



Felix

THE NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

Students charged to pay off landlord College backs down over deposits

The College is to reconsider damage charges made against students living in flats 25, 54, 79 and 81 in Lexham Gardens. The move comes in the wake of complaints from students that damage by previous occupants has not been taken into account. Senior Assistant Finance Officer, Mr Malcolm Aldridge, told FELIX that students who feel they have been unfairly assessed for damage charges last year in Lexham Gardens should write to him or speak to Mr David Parry in the cash office on level four of the Sherfield Building.



Lexham Gardens, where Managing Surveyor Peter Hallworth and Senior Assistant Finance Officer Malcolm Aldridge were caught with their trousers round their ankles.

The unusually high damage charges were made after the College was forced to return the Lexham Gardens Head Tenancy flats to their landlord, Mr Dangor, last year. Mr Peter Hallworth, Managing Surveyor (Residences) and Mr Dines, Assistant Clerk of Works, negotiated an overall charge of £8362 with Mr Dangor, for the damage to the flats returned to him.

The College has attempted to recoup £3345 from student deposits as damage charges.

Mr Aaron Kotcheff, Ex-Student Manager of flats 25 and 54, told FELIX that students were being charged for damage done in previous years. He claims that the College have not consulted the damage reports given to him by students as they moved in at the

beginning of last year. Mr Hallworth, who is responsible for assessing damage charges for students in Head Tenancies, told FELIX that he had not received the reports from Mr Kotcheff. Mr Kotcheff said that he had not been asked for the reports until students started to complain. Mr Hallworth claims that the reports should have been sent to him as a matter of course.

The remaining £5000 of the payment made to Mr Dangor is to be met by the College Residences account. Mr Aldridge explained that the College is unable to charge the amount to any other account due to restrictions from the University Grants Committee (UGC). The further burden to the Residences account will put further pressure upon the College to increase rents in Halls and Houses again next year. The Head Tenancies are budgetted as separate units, which should not place a burden upon the residence finances.

The cost of the damages comes after a £21000 deficit from the Head Tenancies the year before. The deficit was caused by poor occupancy rates and was funded by the residences account.

Mr Aldridge told FELIX that he is currently 'looking into delapidation being covered by charging a bit extra on rents'.

Mag halted

Imperial College Union Rag Mag Editor, Mr David Williams, was forced to postpone printing on Tuesday after an outcry from the magazine's Censorship Committee. Confusion between Mr Williams and the Censorship Committee meant that the Rag Mag was sent to the printers on Monday evening, before a firm approval was made on its contents. Rag Chairman Fiona Nicholas, has threatened to block funding for the publication unless the Committee is allowed to censor it before printing.

The Censorship Committee, made up of the three sabbatical members of the Union Executive, the Rag Chairman and the Rag Mag Editor, was set up three years ago. The committee is required to approve the Rag Mag before its publication.

ICU Honorary Secretary (events) Ian Morris was given a copy of the Rag Mag by Mr Williams at 12.30pm last Friday and was told to check it over by 3.30pm. He handed it on to President Nigel Baker at 1pm who spoke to Mr Williams and asked for more time to check it over the weekend.

continued on back page



Dave Williams: 'One of the best?'

Union Cards

Dear Bill,

I have just collected my new Union card, a cardboard and plastic monstrosity that will become really dog-eared in my pocket. Where have the handy, credit card sized pieces of plastic gone? Every friend I have at another College with the large, cardboard type of Union card expressed envy that ours were so practical. Now we have sunk to envying other people. I think I will cut off the spare card (the telephone numbers are not so useful that I want to constantly carry them around).

I also noticed that the colour of the reverse side of the card no longer indicates your Hall of Residence which I feel is a step backwards.

What will we be given next year? Perhaps a filofax size card with six ring binder holes punched into it, or maybe a huge badge that we have to wear.

Yours,

Clare Crippen, Physics 3.

Fire Hazards

Dear Bill,

During the Summer I stayed in Falmouth Keogh, the only time I have lived in an IC Hall. One night, while slightly under the influence, some friends and I decided to investigate the fire and safety precautions of the Hall. No! We didn't set off the fire alarms or anything irresponsible, we're all jolly sensible people. We found that on my landing the door from the staircase had no handle and, if shut, would trap everyone. The fire door on the Selkirk level, that is supposed to be held back by a magnet normally and should automatically spring back shut when there is a fire alarm, has no spring. This means that if a fire alarm went off it would stay open instead of cutting off the fire. We also found that the door to the fire escape could not be opened as something had buckled the metal frame. I would not live in Southside again. If anyone other than students were living there, the Hall would have been closed long ago.

Yours,

Gail Turner.

Spanner Collections

Dear Bill,

Can I just take this opportunity to remind Guilds' Freshers that if they did not receive a copy of Spanner, the City and Guilds Union Handbook, at the Rector's Reception then they can collect one from the Guilds Office, situated on Mechanical Engineering Level 3, at any time.

I would also like to thank everyone who contributed in any way to the publication, especially all those who helped stuff them into the envelopes.

Yours sincerely,

Adrian Bourne, Spanner Editor 1988.

Dear Bill,

I would like to use the pages of your newspaper (as bog roll—no, I don't mean that) to congratulate the redesigners of the Union Lounge for providing the perfect natural habitat for the chair's that live there. The perfect camouflage which the red floor provides for their red seats seems to be fooling everyone. I myself have already fallen over five of them. Well done! They may even feel so at home that we get some baby chairs after...after...(what is the gestation period for a chair?).

Yours,

Daffy Dixon, ME2.

Club Ed

I am continuing my role as Club's Editor, and I would welcome contributions from any IC Club or Society. In order to get articles printed in a Friday's FELIX they must be submitted by 1.30pm on the preceding Monday lunchtime. Photographs are more than welcome to add interest to the article—they may be collected from me afterwards.

As the Editor of the page I reserve the right to edit articles. Usually this is so that all the Club's articles submitted can be printed. If an article is very long then it could become a feature about the activity.

Once again I hope to hear from ALL the clubs out there. Contributions should be put in the 'Club's Reports' pigeonhole in the racks facing the door in the FELIX Office, Beit Quad.

Andrew M Waller

Hidden Danger

Date: 29/09/88

Disk: Felix.fr

File name: Letters

Dear William,

I wish to protest strongly against the way letters like this one are used to fill space in FELIX. I trust that future Felices will be produced in your good ol' inimitable style (crawl, crawl) and not with this scandalous waste of paper and ink.

Lotsa luv,

Max Kallios, Vice President C&GU.

Editorial

Collating Blues. The week before term was a very hectic week for FELIX. In addition to a colossal amount of photocopying for Freshers Week, we had a larger than average FELIX to bring out, and only a skeleton staff to put it together. In previous years FELIX has relied on the support of those Union Officers staying in College over the Summer and on the support of the other three Sabbaticals.

Last Saturday, however, when we had 4000 copies of FELIX to collate and only two members of FELIX staff on hand, the Union Officers, decided that they would much rather get drunk in the Union bar.

The story runs something like this. The Union decided to throw a freebie for the Union Officers on Saturday Night (the FELIX Editor was not invited). As Deputy President, Chas Brereton, needed to fold his leaflets for the Overseas students' reception on Sunday, we decided to ask the Union Officers to drop into FELIX after their reception, to help collate FELIX and the Overseas literature. Chas wandered into the office about mid evening and reported that none of the Officers were interested in collating. In my naivety I approached a couple of the Officers who were busy reading advance copies of FELIX in the Union Bar. One of them explained that he'd much rather get to know the Freshers, the other had to move a table back into the snack bar and so would be unavailable.

We were left with 4000 copies of FELIX to collate and no one to collate them. There is very little one can do in this situation; I ended up walking around the Quad five times and praying for something to happen.

I am therefore grateful to the freshers in Beit Hall for pulling together in what must be one of the fastest ever collations for a FELIX of this size. When the folding machine packed in they even managed to fold most of the FELIX calendars by hand. Nevertheless, for Freshers to have to stay up until the early hours of the morning on their first night at Imperial is not a very satisfactory. It is refreshing to know that some people in this Union are prepared to go out of their way to help the rest of the students. It's more than can be said for your elected Union Officers.

Apologies to Dramsoc for the comment in story 3 of the editorial on Monday. Dramsoc would like to point out that the individuals concerned were acting as individuals and not as members of Dramsoc.

The Union Lounge. Since last week we have been able to confirm the rumour that the firm Rugglers were able to repaint the Union Lounge in time at half the fee that was paid to the individuals in Dramsoc. I am not knocking those individuals; they worked bloody hard and had very little sleep so that the job could be finished in time. Why were Rugglers able to do the job so cheaply? There are two schools of thought: (1) Rugglers are nice guys (2) They overcharged for the rest of the Snack Bar refurbishment.

Staff Meeting. Today 1pm. Drop in to constructively criticise this issue.

Small Ads

IN THE
PIPELINE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

● **FELIX Cheese & Wine Party**—Today at 8pm in the FELIX Office. Anyone interested in joining the team should come along.

● **WANTED**—FELIX Business Manager. We require a responsible person for this post which involves maintaining the FELIX accounts. Anyone interested should see Bill Goodwin in the FELIX Office anytime.

● **FELIX** is looking for an Advertising Manager whose principal role will be to sell advertising space in FELIX. Anyone interested should contact Bill Goodwin in the FELIX Office as soon as possible.

● **Tutor wanted** in Pure Maths and Statistics, once a week for 2 hours until Christmas. Days flexible week to week. Please contact Isobel Perera, 10 Beaumont Crescent, W14, 01-385 2769.

● **Weeks Hall** reunion—Thursday October 13, Weeks Hall.

● **Cloakroom attendants** wanted for evening and weekend work. Rate of pay £2.40 per hour. Please contact the Conference Office 170, Sheffield Building for further details.

● **After 15 years** in the College, Jacyntha would like to invite all friends in all departments to her leaving party in room 549 Huxley Building at 12.30pm on Wednesday October 12.

Coincidentally this will also be the launch of a new all-party pressure group SAPP (Statutory Access to Personal Papers) which can be contacted c/o Box 413, London SW7 2PT.

● **Presidents** of RCS affiliated societies please contact RCS Office a.s.a.p.

● **Old Linstedians**—don't forget the barnight on Monday October 10 at 7pm.

● **ICSF Film Predator**, ME 220, 7.30pm, 50p to members, £1.50 others.

ACCOMMODATION

● **Single room** to let in house in Kensal Green. 4 other IC students, regular transport to College. £40 per week. Contact S Loasby, Mech Eng 3 via pigeonholes.

● **Flats** for 4 and 6 in Hamlet Gardens, contact Accommodation Office for details.

● **S/C Flat** to let in Cromwell Close, London W3. 2 double bedrooms, £160 p/w including rate/water rate, sharing considered. Phone Alex on internal 6193/6133.

by Andy Hall

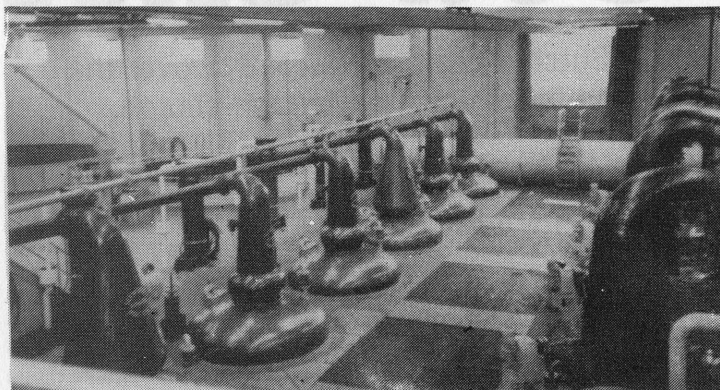
Pure Malt—The
Traditional Way

As I am a Chemical Engineer, I thought I would start the year by acquainting you with one of the more interesting chemical processes to be found, which I saw during a recent visit to Scotland—that is the production of Whisky. I visited the Glenfiddich Distillery in Dufftown, which has been owned and managed by the Grant family since 1887; the final product then was so good that the process has remained largely unchanged since, for fear of making it worse. The traditional process is reflected in the price—about £13 a bottle, but nevertheless they sell as much as they can produce.

The first process is in the Mash House where the two essential ingredients are mixed together—malted barley, ground to a powder called grist is mixed with Highland spring water. When heated, the water dissolves the sugars out of the grist producing a sugary liquid called wort. This is then passed to the Tun Room where yeast is added and the liquid fermented to produce a wash which resembles a beer.

This wash is then passed to the Stillhouse. Glenfiddich is distilled twice in traditionally shaped copper stills which are built and maintained by their own coppersmiths. The stills are unusually small, but despite increased demand, they refuse to change the size or shape. The distillation is controlled by the stillman who selects the fine 'middle cut' for maturation; the rest is recycled. The process from the Stillroom onwards is under strict control of the Customs and Excise people; the spirit side is completely sealed.

Thanks to Doug King, Penny, Kamala Sen, Steve Meyfroidt, Dave Smedley, Andrew Waller, Andrea (sorry I've forgotten your last name), Michael Dalton, Andy Clarke, Chris Leahy, Noel Curry, Mylan, Dave Griffiths for last week's Captain Complex, Yousef Samrout, Summit, Martin Cole, Sarah Conyers, Adam, Dean and Rose. Special thanks to Kura, Gwyn Jones, Andy Latham, Peter Wainwright, Paul Orrow-Whiting, Amy Sumner, Paul Bishop, Demetrios Biskinis, Andrew Avery, Jane Gray, Adrian Topham and all the people who helped collate last week's FELIX. You're all wonderful.



At this stage the spirit is practically colourless and tasteless, and cannot legally be called whisky until it has matured for at least three years. Glenfiddich is matured for at least eight years. Maturation takes place in oak casks; unlike wines, once whisky is bottled it changes very little. Some whisky is matured in new oak casks, some in old casks, and some in casks from Spain which have been used previously for sherry. These three are mixed according to an exact formula to obtain the required taste and colour of the final product. The maturation takes place in the bonded warehouses, which have two locks, one key held at the Distillery and the other by Customs. This is to avoid having to pay duty until the whisky is ready for sale; with 55 million litres in the warehouses this would otherwise mean an enormous amount of money tied up.

During the maturation, some 10% of the original volume is lost, and this figure increases if the maturation is longer. The matured whisky, however, is far stronger than necessary, and is therefore diluted with the right amount of spring water to give either 40% alcohol for the UK or 43% for export (Yes, 'Duty Free' whisky is stronger than the full price variety). This is then passed to the bottling plant where the 75cl size bottles are filled by automated machine. Other sizes are done 'by hand', but all under the watchful eye of HM Customs! The final part of the visit was a sample of the product, which lived up to its reputation and did justice to the care put into its manufacture.

Wine Fingerprints

Scientists at the French company Eurofins, based in Nantes, have developed a method of taking a distinctive 'fingerprint' of a wine, to pinpoint its vintage and vineyard with the accuracy of a connoisseur.

They use a technique known as Nuclear Magnetic Resonance (NMR) which measures the wine's composition in terms of isotopes of four elements, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen. The different ratios of these elements stamp each wine with a unique isotopic fingerprint. Eurofins have built up a data bank of known samples which allows wines to be instantly identified.

From a small sample the NMR method can be used to check whether a wine has been diluted or adulterated; the method was initially used to detect the practice of adding sugar to the grape 'must' during fermentation, enabling the scientists to show that the majority of beajolais wines had too much sugar added. The method has been endorsed as the official EEC method of checking wine quality.

Help!!

FELIX needs help with compiling news and stories for this page, if it is to be interesting to more people than just myself. If there is a subject that you would particularly like to read about, then please tell me; even better, provide me with a source of information or a written article. Also if there are any PGs or members of staff out there who would like FELIX readers to know what they are doing, let me know so that it can be read here before it gets into the New Scientist. I can be contacted via FELIX or, better still, the Chem Eng pigeonholes.

Reprinted from FELIX issue 808. Feedback on this article is welcome.

God Chose America

Julian Butcher casts a critical eye over the faith and beliefs of the Mormon church.

I think we are all aware of the presence of the Mormon Church with its impressive gold steeple immediately opposite the Mechanical Engineering building, but it is surely less certain in most people's minds as to who they are or what they believe. Often they are regarded with some caution, being seen as not quite on a par with evangelical Christians, indeed rather more readily being equated with the Jehovah's Witnesses due to their mutual door-knocking activities. For many they seem to be just another denomination, after all their name seems quite inoffensive—'The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints', and of course, the Mormon choirs are reasonably famous and respected throughout the western world. Perhaps the only well-known peculiarity about them is their history of polygamy, which found its way into the faith under Brigham Young, but which is no longer encouraged. My intention is to show that Mormonism is full of peculiarities, that it is not Christian and that its foundation is one of blind faith.

A short history runs something like this: In the early part of the last century a young American lad, who was a 'keen seeker after Truth', found himself totally exasperated by the disunity in the Church. He was particularly averse to the doctrinal nit-picking and apparent impotence of the Church with regard to spiritual gifts from God—(eg prophesy, healing, etc). The lad's name was Joseph Smith, and despite his having received a poor education, he was chosen and enabled by God to perform a great task. This task was declared to him by an angel, who appeared to Smith whilst in prayer, and who informed

Smith was miraculously able to translate 'Reformed Egyptian' into English

him of an ancient set of gold and brass plates, which contained many 'precious' things that had been omitted from the Bible, and which he was then required to translate into English. For four years, on the same date each year, the angel took him to the hill in which the plates were buried, but not until the fourth year was Smith allowed to view the writing. Eventually however, the box was opened (with the use of a lever) and the plates revealed, together with a pair of divine spectacles the Urim and Thummim) with which Smith was miraculously able to translate the 'Reformed

Egyptian' spontaneously into English. This he claimed to have done, and the 'Three Witnesses', David Whitmer, Martin Harris and

...Mormonism is full of peculiarities...

Oliver Cowdry testify to this. (Martin Harris was the financier for the first publication). (Interestingly, the Mormons claimed to have consulted a respected authority on hieroglyphics with regard to the 'Reformed Egyptian', who is said to have recognised the characters and praised the text for its unique quality. In a later letter however, he denies this vehemently.)

The result of all this was the Book of Mormon—Another Testimony of Jesus Christ, which was claimed by Smith to have equal (if not superior) authority with the Bible. After all, if God had miraculously generated perfect translation through the Urim and Thummim, the Book of Mormon must be devoid of all errors and other translation problems, (such as idiomatic variations and changed emphases etc). Indeed he accepted the Bible's authority only insofar 'as it was translated correctly', which (although seemingly innocuous) actually exposes the Bible Scripture to be subject to any and every whim of Joseph Smith. Granted it is no longer generally used, but Joseph Smith's version of the Bible includes extra passages 'clarifying' certain doctrinal position, which have no basis in early manuscripts whatsoever. The Book of Genesis for example includes completely



The Mormon Church in Exhibition Road

new passages concerning the rebellion of Satan, which Smith has inserted with impunity; since the Book of Mormon explicitly states that the Mormon Church leadership enjoys the privilege of direct revelation from God, the authority of which is comparable to that of Scripture, if not superior to it. (Hence polygamy under Brigham Young, when both the Bible and the Book of Mormon blatantly condemn the practice). This fact of 'divinely' inspired leadership (with apparently little constraint) is clearly the most disturbing aspect of Mormonism, its

foundation is shaky and open to abuse; especially in light of the fact that for the Mormon, God can be seen flatly to contradict Himself in Scripture and revelation.

The Book of Mormon claims to be a set of historical writings, handed down from generations of Jews who had travelled from the Middle East to settle in America around 600BC. Most of the pages are preoccupied with boring pseudo-histories of wars, factions and prophesies (and of course genealogies). A lot of it is padded out with straight copies of



Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith in 1823

passages from Isaiah. This all reaches a climax with the appearance of Jesus Christ in America after his Resurrection appearances in Jerusalem.

Apparently then, Christ chose to recant His words in John 16.10: '...because I go to the Father and you will see me no more...' and to disprove Mark's words in MK 16.19; '...the Lord Jesus after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God.' Rather, He went to America and preached over there.

The more improbable the history, the more attractive it seems to be. For example, the Jews were apparently transported to the Americas in pre-Christian, dish-shaped submarines, which had the facility of plugged air holes, to be unstopped upon surfacing, and which were lit inside by magically glowing stones. Miraculously the vessels reached the other side of the Atlantic all together and intact, with the task of establishing a community then being taken in hand. One problem with the history, although carefully mapped out to avoid inconsistencies, is the glaring presence of anachronisms, such as the 'compass' (not invented until the twelfth century AD) and the rather too familiar references to the 'horse' (which was not introduced to America until the Europeans arrived).

Actually the history is the least significant pointer to the Book's validity, for the prophecies and doctrinal assertions are far more illuminating in this respect. Without being too detailed, it is worthy to notice that the Book's prophecies regarding Jesus Christ far outstrip the accuracy of the Old Testament; and despite the Mormons' holding them to be evidence of the Book's divine origin, it is easier to see this rather as prophesy in retrospect. For example, Jesus' mother has her name prophesied, 'Mary' and her connubial state 'Virgin'. Neither is prophesied in the Old Testament, for although Isaiah 7.14 does foresee

The most offensive fact about Mormonism is its total intolerance for anyone else

Christ's birth hundreds of years before the event, the Hebrew may perhaps better be translated a 'young woman'. ('Behold, a 'young woman' shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel (God is with us).) That

most Christians believe in Mary's virginity before Christ's birth is not the issue, since what is being shown as over-accurate prophesy and a distinct obsession with making certain doctrinal points too abundantly clear—which leads to the next consideration.

In light of Smith's disgust at the Church for its wars over doctrinal issues, would it not seem only too likely that 'he' should pack the Book of Mormon with clear commandments which once and for all settle all the arguments? Indeed we find just this. When viewed in this manner, the whole book becomes transparent in a flash, for it is certain that whole chapters have been constructed for the sole purpose of making one or two assertions, embellished heavily of course with quasi-historical padding. Examples include the arguments over the existence of hell and the state of the soul at death, and whereas the Adventist's were arguing that Scripture may be interpreted as disclosing the fact of 'soul-extinction' at death and 'annihilation' of the wicked as opposed to everlasting torment, the Book of Mormon improves on God's Biblical revelation by bluntly affirming eternal torment and the transitional life of the soul between death and resurrection. I am not

The doctrines run into clear heresies

endeavouring to favour either view here, but simply illustrating my point. Another important one (yet ironical in view of later teaching by Smith) is Christ's deity. It is significant to understand that although His deity is clearly taught in the Bible, it is never stated bluntly in a way completely immune to misinterpretation. But again the issue is not here, but the fact of Smith's 'clarifications'. Christ is frequently and directly called God, in a way that permits of no personal discovery, and which rather obscures the beauty of the Trinity.

And now their weakest area—Joseph Smith himself. Regarding the above, 'Smith's' divinely infallible translation of the Book of Mormon clearly affirms the doctrine of the Trinity (again far more clinically than the Bible), and yet Smith is documented as having preached on the 'plurality of gods', in utter contradiction to the Trinitarian position, and today you will find that the Trinity is not fashionable for the contemporary Mormon, for he has been informed by Smith since the translation of the infallible Book, that he, and every other faithful Mormon, shall reach

The Mormons clearly state that all other Christians are of the Devil



equality with God the Father at some future date, and then proceed to govern his own universe in much the same way as our God (once human like us) governs the present one. This sort of contradiction is far from unique, and I feel it casts further doubt on Smith's authorship of the Book, which is the subject of the final paragraph. Also Smith's character is somewhat in doubt. Apparently, he at one point eloped with a young lady since her father would not countenance their marriage, for the reason that he knew Smith to have spent much time engaged in searching for hidden treasure with the aid of magic 'peep stones'. Although the observation will seem immaterial to the 'materialists', it is worth noting that the practice of divination is expressly forbidden in the Bible, and that this occupation hardly lends weight to the Mormon's evaluation of Smith as a seeker after Truth. As is the case with the Jehovah's Witnesses with regard to the doubtful character of their founder Charles Taze Russell (prosecuted for selling 'miracle wheat' at exorbitant prices, amongst other things), the Mormon's are not keen on discussion of Smith's character, and seem to know little about him. Any accusation against him is, of course, immediately assumed to have been fabricated and to be Satanically inspired—which brings me to their view of the Church.

Perhaps the most offensive fact about Mormonism, is its total intolerance for anyone else at all. So much for Christ's prayer for the unity of His Church in John 17—the Mormons clearly state that all other Christians are of the Devil. Again this is fundamentally an assertion,

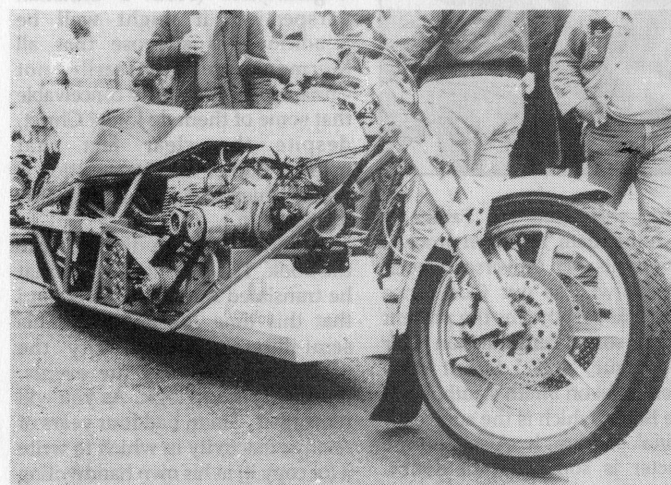
for looking at the general doctrinal teaching of the Book of Mormon (supposedly the basis of belief). There seems to be little difference between them and evangelists. So what is the problem? It is the pure assertion that the Mormon Church is, without good reason, the Only Church and so has unique authority to disciple Christians. Then of course with the extra teaching, the doctrines run into clear heresies and one is left with non-Christian Organisations with great power over its members, built on the foundation of a manifestly spurious Book, which seems Christian. The Mormon danger is in shifting Salvation through Christ onto the Organisation. (From a Christian perspective, it might well be injudicious to suppose that all Mormons are necessarily not Christian, for it is surely conceivable that some of them do know Christ, despite the clear fact that membership of the Organisation is not conducive to encouraging this relationship.)

And finally, Smith did not write the Book. The Mormons claim that he translated it in a few days, and that this time constraint and his semi-illiterate state verify the miraculous nature of the events. Again this is odd logic. As you will remember, Smith had four years of relative inactivity in which to write it (or copy it) in his own handwriting (had that been necessary), and although theories suggesting Smith to have possessed a dual personality (one side dull—the other containing hidden brilliance) have been forthcoming, surely the obvious solution points to his having either

The Jews were apparently transported to the Americas in pre-Christian dish shaped submarines

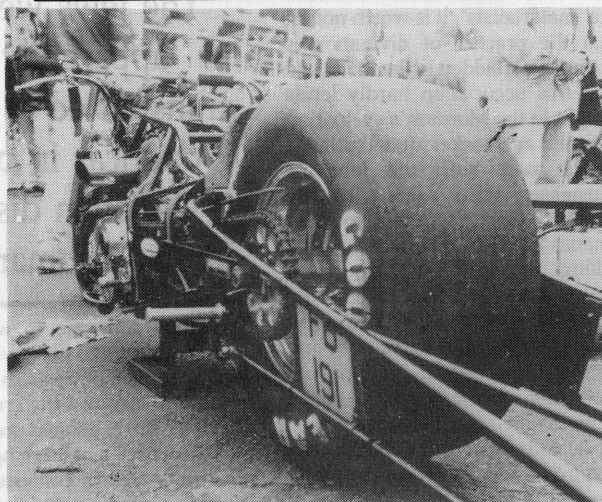
persuaded someone to write the book for him, or to his having been used by someone else as an unlikely prophet to astound the credulous. Whatever, as mentioned previously, Smith's subsequent teachings are by no means always consistent with the very carefully defined doctrinal assertions of the Book, and so his authorship is probably out of the question. And these later teachings, it must be recalled are in no way less authoritative than the Book, even though they conflict heavily at times, making the whole Organisation a house built on sand.

The Drag Racing World Finals, Santa Pod, September 1988...



ROD PALLANT'S BIKE

The World Record Holder...
0-220mph in 7½secs!



FUNNY BIKE

...more power than a Lamborghini Countach!

DRAG RACING



The 3 litre Capri sat beside the red light, the front wheels touching the white line, black tarmac stretching out ahead of the car, engine revving almost to the redline. The green light glowed, and instantly the car leapt forward. The extra wide (9 inch) rear tyres spun with a shriek which lasted half a second, blue tyre smoke drifting out of the wheel arches, then the tyres gripped. The driver let the car reach 30 mph before hitting second gear, and the car reached 50 mph in under 7 seconds from when the lights had changed, at which point the driver eased off in case there were any police around.

Meanwhile, at Santa Pod drag strip some serious racing was about to take place, as two cars lined up for the top fuel dragster final. The light alloy V8 engines made a noise like gunfire through 16 unsilenced exhausts as the drivers (both women) inched their cars up to the start line. The bicycle sized front tyres touched the line, and a steady orange light lit up indicating the fact. Another light came on and as the three enormous (4 inch diameter) throttles flipped wide open on the top of each engine, the green light glowed. Both cars leapt forward. The extra wide (18 inch) large diameter, extra soft compound racing slick rear tyres on the car, driven by Monica Oberg, spun easily with a sound totally drowned by the unbelievable blast of noise from the engines. This is a mistake which wastes power and usually spells defeat for the driver concerned, but a worse fate befell Miss Berstade, driving the other car, as something vital (and probably very expensive) broke in the transmission and put her out of the race, leaving her car coasting slowly up the track. With the race handed to her on a plate, Monica did not try to control the wheel spin, instead she kept her foot down, metre long flashes of incandescent flame coming from the exhausts, leaving a long trail of grey smoke and 300 hundred yard long streaks of smouldering rubber behind the burning tyres before they finally gripped. The car passed the quarter mile post only after, at a speed of 196 mph. The

time that had elapsed since the lights changed? Just 6.8 seconds.

This 'race' was the most spectacular of the day, largely because drivers try to avoid wheelspins, especially 300 yard ones. To give you an idea of how much power was wasted in vapourising rubber, the fastest time was set by a man called Gary Page in a similar, though theoretically slower car. He managed 0 to 224 mph in 5.94 seconds, which is 0.01 seconds outside the European record.

There were, in fact, 13 classes of car. Fastest are the fuel cars, the name refers to the liquid explosive nitro-methane fuel that the cars burn, whose engines are usually 8 litres capacity, high pressure supercharged, and made of inexpensive materials such as alloys of aluminium, magnesium and titanium. The fuel consumption, at approximately 1½ gallons per second (not a missprint) is not exactly modest, but then neither is the power output, at 2500 or more brake horsepower for the really competitive cars. This gives an interesting power to weight ratio, as the fuel cars have more power than an Intercity 125 locomotive but weigh less than a mini metro... Fuel cars come in three shapes—long and narrow—top fuel dragsters; car shaped, with fibre glass body; funny cars; and fuel altered (like the funny cars but with less bodywork).

Slower, but still fast (eg 0-170 in under 8 seconds) are the pro-competition cars and the dragsters. These are also long, narrow and rear-engined, but typically may only have 1000-1500 horsepower for the pro-comp, and even less for the dragsters.

Competition altered cars come in all shapes and sizes. Most memorable was the fastest Robin Palmer ever saw (how slow 0-150 in under 10 seconds grab you?). To be fair, the car wasn't really a Robin Palmer, it was a very lightweight copy of one attached to a lightweight tubular chassis and a radically souped up 3.8 litre Jaguar engine.

Finally, there are the cars based on ordinary car bodyshells, at the

boring end of this spectrum were the production (no modifications allowed) cars. Next comes super street, pro stock, modified, roadster and super gas. Super gas is the interesting end of this spectrum and the fastest car in this class was a Cosworth Sierra driven by Geoff Houser. Apart from the giant rear tyres and a large air intake on the bonnet this car looks standard, but as soon as the light went green, it became pretty obvious that the engine was not the Ford Cosworth item (in fact it was a 7.2 litre Chrysler engine). The giveaway came in that not only did the front wheels lift clear off the ground, but one of them lifted about 8 inches higher than the other as a result of the chassis twisting under the tremendous power of the engine. The car managed a time of 8.11 seconds at a terminal speed of 176 mph, which is not only a lot quicker than a standard Sierra by a wide margin, it would also leave a formula one grand prix car standing.

Well, that about covers half of the action. What! You say, more cars? No! Motorbikes.

Take a road bike of 1000cc or more (1300cc is pretty popular), soup it up so it is even faster than a standard 1300cc Suzuki and you can accidentally pull wheelies while leaning forward on the petrol tank and what have you got? That's right, a contender for the slowest class of drag racing motorbike.

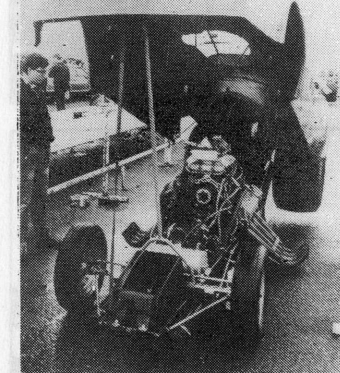
In order to go faster than this, the bikes get longer and lower, and back tyres get fatter and fatter; the engines get bigger and steel bars with little wheels on the end are attached to the back of the bike to limit wheelies to a few inches. This modification is to avoid the embarrassing situation of a biker going down the strip at 150mph, accidentally giving the bike too much power and finding the front wheel pointing to the sky in less time than it takes to say 'help'. There are several classes of 'competition bike' ranked according to speed plus the funny bikes. Funny bikes are all turbo-charged, which makes them the quietest vehicles around on the day, but a 1498cc Suzuki Turbo bike named

Tarmac Trevor could hardly be called the slowest. One funny bike managed to complete the quarter mile in 8 seconds, reaching 170mph without touching the front wheel on the ground (the wheel was rotating backward in the slipstream as the bike crossed the finish line). When I asked how the rider had managed to steer, I received the reply 'by the seat of his pants'. This is literally true, as the riders control the shaking progress of these superbikes by hanging over the side of the bikes to keep them on course! The funny bikes have approximately the same power output as a Lamborghini Countach, but they are not the fastest type of bike. This accolade belongs to the top class of competition bikes—supercharged, nitromethane burning 1.5 litre 550-600 bhp monsters. The rear tyres are over a foot wide, the rider lies down on top of the bike above the engine. The world record in this class is currently held by an Englishman called Rod Pallant who managed 0-220 mph in 7.54 seconds a few months ago (which smashed the previous record of 199 mph). At Santa Pod this time, his bike blew a head gasket, which caused 18 inch flames to shoot out of the side of the engine and terminally damaged the cylinder head and block of the engine.

Fastest competition bike title therefore, fell to Philip Brachtrogel, riding a bike called Quarter Scorch, which managed 0-190 mph in 7.6 seconds, and in my mind at least, came close to the noisiest bike prize, sounding rather like multiple machineguns to my ears.

In addition to all this, you also have jet and rocket cars to add to the spectacle, which is well worth going to see. Mere facts and figures can't convey the excitement of going to see the world's fastest accelerating cars, though a shower of rain can stop all the action.

I think I'll close with a quote from one Sammy Millar, driver of a rocket car called 'Vanishing Point', which can accelerate 0-100 mph in 33 feet: 'Seeing is not always believing!'



FUNNY CAR

0-100mph in 1sec
2500 BHP from an 8 litre supercharged V8 running on liquid explosive!

Two drivers have a test run before racing... The photos were taken within ½ a second of each other!

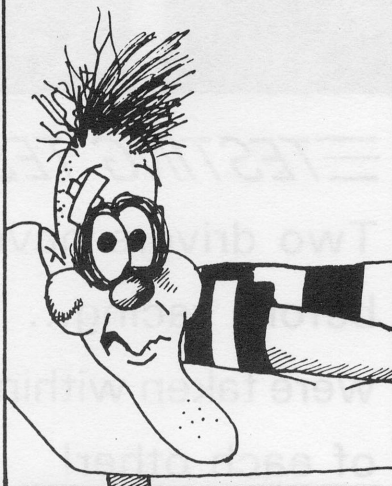
TESTING TESTING...

...Feature by our on the spot reporter Ian Lodwick...

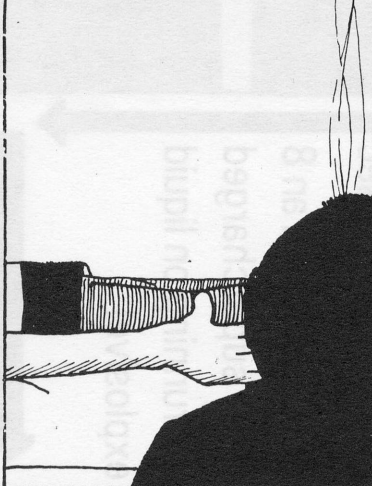
HE'S BACK...

Finbarr
Saunders
RIDES
AGAIN!

SINCE THE RECENT
ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE,
FINBARR HAS BECOME VERY
WITHDRAWN...



... IT'S UP TO ME,
PROFESSOR HUGH JORGAN,
EMINENT PSYCHOANALYST,
TO GET HIM UP AND
ABOUT AGAIN.



HMM. HE MISSED MY
STRATEGICALLY PLACED
DOUBLE ENTENDRE. NOT
GOOD. I GET THE
FEELING THAT THIS
CASE IS GOING TO BE
A REALLY LONG ONE.



CHANGE TACTICS... MY
CAREER COULD DEPEND UPON
THIS CASE... SHOW HIM
SOME INK BLOTS...
INTRODUCE SOME VISUAL
STIMULUS...



LOOK AT
THE INK BLOT
FINBARR...

INK BLOT #4



... AND TELL ME
WHAT YOU CAN
SEE!



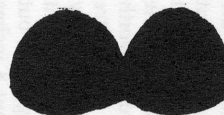
NO RESPONSE.

COME ON FINBARR!

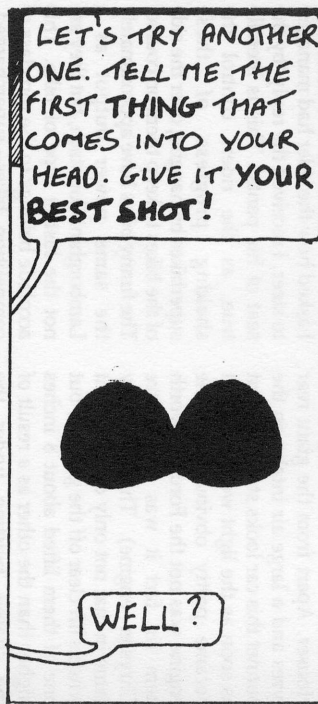


DON'T JUST SIT
THERE ROLLING YOUR RS

LET'S TRY ANOTHER
ONE. TELL ME THE
FIRST THING THAT
COMES INTO YOUR
HEAD. GIVE IT YOUR
BEST SHOT!



WELL?



IT... IT KINDA
REMINDS ME
OF WHEN DR.
TINKLE AND
NURSE
WERE LOOKING
FOR A BEDPAN
AND...

WHAT?

TO BE CONTINUED

WHO ARE THESE
GHOSTS FROM
FINBARRS PAST?



Hymn From A Village

Reviews by Mike & CDL

Marquee, Fruit Bats, The Bible

They have done two things at the new Marquee Club; firstly it creates the impression of being almost as small as the previous venue (wide angle lenses required to avoid annoying columns) and secondly they have managed to convert a cinema into something which looks exactly like a converted cinema. The two groups tonight were not helped by a terrible sound set up either.

I arrived just into the set of the *Fruit Bats* to discover a Janice Long clone singing lead (minus baby). She didn't quite have the hang of the between song quips but at least her relatives were there to cheer her on. Her obtrusive manner detracted from the actual music. The music was quite punchy in parts with a bass that occasionally came through and made you ask the person next to you '...what's this one?'. The songs we were supposed to know ('...and I think you all know this one, let's go!' etc.) were dull with an indie-jangle lilt. They conned an encore by pretending to forget which was their last song. Obscurity or bust.

The Bible are strictly New Testament, the same vague story repeated four times with some interesting parts tacked onto the end. This five man band do a good impression of American mid-west soft rock all rolled up in a British-indie package. You get the feeling they are not inspired by anything but simply know how to right songs, and it is only inspiration that breeds originality. To be fair they got a deservedly good reception from a crowd obviously more familiar than I am with their music. There were no gems here only the semi-precious such as *King Chicago*, which benefitted from the introduction of a saxophone, *Cigarette Girls* and something with *Shake* in the title.

The gig seemed to drift along formlessly with a slight uplift at the end of *The Bible*. Personally I'd prefer to stay at home and read the original.

James-Strip Mine

Sometimes I think *James* have only one song. I put on this album and the round, regular drum beat draws my attention, then the jangly

unobtrusive guitar entices me into the tune to be comforted by the smooth bass. As soon as I'm comfortable in the tune Tim Booth's clear, staccato vocals start to play with my mind. The tracks, although different in beat and tone, are unmistakably *James* and the more I listen, the more indiscernable they become.

I am reminded of their previous album *Stutter* which possessed the same qualities, the same lilt. Is this still the same song?

Then I realise that with *James* all is understatement, persuasion rather than force, they invite you to listen and it works. A few tracks stand out from the already excellent field such as *Not There* which is touching when you realise what it is about, the initial *What For* and the final musical *Refrain* which is the epitome of *James*.

The same song, maybe but still a good one.

Robert Palmer-Hammersmith Odeon

Palmer is an artist, and acts accordingly. Not for him the exuberance of a Rock Star, using the crowd to boost his ego. He did not leap energetically around the stage thrusting his pelvis at us but strolled to the front seemingly oblivious of the music to which he was introduced. He was dressed not in a gold lame suit or leather trousers but a sober grey suit, very understated and probably very expensive.

Here to sing, his silky growl suits all of his eclectic styles from the hard rock of *Some Like it Hot* and *Hyperactive* to the cocktail bar ambience of *Riptide* and *Dreams*. Much of his current album *Heavy Nova* was showcased, interspersed with the best of the rest; *Johnny & Mary*, *Searching For Clues*, *Doctor Doctor* and more. He spoke to us only to introduce the band, all seasoned musicians who knew their place, behind him, and the backing singer who obviously knew how to kick ass, and did so when Palmer retired to remove his jacket.

This was not a show to get carried away at and it was a shame to see the Odeon staff preventing people from dancing. The show was good, despite the lack of an encore which

seemed unplanned as it took a while for the lights to come up. Perhaps he had started to sweat? After all it must have been hot out here and the man is an artist and not a pop star!

Singles-1.10.88

Julia Fordham is a 'Woman of the Eighties' or at least her current single is but it does not show off the talent her record company obviously thinks she has. She preaches uncomplicated independence to a light funky beat, and whilst the sound is clean it is essentially forgettable despite the four producers who worked on it.

A similar lush production is evident on *Halleluiah Man* by *Love & Money*. I don't foresee massive radioplay or success for this offering but if they can perform as well as this live then they would be well worth checking out.

The *Lilac Time* are the new band of Stephen 'Tintin' Duffy. Unfortunately the rustic pop of *You've Got to Love* is unlikely to make them a million but it is quite the most attractive single I've heard in ages. This record is folk music of the eighties (and for the nineties) and I love the wit that inspired the *Malvern Mix* on the 12".

The Go-Betweens-Mean Fiddler

Maybe it's the lighting, maybe it's the atmosphere or perhaps it is just me but whenever I go to the Harlesden Mean Fiddler I think I recognise people. The place is teeming with people I know when seen out of the corner of my eye but who metamorphose into someone else when I turn and look. Distracting. The venerable Mean Fiddler has been extended to include two more bars making a total of four in the small main venue; overkill or shrewd move?

To pay £6 for a main band with no support is excessive however good they are supposed to be. You start to wonder where the money went, it certainly didn't go on improving

the Fiddler's PA system which sounds like an earthquake at the front. Move back and you can find a reasonable compromise.

The *Go-Betweens* came on at 10.45pm after a suitably long wait watching roadies bring out 1½ guitars per hour, (why are they so slow?). The GBs are a curious looking group. There are two guitarist/lead singers; one looks like Bob Hoskins the other is tall, scraggy and stoney faced. The bassist is an odd lizard-man but likeable. There is an innocent, coy country gal on violin and a drummer hidden by her drums.

They played a fairly long set which consisted mostly of songs about towns in northern Queensland where they used to live (one each presumably), and friends of theirs: *Clarke Sisters*, *Karen* (I suppose there is little else to write about in Australia). They did not come across well musically; the singing (especially Bob's) was frequently out of (or void of) tune. Guitar was scratchy when it should have been full and the whole sound did not carry. The otherwise excellent *Streets of my Town* was spoiled by the amateur sound.

The gig was enjoyable though, perhaps it was the vaguely chaotic 'garage' sound and the quirky character of the band because it wasn't the music, on this occasion.

The last encore, *Karen* was ruined for me by the two people in front of me. They pushed in then said 'this is better' and proceeded to dance like epileptic dough hooks. Who are these people?

COMPETITION

Win the Lilac Time's single *You've Got to Love* and Julia Fordham's *Woman of the 80's* by answering this simple question:

What was Stephen Duffy's smash hit in 1984 for which he is best remembered?

Answers to FELIX Office by Monday 12.30pm.

Thanks...

to everyone who helped at the Christmas Party and made it so successful.
The C&G and RCS Ents Committee.

Don't Forget...

Biology Society cheese and wine.
Thursday 13th, 5.30pm in W3 Beit.
Food and booze, all for £1.

We are Here

Since there was no mention of us in the Freshers' Fair Plan in FELIX some of you may have been wondering if we exist. Well we do!

We were at IC Freshers' Fair but some of you may have missed us. We were the ones with the Firefly dinghy on the Queen's Lawn, just in case you were wondering.

Anyway, here are a few facts for you if you didn't find us: We sail at the Welsh Harp Reservoir in Wembley every Wednesday afternoon where we share a clubhouse with ULU Sailing Club. For the first few Wednesdays a minibus service will be run by the Club from Southside to the Welsh Harp, otherwise we usually meet outside Southside at 12.30pm. Our activities include racing, cruising and various social events, in fact, the first social event is this Sunday. We are having a ploughman's lunch at 12.30 in Southside, which is free to members! We usually race at the weekends against other University sailing clubs or maybe attend an

SAILING CLUB

open meeting...Last year we even went to BUSA. BUSA is the annual race meeting of the British University Sailing Clubs.

However, if you don't like racing, you can cruise, and if you don't have any experience of sailing, don't worry, we'll help you. If you want to learn to crew or helm our more experienced helms will teach you.

Every Tuesday between 12.30 and 1.30pm we have 'Guinness and Gossip', this is a friendly meeting where we discuss sailing for the following week. So if you're interested come along.

Hello to St Mary's and welcome, ICSC is for you as well, so if you didn't see us at St Mary's Freshers' Fair why not come along on Tuesday. If you can't make that then just send a line to our Captain Bill Chard, IC Physics 2.

If you're interested in sailing why not turn up on Sunday and have a chat.



Tiddling your Winks

Or is it winking your tiddles? This is an experience not to be missed. Imagine yourself...collecting can and winks in hand...extracting money from stupefied tourists and shoppers along Oxford Street.

Saturday will start at 10am when all tiddlers go and get registered at their respective CCU offices. At about 11am all collectors will walk to Marble Arch. RCS will begin collecting at once whilst Guilds and Mines catch the tube to Tottenham

Court Road. At about 1pm there will be the traditional Ring-a-Ring-o'-Roses around the statue of Eros followed by a quick one in the Cockney Pride public house.

The collection is for a charity called Action Aid who fund development programmes in the Third World. Those raising the most money will be rewarded with prizes of champagne.

See you there.

Fiona Nicholas, Rag Chairman.

Out on the Town

GLC

The Greater London Club is in essence a social club which organises events that cater for all tastes. Many of the events are unique to London. Last year's trips included Jongleurs in the Coronet Cabaret Club, Wogan, The Old Bailey, The City, greyhound racing, a casino, the fringe theatre and several bands. The most popular events had limited numbers and as a result were repeated.

This year will include a trip to see the Daily Telegraph and this will cover the whole production process. We will also visit Ronnie Scott's and there will be visits to various bands

(jazz, blues, rock n roll) throughout the year. Last year's City visits covered the Stock Exchange, Lloyds of London and the Bank of England. This year's visits are likely to be along the same lines. 'Alternative' events include the Greyhound 'church' session and a Parisienne cabaret called Madame Jojo's.

All events will be excellent value due to the heavy subsidies and group reductions. If any of these events interest you then I strongly advise the investment in a membership of the Greater London Club.

Weights

Those wishing to join the Weights Club should go to the Students' Union Office and Kathy will deal with you. The cost is £3 for the year. The membership is for use of the free weights room only.

Karate

Imperial College Shotokan Karate Club aims to teach traditional Shotokan Karate at all levels. Beginners are always welcome and gradings can be taken at the end of each term. The Club is instructed by Sensi Caesar Andrews 3rd Dan, who is also the coach of the Barbados National team and the University of London squad.

For higher grades the Club competes at national level in both the Universities and Students Championships. Last year coming second in the Students Championships. Top guest instructors teach periodically at the Club and this summer Sensi Andrews led a team to Japan at the invitation of the World Champion.

For fitness of self defence, whether beginner or experienced, Imperial College Shotokan Karate Club has something for you.

Tennis

Those who wish to join the Lawn Tennis Club this year may do so for the usual subscription of only £4. Someone from the Tennis Club will be present to collect the subscriptions and give out membership cards at Southside Bar every lunchtime from 12.30 to 1.30pm, on 7th and from October 10th to 14th.

Membership of the Club allows use of the tennis courts by Linstead Hall, with the relevant booking sheets on the Sports Centre notice board, and (optional) participation in the competitive ladder which will appear on the sports club noticeboard in 1988/89 form later this term.

Dramsoc

Workshops every Wednesday at 2pm.
Meet in the Storeroom.

Auditions for this term's production of **The Nerds** on Sunday 9th October.

Meet in Concert Hall at 2pm

Freshers' Buffet on the stage in the Concert Hall Sunday 9th October at 7pm

SCABNITE IN NOVEMBER!



FILMS

The Running Man

It is 2017. The government has problems controlling the riotous public and in order to cater for their bloodthirsty tendencies has introduced Free Vee (free television). A string of violent game shows is the only broadcast made by the Network. Society's fierce nature is satisfied.

Ben Richards (Arnold Schwarzenegger, *Predator*, *Raw Deal*, *Terminator*) enters the scene. Refusal to kill unarmed rioters has resulted in his imprisonment. He manages to escape but is quickly recaptured when given away by a Network employee he has kidnapped. Consequently he becomes the next contestant on one of the most popular of the game shows, *The Running Man*, fighting for his life in gladiatorial style combat.

The fellow escapees sent in with him and the kidnapped girl provide Richards with his only help. The obligatory underground movement can only watch and wait. Their fight is aimed at bringing down the Network so putting an end to the television violence which the government uses as a smokescreen to hide its true actions.

Good Morning Vietnam

There are few places that Hollywood likes to take us more regularly than Vietnam. Having shown us all the ins and outs of violence, death, and destruction of innocence all the films take on the bland similarity characterised by the phrase 'just another war film'. So it's nice to see something fresh.

Touchstone Pictures, the adult subsidiary of Walt Disney Studios, has just released *Good Morning Vietnam* starring Robin Williams as US Forces Radio DJ Adrian Cronauer. And that is really where the story ends. The film serves as little more than a vehicle for Williams' incredible talent as a comedy actor, as he ad-libs his way through the task of boosting morale (it's difficult to believe he could have followed anything other than a ghost of a script). When Williams is off screen the film deteriorates noticeably though it is never bad. A touch of intrigue provided by the involvement of a VC terrorist and his sister, whom Cronauer is romantically entangled with, adds a little depth to the movie but in the end it's still just a stage for Williams.

Superb direction, a strong cast of fine actors, set to a wonderful soundtrack make this one of the best films currently showing.

Andrew Clarke.

The villain of the piece is Dan Killian, host of *The Running Man*, complete with all the falsity and arrogance which both typifies the presenters of game shows and personifies the faceless bureaucracy of government. He has the smugness of one who knows that nobody has ever beaten the system. Of course, he's never seen a Schwarzenegger movie.

When a book is transferred to the big screen the result is inferior in almost every case, and *The Running Man* is no exception. The book is good, the film is not. Unusually this has nothing to do with the normal loss of detail and depth which adaptation imposes. Indeed the book, by Richard Bachman (a.k.a. Stephen King), has little detail, having been edited down to nothing but story in order to obtain 'the goofy speed of a silent movie'.

The film has nothing of Richards' wife and child though, or the struggle to expose the government's genocidal pollution policy. The game show is different, its rules are different, the arena is different, the players are all different. Even the major characters are different. In



Arnold Schwarzenegger... come on down!

short it's a different story. Not so much a film based on a book as one given the same name.

The reason the book triumphs over the movie is quite simply that its story is the better one. It has tension and excitement, sadly lacking in the film.

Even with the freedom of a re-write, the chance to satirise the mainstay of modern mass viewing is overlooked. Instead, the only clear statement made is the necessity of curbing violence in entertainment before society develops the addiction to it portrayed in this and so many other films. Ironically, this is exactly where Schwarzenegger has made his acting career.

Ultimately we have a typical

Schwarzenegger movie. The initial injustice and subsequent deaths of several friends and included as justification for the bloody reprisals doled out in the predictable finale. It all appeals to your base instincts, but it can really do little more.

If you happen to be tempted by this form of cinema entertainment then it remains a far more attractive prospect than the ridiculous *Rambo III*. Nevertheless, having found a pinnacle with the brilliant *Predator*, Schwarzenegger has stumbled to a low ebb with what is truly his worst film. If you just want to see an action movie then wait for Bruce Willis in *Die Hard*, and give this one a miss.

Andrew Clarke.



BOOKS

Everything....

Everything you always suspected was true about advertising but were too legal, decent and honest to ask by Martyn Forrester, 96 pages, Fontana (£2.95).

If you want a short evening's entertainment you could do worse than borrow a copy of this book, but in my opinion, it's not worth buying yourself. Bits of this book made me laugh others didn't and ninety-six pages of variably funny anecdotes don't add up to value for money.

Part of the trouble is that it tries too hard to be funny—most clearly seen in the Glossary which contains gems like 'Adaptation: Someone else's ad modified to fit your brief'. It might sound funnier after one of those three-hour working lunches he mentioned.

A few themes get repetitive after a while. Those working lunches, women sleeping their way to the top, women.... There is definitely a patronising attitude to women which I couldn't quite figure out. At times it seems tongue in cheek, at others it's so understated that it's difficult to tell if the author is being

subtle or just plain male chauvenist.

The funniest sections are generally quote's of other advertising people's copy or overheard comments. My favourites include 'To be honest, I believe in putting all our eggs on the table', and 'Advertising is a people's business. So's cannibalism'. The chapter on 'Hiccups, Cockups and Did Anyone remember to take out insurance?' is good for a laugh. Where he tells of favourite tricks with words it makes quite good reading and after the section on food photography, food ads will never look the same again. How does a photographer rejuvenate a flat fizzy drink? Just add salt. I wonder how many people will try out his little test: 'Simply add a spoonful of salt to your mate's lager, then stand well back'.

You'll find out how people have got into the business, what top people earn and how people get sacked ('don't worry we're just redecorating your office').

PS it must be only advertising men who could get high on cocoa leaf, what would happen if they ever met coca leaves?

Review It

Would you like to become part of the FELIX reviews team?

If you would like to write about an event you think would be of interest to readers of FELIX, or if you want to go and see a free film preview or write a review of a good book you have just read pop into the FELIX Office and find out more!

News

Rag Mag

Continued from front page.

Mr Williams told FELIX that he had asked Mr Baker if anything was unacceptable on Sunday afternoon and he had said he 'didn't think so'. Mr Williams expected to be contacted by Mr Baker by Monday lunchtime. Mr Baker similarly expected to be contacted by Mr Williams on Monday morning. When he was not contacted, Mr Williams sent the Rag Mag to the printers on Monday evening.

Miss Nicholas, Rag Chairman, has complained about a number of the jokes in the new Rag Mag. She objects to two items about the Kings Cross Fire disaster and several 'jokes' about the blind and disabled. Miss Nicholas told FELIX that she had considered sending some of the items to the charities supported by this year's Rag efforts. The charities include 'Guide dogs for the blind'.

Mr Williams has defended the Rag Mag saying 'I'm quite positive it's one of the best.' He added that he had seen 'at least another two' Rag Mags this year, carrying items on the Kings Cross disaster. 'Every joke in the Rag Mag was told to me by IC students,' he said, 'I think it's a reasonable representation of IC students' sense of humour.'

The Rag Committee meeting today will discuss the Rag Mag and the Censorship Committee will meet next week, to decide the fate of the Rag Mag, which may have to be recalled from the printers.

The Rag Mag Censorship Committee was formed three years ago in response to a Rag Mag, edited by Mr Tony Spencer. The magazine contained items on the Bradford Fire Disaster, which caused an uproar in the national press.

IC Radio goes FM

Imperial College Radio has begun FM broadcasting trials in Southside, making it one of only two student stations in the country to broadcast on FM. The station has been granted a licence to conduct test transmissions on 97.7 MHz by the Department of Trade and Industry.

The station are planning to install more speakers in Evelyn Gardens in an effort to expand their network and to replace existing speakers stolen or removed over the years.

No politics motion voted irrelevant



ICU UGM was a hit for Guilds President Ralph Greenwell after a hit squad strike

A Motion to ban political discussions at Union General Meetings (UGM's) was unanimously defeated at the Freshers UGM on Thursday. The motion on relevance aimed to ban discussions on subjects which were not directly relevant to the welfare of Students at Imperial College.

The motion was proposed by former Union President Sydney Harbour Bridge (name changed in aid of Comic Relief) and seconded by the current President, Nigel Baker. Speaking for the motion Mr Harbour Bridge said that discussions of a political nature should be limited to Clubs and Societies. He expressed concern that minority groups could pass motions of a political nature by turning out en masse at UGM's.

Speaking against the motion, Overseas Student Committee Chairman, Amin El Kholy pointed out that the motion ran against the principles of freedom of speech and

said that motions proposed by minority groups could be opposed if those in opposition also turned up en masse to the UGM. Other speakers suggested that the motion would prevent discussion of issues important to Overseas Students, and questioned who would decide, whether or not motions were 'relevant'.

Chris Martin commented that the motion would effectively allow the Governing Body of Imperial College to dictate what was and what was not discussed at UGM's.

The motion was taken to the vote and defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Marathon Man

College security guard, Bob Dickens, 51, is to run a full 26 mile marathon in Dublin on October 31. After a year's training he plans to pay for his flight to Dublin and run the marathon for The Cancer Research Fund. Anybody interested in sponsoring Mr Dickens should contact him via college internal 3372.

Nicked!

Chief Security Officer, Geoff Reeves, has warned students to be aware of cycle-thieves operating around the College. He told FELIX that thieves were succeeding in cutting chains and removing padlocks securing bicycles. He went on to point out that more effective padlocks are available from the Sherfield Security Desk.

Chalmed I'm sure!

Mr James Chalmers retired from his full-time post as College Senior Assistant Secretary last Friday. Mr Chalmers will remain at the College in a part-time capacity 'to help out over the year'. At a function on Wednesday to honour Mr Chalmers' retirement, Mr John Smith, College Secretary, made a short speech and presented Mr Chalmers with an Aaron Stones lithograph.

Described by Mr Smith as his 'right hand man', Mr Chalmers came to Imperial College from the Malaysian Colonial Service over 25 years ago. His past experiences include work in the British Intelligence Services during the war in the orient, and work in commerce.

Mr Chalmers said 'I came in full of enthusiasm' as he described the start of his career at Imperial, and went on to say that he has 'enjoyed it throughout.'

New mixer for IC radio

Imperial College Radio have been awarded £2458 by the Queensgate trust to purchase an ex-demonstration mixing desk. They have been offered the mixer at half price by Mr Alan Archer, an ex-Electrical Engineering student now working for Sandcroft SAC200. The new mixer will allow separate programmes to be transmitted on FM and AM and has the facility for multiple channel recording. The mixer will probably be installed in the Northside studio, although IC Radio are looking into the possibility of a studio above their existing studio as a replacement to Northside.

Station Manager, Nigel Whitfield told FELIX 'It's absolutely beautiful. If I hadn't got the money from the Queensgate Trust I would have been prepared to kill for that mixer.'