



Felix



NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

Merry Christmas



Fremantle Allegations

Dear Sir

After reading your article on the 'resignation' of Andrew Walker, the Fremantle Hotel warden, I feel that the story as presented has been engineered by Mr Walker to reflect his views and not admit that any blame lies with him. I have first-hand knowledge of several incidents that helped him to lose what little respect he ever had from the residents in the last year.

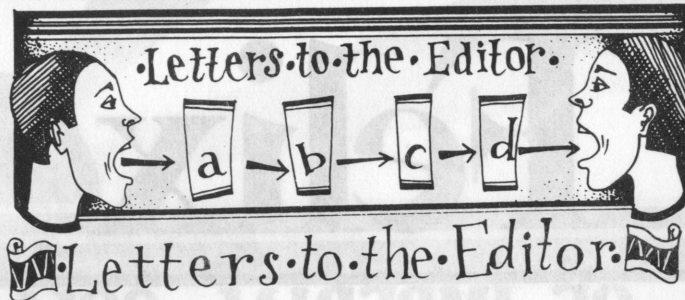
on one occasion a resident of the Fremantle wrote a letter to Michael Arthur complaining about his abuse of his room pass keys and called for disciplinary action. Mr Arthur then reprimanded Mr Walker and told him that an apology was in order. Mr Walker then wrote an apology but unable to face the victim, used his passkey again to enter her room, placing the note and some flowers on her desk.

Later in the year, myself and the same resident had left a bag containing our cooking implements in the kitchen. Her keys were inside the bag. When we returned the keys were missing. After a protracted search we were informed by another resident that Mr Walker had taken them from the bag and had said that if we wanted the keys, we would have to get them from him. By this time my girlfriend felt unable to even speak to Mr Walker and so I retrieved the keys from him. When I asked how he had come by them, he told me that someone had handed them to him after finding them in the sink.

In addition to this, on several occasions Mr Walker made comments concerning our relationship freely to other residents some of which I was informed by those who heard them were quite offensive.

In my opinion, Mr Walker has been sacked more because of these, and other, complaints against him, than because of any attempted whitewash by Student Services.

I am not writing this letter to spite Mr Walker, but hopefully to draw attention to the fact that proper procedures for appointing wardens must be adhered to; even if this means leaving a wardenship empty for a short while, and also to



speak up for those who had a less than pleasant stay in what was the friendliest place in which I have ever lived before these incidents occurred.

Yours in concern (and anger)
Brian Morrison
Elec Eng 2

Fremantle Gripes

Dear Pallab

I would like to draw your attention to several errors in your reporting of the Fremantle Hotel during the summer.

First the condition of the Fremantle was only of concern to me during the summer, and only those parts that affected my residents and staff. Second, I was asked to phone the fire inspector by Mr Andrew Walker so that the positioning of some new fire extinguishers could be ascertained. Something that none of my staff or myself are qualified to do.

Finally, I was not given a stern dressing down from Michael Arthur (if I was. I wasn't there when it happened!).

From these above errors it may lead the reader to question how many more there are in your articles.

Andrew Barron

Ed's Apology. Sorry Andy. I would just like to make it clear that you were not in the least bit concerned about conditions in the Fremantle or its residents and you didn't call in the fire inspectors. We fully and unreservedly withdraw any credit we gave you in the article.

PS: You're bound to get your subwardenship now.

Clean Slate

Dear Pallab

The front page article in FELIX of 25 November 1983 entitled 'Estates Slated in Tiles Fiasco' included errors of fact and drew false conclusions.

The Electrical Engineering Building was completed in 1961 and like many buildings of that time is suffering from an inherent constructional defect. In 1977 it became evident that the tiles cladding the building were in danger of falling off and a scaffold fan was erected to protect passers by. The College sought professional and legal advice with a view to obtaining recompense from the architects and builders. Since then there has been a complex legal process during which the College has followed the guidance of its legal advisers. Initially it was necessary that the evidence of failure be retained for inspection by the architects and contractor.

By 1982 negotiations had reached a point where Counsel advised that inspection from a scaffold was required, including the removal of tiles and thereafter reinstatement could proceed. The College negotiated with the UGC for a loan to cover the large part of reinstatement cost.

Legal cases of this kind are complex and the College would have been negligent if it had taken decisions on the remedial works without following legal advice. To those not aware of the facts, the delay in correcting the defects of the building may well have seemed inexplicable.

Yours sincerely
D W Clark
Estates Secretary

Human Rights Week

Dear Pallab

As joint organiser of Human Rights Week, I would like to counter points forwarded by Mr Jonathan Gerson in the last issue of FELIX.

I personally sent invitations to all OSC and SCC societies inviting them to take part in the Human Rights Week. If these societies choose to respond by examining Human Rights abuses outside the Soviet Union, they should be free to do

so without being accused of hijacking the week for political purposes.

I made it clear in my letters the societies that Human Rights Week was to be used to campaign for Human Rights, not for propaganda, or merely to promote a College society.

Of all the participating societies, only one expressed an interest in abusing the spirit of Human Rights Week by asking for an extra table in the JCR solely for the promotion of that society's literature and ideology. Mr Gerson happens to be Chairman of that society.

It is beginning to become clear that Mr Gerson has some confusion about what Human Rights are, or that he is just plainly hypocritical.

Perhaps it is understandable that Mr Gerson, as a strident capitalist and a Jew, sees the worst violations of Human Rights as occurring behind the Iron Curtain.

If he were not so blinkered by his own political rantings, he may realise that if he were a non-white in South Africa, or a Liberal in Chile, he would suffer abuses every bit as abhorrent as those occurring in the Soviet Union.

Dismissing Anti-American feeling as 'trendy' is just as short sighted when considering the role of the US in upholding and extolling repressive regimes throughout Central and South America, and indeed, throughout the whole world. The philosophy here is that there cannot be an abuse of Human Rights if done in the name of anti-'Communism'.

It is people who are prepared to put Human Rights second to political doctrines who betray the world.

Far be it from Mr Gerson's job to accuse others if not caring about Human Rights at all.

John Sattaur
SCC Exec member

Aliens Have Feelings Too

Dear Pallab

As representatives of some of the more puny insignificant demi-deific mega-beings of the multiverse, we find ourselves obliged to attract the attention of the populace to the heretical rantings and un-informed gobbledegook spewed forth

from the depraved unicellular intellect centre of Jonathan Gerson in the last issue of FELIX.

We would like to point out that our point was the pointlessness of the points pointed to by the (eurgh) human societies pointing to all the points of the religio-socio-politico-economio-flymo compass.

We would like it to be known that due to our immensely enlightened and sympathetic outlook obtained through the countless millennia of natural universal domination, we bear no more (or less) malice for this pathetic entity than for a harmless tribble beneath hobnails.

Yours

The S F Gestalt Organism

PS: May the force be 'm.a.'.

PPS: Sorry for lateness—most spelling and grammatical errors intentional (SF Soc Sec).

Nancy Boy Commies

Dear Pallab

Since the publication of my letter in last week's FELIX, several Veg Soc members have asked me to apologise for my comments about them, and have told me that they are not Communists. They showed me their positive vetting certificates to prove it...Talking of vetting,

I also accused its members of being 'animal lovers and corrupt Union officials'. I admit that this was going a bit far. They are actually just animals, and one corrupt Union official.

By the way, did you know that the other Liberal Club member (not the loony who hangs around the FELIX Office and follows J Martin Taylor around) has gone over your head and written to the editor of *Private Eye*. His letter (*Eye* 573) explains how Michael Meadowcroft, Liberal MP spoke at IC to an audience of seven people, including the organisers of the talk. This proves that lefties don't mind making their own party look foolish, just to get their names in print. I of course remain loyal to FELIX, and to the Consoc members who look forward so much to my letters/articles. I hope that these good people will not suppress their urge to deluge me with compliments, Christmas presents, solutions to my assessed coursework.

Yours sincerely
Jonathan Gerson

Freebie Hunting

Dear Pallab

I see you haven't taken any notice of my last letter concerning distortion of the truth by reporters oblivious to reality. My present grudge is the

article in last week's FELIX quoting me as saying that the benefits of INCOST to ICU are 'none'. This seems to derive from a conversation I had with Sean Davis (Irishman) and the delectable Miss Lewis about conferences in general. My opinion at the time (and still is) was that although INCOST was not financially beneficial to ICU the contacts made and information exchanged with other student officers were very useful. As a college we are highly respected in all fields of technology and as such should be seen to take part in a collective European student organisation.

Perhaps you should have consulted me rather than rely on biased opinions such as that of Sean. The suggestion that my answer was 'laconic' shows that, in fact, the article was probably a complete fabrication, as the well-meaning but nevertheless rustic Mr Davis would not use the word 'laconic'!

Other points need to be corrected. It is not only the sabbaticals who attend conferences. Although Ian Bull may appear a sabbatical due to his sherry intake and attendance at freebies, he and I have attended Engineering conferences while remaining mere non-sabbatical mortals (although he may have different ideas!).

Apart from the lectures etc

the rest of the time was spent on parties and tourist visits which were held each evening. Goulder dragged me away from my problem sheets, forcing me to drink heavily and generally make a fool of myself. This side of life was HELL: the food, the drink, the smell of the canals! If anything we should pay our delegates a subsistence allowance to cover the essential of life!

The cost of this year's conference is potentially high to ICU. Last year's cost £160 for the week excluding travel, but the Dutch were trying to obtain sponsorship to cover some if not all of the cost—it is perhaps a reflection of their ability that they couldn't. Through my meetings with the Finns it seems that their contact with Industry is exceptionally good so the cost should be lessened significantly. We can halve the cost by sending only one delegate. The point to remember is that the delegate should be able to make a reasonable contribution to the technological discussion, with drinking and hack credibility being secondary considerations. No doubt the Organisation of Bald Presidents will make a further statement through its famous leader, but a more detailed scrutiny of all Union expenditure (CCU and Clubs) will reveal all sorts of wastage, fraud and duplication of effort.

Yours etc
Jim Boucher

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FOR SALE

●Gents 3spd bike gc £30. Nige 286 4115.

●For sale: physical tortures, roasted oxen, chocky cake. (As recommended by Which?).

ACCOMMODATION

●Shared flat in 81 Lexham Gdns for female. Contact M Bellchambers, Mech Eng 2.

●Will I-J Warriors challenge Southwell suckers to a rugby match. We promise to destroy you fairly.

●IC Water Polo Club rule the south of England—well done everyone.

●Urgent Still lost from Carnival: Bunch of keys.

●Wanted: Girls to share flat in Lexham Gdns. Rent £23.50. Contact Frances Carr 373 4494, Rm 218 or Physics 1. Quickly.

●2 persons required to share double room in a flat (kitchen, bathroom, sitting room) contact Julia or Lucy, Flat 38, Hamlet Gdns (phone 602 0153).

●Wanted: Someone to share flat in Paddington, 15-20mins walk from College. £65pcm and bills (electricity). Own room and lounge, kitchen, bathroom and loo. Contact S Bishop, Mech Eng 4 via letter-racks.

PERSONAL

●Beware Miranda! I have my spies too. Flan-ky replies and derogatory remarks could cause this low being to cancel the Xmas conferences. Then who'll be the one with an empty pie dish? Evolemearg.

●Gob'd grant of BSH can pick up his porno video from Room 112 BSH any time.

●Stop press: FELIX cock up Call My Bluff again!

●SEE Bob The Fluff on IC Radio.

●Aliens have feelings, Jonathan Gerson hasn't!

●FELIX bottle out, SF Soc rule!

●Robin—No T? Four mins? Diminishing CQ? Rearrange your socks.

●SCC eagerly awaits Corinnation of SDP Chairman—designate.

●RG—If you find some clubs revolting then let them eat cake.

●Dragons, don't talk. Do they Lou-La-Belle!

●The Stud of Lexham hangs his leather jacket in Tizard.

●Old and wise x9—we didn't see you sneaking in.

●Old Bass the Subwarden was a rough, tough, jolly sought of fellow. He used to hang around the video shop where men dressed as women would.....

●B&B available in Lexham Gdns flat. Contact Jeremy.

●Is the Lemming really indestructible. Contact the BSH small ad hit squad.

●Shy? Lonely? Gay? Make new friends with the Royston Horne dating agency—Blonde Scandinavians and Trainspotters especially welcome. Contact ME2.

●Dave Shuffle of Linstead owes the Bernard Sunley Alcohol Chairman a drink.

●Starfighters 167. Pilots lost 106—Federal German Airforce not out.

●Bassam Burgan—Undertaker to the Video Trade, contact via Bernard Sunley House.

●Attend your course by telepathy—for details contact Mark 'Invisible Man' Presswood, Civ Eng 1.

●Hello Steve Morgan, Physics 3—signed the Bernard Sunley small ad assassin.

●Bernard Sunley House in association with Bass Baby Video Inc present the London premiere of 'Two Hours of Nothing'.

●What do you want? We want assessed coursework. Well, you won't get it.

●Hedgehog News Exclusive—Closet Slob Kev tells all in Obesity in Dudley.

●Hedgehog News Exclusive: Falklands Hero Brady loses Joystick Control.

●Nick C is Number 2, Jane M is the Supervisor, But Bass B will never be number 1. BSH Animals PLC.

●Dirty Dickies Xmas Crackers

—Thomas the Transvestite

—Percy the Paedophile

—Gordon the Gay

—Sammy the Sadist

All on the Bass Babe Label

VHS & Betamax

Order in complete confidence.

●Now available from the Haldane. Deltic Dick goes to Soho. Receive your copy from the bearded lozenge DoC3.

●Why is Kangaroo Kate the general in charge of the 7th Century.

●It has now gone past a joke could I please have my 'This is my Mr Men Den' sign back.

●Ninety: You are a member of the Flying Pickets fan club, and you watch Razamatazz. Don't deny it.

●Where can you find aids, syphilis, dildo and bender? No, not in the family planning centre.

●So thrush is active in Selkirk?—I am coming to your aid(s)?—Napoleon Solo.

●Roz M You are much cuddlier. Without your corset. A.

●TSG Glasgow. Lift offered for one or two people leaving 15th pm. Share petrol. Contact Matthew Willis Rm 340.

●IC Polo Club piss on the rest of Southern Universities—Python and Pensioner.

●Hi-fi mini component for quick sale. 1 Sanyo C2 £70; National J-5V0 with turntable £120. Prices negotiable. Brand new. Tang, Mines.

●Bike nicked from IC? Please tell me how much, where from. J Tobin, Min Res UG rack.

●Christmas trees in July? Mines is going to Brands on 22nd. The storyteller.

●Seasonal advice: How to care for a Christmas tree. Treat with cider initially, thereafter administer Pernod regularly and read it fairy stories.

●Free film show by IC Nigeria Society: Nigeria 21: Nigerian Cultural Dances at 6:00pm, 15 December 1983 in ME20. Come and see traditional dancers at their best.

●Risk of Breast Cancer and the Pill: a talk by Dr Malcolm Pike, Imperial Cancer Research, Radcliffe Infirmary, on 17 January 1984 at 1:30pm in LT213 Maths.

●Please note: the Haldane Music Library will be closed between 19-21 December 1983.

Bot Zoo to Open!

The Bot-Zoo tea room is to re-open next term following pressure from FELIX and Life Sciences students led by the Dep Rep Tim Wilson. It is not yet clear whether the Biology Department or the Union will be running the service, which will only be available in the mornings.

The room itself is a Union room but because of a long-standing agreement it is under the control of the department during the day, originally because of the department's tea service. Professor Wood, head of the Biology department, was anxious that with the demise of the service the room should still remain under his control as before. He wrote to Union President Gaynor Lewis asking her to confirm the agreement, saying that it was necessary to preserve the arrangement in case the

department ever re-started the tea service. This Miss Lewis refused to do unless there was a firm commitment to re-starting the service.

Professor Wood replied saying that he hoped the department would be able to re-open the tea room next term, and promised to give a definite decision before the start of next term.

Meanwhile, the Union has been planning to re-open the tea room. Internal Services Officer Hugh Southey has carried out a costing analysis of the service and concluded that it could be run on a self-financing basis. Deputy President Christine Teller has agreed to oversee the financial side of the operation. If Professor Wood does not re-open the tea room then it appears the Union will step in to provide the service.

No Nonsense NOS

The Imperial College mainframe has been running on a new operating system since Monday. The main purpose of the new system is to bring into operation the new Cyber 855 that arrived in summer. This machine is three times more powerful than the Cyber 174 currently in use and offers users an increased core memory of 80k decimal words after 6:00pm. There is also a new

category for batch jobs with up to 131k decimal words available.

The immediate differences for undergraduates are the new logging in procedure and the greatly increased line speeds on some terminals (2400 baud rather than 300). There are minor changes in some of the commands and other, major changes for more advanced users.



A total of over 200 people attended Dramsoc's Christmas production *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife* last week. The play, written by Peter Ustinov, proved to be a humorous evening's entertainment with the comical aspects of the script being portrayed to the full by a cast of varying experience, some of whom were appearing on stage for the first time. The production

used a minimum amount of set, relying more upon the costumes—many of which had been made specially for the show—and a variety of props to portray images. The show's director, Ian Lacey, was said to be pleased with the way it went although he spent much of the first performance in the bar and was too tired and emotional to comment further.

Student Dies in Sports Centre

A student was drowned in mysterious circumstances in the College swimming pool on Monday. He was discovered on the bottom of the pool by members of the Water Polo Club who were practising in the pool.

The swimming pool is open for general swimming on Mondays until 6:15pm, when it is cleared by the attendant. Then at 6:30pm the Water Polo Club have a private session until 8:30pm, when the Swimming Club take over. It was whilst the Water Polo goals were being taken down and replaced with rope lane markers at the change over time that the body was noticed at the bottom of the deep end of the pool.

The body was recovered from the pool and members of the Water Polo and Swimming Clubs attempted to revive the student using artificial respiration and heart massage but to no avail. It was apparent that the body had been in the water for a considerable time.

It is known that the student, Christopher Darkes of Electrical Engineering 1, left a lecture at 5:30pm and went to the Sports Centre. It is also known that he was fond of swimming lengths underwater. What is still unclear however is exactly when he entered the pool. If he was lying on the bottom of the pool at the end of general swimming at 6:15pm then he should have been discovered by the pool attendant on duty, although because of the shape of the pool bottom it is possible that he wasn't seen at this time.

The most likely explanation, however, is that he entered the pool (probably for the second time that evening) at between 7:15 and 7:25pm when two girls who were watching the water polo remember seeing a stranger enter the pool room. They did not notice him again, but they think that the body removed from the pool (when they were still present) was the person they saw entering just over an hour earlier.

OBITUARY

Christopher Darkes

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Christopher Darkes, a first year Electrical Engineering student and resident of Falmouth Keogh Hall. He was drowned in the College swimming pool on Monday 5 December, despite the valiant attempts to revive him by staff and students in the Sports Centre.

Although at College for less than a term, Chris contributed a great deal to Hall and College life. He was a most popular and friendly student who was always willing to help others. Chris will be sorely missed by us all.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his family, girlfriend and many friends in Hall and Department. His funeral took place on Monday 12 December at Stanford Rivers, Essex, but a short memorial service is being held at 9:00am on Thursday 15 December in Southside Upper Lounge for anyone who wishes to attend.

Paul Jowitt

Merry Xmas from Sir Keith!

The Secretary of State for Education Sir Keith Joseph announced in the House of Commons that the student grant for next session will rise by 4%. The parental contribution scale will rise in line with earnings at the lower end, but parents in the

middle and upper income brackets will have their contributions increased by a greater amount. The minimum grant will be halved to £205, and the arrangements for claiming excess travel expenses will be 'revised'.

London Student Screwed Up

The *London Student* newspaper (previously known as Sennet) is still without an Editor following the iniquity of the meeting last Tuesday at which the election was to have been held. Only five college delegates turned up for *London Student* Council which has a quorum of fifteen. The paper is still being edited by the Editorial Board, composed of students working on *London Student*.

The editor for the present session should have been elected last term but the meeting called then was also iniquitous. A meeting arranged earlier this term was postponed amidst claims of electoral malpractice as reported in *FELIX* no 659 and the meeting was rearranged for last Tuesday. Two candidates were standing for the post Chris Ward (last year's Editor) and Michael George of Kings College.

The post of *London Student* editor is sabbatical, but due to the

precarious financial position of the paper the editor only receives an undergraduate grant for thirty weeks during his term of office. As a further economy measure the paper is only being produced every fortnight next term. Rumours of *London Student's* imminent demise are once again circulating.

Reeves Does It Again!

A stolen bicycle belonging to an IC student has been recovered and an arrest made by the police. The bicycle was postcoded in the recent campaign to cut down on bicycle thefts from College and this was the reason that it was returned to its rightful owner. Mr Geoffrey Reeves, College Security Officer, stressed the importance of all bicycles in College being postcoded.

Thrills and Spills at the UGM



No observers were sent by ICU to the NUS conference last weekend following a motion passed at the UGM last Tuesday which prevented Union money being spent on their expenses.

It had been agreed at Council to send three people to Blackpool at a cost of between £200 and £300. None of the three people chosen, Eric Derbyshire, Peter Burt and Roger Preece, will now be going since they would have to pay their own expenses.

However, a small sum of Union money is being spent by the Liberal Club subsidising their

Chairman on a visit to a hurriedly arranged 'conference' of Liberal students at non-NUS colleges which just happens to be in Blackpool at the same time as the NUS Conference.

The other motion passed at the UGM means that CCUs will be able to organise any type of event they like on Union premises, effectively overturning the motion passed amid controversy at the last UGM banning pornographic shows from Union premises. Michael Newman was too upset to comment.

I amend that Amendment

UGM Sketch

This amendment business really is getting out of hand and this column is partly to blame, having explained it in clear English so that anyone can understand. Accordingly during the motion on freedom of choice at last week's Union General Meeting an innocuous amendment was put forward. The proposers of the motion, the Royal School of Mines' dynamic duo Tim Williams and Chris Crownshaw, were about to accept it when someone clearly of an nervous and anxious disposition jumped to his feet in the crowd and screamed "Can't you see what they're trying to do—the motion will pass over to them and they will withdraw it." NO, NO and NO again.

The amendments accepted—that the Union is a non-arty political body and that social intercourse is promoted through Social Clubs Committee which includes political and pressure groups—were not substantive, in other words they were cosmetic. Having cleared up that little

misunderstanding we can move on to the real business in hand, will there be an 'Hon Porns Night' this year? There will be and the meeting really decided this five times over. Firstly when they allowed the order of business to be changed to hear the motion on freedom of choice first, secondly when they refused to accept two further amendments, again when the two amendments were not allowed to be heard separately, clearly when the motion was passed on a show of hands and best of all in a paper ballot (which had been insisted upon by someone as a delaying tactic)—the voting being 312 for, 187 against.

Naturally the freedom of choice motion did not gratuitously mention the 'Hon Porns Night' but these days you only have to look at who is proposing and opposing a motion to know what it's about and how you're going to vote.

One of the amendments to the motion which was defeated "motions discussed should be of interest (replacing have direct relevance) to ICU". Now presumably this means the situation in places like Lebanon and Northern Ireland—where we witness with bewilderment the death and misery caused by various factions claiming to be Christian fighting each other—cannot be discussed at future meetings but

if we want to be bewildered by people who claim to be of the same persuasion fighting each other we need look no further than the said Union General Meetings. During the freedom of choice motion we were assaulted on all fronts by speeches—which made up for in length what they lacked in eloquence and deep thought—from the same standpoint, freedom. Yes the freedom fighters of IC were virtually (if not literally) at each others' throats.

Another hot potato, or old chestnut if you prefer, cropped up at the meeting—the NUS or more specifically, sending people to the NUS conference. The motion proposed (and amended of course) stated: 1. Union money should not be used to send observers to, the NUS Conference. 2. A committee consisting of six Union Publicity Officers and the Academic Affairs Officer and chaired by the *FELIX* Business Manager should look into the whole business of paying people to go to conferences.

The motion was proposed by RCSU VP Dave Parry and opposed by ICU External Affairs Officer Peter Burt who had hoped to go to the conference. Mr Burt, sporting the most severe haircut this side of Wormwood Scrubs, unfortunately said 'right' once too often during his speech so that every time he made

a point, a section of the crowd bellowed 'right'. Ironical in that Mr Burt is so far left he makes Tony Benn look like Cecil Parkinson, that other conference favourite.

The composition of the committee to investigate such freebies also caused a lot of confusion. Take the proposed chairman, the *FELIX* Business Manager, for example: it's not as if he hasn't enough to do already—writing the *FELIX* music page, writing this sketch, captaining *FELIX* football, preparing the *FELIX* estimates for next year, playing centre-back in one of the more successful IC football teams and going for the good Physics degree he so richly deserves (and blowing his own trumpet—Ed). I mean if he had any spare time he'd rather be invited to the odd freebie himself than sit on some bloody committee! And what about the ICU AAO, only last month the chairman of the proposed committee insulted her by saying no one every goes to Academic Affairs Committee. This Union needs another committee that no one will attend like it needs a hole in the head.

At the end of the day the motion was passed, meaning no one will be going to the NUS Conference from IC, except for UGM Chairman John Passmore who still gets to go on the University of London Union ticket.

The Rector and Lady Flowers

wish everyone a very Happy Christmas

and good luck in 1984

SUCKER

A CHRISTMAS Quarrel

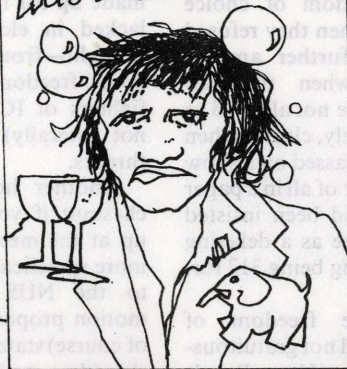
It was Christmas Day at The Union



And The Sherry Was Flowing Fast!



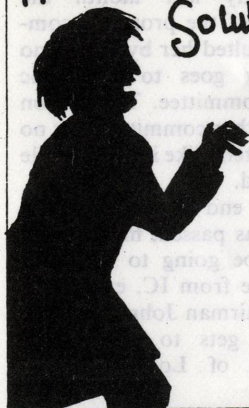
But Gaynor's Heart Was Troubled...



By The Ghost of Budgets Past



Hoping For Some Solution...

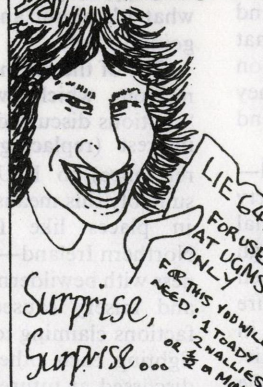


She Ran To Her Book of LIES

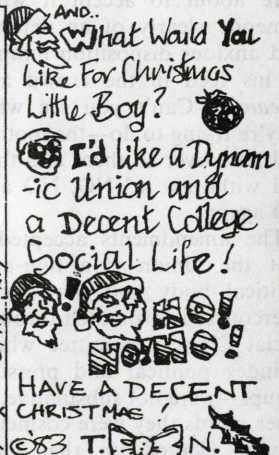
And Found:



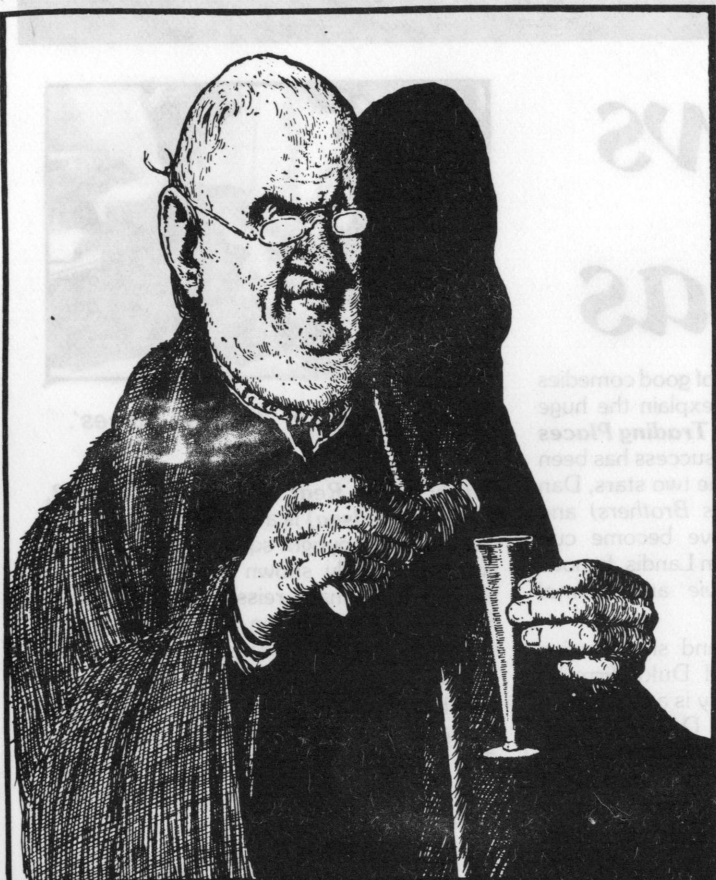
By Chrissie!



Surprise, Surprise...



I'd like a Dynam-ic Union and a Decent College Social Life!
HAVE A DECENT CHRISTMAS!
©83 T. N.



Deep Throat

Knocking Off

It seems that with his forthcoming marriage Gary Turner, Michael Arthur's obnoxious sidekick, is looking for somewhere larger to live since his room at Earl's Court Square isn't large enough for two. Now that Michael has successfully kicked out Andy Walker from the Fremantle there is a vacant honeymoon suite all ready and waiting for Gary's big day.

Both Gary and Andy were good mates of Michael Arthur when he appointed them to the Fremantle last year. However, Gary had to be moved to Earl's Court Square, a real pit of a head tenancy, where he has since been feeling the heat due to his failure to get the place in any sort of order. Now with Andy having fallen from favour and Gary having been busy arselicking all year it's Gary's turn for the cushy number.

Talking of cushy numbers Michael has been knocking off other members of his staff. Yes sir, they're all one big happy family at Student Services. It seems the man will resort to any thing to keep a united and loyal staff.

Gaynor Lewis!!!
Dontcha love her?!?
With her ever so tight wee jeans and her big nose she's like a red rag to a Bull!!!!
(Geddit?!?) (Everyone else does!!!)

Grimwash half-baked

The College TV Studio boss Mr Colin Grimshaw really is a dreadful person.

He was invited to an excellent Union freebie recently, only to announce that he could have organised it better himself!

"My microwave baked potatoes would have gone down a treat," he moaned.

Mr Grimshaw, 62, is a confirmed bachelor.

Skeleton in the Cupboard

Commemoration Day is typically a grand occasion at Imperial College. The best food is hoarded up for weeks beforehand by Mr Mooney. Brightly coloured academic gowns are brought out of mothballs by ageing professors who ought to have better taste.

And it's amazing to see what lengths people will go to in order to ensure that nothing mars the celebrations.

I'm thinking in particular of Lady Flowers. A few years ago she threw a party at 170 Queensgate on Commem Day. Among the large retinue of celebrities present was one aged lady who had the misfortune to kick the bucket during the party.

Lady Flowers was faced with a dilemma. On the one hand it was unthinkable to allow doctors into the house on Commem Day. On the other, it would be unseemly for a prostrate figure to be removed, by stretcher, from the party.

Lady Penny, a guest who had some medical experience (she was a nurse during the war), advised Lady Flowers that there was no hope for the patient. Suddenly the solution to the problem occurred to the two venerable peeresses.

Between them the ladies managed discreetly to manhandle the patient to the cupboard-under-the-stairs in 170. She was propped up beside some old mops and buckets and the door was locked. The heroines were then able to return to the party to socialise and so forth.

After the other guests had left, the corpse (for by then it was such) was tidily disposed of in the usual way.

Aren't we lucky to have such a quick-thinking and resourceful lady as our Rector's wife?

Oats

Dave Parry hasn't been getting his oats recently! After a particularly heavy night's drinking recently, he and Sean Davis made their way back to Dave's girlfriend's

room in Southside. (Following it so far folks?)

As they stood outside her room, a coin was tossed.

"Heads you win, tails I lose," said Dave, who is really quite clever when he's pissed.

A dejected Dave Parry was later seen sulking in Princes Gardens. Mr Sean Davis was too busy to comment.

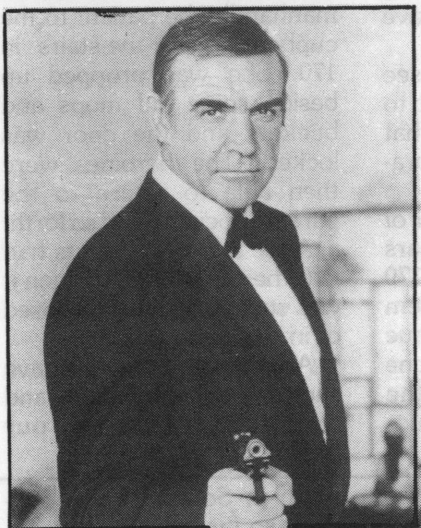
DAVE PARRY	Xmas Puzzle		STEVE GOULDER
DAVE PARRY'S GIRLFRIEND SEAN DAVIS	IAN BULL?		GAYNOR LEWIS

There are five rooms on a empty, Dave Parry slept alone in his own room, Sean Hall. The rooms are normally slept in Dave's girlfriend's room and Gaynor slept (not necessarily alone) in her own room. Where did Ian Bull sleep? Answers on a postcard please, to reach the FELIX Office before Gaynor has a chance to read this issue.

Picture the scenario on the landing one night a couple of weeks ago. Steve Goulder slept alone in Ian Bull's room, Sean Davis's room was

Film Reviews for Christmas

SEAN CONNERY



NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

Never Say Never Again (Warner West End) marks the return of Sean Connery as James Bond. Connery looks a little old, but all the magnetism is still there. He has real screen presence throughout the film, except when Rowan Atkinson as an upper class Foreign Office twit steals the show.

I found the last few Bond movies too gimmicky, but *Never Say Never Again* has more of a plot and a far fresher atmosphere about it. SPECTRE manages to steal two cruise missiles armed with nuclear warheads—Bond has to find them before they are blown up. There are all the traditional elements of a good Bond film—beautiful girls, gun and fist-fights, high-tech, glamorous locations and car chases. The Bond formula is now tuned to a fine art and the mix of 'gratuitous sex and violence' is highly successful. The whole thing is totally preposterous and great fun.

If you liked Bond movies in the past, *Never Say Never Again* is a must.

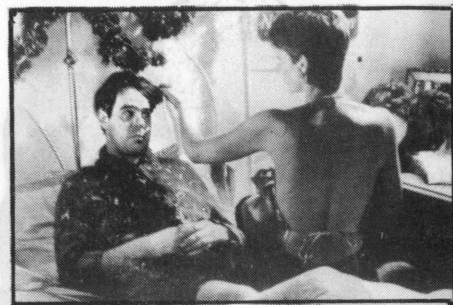
There has been a dearth of good comedies recently, which may help explain the huge and unexpected success of *Trading Places* (Empire 2). In the US this success has been of near ET proportions. The two stars, Dan Ackroyd (1941, *The Blues Brothers*) and Eddie Murphy (48hrs) have become cult figures, as has director John Landis, famous for *Kentucky Fried Movie* and *Animal House*.

Ackroyd plays a rich and smug junior partner in the Duke and Duke firm of commodity brokers; Murphy is a street-wise loser and conman. The evil Duke brothers, bored with conventional entertainment, wonder how Ackroyd will react if he is slung out on the streets, and what Murphy will do if he is given everything Ackroyd has. This is the starting-point for a hectic film that tries to be satirical and ends up farcical, but is a success through its sheer vitality and good humour.

Trading Places reminds me of 'Soap', because it tries to mix frantic and zany action with moral points. But the pretensions to making comments about rich people versus poor people are smothered by Ackroyd who overacts and always looks as if he's about to burst out laughing at himself. Murphy however is just brilliant and British actor Denholm Elliott as Ackroyd's butler can say more with the lift of an eyebrow than any of the Americans (who instead tend to machine-gun you with the gags). Although too slow in starting and too rushed at the end, this film is marvellously funny and really gets you involved. There's nothing quite like the sound of a full cinema audience laughing together—it beats the solitary watching of TV and video hands down.



The Master and James Stewart



Dan Ackroyd in 'Trading Places'.

Hitchcock's *Rear Window* (Plaza 2, *Classic Chelsea*) is a long unavailable classic. Due to copyright squabbles the film has not been legally shown for twenty years. After a triumphant reissue at the London Film Festival, it is now on general release, and so many of today's films just fade away before it. Over the next few months four more Hitchcock classics will be rereleased - *Vertigo*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *The Trouble With Harry* and *Rope*. This will be a rare feast of great Hitchcock films.

The story is about a temporarily wheel-bound photographer (James Stewart) who spends his time watching the activities of his neighbours in the buildings across the courtyard. He becomes fascinated in discovering all about their lives until, over several days, he becomes convinced that a murder has taken place in one particular apartment. His girlfriend (Grace Kelly looking absolutely stunning) is as doubtful about this as Stewart is about marrying her. This reluctance convinces you Stewart is definitely round the twist. The rest of the film follows his attempt to convince the other characters that he isn't mad and that a murder has occurred.

The plot is simple enough, but a lesser director than Hitchcock would have quailed at the constraint of shooting almost the entire film through just one open window. Hitchcock however revels in it. You never want to leave that room, even though film is supposed to be the medium of the wide-open spaces. Like being able to read minds, the idea of freely watching other people's lives is a fascinating and dangerous one. You find out things you shouldn't or would rather not do.

The film was shot over one huge set and the buildings look too theatrical. The action is rather slow off the mark but once Grace Kelly appears the film leaps into life. Everything about the murder is perfectly shot and paced. With its macabre humour and its delicate balancing act between condemning and justifying the voyeur, *Rear Window* was one of Hitchcock's favourites. It is definitely now one of mine.

Videodrome (most ABCs) is a blood-and-gore movie made by a good director, David Cronenberg, having an off day. Cronenberg specialises in pop-horror-with-a-message films. He directed *Shivers* which is famous for its bathroom scene where worms slither out

of the plughole and enter the various orifices of the heroine. In *Videodrome*, James Woods plays a soft-porn cable TV programmer who tries to tape a private transmission which specialises in perverted sex and torture. Instead he finds himself sucked up into the TV screen via the loving embrace of his girlfriend with S/M tendencies (Debbie Harry trying to kill her Blondie image). From this point onwards lots of special effects are used to persuade you that something funny is going on, whilst you slide quietly into total apathy. The plot, script and acting exponentially decay to the lowest level I've slept through in a long time. The original idea was quite good—how do you know what is real and what isn't?—but it's totally mishandled.

It seems the latest trend is to put failing film ideas into 3D to try to revitalise them. Not only will there be a 3D *Star Trek* next year, but now we have *Jaws 3D* (Plaza). Unfortunately the *Jaws* idea really has been flogged to death, and this film adds nothing new. Apparently a lot of care and money was spent in making the wounds and the shark look super-realistic, but so what? The frightening thing about a shark is the psychological effect it has on people, not the realism of the blood and gore. 3D adds something, but without the back-up of a good plot, script and acting, it's not enough to spend £3 on, especially if you've seen *Jaws* already.



A scene from *Parade*, starring Jacques Tati.

Parade (Barbican) along with two short sketches is a celebration of the French comic genius, Jacques Tati. 'Who?' was exactly my response at first. In fact Tati is rather like an accident prone Eric Sykes and brilliant at mime. *Parade* gently examines eccentricity amongst the audience of ageing hippies and the performers at a Scandinavian circus. There are a series of acts, some good, some pathetic, but mostly you're twiddling your fingers waiting for Tati to come back on. The film is too long and the individual acts just don't hang together, but *Parade* is worth considering if you're in London and have to entertain some bored young visitors one afternoon over Christmas. On the other hand, *The Jungle Book* (Odeon Leicester Square) is probably better, because everyone enjoys that.

Tony Atkins

Daniel (Notting Hill Gate from 12 January). Considering the weak fictional framework around which his book is based, E L Doctorow, author of *The Book of Daniel* and in charge of screenplay for the film, has made a very brave effort indeed. Originally written in 1971, 'Daniel' is "the story of two generations of a family whose ruling passion is not success or money or love, but social justice."

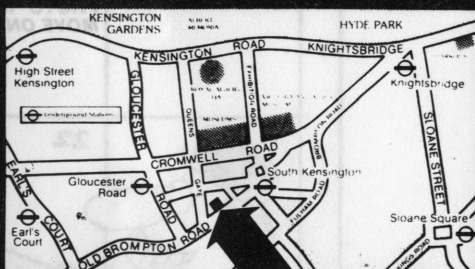
Daniel is a graduate student when, after a nervous breakdown and attempted suicide by his politically active sister, he decides to uncover the facts surrounding the trial and execution of their parents, Paul and Rochelle Isaacson, who were found guilty of conspiring to steal US atomic secrets for the Russians.

Visually, the film has much potential. Susan's agonising breakdown at the beginning of the film contrasts with the powerful execution scene of her father and mother in the electric chair. All too often however, the film is spoilt by sterile and over sentimental imagery. Daniel, at the age of eight, looks like some child prodigy of Elvis Presley, and his father looks like Clark Kent. You're supposed to be watching "a search for self-discovery", but this film often seems instead to be the very last remake of *Hair*.

Because the scope of this film is so diffuse, it is impossible to commit it to any particular category. As a documentary it is (self confessedly) historically quite inaccurate and as drama it fails

John Burgess

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ESTATES

The Sabbatical Credibility Game

Next term the sabbatical race will start in earnest. There are many pitfalls along the road to your free room, free sherry and postgrad grant, and also there are many unexpected ways to increase your sabbatical credibility. It would be tiresome just to list all these, so learn for yourself—play 'Estates and Scaffolding'.

Rules

Men start at the beginning of the game. However, women should determine their starting position as follows: take your chest measurement (in inches) and subtract from 42. Then divide your measurement by the result of the subtraction. (Note: if your measurement is 42 or above, congratulations—you have already won!). Deduct 1 if you have hairy legs and 2 more for a face like a horse, then position your counter on the square number closest to the result and start from there. If you land at the foot of a piece of scaffolding, follow it up to the top. If you land on the head or hands of any of the Men from Estates, go down to the foot. (Upper foot for an odd throw, lower foot for an even throw.)

Instructions

Get your mummy (or another grown-up) to cut out the tokens. (You can do this yourself with round-ended scissors, if you are very careful.) They can be made nice and stiff if you stick them to pieces of card with sellotape or glue. You can draw your own face on the blank one if you like. Then find a pair of dice and off you go. Have fun!



Ian Bull



Mike Stuart



You?



Dave Parry

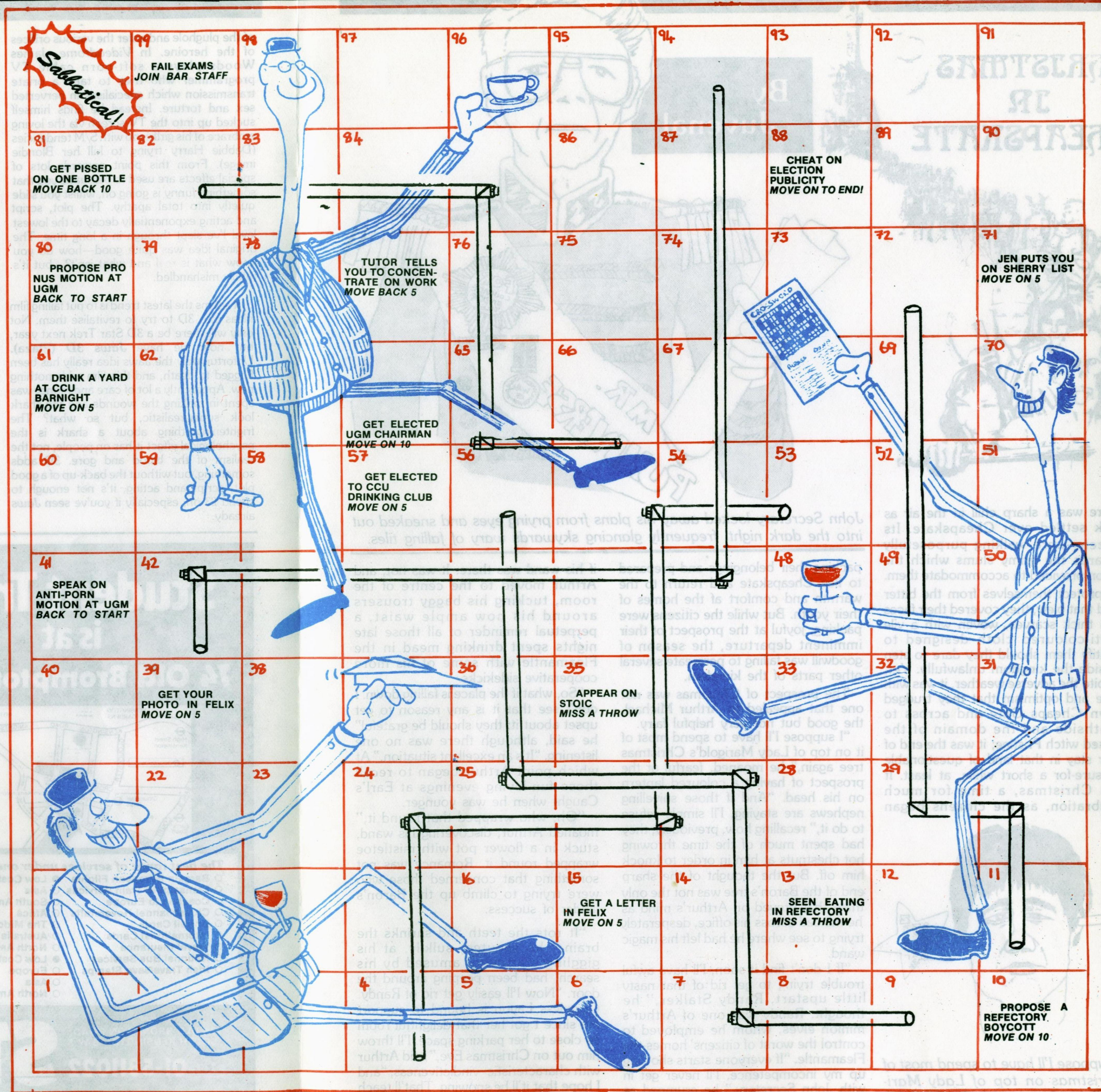


Jonathan Gerson



Peter Burt

And
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CHRISTMAS IN CHEAPSKATE

By
Juvenal



There was a sharp chill in the air as dusk settled over Cheapskate. Its citizens were walking purposefully towards the grimy slums which the Baron provided to accommodate them. To protect themselves from the bitter wind that blew, they covered their faces with thick scarves, woven with a vile multi-coloured cloth designed to identify them should they dare to step outside the kingdom unlawfully. Yet, despite the adverse weather, it was with hope and optimism that they trudged down Cheaps Gate and across to Southside and the domain of the wicked witch Pristine; it was the end of their stay in that land of questionable pleasure-for a short while, at least. It was Christmas, a time for much celebration, as the citizens began

John Secretary locked away his plans from prying eyes and sneaked out into the dark night, frequently glancing skywards wary of falling tiles.

packing their belongings and prepared to flee Cheapskate and return to the warmth and comfort of the homes of their youth. But while the citizens were packing, joyful at the prospect of their imminent departure, the season of goodwill was failing to permeate several other parts of the kingdom.

The prospect of Christmas was not one that appealed to Arthur Michael, the good but not very helpful fairy.

"I suppose I'll have to spend most of it on top of Lady Marigold's Christmas tree again," he moaned, fearful at the prospect of having a coloured lantern on his head. "And if those snivelling nephews are staying, I'll simply refuse to do it," recalling how, previously, they had spent much of the time throwing hot chestnuts at him in order to knock him off. But the thought of the sharp end of the Baron's tree was not the only thing that preyed on Arthur's mind as he minced across his office, desperately trying to see where he had left his magic wand.

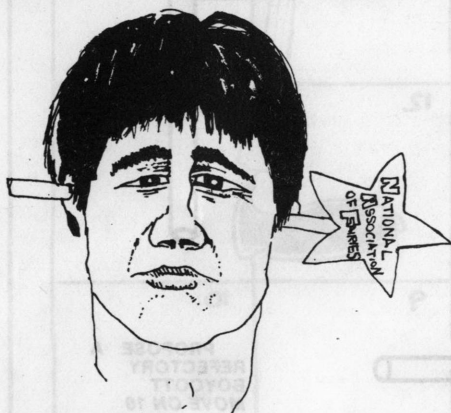
"If I don't find it soon, I'll have awful trouble trying to get rid of that nasty little upstart, Randy Stalker," he thought. Randy was one of Arthur's minion elves, whom he employed to control the worst of citizens' homes-the Fleamantle. "If everyone starts showing up my incompetence, I'll never get in with John Secretary," he grumped as he peered behind a filing cabinet to see

if his wand was there. It was not, and Arthur moved to the centre of the room, tucking his baggy trousers around his now ample waist, a perpetual reminder of all those late nights spent drinking mead in the Fleamantle with some of his more cooperative sidekicks.

"So, what if the place is falling down. I don't see that it is any reason to get upset about it; they should be grateful," he said, although there was no one listening. "It's an excellent situation." At which point Arthur began to recall those fun-loving evenings at Earl's Caught when he was younger.

"Oh, who wrapped that round it," moaned Arthur, discovering his wand, stuck in a flower pot with mistletoe wrapped round it. Romance was not something that concerned those who were trying to climb up the Baron's ladder of success.

"It rots the teeth and shrinks the brain," he shouted, sulkily, at his giggling staff who, amused by his search, had been peeping around the door. "Now I'll easily get rid of Randy. Gormless Layon is bound to support me since I got her that delightful room so close to her parking space. I'll throw him out on Christmas Eve," said Arthur with characteristic vindictiveness, "and I hope that it'll be snowing. That'll teach people not to cross me."



'I suppose I'll have to spend most of Christmas on top of Lady Marigold's tree' moaned Arthur Michael.

Arthur Michael brushed back his coiffured hair, wrapped his cloak around him and left the building. Pushing aside all those citizens who had come to seek advice, he strode out into the cold evening air, making those short, tip-toe like steps which characterised his walk.

Meanwhile, another of the Baron's employees was finding Christmas a somewhat unpalatable thought.

"Christmas-humbug!" snorted John Secretary, thinking of all those functions which he would have to attend with the Baron. "If he starts rambling on about the politics of his unimportant fellows I shall probably vomit."

The typist, whom John Secretary was addressing, remained unimpressed, and continued to file her nails. John Secretary, reluctantly concluding that his work would not be done for some days yet, returned to his self-imposed

exile, in a dungeon in the very depths of the Surefield Building. And it was with considerable belligerence that he perused his planning of the move of the citizens' building to a basement in Southside.

"Let me see, with a Citizens' Office of that size, Mrs Jolly Hockey-Sticks is bound to agree to all my other demands without question," he thought. John Secretary was well aware of whose opinion counted for something. "With all that room, the President's Office can be kept well away from the citizens' entrance. All that fraternising just confuses her as to whose interests she's there to represent. And there'll be an



Pristine the Wicked Witch of Southside, was seen on her broomstick hovering over her small domain.

even larger table for Jo Herawhatser-name so that she can lay out all the newspapers at once. They're bound to agree." Pleased by his own cunning, John Secretary locked away his plans from prying eyes, donned a thick black coat and sneaked into the dark of the night, frequently glancing skywards, wary of falling tiles.

Blissfully unaware of John Secretary's machinations, Gormless Layon, President of the Citizens' Association was chattering away to her closest aides at the end of the Christmas party for a select few of the citizens' representatives.

"I do so enjoy Christmas," announced Mrs Jolly Hockey-Sticks, "It's yet another excuse to eat, drink and be merry at someone else's expense."

"Not that you ever need one," thought Sawnoff Levis as he tried to mend a Gestetner. It had yet to recover from the day when Mrs Sticks had filled it with sherry instead of ink.

"You'd think that she'd remember what false labels she puts on the damn bottles," said Sawnoff to his friend. But he received no reply, for that friend was the heir apparent to the presidency, the megalomaniac Ian Balls. He was all too well aware that, if his election was to succeed, he must not offend the all-powerful Mrs Sticks. The memory of how she had connived to evict a previous representative, claiming that she had 'a sleep problem' was never far away. Ian Balls knew when some things were better left unsaid.

"Time to go, darlings," declared the somewhat merry Mrs Sticks as she tumbled head over heels down the stairs of the citizens' building. She was not used to the office being open after four in the afternoon and was still just in sufficient control of her senses to know that, with a few drinks inside them, the representatives might start examining a few filing cabinets and their contents. But they all meekly obeyed and Mrs Sticks firmly locked the door behind them.

As the citizens slept, and Mrs Sticks meandered towards home, Pristine, the wicked witch of Southside, was to be seen on her broomstick hovering over her small domain. With her baggage swaying in the wind, she gleefully stared over her Empire, from which she was about to depart. Turning her broomstick in the direction of her far away castle, she cried out:

"I will return."

Cackling with laughter, she sped across the buildings. And return she would for, despite many hopes and prayers, she always found an excuse to come back.



'I do so enjoy Christmas' announced Mrs. Hockey-Sticks, 'It's yet another excuse to eat drink and be merry at someone else's expense.'



ULYSSES

Puzzled Packed Christmas Special!

Welcome to the double spread Ulysses, with plenty of puzzles for you to try over the vacation, if you're not too busy with reports to write or if you haven't overdone the festivities. Some of the puzzles are difficult and are marked with a dagger and are worth £5 each, donated, as ever, by Mend-a-Bike of Park Walk, just off Fulham Road. The unmarked ones are purely for your entertainment. Thanks to all those who have tried any of the puzzles. Many thanks to Achilles, Nick Williams, Olympus, Rev and Anatoly for their puzzles and ideas, and special thanks to Mend-a-Bike, without whose generosity there would be no puzzles column. Good luck, everyone, for the last time this term, and Merry Christmas to you all.

Solutions to the FELIX Office by 1:00pm on the first Wednesday of term, please.

Here's a long division puzzle with only one digit. Fill in the blank spaces to obtain the unique solution.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \\ \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} \end{array}$$

If you've been trying the University Prize Crossword, you might like to have a go at these. They are some of my favourite cryptic crossword clues.

1. Gags (9, 4)
2. IJKLMNOP (5)
3. World Cup team produces duster (6, 6)
4. (5, 3, 1, 4)
5. Yob—in need of remedial attention (8, 3)

Solution

The Triangular Duel

The key to this puzzle was in working out the best strategies for each of the gunmen. A's best strategy is to shoot at B first, B's best strategy is to shoot at A first, if C shoots at B, and hits, then he's dead, and if C shoots at A and hits, he stands only 20% chance of shooting again, so C's best strategy is to intentionally miss until either A or B is dead, and then he stands a 50% chance of winning. If you work out all possible series of events, the probabilities of each are:

- A $\frac{3}{10}$
- B $\frac{8}{45}$
- C $\frac{47}{90}$

So the poorest shot has the best chance of winning, and in fact his probability of winning is greater than his accuracy. Nine correct solutions for this one, and the winner was J Bryson of Chem Eng 3, who can collect his cheque from the FELIX Office any time.

Many thanks to Olympus for that brain-teaser.

The Square-Wheeled Bicycle

This is an adaptation of an Oxbridge entrance question shown to me by my friend Rev, and is a chance for all the Oxbridge rejects to show that they were wrong not to take you.

I was down at Mend-a-Bike's garage the other day, and they had just finished their Christmas party. One of the workers there had had rather too much to drink, and was busy trying to knock one of the bikes back into shape. When he had finished, the wheels of the bike were square, but he was too drunk to notice and left the bike to be sold. If the wheels are equal size, in synchronism and the bike rolls with constant horizontal velocity, how fast can it go before its wheels start to leave the ground?

THE SOLE NEW VISION

Androgyny was the order of the day for the true class of '83. As long ago as 1970 Ray Davies of the Kinks sang—girls will be boys and boys will be girls. It's a mixed up, shook up, muddled world—and this was certainly true as Boy George and Annie Lennox established themselves as top of the pile this year. Culture Club discovered Helen Terry, a girl who could sing the blues (she sang on Lou Reed's *Walk on the Wild Side* way back in 1973) and with a dash of harmonica updated their already excellent fusion of reggae, soul and pop to release the superb *Colour By Numbers* which featured top three singles *Church of the Poison Mind*, *Karma Chameleon* and probably *Victims* as well. For my money *Poison Mind* was single of the year. Live performance of the year may well have been the Eurythmics who now find themselves in an almost identical situation to the Human League two years ago. However the Eurythmics have the advantage in that their precise pop is passionate as well as sophisticated. They also have a wealth of experience as is evidenced by their ability to produce two excellent albums: *Sweet Dreams* and *Touch* in the same year.

Ironically the Eurythmics evolved from the Tourists who first hit the charts with a cover of *Dusty Springfield's Only Want to Be With You*. Covering old songs was certainly a winner this year and having paid one's dues beforehand seemed to help UB40 and the Beat hit a purple patch a few years ago but appeared to be suffering from their general lack of charisma and political stance when the *Scorpions* didn't get used to *Losing You* and *Red Hot Chili Peppers* hit the top ten and number one respectively. UB40's hit came from an album of reworked old reggae songs *Labour of Love* while the year's new star Paul Young (complete with fabulous *Wealthy Tarts*—Maz and Kim) employed a similar tactic after being plucked from the relative obscurity of the Q-Tips to top the chart with an inspired re-interpretation

"Which bands that I've never heard of are you writing about this week?" someone asked me recently so here is a retrospective view of the music world at large in 1983. It wasn't a year for looking forward—almost everyone ignored the looming 1984 and a second dose of Thatcherism and cover versions featured prominently as most eyes and ears were glued to the past.

those nowadays) recorded at the Albert Hall and called *Nocturne*. Not so good was Annabel Lamb's *Riders on the Storm* which seems little different from the Doors original and seems to have sold mainly on the free video and poster of Miss Lamb given away with the single. Towards the end of the year Billy Joel emphasised the retrospective nature of the year when his fifties style *Uptown Girl* seemed to top the chart for a life time.

Although never being an admirer of the Jam I must admit they did release some fine singles in the final phase, notably *Beat Surrender*, *Malice* and *Bitterest Pill*. It didn't take Paul Weller

to become an embracing

Speaking of which brings us to the sideshow of on-screen music. The Rolling Stones were the band pulling the crowds during the summer of 1982—so it seemed a pretty safe bet to release the results on celluloid. I didn't see the movie (imaginatively called *Let's Spend the Night Together*) but then again neither did many other people. David Bowie found himself in a similar position to the Stones this summer so perhaps he will have learnt a lesson although his acting career seems to be going from strength to strength. Unfortunately the same isn't happening for Francis Ford Coppola. After such notable successes

Seven Years Have Passed Since That First Bleak Winter Of Punk.

long to get his next project on the road. Respond, the label/concept seemed to be based on the possession of white keys and a copy of Colin MacInnes' *Absolute Beginners*—the story of a jazz mad photographer living in Naples (and the film) and generally living in the West End prior to an outburst of London-style riots in the late fifties. Travis showed herself to be a capable singer, though nowhere in the *Carnegie* class, whilst the Questions received a largely negative response. Weller himself released an allegedly scathing political statement in *Money Go Round* (I never was able to catch his lyrics) and the splendidly evocative *Long Hot*

as *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now* he was bankrupted by a musical *One From the Heart*. Admirable though it is to base a screenplay on a set of Tom Waits songs it is not the sort of movie which will have the people flocking to the Box Office. Risking being ridiculed for the rest of my life I must express a certain affection for *Flashdance*. Although the plot was totally unbelievable, the music was good. The same can be said of Martin Scorsese's *Suburbia*, *Round King of Comedy* which boasted a fine score and a cameo role as street scan for the Clash.

1983 was also the year when several of the megastars who had been out of the limelight for a while came back with a vengeance, topping singles and album charts of both sides of the Atlantic (frequently simultaneously). There seems little point in devoting any more column inches to David Bowie—*Let's Dance* was a functional album which makes up what it lacks in enlightenment and inspiration with well produced dance songs. Suffice to say Michael Jackson has been referred to as the biggest star on our planet and when offered over one million dollars to play a US festival told the promoters they weren't even close. As for the Police: well, it's just as well Jung is dead already because Arthur Koestler didn't last long

Have We Come This Fa-Fa-Far To Find Soul Cliché?

of Marvin Gaye's *Wherever I Lay My Hat*. Unfortunately we were denied the ultimate irony of the soulful overnight star taking Joy Division's *Love Will Tear Us Apart* to the top. Almost as ironic however was the success of New Order's *Monday* and *Confusion* (produced by New York disco mix king Arthur Baker).

Punk stalwart Siouxsie managed two good chart entries with *Miss the Boat*, *Right Now* and *Dear Prudence* complete with some snappy videos. The *Police* also left us a competent *Reggae* album (don't see many of

Summer Nights—the video of which was never screened because of a vague hint of homosexuality).

It was a good year for music on the box. *The Tube* and *Switch* fulfilled their early promise, the only weak links being several poor presenters and the hopelessly unfunny Mark Izzard of the *Switch*. The OGWT continued to improve with its new presenters although Anne Nightingale was (unfortunately) dragged in for the *Rockathon*.

Overall the most pleasing aspect was that such a large variety of shows meant that any one show did not have to be

Elvis Costello

after having a Police album named after him. The Police may not yet be more popular than Christ but judging by their reception at Shea Stadium in New York they are at least as popular as the Beatles.

Going back to the start of the year it seemed that the class of '79 was going to have a good year with U-2, WAH! and Echo and Bunnymen all appearing in the same chart—WAH! inexplicably failed with their follow up *Hope* whilst U-2/Echo did their chances little good by releasing very heavy albums (U-2 the drums; Echo very serious). Ironically it seems U-2 are enjoying world wide success with *Nar*, their weakest LP to date whilst Echo have realised that the unbelievably inaccessible second side of *Porcupine* is not the way to success. Nevertheless live the bands were nothing short of excellent with the Bunnymen playing prestigious gigs like the Albert Hall and Stratford-upon-Avon. U-2's live mini LP *Under a Blood Red Sky* was by no means a classic but still a bargain at its low price.

Once again it was left to Elvis Costello to make the quality album of the year with *Punch the Clock*. This we expect anyway so it was a real bonus for Costello to abandon his troublesome media image to make several television appearances and grant several interviews, leading to his appearance on the cover of *Time Out* and *The Face* in the same week. Strangely it seems to be a combination of an appearance on C4's chaotic and occasionally posy *Loose Talk* and releasing the scathing *Pills and*

Soap single under the guise of the Imposter which heralded this new image. A video of the terrific *Shipbuilding* also started appearing on TV and before anyone knew it Costello had been in the charts and on TOTP twice in as many weeks. The Imposter, was released as a limited edition with the promise of a possible 'celebration twelve inch on red vinyl'. Costello had further success with *Everyday I Write the Book* although all the singles failed to chart dent the top ten, the album topped the charts and the follow up tour was a success.

Unfortunately the same can't be said of the Undertones, undoubtedly the greatest live band in the world. Their fourth album *The Sin of Pride* was a masterpiece, showing a heavy sixties

most unusually satisfying records of the year. King Sunny Adé and his 19 Africa beats came from Nigeria to play some memorable concerts whilst Men At Work came from Australia to torment us with awful lyrics and worse videos. Fortunately America has taken them to her heart so if we're lucky they'll stay there with other pains in the ear like Thomas Dolby and Flock of Seagulls.

From North of the border Aztec Camera released the excellent *Highland Hard Rain* LP and their star being in the ascendant now they've moved from Rough Trade to WEA and *Oblivious* rockets up the charts. Big Country also proved they were not doomed to become Scotland and the eighties version of Status Quo when they released the standout single *Chance*.

I Would Go Out Tonight But I Haven't Got A Stitch To Wear.

Smiths

influence and receiving a unanimous thumbs up from the critics. Unfortunately no one bought it and thus the unrelenting economics of the music industry deprived us of the Undertones. Their singles package *All Wrapped Up* will no doubt be viewed as an essential album in years to come.

Before mentioning other bands who have gone the way of the Undertones it only remains to bring together some loose ends. Public Image returned to the chart with the excellent *This is not a Love Song* and then played some very dubious concerts whilst Lydon's old mentor Malcom McLaren plundered around the world leaving us three of the

Prize prats Wham! failed to follow early classics *Wham Rap* and *Young Guns* with anything even 1% as good and ended up doing what most of their critics had been saying all year when they advised their fans not to buy their latest single.

The latter half of the year also saw what could be the most important single of the year released—*This Charming Man* by The Smiths.

And so goodbye to the Beat (who will resurface as General Public), Bauhaus, Funboy 3, Soft Cell and Yazoo and welcome to all the bands I haven't heard and you probably haven't heard of.

Peter Rodgers

EDITORIAL

I apologise most sincerely to WIST for incorrectly identifying them as Ladies Rugby in the issue two weeks ago. This must have come as a great shock to them! I have now come to realise that Wist mass orgies are in no way connected to Ladies Rugby mass orgies.

Hockey

The Revenge of the Thirds

Once upon a time the thirds went to Harlington, and the opposition went to Harlington, so we could play with each other.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

Jim then scored making it one-nil,

They went to fetch a pail of water,

Farnam Common were in for a slaughter,

I've run out of imagination so I'll just write a normal report. Against strong opposition, we played well giving plenty of square balls and using constructive play to score three times. They could only reply with a single goal which was hardly surprising considering the pressure we were putting them under.

Ladies Rugby

The first win of many!

IC vs QMC Away

Score 22-8

Casualties 1-2 (+1 spectator)

After much confusion about where, when and how we eventually got hold of a pitch and on a cold Sunday afternoon found ourselves in a deserted tarmyara in the depths of wildest Essex—the QMC grounds at Ditchley.

The first half started on a bad note when the QMC ref came over the check our studs—his first and last words were 'you may call me Sir.' Ok what a cute guy!

It took us the first ten minutes to recover from the shock of the aggressive play—QMC's tactics confused us on a few issues w.r.t. certain rules. While we were so stunned they slipped through the defence and scored the first try, but we soon evened the score with a try by Nessie.

As blood pressures rose due to the jeers of the QMC crowd, our prop—Annie 'the tank' Burnill was well justified in her attack on one of the QMC male supporters—go get 'em Annie!

The whistle blew for half time but it took a while before Frank and Doug, our trainers, could brave the mass of fuming IC women to give a pep talk.



By the second half we had learnt to channel our anger back into the game—there was no stopping us!

Tries were scored by Nessie Yates (3) and Leah 'the mouth' Wallbank (1). Also 3 conversions by Leah. Congratulations must go to Sue 'if she's strong she's gotta go' Wacholt whose skilfull tackling wiped out their captain. Also, well played the newcomers: Sue (Geo 1), Judith (Chem Eng 1) and Hilary.

The aggressive hatred fostered on the pitch was soon washed down in a steaming bath, with cans of lager and a jolly sing song. Many thanks to our supporters, although they were swamped by the opposition in number, the quality of their cheers reigned supreme.

All that can be said to those men who had promised to spectate is that you missed a really good match—we'll return the favour sometime boys!

Next match against UCL on Sunday 11 December at Harlington. Coach leaves at 10:00am for kick off at 11:30.

Sailing

A deadly hush came over the room as our captain began to speak.

'OK team, this is the big one.'

Bevan swallowed hard. 'You mean, we've got to beat them?'

We nodded our heads at him slowly.

'And I've been relegated to a crew?'

'Correct.'

'But what about Tostevin? Or Baynes? Or Hill?'

We glared at each other, wondering whether we should reveal the horrible truth. Finally Jones spoke up.

'They didn't make it.'

We bowed our heads, reflecting on the fate of our fellow sailors.

'What's more,' he added nervously, 'Cambridge have beaten Oxford.'

Our objective seemed to be drifting helplessly out of reach.

'Is it worth discussing tactics?' mumbled Kennedy.

'Same plan as last week,' asserted Jones. 'Kennedy on the starboard pin, Howarth on the port end and I'll fit in where I can.'

We stood there thoughtfully. Finally Bennet-Clarke spoke up. 'Our only chance is to fix the boats.'

'No,' said Jones. 'We'll sail this one straight.'

Three hours and five races later, the team stumbled back, exhausted.

'God knows how we managed it,' gasped Bennett.

'Even Howarth made it,' jested Bevan.

Disapproving glances were shot in his direction.

'Sorry.'

'He nearly took me out with him,' remarked Kennedy. 'It's a wonder we're both still here.'

Silence fell over us as the meaning of our victory sank in.

We'd beaten Cambridge 4-1.

Bowls

Secretary's Report

We met old rivals Brunel on home ground last Saturday, after an ignominious defeat away last match; and we handed them a shock when our C team demolished theirs. The slightly off form A and B teams lost narrowly, but the ladies team lost heavily as usual. So if any of you ladies out there can bowl, come along and buttress up the team. We meet every Wednesday at 2:20 in the Chem Eng foyer.

Tim Schofield deserves special mention for clearing the vital tenth pin to capture the high score for the day (missing the other nine in the process). The presence of the reserve member of the ladies team was warmly appreciated, she contributed to the excellent performance of IC team member Paul Day at the railway station.

Football

Cup Success

IC3 vs QMC4 3-0

IC's sole survivors in the cup this year marched triumphantly through to a semi-final draw against Kings 2 or UC 3 in this their final match of the term.

With Martin Barnes still injured, the old faithful were augmented by the dashing Dave Wadsworth who turned in his usual gritty performance in midfield. The ever style-conscious thirds decided early on that the normal strip didn't go with Dave's eyes and so decided to exchange for bilberry flavour shirts courtesy of Farnham Common HC.

Early IC pressure paid off as careless backpass under pressure caught the unfortunate QMC keeper off his line. Selflessly, Hors(e) decided not to save the face of Mary's star centre-back and was content to mind the ball over the line.

Meanwhile...the appearance on the touchline of substitute Steve Coussens some 20 minutes late and clad immodestly in bikers gear seemed to unsettle our opponents further and, not wishing to be different, they allowed Torsten the opportunity to score his thirteenth clinically taken goal of the season shortly before the break.

Responding to the usual stirring half time team talk IC prised home the advantage early on as Mark slotted in his third this term. Soon after, Mark decided he'd done enough to earn his beer and allowed Steve to take the field. Stripping off his pseudo-leathers, Curly reveals his latest on park trendiness... legwarmers. So taken aback were we that our usual complacency crept in and only some fine work from keeper Paul Simpson allowed us to keep our clean sheet.

Ping Pong

All the teams played this week, although not necessarily successfully.

The first team played on Friday and Chris hasn't told me how they did so they probably lost, despite Chris' undoubtedly valiant efforts.

The second team, in their first reportable game, lost but only by 7-2; the 2 being gained by one of the opposition running away (from me) and Wladek getting about twenty edges per game versus another of them. All this is irrelevant as the star of the show was Geoff, who despite a strained lower calf muscle and Mechanics problem sheets turned out to put in probably his best performance of the season.

The fourth team, under the captaincy of Mike for the first time lost, but valiantly considering their opposition were top of the division at the time.

Erica's team also played on Friday and (because Erica didn't play) they haven't told me how they did but Erica thinks that they probably lost.

CHAMPIONS

IC are Southern Universities Water Polo Kings!

On Saturday 3 December IC Water Polo team won the Southern Universities Athletic Union Water Polo Championship held at IC. The competition has much stronger than the U1U league which IC have monopolised for a long time, but thanks to a superstar performance by Welsh international Geoff Hurley, backed up with a determined team effort, IC provided the finale to an exciting afternoon's polo by beating Bath 4-3.

In the preliminary group matches IC drew 6-6 with arch enemies Bristol in a very close game. We started off quite sleepily but were swiftly woken by a 3-1 deficit. Hurley shot us back into the game at 6-5 we were one second away from victory. Alas we conceded a penalty giving Bristol a not undeserved draw.

Having thrashed Southampton 14-1 upstaging Bristol, we went into the final group as winners. Here IC played the other preliminary group runner-up: Reading. By now the team talks were having an effect on IC who shocked their faithful supporters by taking the lead through two goals by Boggy. Although the first half was close, IC built on the 4-3 half time score to record an 8-4 victory over a team only beaten 2-1 by Bath.

Having beaten Bristol, Bath needed to win or draw their last match with IC to win the tournament. Thus the match was cleared of mathematical solutions and reduced to a win or nothing scenario for us. At this stage of the evening fitness and determination were just as vital as ball skills but nevertheless IC were confident when the final game started.

For a few minutes Bath appeared to have given up as IC took a swift 3-0 lead. The action then started as Bath fought back to reduce the defeat to 3-1 at half time through a penalty. The second half saw IC display the same lapse of concentration and suddenly. Bath were back in the game at 3-3 as the teams tired.

Bath still appeared stronger but on one of IC's consistently dangerous breakaways, a penalty was conceded. The number of IC players who actually watched Hurley convert the penalty could not have been many but from then on IC were on the defensive. Three minutes is a long time when the clock is stopped for every stoppage of play: but with determined defence, a few mistakes from Bath and a little luck we held on to achieve success unsurpassed by previous IC sides.

Undoubtedly Hurley was the star, but he received magnificent support from Robert Eastman. Although none of it would have been possible without any of the other eight players, or without Dan's magnificent efforts in controlling the team from the side, or of course without the supporters, and of course Mrs Peart.

As for greater things, the UAU national final will be in March so the team will be training twice weekly til then. Training will be 6:30-11:00 each Monday and Friday with 9:30-11:00 being devoted to boat race skills and the rest to a warm up in the pool!

Team: Python (Capt), Hurley, Chorlton, Edwards, Boucher, Eastman, Richardson, Burr, Crowder, Kalkanis, Peart, Langman, Morris (manager).

Guilds Motor Club

At 11:30pm on Friday 2 Dec, C&GMC once again took over a sizeable chunk of the Home Counties for their third thrash this term, the Detour Rally, organised by 'Boy Racer of '83' and Mac. Once again the first stage proved the most testing, so much so that about six cars had to play 'follow the leader' until they got to Time Control 1. At this point an electrical short in the map-reading light in the Imp decided to make its presence felt. Five minutes and two fuses later the repairs were complete when the navigator managed to smash the light bulb so it was back to the torches. Further along the route a concealed 90° left down a hill was missed by a five cars, including course opening, which meant they ended up in someone's driveway. One naughty crew managed to do a three point turn in one go by using the front lawn and then making a relativist getaway before the occupants woke up. Nick Anderson confirmed his fears by impaling his Mini on a tree, the effect of which was to place a front wheel on his navigator's lap. All this rushing around led to every crew being 'Over Time Limit' at half-way where despite being kept warm by her driver, the Herald navigator found the freezing conditions too much especially as she'd already been sick twice, so they trundled home at 4:00am.

On the second half of the rally the marshals at TC6 just happened to be standing next to a patch of black ice. When they flagged down what they thought was a competitor, the unsuspecting person jammed on the anchors and stopped only when he'd made contact with the bend 50 yards up the road—that's how C&GMC deal with any unofficial entries. The battle for first place was mainly between Will and Graham's Davrian, the Beetle of Spam and Frank and Guy and Victor in the Imp with the latter holding on by a margin of one fail.

STOIC

Five...Four...Three...Two...One.Run VTs. Hello and welcome to the last fun-packed instalment of STOIC this year, the (now I've found out what that word means I can get on with producing it)

Christmas programme. Following last year's massive success (the viewer in the JCR woke up) we have been whipping our brains to cream to make the sequel. We can't guarantee it will prevent hair loss, or kill 99% of all known lecturers—but remember 8 out of 10 cats said their owners prefer it. Be there—1:00 and 6:00pm in the JCR and Halls—or be square.

SDP

SDP Soc is now official.

May I thank all that have helped to re-establish it, and may I welcome all who are interested in it.

So far this term, we have had meetings on various policies: PR and Human Rights. We have been visited by Stuart Maxwell (Chairperson of SDP Students and we have visited Kensington and Chelsea Area SDP general meeting. We have also connected up with Westminster area SDP.

Next term we will be going to see Charles Kennedy MP (the youngest member in the house) a few area meetings, internal meetings and a visit to the House of Commons.

So please come along to are four events and suggest a few ideas for more.

Finally, Merry Christmas and a happy new year with the SDP.



Not much more to go before the turkey and sherry vacation; but tomorrow night we have the Chemistry & Physics party in the Union Concert Hall costing £1 to get in from 8:00pm 'til very late.

Things you might care to keep an eye out for over the Christmas hols: Spanner & Bolt and other university mascots (pump your friends for information and report back to the VP).

Looking back through the office diary I can see some of the events RCSU ran or organised which may have been lost to your memory in mists of alcohol and time:

Trips to Laserium, Ferret & Firkin, Lewes Carnival, *Run For Your Wife*, *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Richmond for Jez pumping and down to Brighton on the old corks van.

Raising money for Rag on Tiddleywinks, Monopoly, Dawn to Dusk street collection, Rag Mag selling at Guildford and

London, the Beer Festival, Smoking Concert and 10⁶ + 1 Darts.

Many more things to put down but Pallab keeps complaining that my bits are too big. (*Tut, tut, boasting again—Ed.*)

Watch out for three day old roast turkey.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from RCSU.

Dave

CND

Despite public demonstrations against siting cruise missiles in Britain, such as 22 October, the government, against the views of the majority of the population, are going ahead with the deployment of the missiles. It is no longer enough just to wear a CND badge to show support for nuclear disarmament, direct action is now required up and down the country and we can still do our part.

Final details of what we are doing will be put up around the College on Friday 9 December, so please watch out for them.

THE PHOENIX



The Phoenix is the official Union magazine published once a year around March or April. It is supposed to be 'artistic', but don't let that put you off. All 'artistic' means is writing, from real life or from the imagination, about what interests you or moves you. I'd like the general theme to be Death and the Supernatural, but this is only a suggestion I hope especially to see many horror, murder mystery and ghost stories arriving c/o The FELIX Office after Christmas. The copy deadline is 26 January 1984 and all length pieces will be considered. Remember, the Phoenix is your magazine—it relies entirely on student contributions. The best one wins £30!

Tony Atkins, Phoenix Editor

What's On

wednesday

1430h Dramsoc Storeroom
Dramsoc Workshop.

1930h JCR Beginners Dance
Class

2000h-2200h IC Radio Shiree
Baker with 'Music to accompany a pleasant evening in'.

2000h Union Building
Ents, IF and Life Sci Christmas party with Dave Kelly Band, GB Blues Band, Apocalypse and Chapter 8. Free mince pie, punch and party hat on entry. With disco and late bar. £3.00 in advance or £3.50 on the door.

Eve Bernard Sunley
House Basement
Social Evening Free. BSH
Animals present 'Shag a Nurse Night'.

thursday

1230h Outside Rm 201
Civ Eng
Buffet lunch with alcohol and soft drinks, film and answers to geology test. 70p for as much food as you can eat.

1300h Upper lounge
Southside
Informal meeting of IC
Brewing Society.

1300h JCR/Hall
TV sets
STOIC broadcast. The Christmas programme! (Could say more, but that would be giving away the plot.)

1330h Great Hall
Life on Earth Part 9 The Rise of the Mammals.

1330h Music Room
53 Prince's Gate
The Cass Piano Trio in a lunch hour concert.

2200-2400h IC Radio Alphabet
Soup with Ajay. Lunacy to destroy those sane Thursday evenings.

Mr Moron's Merry Xmas



Union Freebies

Every year about £2,000 of your money is spent on sending sabbatical officers and their mates to conferences. Whilst one or two of these conferences are worthwhile the vast majority of them are nothing more than piss ups and an opportunity for a few Union hacks to have a good time at the Union's expense.

I think the motion proposed at the UGM, to review expenditure on conferences, touches only the tip of the iceberg. The Union Office has a sundries account of £2,000 for 'unallocated expenditure' which is basically the President's slush fund to throw parties, stock the Union Office with drink and generally do with what she wants to.

With all the Union clubs and societies being forced to tighten their belts perhaps the review committee should take a close look at some of the Union Office's extravagances.

Goodwill

In the spirit of Christmas I thought I would be nice to Michael Arthur. I understand he has been complaining that I never write any good things about him. After a long and concentrated night's thinking I came up with the following good things.

It's a good thing that I don't have to see Michael Arthur very often. It's a good thing for Michael Arthur that he has a hard working staff to do all his work for him while he smart-arses around College all day. It's a good thing that he won't be Student Services Officer for very much longer.

Credits

This term has been a very long and hard one with all kinds of production problems. But through it all I've had a marvellous bunch of people to work with. My thanks to you all.

News J Martin Taylor (Editor), Simon Nield, Carolyn Aldred, David Jones, Dave Parry, David Rowe and Carl Burgess.

Production Hugh Southey, Jon Jones, Lyn James, Diane Love, Peter Rodgers, John Scott, Nick Thexton, J Martin Taylor and Simon Nield.

Photos Matt Fawcett (Editor), Steve Brann, John MacMasters and Malcolm Gray.

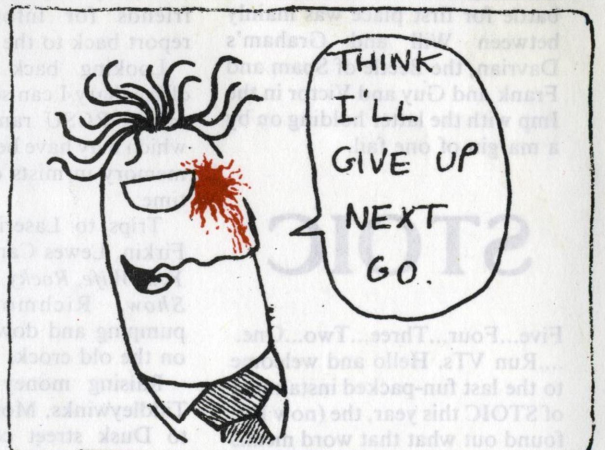
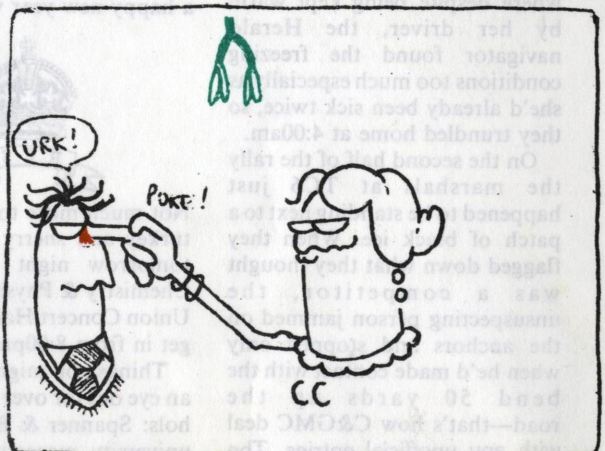
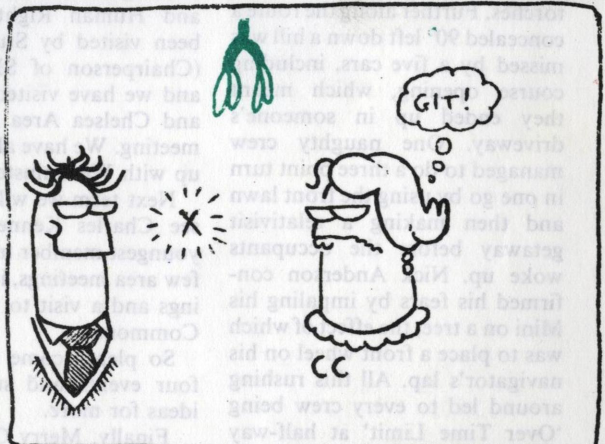
Reviews Tony Atkins, Claire Moss, John Burgess and Nick Shackley, Peter Rodgers.

Cartoons Guy Riddihough, Tim Noyce, and Rich Archer.

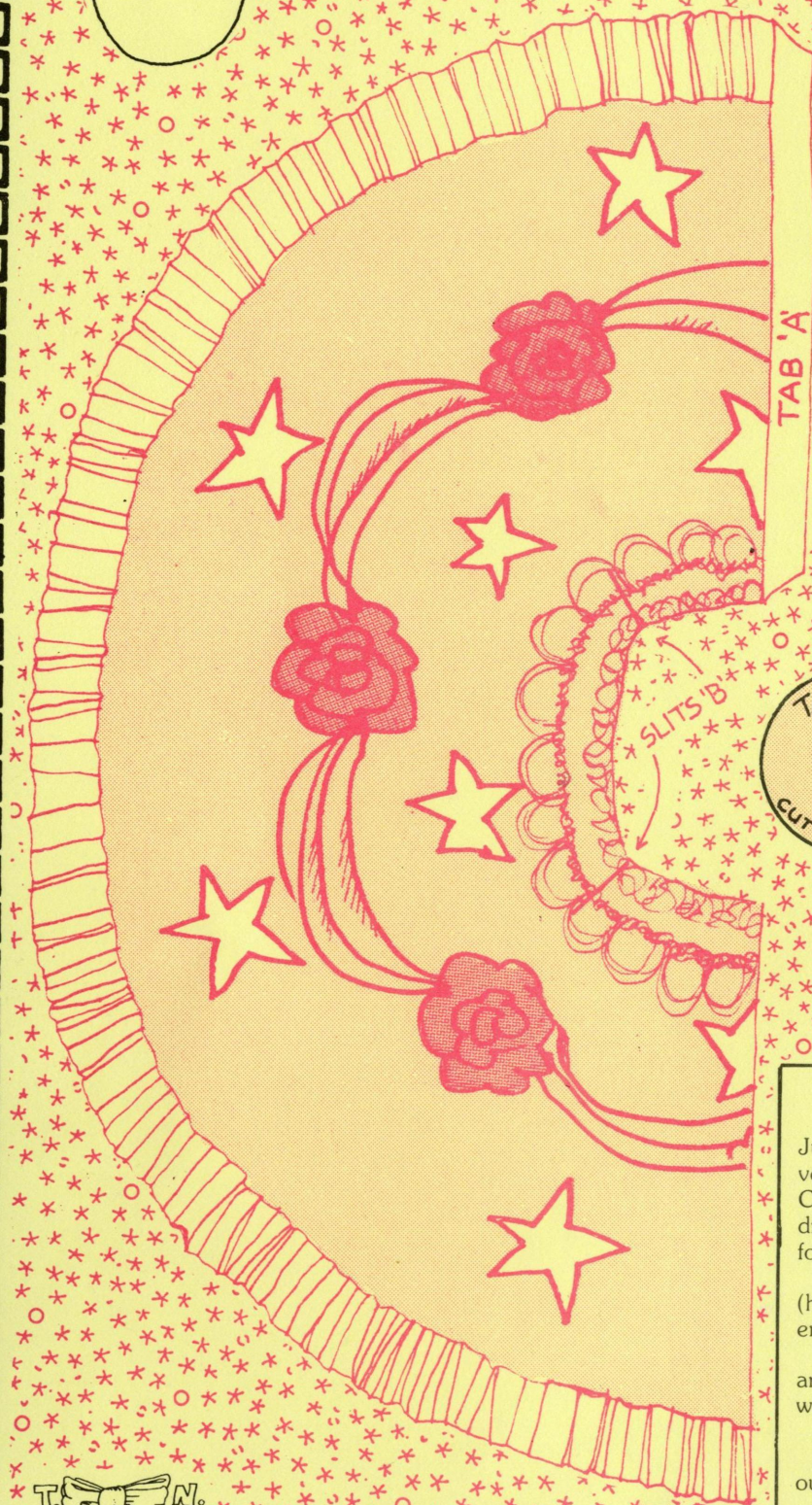
Regular Collators Richard Powell, Richard Monkhouse, Pete Coleman and Jonathan Gerson.

Thanks also to Maz Fellows and an extra special thanks to Pete Dawson for printing above and beyond the call of duty for this Christmas issue.

Merry Christmas!
Pallab Ghosh



Michael Arthur Christmas Tree Fairy



FELIX Fabulous Free Gift

Just the thing to brighten up any Christmas tree-your very own Michael Arthur 'Good but Not Very Useful' Christmas Tree Fairy, complete with Mike Stuart pink dress. All you have to do to construct your Fairy is follow the simple instructions below.

1. Cut out carefully around the Michael Arthur body (how carefully you cut around his private parts is entirely up to you) and the Mike Stuart pink dress.
2. Fold the Mike Stuart pink dress round into a cone and glue the tab marked 'A' to the dress. Hold together with a clothes peg until completely dry.
3. Cut carefully down the two slits marked 'B'.
4. Slot the body into the dress so that the head sticks out and the arms stick through the slits.
5. Ram a Christmas tree up it as hard as you can!

Have fun!