this, where the work is cumulative and sequential, even a relatively short period of distress related inefficiency can have a quite disproportionate effect.

Other common, but less obvious sources of distress and anxiety may also undermine the capacity to study in a hidden insidious way.

For example, the student who finds it difficult to make friends, or who feels in other ways out of step with what he perceives as normal, may find some of the more mechanical tasks associated with his work quite easy to cope with, but find it virtually impossible to sit and concentrate on work that requires abstract thinking. 'I can't concentrate'; 'my mind wanders off onto other things'; 'I spend hours just looking at my notes, taking nothing in'; are phrases which are very familiar to those whose job it is to help students.

The individual colouring of this sort of study problem can be infinitely varied, but in practise there are some well recognised patterns into which most people fit quite easily. Besides the sorts of problems already mentioned—the fracture of threat to key relationships, and the difficulties engendered by isolation and the fears associated with it—I have in mind such problems as anxieties about one's choice of course, and possibly about the next move in life, now that all the more or less prescribed ones are at an end.

Talking About Problems



Don Adlington, Student Counsellor.

Coping with the competitiveness in academic work and learning to recognise the appropriateness or otherwise of the level of degree one hopes to achieve. Coping with the emotional demands of other students and friends and finding some sort of formula for dealing with the more negative aspects of human behaviour. There are also the mundane worries about money and accommodation, about the planning of one's time and the need to recognise that time and energy are finite resources and that invidious choices have to be made.

There is no doubt that for all these sorts of difficulty, and many others, there is much to be said for talking to someone about them. People generally, but scientists and technologists in particular perhaps, tend to underestimate the simple value of talking. Many of us, at times of difficulty almost automatically turn in on ourselves—partly out of pride (the powerful impulse to keep up an appearance of competence), and partly out of the inappropriate rational argument that talking cannot change hard reality, cannot alter the substantive roots of our

unhappiness, cannot alter 'the facts'.

Talking is important and effective however in a number of ways. Firstly it enables people to express, and therefore to ventilate their (often angry) feelings. Providing this is done in the right sort of setting, and with the right sort of response, it helps to liberate the energy required to tackle real life difficulties constructively. Secondly it is often only by talking about things that we are able to sort out one strand from another and make some sort of coherent picture of the situation. Thirdly, this more or less conscious sharing of feelings may very well lead to new ideas, new information, new initiatives for tackling problems.

There are many people in College to whom students can talk—their colleagues and friends of course, but also College staff, tutors, doctors, student services staff. You can also talk to me. I am not paid to do anything else, and my work is entirely confidential. If you would like to see me, my office is at 15 Princes Gardens, and my telephone number is 3041.

One's first impressions of Tokyo can be quite shocking - mile after mile of concrete buildings, punctuated by spiders' webs of telegraph poles and electricity cables. It was 7.30pm and yet the countless office blocks were still full of people beavering away. Clearly, the western perception of the Japanese being workaholics must have had some truth to it. The unbearably high level of humidity hits you like a brick wall the moment you set foot outside. It takes quite a while to get accustomed to, but there really is no choice.

was to give us a feel for the daily routine of the average Japanese worker. This meant waking up extra early, trekking under the burning sun to the train station and later join a long queue for the Nissan bus. Not knowing the way was not a problem - you simply had to follow the crowds - most of them were Nissan employees anyway!

A great many workshops were organised for us, most of them in English. The language barrier is probably the greatest difficulty for a foreigner in Japan, though I was quite fortunate in that I had taken the 2-year Japanese course as the

holidays, as we are led to believe. At Nissan there is a standard work uniform, but people are free to choose whether or not to wear it. Contrary to popular myth, the working day does not start with a group gymnastics session - and though there are companies in which this is done, it is certainly not the rule.

The western habit of changing jobs still raises eyebrows in Japan. The Japanese feel honoured that the company condescends to employ them, and expect to remain with their first employers until the mandatory retirement age. Moving company for any reason is still viewed with suspicion, and is often taken to imply that there is something wrong with the person rather than the company.

Women engineers are a rarity in Japan. On the line management level, we were told that one in every 5000 workers was a woman but we were assured that there is currently a drive to encourage more women to join the firm. I personally feel think this may take quite some time. Women are expected to get married when in their 20s, sometimes by an arranged marriage to another company employee, and so eventually become a good housewife who takes care of the children. Indeed, women who are still single at the age of 30 are described as 'Christmas Cake', ie cake which is not eaten once Christmas is over.

The main cultural part of the seminar was a three day trip to the temples and shrines of the city of Kyoto. Kyoto is a fair distance from Tokyo, though this was hardly

language option during my first degree. Those who had no prior knowledge of the language found it hard to communicate. Quite unexpectedly, the Japanese proved to be very poor at speaking English. They tend to be embarrassed when making mistakes, and I often found it easier to communicate by writing notes on paper.

There is very strong pressure to conform in Japanese society, a tendency which is well illustrated by an old Japanese saying 'the nail that sticks out gets hammered down'. One of the workshops involved a round table discussion with some young Nissan engineers. We tried to see whether there was any truth to a number of stereotyped western views of the Japanese employment system and it was interesting to note that before answering some of our more direct questions, such as 'would you have preferred employment with the more prestigious Toyota?' the embarrassed engineer would stare at the others in the room so as to ensure that his answer was met with general approval. Japanese workers, we discovered, do indeed work very long hours and feel quite happy doing so, since it shows commitment towards the job and the company but they do not dislike

noticeable when travelling by *Shinkansen*, the famous Bullet Train. You have to be extremely quick when boarding the train as the doors remain open for precisely 20 seconds and no delay is tolerated. Kyoto has some of the finest shrines in Japan. Before stepping into any temple or shrine you are obliged to remove your shoes - it is therefore important to ensure that your socks are not holed or you could be in for an embarrassing time. Our stay in Kyoto was made as typically Japanese as possible - this meant staying in an inn where the rooms were surrounded by sliding paper doors and food was served on small tables by ladies dressed in kimonos, whilst we sat crosslegged on cushions. Together with the usual menu of fish, seafood and *tofu* (bean curd) in *miso* soup, there was always some *sake*. At the end of the first evening, after having had a slight overdose of *sake*, we headed for the city centre dressed in *yukatas* (Japanese gowns) and wearing *geta* (wooden sandals), behaving terribly like loud *gaijins* (foreigners)!

The closest I got to seeing how the average Japanese family lives was when I spent a weekend with the family of a Nissan worker. This particular family did not speak a word of English and I was the first foreigner they had ever met. They lived in a relatively large house together with the rest of their extended family, not too far away from the Nissan plant. The house was built in western style except for one *tatami*-style room which was surrounded by sliding paper doors and furnished with traditional items

such as an *ikebana* (flower arrangement) and a couple of hanging wall paintings. The main entrance was neatly arranged with many *bonsai* trees. On entering Japanese homes you usually put on a pair of pale brown slippers. Extra slippers are provided for the use of guests - these are invariably too small for foreigners. The slippers can be used in all of the house except the toilet, and before going to the toilet there is another change of slippers, this time into even tinier bright red ones. Like most foreigners, I often forgot to change back into the pale brown ones on the way out and was often looked upon in horror for doing so. When I asked them what religion they practised they replied that they were Buddhists, Shintoists and Christians. Statistics state that in Japan there are 101 million Shintoists, 82 million Buddhists and 1.1 million Christians - a total of 1.5 times Japan's population. The Japanese feel no contradiction in holding a wedding ceremony before the deities of Shinto and a funeral

women who are still single at 30 are called 'Christmas Cake' - ie cake not eaten after Christmas

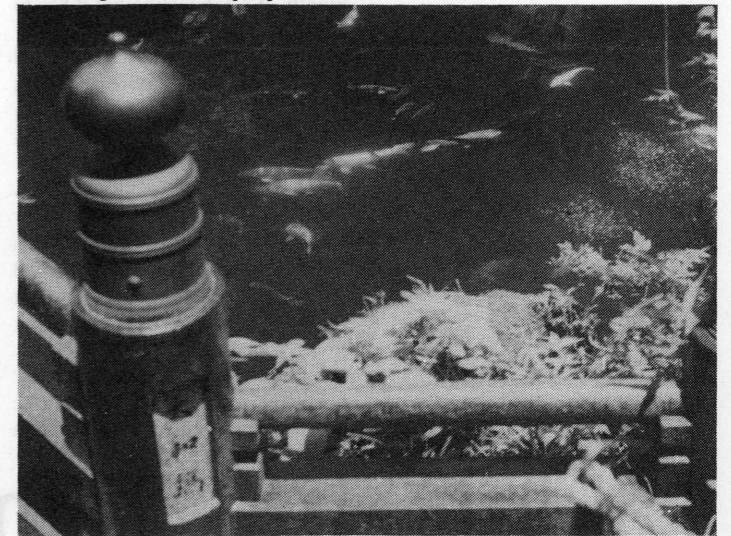
service in front of the Buddha. There are also many Japanese who observe Christmas.

My homestay family were extremely kind and friendly - courtesy is most certainly a way of life in Japan. I was taken to visit all the tourist spots and I had a strictly fish and seafood based menu, including breakfast with mussel soup, fried shrimps and the omnipresent bowl of white rice.

Tokyo is quite an immense city - one is stunned by the sheer number of people in it. This becomes particularly noticeable at the railway station during rush hour where it is difficult to avoid the stampede of people moving in and out of trains. At several stations there are special people called 'pushers' whose job it is to push commuters onto crowded trains to ensure the doors shut properly.

One curious and popular Japanese habit is an arcade game called *pachinko*. Almost every neighbourhood will have one *pachinko* parlour and sometimes there are more than one on the same

road. In essence, the game is vertical pinball where the metal balls are aimed at targets, and if successful, the numbers of balls increases. It is quite a sight watching scores of people from



every age group and profession sitting side by side playing this game endlessly. Since gambling is illegal in Japan, the prizes obtained in exchange for your bucket of metal balls take the form of such items as tinned fruit. This is a neat way of sidestepping the rules as when you have had enough you can cross the road and sell your tins for money at a strategically located street stall.

Sunday on a Tokyo beach was a memorable experience. When we arrived there was hardly any place for us to lay our towels and, surprisingly, even though the sea was visibly dirty it was absolutely packed with people. Swimming meant that you had to struggle through the crowds and avoid being hit by swimmers who were thrown off course by the massive waves. The dark silhouette of Mt Fuji could be seen in the distance and as the evening drew closer, the sunset reached a striking intensity of beauty.

My stay in Japan probably ranks as the most enjoyable vacation I have ever spent. If I was to write a more comprehensive article on my experiences I am sure that it would require more space than Felix could afford. I strongly recommend anybody with some interest in Japan to take advantage of the two year Humanities course in Japanese and get to learn about a culture that has far more to offer than mere Sony Walkmans and Karaoke bars.

●Anybody interested in the next seminar should contact The Graduate Controller, Nissan European Technology Centre Ltd, Cranfield Technology Park, Mulsoe Rd, Cranfield, Bedfordshire, MK4 0DB

... before going to the toilet there is another change of slippers, this time into even tinier bright red ones.

The Nail that Sticks Out



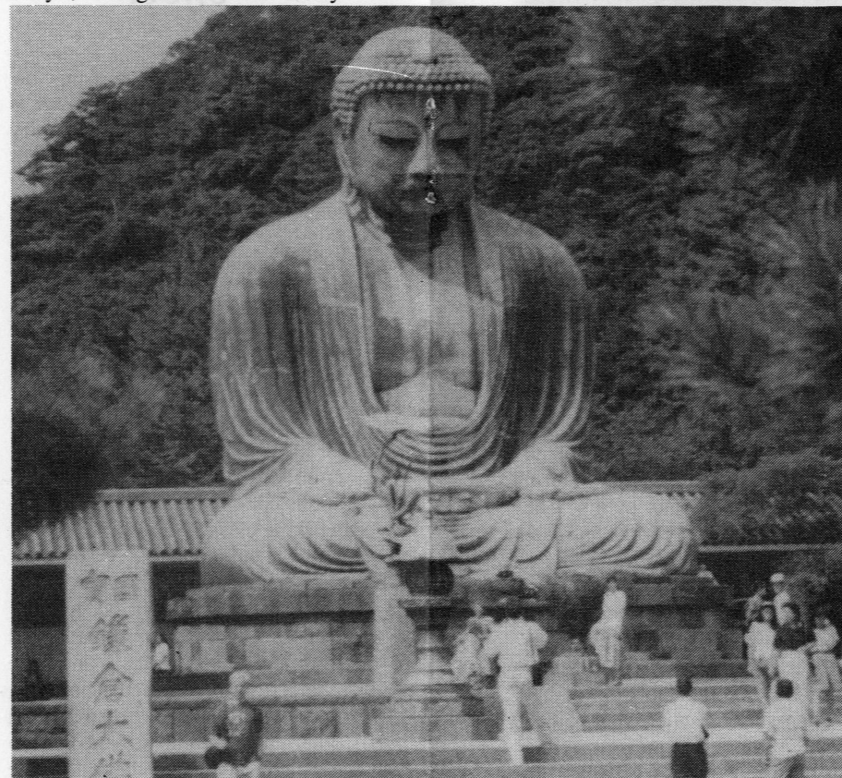
Rony Douek went to Japan to study how a multinational corporation relates to its workforce and saw how the Japanese live

Last year the Japanese car manufacturer Nissan organised an essay competition which enabled myself and 15 other students to attend the 'Nissan Summer Seminar 1991'. The stated aim of this three week seminar was 'to offer students the opportunity to understand Nissan's corporate philosophy and Japanese culture by experiencing Nissan's process of automobile development in Japan.'

Nissan Motor Co. Ltd, established in 1933, pioneered the manufacture of automobiles in Japan and today it is the fourth largest automobile manufacturer in the world. The company has its Head Office in Tokyo, with seven manufacturing plants principally in the greater Tokyo-Yokohama area. Overseas assembly and manufacturing plants are located at 24 sites in 21 different countries, with major operations in the USA, the UK, Mexico and Australia.

Nissan's main Research and Development centre is located in a picturesque country setting, just outside Tokyo. The environment is very relaxed and tries to breed inspiration and a feeling of togetherness within the workforce. This was to be our base for the next 3 weeks.

One of the aims of the seminar



You won't travel far by train on the Continent without stumbling over an 'inter-railer', armed with a lethal backpack and bleary-eyed from seeing 20 countries in a month. It's exhausting but it has to be done. In recent years many European veterans have found there's an even more exciting frontier to conquer before settling down to a life of chartered accountancy.

During the 19th Century the USA was opened up by its pioneer railroads, and trains still sound a long, mournful horn as they round the bend at midnight. This may not be the fastest way to travel but it gives you plenty of time to relax, meet new people and broaden your horizons. Americans generally like to talk and on trains they'll tell you

reclining seats and a free pillow from the attendant. You should take a blanket or coat with you, though, because the air conditioning is sometimes over-enthusiastic. Most over-night trains also incorporate designated sleeping cars, but the bedrooms are small and you have to pay extra.

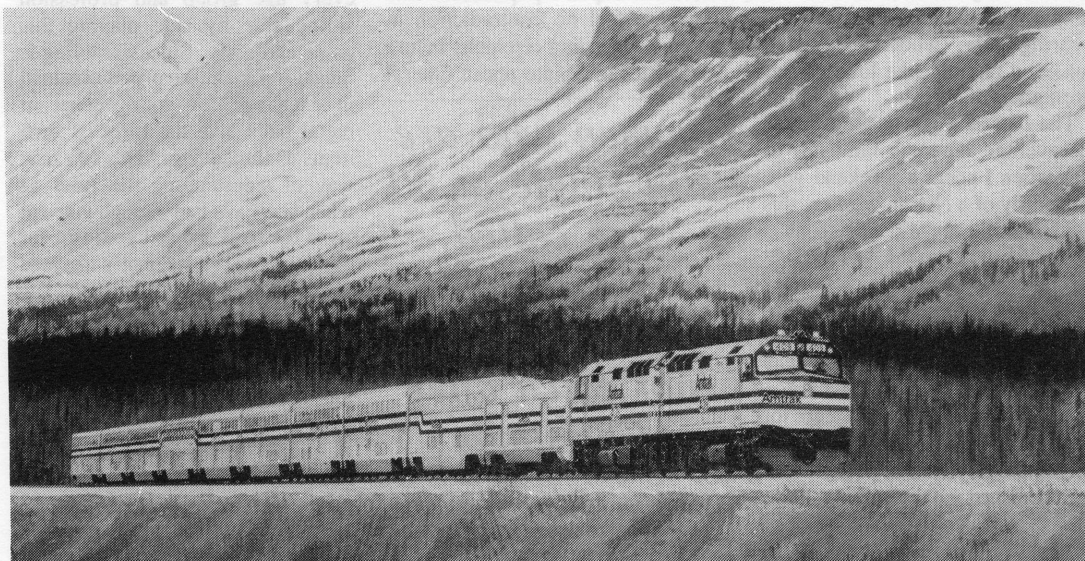
In 1971, the federal government set up Amtrak to take over rail passenger services, which had almost been written off thanks to the airlines and automobile culture. The last twenty years has seen a transformation, with new routes opened up and more people rediscovering the pleasures of rail travel. Among Amtrak's refurbished stations is a wonderfully ornate building in Washington DC, where dozens of shops and

California. As well as brilliant green forests and 10,000 foot mountains, you will see Puget Sound and many miles of Pacific beaches, where you might be lucky enough to spot migrating whales off shore. San Francisco is a fast bus ride across the bay from Oakland.

Other recommended trains include the Southwest Chief (taking in the Grand Canyon), the Crescent (New York to New Orleans via the deep South) and the Maple Leaf (for Niagara Falls and Toronto in Canada). The Desert Wind goes to Chicago from Los Angeles via the Rocky Mountains and Las Vegas, where the station is actually inside the Union Plaza Hotel. You step directly from the train into an inferno of slot machines and gamblers.

Taking the Train Westwards

*Fed up with
congested
European
Railways?
Try the USA.
John Pitt
explains how*



their life story in hair-raising detail.

I've travelled more than 50,000 miles by train throughout North America and found it easily the most comfortable and trouble-free way to see the country. Many places visited by train can't be visited any other way, and schedules are arranged so that you pass through the best scenery by day. Long-distance trains have sleek, double-decked coaches with large-windowed lounge and observation cars. You get a smooth ride, lots of space and exuberant personnel who think they're auditioning for a 1930s movie. Dining car meals are good value, or you can bring your own food on board.

Another way to economise is to spend as many nights on board as possible, arriving at your destination early in the morning ready for a day's sightseeing. Getting a good night's sleep is surprisingly easy, given the big

restaurants augment the multi-screen cinema. Chicago's Union station boasts a marble and brass waiting room the size of a cathedral (as seen in Brian de Palma's 'The Untouchables').

Besides being romantic and ecologically sound, US trains are one of the World's great travel bargains. A forty-five day Nationwide Pass offers more than 500 destinations in 46 states for about £4 a day - that's \$299 (£167) in low season and \$349 in high season (mid-May to mid-September). With a Far Western Pass you can travel in all the Pacific States as well as across the Rocky Mountains to Colorado, Montana and New Mexico for \$189 (£110). Other 45-day passes cover the Eastern USA, the West and Florida (only £39).

One of the most spectacular trains you can ride is the Coast Starlight, running between Seattle, near the Canadian border, and Los Angeles,

It is not possible to travel coast to coast on a single train, but there are several ways of crossing the country which involve just one change. You could leave New York on the Lake Shore Limited, for example and travel beside the Hudson River (views of Sing Sing Jail and West Point) to Albany, then follow the Erie Canal to Lake Erie and Cleveland. At Chicago you have an hour or so wait before boarding the Empire Builder, which accompanies the Mississippi and Missouri rivers through farmland before crossing 700 miles of North Dakota and Montana plains. The snow covered Rocky Mountains are crossed via Glacier National Park before your journey ends in Seattle.

This trip takes about 2½ days in all. Other trans-continental routes can easily be worked out with the aid of the free timetable guide, but note that in some cities Amtrak uses more than one station. The minimum time to allow for

changeovers is one hour.

To make use of the free luggage check-in service you must hand in bags at least half an hour before departure time. Luggage is guaranteed safe en route and will be held free of charge for up to 24 hours. Most stations also have coin operated lockers or a luggage room where you can leave your things while sightseeing.

With an Amtrak pass you are allowed to stop off anywhere as long or as often as you wish. Some routes are in particular demand in summer, when it pays to make reservations well ahead. You can do this, and buy your rail pass, before leaving home. UK sales agents include Compass, 9 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0BH (071 828 9028) and Destination Marketing, 2 Cinnamon Row, Plantation Wharf, York Place, London SW11 3TW (071 978 5212). Or you could apply through Thomas Cook and other travel agents. Compass also sells VIA rail

*you might be
lucky enough to
spot migrating
whales offshore*

passes, which cost from \$139 for those aged up to 24 and let you travel for 30 days in Canada.

●John Pitt is the author of 'USA by Rail plus Canada' (Bradt Publications), available from W.H.Smith and other bookshops. For an autographed copy send a cheque (£11.95, payable to John Pitt) to 26 Quail Green, Wolverhampton, West Midlands WV6 8DF.

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To anyone it is obvious that the world is in a mess and that on account of this mess there is a good chance that a student, after three years concentrated engineering or science, will have nothing to do. Which is all wrong.

Unemployment is attributed to world depression which is considered to be the inevitable aftermath of the Great War. And why on earth was there a War? Why did the British people patiently and expensively prepare their armaments, their enormous navy in all those ominously calm pre-war years? Were they all mad, all those millions of 'big navy' voters? Didn't Norman Angell show in 'The Great Illusion' the futility and sterility of war by cold reasoned logic? Thousands read the book, it

was reprinted again and again, and yet they voted for war blindly believing they were doing something for the benefit of their country. The Daily Mail drummed out of politics a man who had expressed an appreciation of Germany. The paper was not to blame—the Press lives by pleasing its readers who presumably derived patriotic pleasure from this action—the noble worms. Perhaps it would be a useful object less if we look a few of these self blinded citizens who by now have developed into respectable people in their forties and fifties, if we took perhaps one in a hundred and painlessly destroyed them. Voting then might become more intelligent and youth might command more respect. But when you start killing people for their opinions or lack of opinions you are becoming communistic and non-constructive.

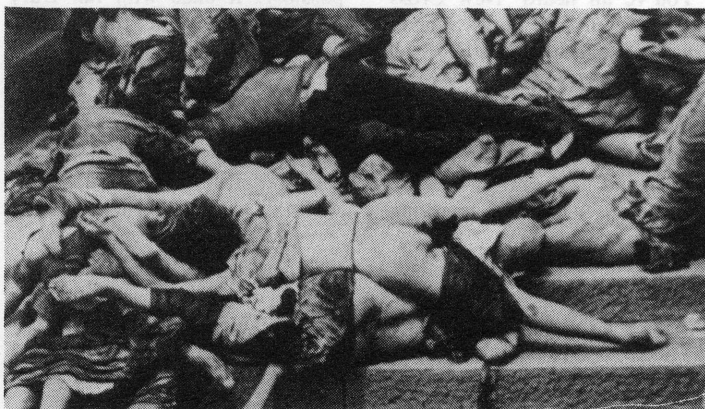
For the mistake of the Great War eleven million paid with their lives. A ghastly price for any less but has it been a lesson? Now in Britain two million, in Germany six million, in America as many, are day by day rotting in unemployment. Are these millions any better off than the eleven million dead? And how many more weary years must drag before someone sees light and clears up the mess, instead of muddling on year after year in the hope that things will improve of themselves.

Another tragic mistake now becoming apparent is the enforced payment of Reparations by the defeated powers to who the War Guild was conveniently attributed. After eighteen years we learn that Britain would have taken part in the Great War even if Belgium had not been invaded. And Germany has to

borrow money to pay Reparations, and her finances become unstable; banks close with repercussions in Britain which send the pound sliding...

And then the tariff questions—to be or not to be. An enormous number of people voted for tariffs at the last election. That they will help, at least temporarily, agriculture and British industries which are sorely distressed, is generally accepted. That they will hit on the head agriculture and sorely distressed industries abroad is not mentioned so often. Yet tariffs are simply economic armaments with which trade markets are captured. Instead of shooting your enemy you take away his living. On the day in December when the duty on glassware came

Mental Strife



into operation, thousands were thrown out of work in Thuringia, and there the unemployed must grow hungry. Snow is alright for winter sports but it's hell for the man who can't afford a fire. It is work either for the British or foreign workman. Charity begins at home but the foreigner needs it more. Should we buy British or foreign goods? To complicate the question one must consider the maintenance of the standard of living and the exchange value of the pound.

Why should we rack our brains and torture our minds with complex problems like these? Because if we let things slide, if we don't trouble to think of tariffs, and debts, and disarmament, there will be a charge blacker than that of the Great War laid against our generation.

'The time is out of joint—O curse'd spite

That ever we were borne to set it right.'

H.H.

(The Phoenix does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed in this article)

*From the
Phoenix of June
1932. Have the
intervening sixty
years taught us
much?*

Carter USM -1992, The Love Album

Album

Carter's '1992' opens with '1993', a sort of opening foray into the world, and follows with a highlight of the album, 'Is Wrestling Fixed?', with a refrain of playground style... 'Am I un-H-A-P-P-Y', and Carter manage to find a rhyme for diagnosis. Almost certainly single material, if it were not for the closing line of the first verse: 'an open and shut hopeless fucking case'.

You've all heard 'New Cross' (haven't you?), so onto 'Suppose You Gave a Funeral, and Nobody Came', about Robert Maxwell's gutter press journalism. Manages to scupper its chances of 45 glory in the first line. 'England', with its fairground backing, about prostitution, in typical Carter sing-

a-long style. First side over, and no radical departures from mass-produced Carterism.

'Do Re Me So Far So Good', the next single attacks attitude-free pop stars with vitriol and manages to do it without falling foul of any potential Radio One censors; 'Look Mum No Hands' deals with terrorism in a pretty non-descript manner; onto 'While You Were Out', about separation, which manages to incorporate all possible Carterisms into one song.

Time to weird out, I think. 'Sky West and Crooked'—who knows what it's all about. Card games possibly. It ends with Ian Dury reading from 'The Man of La Mancha', reminiscent of *Frankie GTH's* 'War' and then into 'The Impossible Dream', a song from the same. Bizarre. Full steam ahead for European Carter integration.

Lise Yates.

● '1992' is out now on Chrysalis.

Beautiful South -Brixton Academy

Cig

If you dropped your wallet tonight here tonight I reckon you'd get it back with it's contents intact. Such was the crowd. They seemed to like *Blammo*, the second support act. 'Magic Pencil' and 'Sharon Wilson' (does everyone know a Sharon Wilson?) were funny. Football songs I'd say. The first support band were dull, dull, dull. Sweet but dull.

Then came *The Beautiful South*. Northern Scum their logo, I like that. They didn't talk, 'cept for a

few short words, I like that, I can't be done with all this 'Hello London' shite. They did new ones; 'Old Red Eyes...', and old ones; 'A Little Time', which most people, much to my annoyance, felt the need to sing along to. They sagged at times, they were a bit too glossy at times, but they pulled through and I was definitely won over by their rendition of 'You Should Be Dancing'. But unfortunately most people didn't want to dance or weren't quite sure how appropriate it was. Such was the crowd.

Sharon Wilson.

● *The Beautiful South*, have an album '0898' out now, and a new single, 'Bellbottom Tears' on June 8th: Both through Go! Discs.

Crunch

Cig

This is only the second time I've seen this band and already they're moving up in the club circuit. An all girl rock band of diminutive stature, looks are deceiving. The singer is slightly reminiscent of Wendy James in her attitude with the distinct advantage of being able to sing. Jumping about the stage in a schoolgirl gym skirt and camouflage print leggings there is a certain, definite charisma and presence about her. With a powerful vocal performance she is definitely in control. The guitarist and bassist laid down some essential riffs and rhythms, the sole guitarist switching competently from crunching rhythm to blistering lead. They played a fairly short forty-five minute set with a few numbers I could remember from six months previously like *Little Boy* and *Inbetween* mixed with newer material. Their guitarist is a new addition replacing the one they were borrowing previously and has to take much of the credit for the bands rise from pubs to big clubs. This band is definitely a rock band

-Maximus

and, as such, is unlikely to ever surface in the charts but for anyone who has any faith left in the music industry it seems they must soon capture a recording contract. I certainly hope they make it because they have the dedication and potential needed and maybe if anyone from Rock Soc is reading this we could see them playing at Imperial within the next year or so.

FoB.

Photocopier II; Soundtrack

Album

A colossal, mechanoid groove is underpinned by whispered cybervocals. The spectrum, in it's entirety, is given short shrift at 40p per full colour A4, and 80p for A3. But nothing prepares you for the sudden vicious mood-change; angular and monotone reproductions swirl out of the black and white noise at 5p per A4 and 10p per A3. If you don't believe it, come into the office. It's so easy to get addicted.

Der König von Hamburg.



SexCarter: 1992 and all that.

The Cure -Friday, I'm in Love

12 Inch

'I don't care if Monday's blue, Tuesday's grey and Wednesday too, Thursdays, I don't care about you...'

Nonsensical claptrap from Robert Smith and the Cure, whimsical pap, irrelevant crap. Damn catchy stuff, mind, and slightly less Curelike than usual, massive chart hit material, and I'm actually quite partial to it.

Bastards.

Lise Yates.

● 'Friday' is out next Friday, through Fiction, Polydor.

BEAUTIFUL ONE BEDROOM FLAT FOR SALE

Sunbury-on-Thames

Exceptionally spacious one bedroom flat in very pleasant location near to river Thames, set in lovely communal gardens. One large reception room, one large double bedroom, massive kitchen, good sized-bathroom with bath, shower etc, plenty of storage space, large south-facing balcony (a real sun-trap), large garage also included. Excellent decorative order throughout. Very low maintenance costs. Excellent buy for first-time buyer. Travelling time to South Ken about 45mins on public transport or car. For more information phone Rose on ext 3515 (9.30-5.30).

£52,950

Revolver, Sweet Jesus -ULU

Citg

Butterfly Child's start is a swirl of feedback. I don't think they meant to. Its a high pitch squeal that sends me running for cover. I return ten minutes later to a much more mellow sound, relatively speaking. I find it very hard to form any sort of opinion on a group when you can't hear what they're saying or what they're playing.

Next up are *Wonky Alice* who must be the coooooolest group around at the moment. They always remind me of Mission Impossible. The twang of guitars, the super cool bass and a groove that could move the stiffs. Strangely I seem to be the only one here who thinks this amongst the couple of hundred people standing and sitting (?) here. What is wrong with these people? So you have to be able to dance to dance to this, none of this flailing arms and legs, knocking people over somehow doesn't appeal. They

play stuff from their 'Insects and Astronauts' ep; a track like 'Caterpillars' is a masterpiece of cool, a moment of indulgence and excess.

Sweet Jesus are certainly a here and now band, but will they still be here in six months time? They have flair and passion that make them almost uniformly instantly likable. But what has he got on his head? Personal sensibilities aside they are remarkably good in a sort of energetic way.

Now what can I say about *Revolver* that hasn't been said before? Not much, the new material is a bit of a departure, a bit slower and also slightly less adventurous. That is their problem. Before, when they were a sort of black sheep of the family they played around, had fun and in the process gave us fun. Perhaps they were just finding their feet again, I hope so.

Remember, *Wonky Alice* are tooooooooooo cooooooooool.

Pebbles

● *Revolver's* 'Venice' ep is out now, on Hut.

Sisters of Mercy

Album

Tell me not here, but is this the sum of my life? Is His Hideousness so substantial, or am I so insubstantial, so paper-thin, that this monologue is the one blooming flower (or mushroom) in an otherwise featureless desert? It is, if nothing else, a return to Forster's Marabar Caves, Tolkien's Mount Doom, Dante's Ninth Circle, or, your average adolescent neuroses. The villains always seem harder and more vicious the second time around.

Decent of them, wasn't it. *Sisters of Mercy*, eh? After the Leonard Cohen song about prostitutes? An ironic metaphor for a rock band, you say? Sounds great. Eldritch, Marx, Gunn, Adams... who's this Doktor Avalanche bloke, then? A f**kin' drum machine?! Oh, more irony, eh? My favourite band. Ever. Evereverevereverwheree....

No Ofra Haza. The original assassin, instead, delivering death

with faultless timing. 'Too much contact, no more feeling', 'Mundane by day, inane at night', 'Romance and assassination give me the love for the genocide'. Burn Me a fire in the Reptile House, in the colour and the carnage fall me down. This is Andrew Eldritch, a black spider, Richard III: 'Let us to't, pell mell! if not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.'

This collage, in varying shades of black, is not so much three formative years, but an eternity of personal damage with desperate, almost restoration-like asides to showcase a sense of humour.

Maybe. Share the joke, wear black, wear shades; ask the other goths 'were you there?' Turn it into a rank and odious vehicle for 'fans', tribalists and sorry refugees. Do me a favour. This is a soundtrack to my sudorific and sleepless nights, when amphetamines and hate were my only inspiration, and life could go hang itself so long as I had a girl to be miserable over. It's now again, and much more than before.

David Spooner.

● 'Some Girls Wander By Mistake' is out now on Eastwest.



Sweet Jesus!

Katydids -Shangri-La

Album

The Katydids. Sounds like an indie, shoegazer band. They're not. They're a vaguely *Pretenders*, *River City People* sort of major label band, and the lead singer, Susie Hug (!), has an exquisite voice.

The album opens with a trio of fine songs, 'The Boy Who's Never

Found', from which the album's title comes, 'Almost and Nearly', and 'Slip Away'. Then they too slip away, into a less catchy middle section of the album, and then, just when you think they've lost it, they return with two more splendid tracks towards the end, 'Always' and 'What's The Matter Here.' Recommended.

Lise Yates

● *Shangri-la* is out now on WEA records.

Barking Mad

I'm going to be brief, as I am in the throes of exam stress, so... I am told, by Koenig von Hamburg, that the *Popinjays* once supported the *Fatima Mansions*. Tonight however, they headline at the Powerhaus, promoting their brand new 'powerpop' single, 'Monster Mouth', which is rather dangerously good.

Saturday brings your cheapest chance to get into the Brixton Academy, when *Fugazi*, and assorted other hardcore (noise to your mothers) bands take the stage. Should be a bit of an experience.

Sunday, and it's *Saint Etienne*, who play at the Fridge, such is the madly spinning world of pop?

Monday brings, at long last, the best gig of the month so far, by far, in the incomparable form of *My Life Story*. If you miss this you'll regret it. Seriously.

Poddy

TONIGHT

Popinjays, Laverne & Shirlie.

Powerhaus, 1, Liverpool Road, £5
Angel tube.

SATURDAY

Fugazi, Jesus Lizard, Shudder To Think, Leatherface.

Academy, £5
Brixton tube.

SUNDAY

St. Etienne, Sensurround.
Fridge, £7.50
Brixton tube.

MONDAY

My Life Story, Paul Reid.
Subterania, 12, Acklam Road, £5
Ladbroke Grove tube.

Basic Instinct

Film

If you liked director Paul Verhoeven's *Robocop* and *Total Recall*, you will be disappointed by his new movie *Basic Instinct*. Investigating the murder of an aged rock star, who got butchered with an ice pick while having an orgasm. Nick (Michael Douglas) is seduced by the main suspect, Catherine (Sharon Stone), who is a bisexual novelist.

The film tries very hard to be shocking. It displays what we, the audience, know to be loose Californian morals (oh dear), including bisexuality, lots of bonking and violence.

The film also tries very hard to be some other things which it definitely is not: clever, moody, thrilling, deep and psychological. Paul Verhoeven should stay well clear of anything sexual, sensual and psychological. The film comes



apart at the seams and is full of tired clichés. There are some beautiful women in it though. It's probably better if you watch it with your ears

plugged, although that wouldn't help the gross sex scenes. The 'basic instinct' is supposed to be the urge to kill, but the movie tells you

more about the director's fear of lesbians. The film is barely worth discussion. I hated it.

Boris.

The Alchemist

Theatre

The story—master leaves home on travels and leaves servant in charge. Servant takes advantage of opportunity and fundamentally makes a minor fortune by enrolling the help of two associates, Subtle and Doll Common. They swindle money and property from the masses, from a stupid farmer to a 'sophisticated' treasure searcher. It must come to an end, and it does—nearly to the end of Face, the housekeeper.

The play—fast and farcicle. The acting (as would be expected) is of the highest standard and the timing of entrances and exits is impeccable. The language is archaic but you understand more as the play goes on. The movement of the play at first seems slow, but the speed and humour content increase towards the end, when the comedy of a fanatical monk, and the monk



in charge trying to gain the most advantage from Face, Subtle and Doll whilst failing to control the fanatical Ananias. The whole thing turning into complete chaos—just as the master arrives home unexpectedly...

A brilliant version of a well

known play, as may be expected from the RSC. Well known faces in the cast—Jonathan Hyde as Face, David Bradley as Subtle and Joanne Pearce as Doll Common.

Tickets from £12.50 at the Barbican. Well worth going to see.

Alex.

Book

Bloody hilarious. This book is almost an autobiography about a young man growing up. It starts around the end of the depression and goes through all the trials and traumas that everyone suffers during their lives. These traumas include watching his father have sex with the house maid in the garden shed to having to call an ambulance when his friend manages to rip his right testicle off on the gate post. Mmmmm lovely jubley I hear you all say. But my final comment(s) must be, it is the best book I have read in ages, the writing is perfect and the language colourful (unlike this review). Get a copy if you can.

DBC.

● *A Smoking Dot in the Distance* by Ivor Gould is out now.

Angels and Amazons

Theatre

Did you know, says the programme, that; around 1200 B.C. Assyria passed a law compelling married women to wear veils; the custom has survived to modern times? And, did you know; Bishop Isidore of Seville insisted that the touch of a menstruating woman could prevent fruit from ripening and cause plants to die? Interesting huh?

I find it difficult to say what *Angels and Amazons* is about. I'm not quite sure. It's circus-theatre. So we have juggling, acrobatics, dancing, mime, singing and walking on glass! Three Greek Goddesses, feeling a little bored, decide to come to earth to play their way through female artistes of the past. That's the only thread throughout and it's hard to describe how and why I didn't like it.

The cast seemed to take us, the



audience, for granted. They seemed to think that each and every one of us were their friends. Hence, they were a bit too casual, a bit too giggly at their own mistakes and a bit too self indulgent. It all ended with a messy, moist menage-à-trois.

It seems that *Ra-Ra Zoo* do have quite a following and if you are uncomfortable with overt homosexuality and lesbianism you

should be prepared. Most of the audience were, and were glad to be, gay.

Darwen.

●*Ra-Ra Zoo* are also running 'The Gravity Swing' at Riverside Studios. Tel:-081 748 3354. *Angels and Amazons* is running at The Drill Hall, 16 Chenies St, WC1. Tue-Sat 8pm. Tickets £6-8. Tel:-071 637 8270.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

Theatre

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme is the latest of the National Theatre's assaults on Molière's oeuvres. Director Richard Jones and his unfortunate cast have rendered this gem of a play a total nightmare. *Gentilhomme* is a comedy of manners, charting the rise of the stupid bourgeois—Monsieur Jourdain, with grand aspirations. His forays into education, fashion, socialising and his ambitions for the marriage of his daughter are sparkingly articulated in Molière's original, full of wit, refreshing cynicism and masterly ease of dialect. Unfortunately, the adaptor Nick Dear thinks he knows better than the great playwright and scores of talented translators over the last 300 years. This insult of an adaptation is more accurately a bastardisation of plot and script to Sun-headline vocabulary and

school-pantomime antics. Timothy Spall (M. Jourdain) blunders and pouts out a foul-mouthed moron rather than Molière's intended endearing simpleton. Anita (Ange!) Dobson (Mme Jourdain) should stick to singing where her hamming and screeching would be more apt. Supporting actors did a brave job with their tarzan text. Well done to the set designers 'The Brothers Quay' for their original and stylish arena for this fiasco. The question remains—how can director, adaptor and actors at the National Theatre, flagship of British drama, create and condone an enterprise so stunningly vulgar, so thoroughly puerile, so completely embarrassing and call it art? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said, 'mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, talent instantly recognises genius.' Worrying huh?

The Cookie Monster.

●*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* opens 5th May at Lyttleton Theatre on the South Bank, Embankment or Waterloo tubes, Waterloo BR.

Henry IV

Theatre

Oh, what's become of the R.S.C.? Currently running at the Barbican is their colossal production of H.4. part one (as they say in the business). The curtain opens to an atmospheric and expensive set. It has all the requirements of an adequate production; A fat and funny Falstaff (Robert Stephens), a dynamic Hotspur (Owen Teale) and a vibrant, cheeky Hal (Michael Maloney). These three core performances were good, but not great. Julian Glover's performance as the king was dry and all the court scenes were airy, dry icy and benign. The sets are more powerful than any of the performances and none of the acting is as strong as the imagery.

Of course, this is the R.S.C. (loves) and it's going to be good. Somehow, I fear, they've lost sight of the simplicity and directness of

Einstein

Book

Well, what can I say? If you don't understand relativity in this format, you never will; quite why anybody not doing a Physics degree would want to—in such detail—beats me, though.

The books is mainly illustrations and reads more like the 'Beano' than a textbook; One day all degree books will be the same. The format is more user friendly than anything I've encountered in my course and even if you don't understand it you'll enjoy the amusing portrayal of 'the greatest jew since Jesus'.

At £7.99 it's a wee bit expensive for a paperback but it's an enjoyable romp through one of the greatest intellectual feats of modern science. So if you feel left out when your physicist friends ramble on then buy it for God's sake.

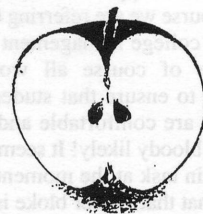
S.W.C.T.O.A.G.P.

●A Beginner's Guide to Einstein

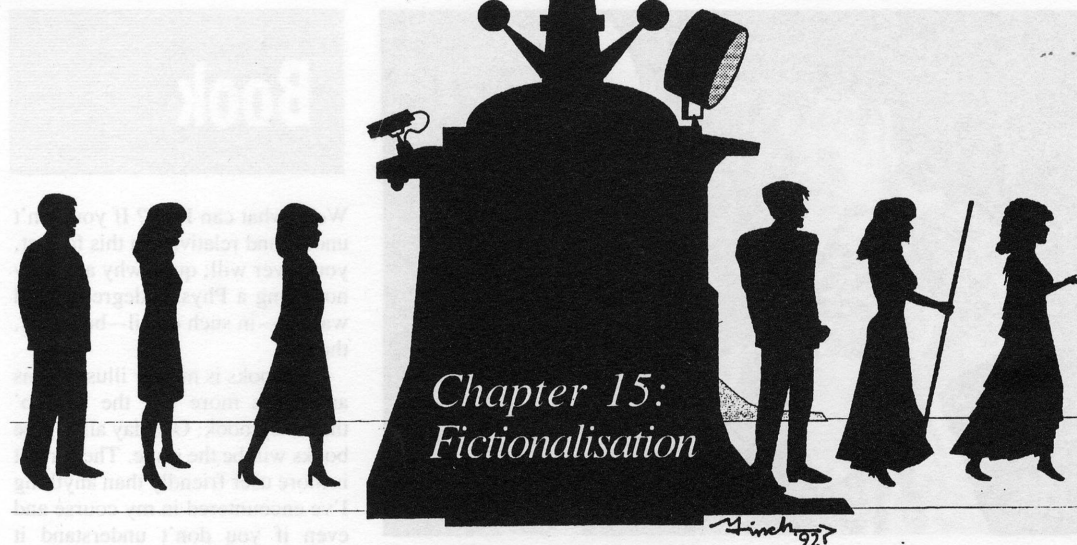
great acting and it seems that the effort and expenditure of this production has missed its target. I would still say that it was worth seeing. The language and plot are made accessible and if you can bring yourself out of the O'level (oops G.C.S.E. (showing my age!)) approach to Shakespeare you'll probably decide that he wrote some damn good stuff. Oh and do buy a programme, they're very snazzy.

Darwen

●Tickets range from £6.50 to £20. Student standby £7. Evening performances 7.30. May; 13,18,22,25,27.June;3,10. Or, if you're feeling brave, Henry IV days, part one in matinee 2 p.m. and part two (review next week) in the evening. May; 14,16,23,28. June;4,6,11,13.



The Inner System



Stress jogged along the corridors while he examined the items the terrorists had given him. He had with him an instrument similar to the excedetec which had been attuned to seek out a science aura. The signal was very weak at the moment, Stress wasn't affecting it at all. The other item was crucial to his mission, it was a truth gun. It was small and black and similar to the futility gun Carefree had used on him. It fired a short burst of energy that cleared the victim of all clouding vision, all false views. The Lepton had stressed to him how extremely dangerous this weapon was.

The corridor ended in a door

marked 'Hollowglam Centre, Service Entrance'. Stress went through the door, down another tunnel and on to a glass fronted observation platform overlooking a very bizarre scene.

Before him was a cavernous room draped in white columns, statues, long flowing curtains, white smoke and stunningly attractive people standing around smiling and waving. At the far end of the room was a massive staircase leading up to a hole in the roof. Down the stairway citizens of the system were slowly descending, reaching the bottom and walking across the room into a large white machine. Emerging from the far side were

shiningly perfect people whose bore a similar appearance to those that went in, only far sleeker. A voice was talking happily from speakers, repeating one passage over and over again.

'This is it, citizens. This is the time when you can lose your decaying body and become one of the hollowglams, forever beautiful, forever young. Soon you will be leaving your physical chains and beings of pure energy and beauty. You will appear on adverts, posters, celebrity events, supernatural beings blessed with perfection. This is it citizens...'

'Can I help you?'

Stress twisted around to meet an idyllic young woman holding a slim

staff. She was dressed in a flowing gown and seemed to be fixed in a loop of smiling, tossing her hair and looking sidelong.

'What's going on?'

'When good citizens reach a certain age they are able to come down here and shed their imperfect bodies to become hollowglams, perfect people like me.'

Smile, toss the hair, look sidelong.

'What exactly happens to them?'

'They enter the machine their bodies are destroyed and a three-dimensional, power driven, perfect image is constructed.'

'But what happens to their minds, their brains?'

'Who needs brains when you have perfect teeth.'

Smile, toss the hair, look sidelong.

'You kill them!'

'Oh no, they do it willingly, it is the ultimate award. They would commit suicide if they were forced to enter middle age.'

The last two words seemed to cause pain to the hollowglam.

'Wait a second, don't you realise what I am?'

'I'm sorry no, You imperfects all look alike.'

'I'm a pale one.'

Stress very much wanted to remove the smile.

'What's that, oh, I remember.'

Realisation dawned. The hollowglam screamed. Stress decided it was time to go. He dodged around the stunned hollowglam and ran back down the tunnel. Pulling the door open he stared into a pursuit cop's chest.

Dear Marge

Acht well, Easter over and back to face those lovely end of year exams. So what of the end of last term. It seems that just before the end of term several more couples were discovered being discreet and unavoidable and several more not being discreet at all, in fact they were being blatantly obvious about it all in the middle of Beit Quad. What can I say except for the fact that we know who you are and bribes of £449.50 will ensure that your name never appears on this page. As for other names that should never appear on this page; yes of course we are referring to our beloved college management team who are of course all working together to ensure that students at Imperial are comfortable and well off. Not bloody likely! It seems that their main task at the moment is to ensure that that Fraser bloke is well off in comfortable apartments and

that the rest of the 'team' are stopped from telling the truth about the situation. One instance immediately springs to mind - at meetings with students from Southside over the state of the accommodation. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more - which incidentally is exactly what Mr Marshall (Estates Manager) was told to do. I am of course referring to the meeting held between Gordon Marshall, Angus Fraser and a handful of students from Southside halls to discuss the state of the accommodation at Imperial. It seems that due to the firm hand of Mr Fraser nothing was actually said. I wonder why? The alternative lifestyle of having skin head hair cuts has seemed to have taken over this otherwise generally mellow corner of the world. The photography 'man' had all his shaved off, Rachel 'Rag Chair

Elect' Mountford has had hers cropped rather short and even I have succumbed to the pressure and did it myself... but who is to say that we are talking about the hairs on our head? As for the RCS Charity/May Ball, well lets just say that some continental fool made a few revelations in the direction of one of my most treasured in formers. To this young gentleman I have two words - Woof and Cherry. I trust that the person(s) concerned know the rules, I do accept all major credit cards and cheques if used with a bankers card. It also seems that a new sweepstake has to be opened. Rachel 'Rag Chair Elect' Mountford, sex symbol extraordinaire, has been the attention of many young men's midnight fantasies in recent weeks, the stakes currently stand thus:

Alex Taverner 5:1; Vinny Rai 1:1; Daniel 'Polishsurname'ski' 3:1;

Poddy 'My name is not Ian Davies honest' 20:1; Marc Ellis 18:1; Marge 7:6 (fav).

Please make all bets of over a fiver payable to *The Marge Betting Corporation PLC*. An update of these odds will be printed in the next exciting instalment of Marge - The Final Frontier.

Dear Marge,

Oh no, oh no, oh no... I'm in the middle of my finals and I'm running an election campaign for Hon Sec (Events). I've just photocopied some notes and now I can't find a stapler anywhere. Marge, can you help?

Yours Frantic.

Dearest Frantic,

No.
Marge.

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

FRIDAY

Hang Gliding.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Conservative Soc.....12.30pm
Physics 737.
Rag Meeting.....12.40pm
Union Lounge. Everyone welcome.
3rd World First.....12.45pm
Upper Southside Lounge.
Labour Club Meeting.....1.00pm
Maths 408. Club members welcome.
Friday Prayers.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. See Islamic Society.
Kung Fu.....4.30pm
Union Gym.
C.U. Prayer Meeting.....5.00pm
413 Maths.
Christian Union Meeting.....6.00pm
308 Computing.
Swimming.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
Fencing Club Training.....6.40pm
Club training.
Stoic on Air.....7.00pm
Shaolin Kungfu System Nam - Pai - Chuan.....7.30pm
Southside Gym. All welcome.
Water Polo.....7.30pm
Sports Centre.
Southside Disco.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.

SATURDAY

Kung Fu Club.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in Southside Gym.
IC Shotokan Karate.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
G&S Opera Marathon.....12.00pm
Start of marathon which will go on until 6.00pm Sunday in aid of Rag charities.
Ladies Tennis.....12.00pm
At college courts. Membership £6. All new members welcome.
Cycling Club.....10.30am
Meet at Beit Arch.

SUNDAY

West London Chaplaincy Sunday Service.....10.30am
Anteroom Sherfield Building.
Live Role Playing.....10.30pm
Victoria Station. Gates to platforms 11-12.
Men's Tennis Team Practise.....11.00am
College Courts. Players of any ability. Annual membership £6. New members welcome.
Catholic Chaplaincy Mass.....11.00am
53 Cromwell Road.
Wargames.....1.00pm
UDH.
Fitness Club.....2.00pm
Intermediate.
Kung Fu Club.....4.30pm

Wu Shu Kwan in the Union Gym.
Catholic Mass.....6.00pm
53 Cromwell Road.

MONDAY

RockSoc Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Broomball Soc.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Parachute Club.....12.30pm
Brown Committee Room.
Yacht Club Meeting.....12.45pm
253 Aeronautics. New members most welcome. Sailing most weekends!
Basketball Club.....5.30pm
Volleyball court. Men's Team.
Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners.
Dance Club.....6.00pm
JCR. R'n'R/Latin. Adv/Medals.
Afro-Carib Meeting.....6.00pm
Concert Hall.
Swimming.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
Stoic on Air.....7.00pm
Dance Club.....7.30pm
JCR. Beginners' Rock 'n' Roll.
IC Shotokan Karate.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
Water Polo.....7.30pm
Sports Centre.
Dance Club.....8.30pm
JCR. Latin Beginners.

TUESDAY

C.U. Prayer Meeting.....8.30pm
Chaplain's Office
Jazz & Rock Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Bar TV Room.
OXFAM Lunch.....12.30pm
Mech Eng Foyer. Bread, cheese and pickle lunch. £1.00.
Environmental & Appropriate Technology Society.....12.45pm
Southside Upper Lounge. All ideas welcome.
Riding Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Boardsailing.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
AudioSoc Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Cheap records and equipment hire.
Radio Modellers.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
Cathsoc Mass.....12.30pm
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
Ski Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge. Put your name down for this year's ski trip.
Sailing Club.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
AstroSoc.....1.00pm
Upper Lounge.
STOIC News.....1.00pm
PhotoSoc.....1.00pm
Southside Lounge.
Ents Meeting.....1.00pm
Ents/Rag Office. Up two flights on the East Staircase, first office on the left.
Envir. & App. Tech.....1.00pm
Talk by Dr Dickson 'The Common Agricultural Policy'. Maths 408.

Legs, Bums, Tums.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by Fitness Club.
Radio Modellers.....5.30pm
Mech Eng.
Fitness Club.....5.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.
Amnesty International.....5.30pm
Clubs Committee Room.
City & Guilds UGM.....6.00pm
Union Dining Hall. Also General Committee Meeting.
Wine Tasting Soc.....6.00pm
Union Dining Hall.
Dance Club.....6.00pm
JCR. Improvers Ballroom and Latin.
Canoe Club.....6.15pm
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.
Judo.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
Stoic Nostalgia Night.....7.00pm
Imperial College in the sixties, seventies and eighties.
Dance Club.....7.00pm
JCR. Adv/Medals Ballroom & Latin.
Yoga.....8.00pm
Southside Gym.
Caving Club Meeting.....8.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge.

WEDNESDAY

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

THURSDAY

Fencing Training.....11.30am
Intermediate & advanced coaching.
Balloon Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
YHA Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Postgrad Lunch.....12.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens).
Fencing Training.....12.30pm
Beginners Training.
Pro-Life AGM.....12.45pm

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

Small Ads

●FOR SALE: JVC C-1480EK 14" colour TV. £140. Alba VCP200 videoplayer £110. Samsun M6136 microwave £70. Goodmans active 50 mini speaker £20. 3 months old, boxed. Contact Joseph on 081-752 0831.
●FOR SALE: One head and 1 tail of a Stegosaurus, previously outside NH museum. Apply Southside Bar.
●CITY & GUILDS UGM on Tuesday 12th May at 6.00pm in UDH.
●FOR SALE: Modern one bedroom flat in Sunbury-on-Thames. Nice location within commuting distance from College. Phone Rose on 3515.
●Judo club annual meal May 14th. Details at next training.

The Felix Photocopier.

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

Also...

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

Felix Office, North West corner of Beit Quad.

Let Off

Provisional Easter letting figures were this week leaked from the Accommodation and Conference Office. The figures show that, on average, 30% of Prince's Gardens' Halls of Residence rooms were occupied by conference visitors during the vacation. The figures also show that at peak periods, 80% of hall places were occupied by conference guests.

In addition to conference visitors, Prince's Gardens' rooms were occupied by postgraduate students who were allowed to remain in their rooms over the vacation. Beit Hall residents were also moved to Prince's Gardens to allow maintenance to be carried out in the New Hostel.

Moved Out

Sixty postgraduate students were moved out of Beit Hall over the Easter vacation to allow the Estates Division of IC to remove asbestos from the Hall. The students were notified on 25 March that they had to move into Southside on 10 April. They were moved back nine days later.

The asbestos was 'believed' to have been in the ceilings of corridors in the New Hostel of Beit Hall, though Felix was not able to confirm this as both Gordon Marshall, Director of Estates, and Sheelagh Crampton, Residences Manager, were in a meeting.

Shit

A number of rooms in Tizard Hall were flooded with sewage over the Easter vacation. Andy Jenkins, Tizard assistant subwarden, told Felix that a blockage had caused showers, toilets, sinks and baths to fill with sewage from the rooms and toilets above. Eventually the excess water shorted out a three phase power supply in the bowels of the building, which cut the supply to a number of buildings in Prince's Gardens. The residents of the affected rooms were evacuated and the rooms disinfected. Mr Jenkins said that the residents had been asked to keep an eye on their health.

Goodbye George

Aye Aye Win, the President of the University of London Students' Union, has sent a letter to American President George Bush saying that she was 'horrified' about the acquittal of four policemen involved in the beating of Rodney King, which sparked the recent Los Angeles riots. In the letter she

expressed the opinion that it was 'blatantly obvious' that the arresting officers had not used 'reasonable force,' and requested that the President take action to see justice done. White House sources say that Mr Bush still expects to win the next Presidential election.

Poor Motion

There was a five per cent turnout in the sabbatical election for Honorary Secretary (Events) this week. On the first count, the voting was as follows - Toby Jones 105, Dominic Wilkinson 150, New Election 51 and spoiled papers 4.

Since Mr Wilkinson's votes were not above the quota of 155, the new election votes were redistributed giving Toby Jones 115 votes and Dominic Wilkinson 156 votes. Dominic Wilkinson was ratified as Honorary Secretary (Events) at Thursday's Extraordinary General

Meeting (EGM).

The EGM had a poor turnout of about 40 people, despite it being held in the Junior Common Room (JCR). The lack of a public address system meant that the acting chairman, Steve Farrant, could not make himself heard above the noise. The meeting was going to include the election of the remaining Union posts for next year and also the proposal of a Third World First motion. After about 15 minutes, Jonathan Griffiths, ICU Deputy President, decided to call quorum.

NUS Warfare

Internecine warfare between left wing National Union of Students (NUS) factions became public this week. A militant political body, Left Unity, is threatening legal action against the NUS executive. The dispute follows the decision taken at the recent NUS Spring Conference to abolish the NUS Winter Conference. This measure is one of a series of reforms that NUS Labour Students have proposed to further what they see as democratic reform of NUS. Speaking to Imperial College News Network, iCNN, Labour Student Officer, Tom Franklin, said that the abolition of Winter Conference brought three main benefits. He claimed the abolition of Winter Conference would save £150,000, that the replacement of Winter Conference would increase accountability and that more time would be available to enact decisions.

These claims have been vigorously denied by Left Unity. A spokesman said that the Labour plan to replace the Winter Conference with regional conferences and a national committee would not only reduce accountability of the executive, but was also the least cost effective method of decision making.

The dispute has arisen over the methods employed during the

campaign to abolish Winter Conference. Left Unity have claimed that Labour Students cheated during the vote and still failed to get the vote passed. They point to an official NUS document published after the vote which refers to a decision being deferred to a future Winter Conference. They say this indicates that the decision to abolish is not valid, and they further add that the decision to abolish has not been recognised by activists throughout the country.

Left Unity also claim mass abuse of the NUS constitution by Labour Students. They say that after losing an abolition vote during the 1991 Winter Conference, Labour Students effectively closed down the conference to cobble together a deal with the League of Jewish Students. They further allege that at subsequent conferences Labour fraudulently claimed the theft of votes, and accused them of rearranging ballots in suspicious circumstances.

This is regarded by NUS militants as an abuse of democracy and has prompted them to set up a 'Campaign for Democracy in the NUS'. The defeated Left Unity candidate for the NUS presidency, Janine Booth, said that 'the people who proposed the Winter Conference abolition cheated.'

More Swipe

The new college wide swipe card security system was brought on line over the Bank Holiday weekend, with all departments fully on line by Tuesday. Security sources indicate that initially there were several technical problems with the new system. These included the re-wiring of fire alarms in some departments so that the security locks would be switched off in the event of fire. As in previous weeks, several students found themselves without passes. Passes can be obtained from Sherfield Room 150.

The introduction of the new system has been accompanied by a reduction in security staff numbers. 23 security staff resigned, mostly from the post room, and they were replaced by 14 new staff. This caused delays in the postal delivery system which were especially marked on Tuesday morning.

Third year physics students remain without swipe cards this week. As reported in last week's Felix, and confirmed by our security sources, this decision was taken by the physics department, after consultation. Mr James Gibb, Physics Technical Services Manager, has informed Felix that special arrangements have been made to allow 'all students' into the Blackett laboratory.

Staff Assault

A member of college staff has been disciplined following an assault on Southside Bar Steward, Alan Larson, on 13 April. Mr Larson was punched in the chest and face by the member of staff and by another staff member who could not be disciplined as he had resigned that day.

Other disciplinary hearings are due concerning Southside Bar. A group of students are to be taken to disciplinary after allegations of assault on college staff who were in Southside on 19 April. Another group of students are also to come before disciplinary committee after it was alleged that they threatened Southside Bar Manager, Roger Pownall.