



F. E. J. X

Issue 865

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Day Nursery is a health hazard

Parents who use the Imperial College Day Nursery may be risking their children's health, it was claimed this week. The nursery, which occupies the basement and ground floor at 8 Princes Gardens, suffers from peeling paint and damp plaster work. There is mould growing in some of the corners and there have been unconfirmed reports of silverfish and cockroach infestations.

The basement is in the worst state of repair and houses the nursery kitchen and several play rooms. Because of a lack of space, children have to sleep on mattresses on the kitchen floor, sometimes as little as a quarter of an hour after dinner.

The nursery caters for both college staff and students and employs ten people looking after around 45 babies and toddlers. The nursery staff complain that the staffing level is inadequate and that absences are not always covered. During the lunch break there could be just one person on duty.

Worried parents have written several letters to college officials but, until recently, they have had little response.

When FELIX visited the building earlier this month, there was a single fire blanket and just three obvious fire extinguishers; others were apparently kept in an alcove out of the way of the children. When contacted, college health and safety officer Mr Ian Gillet immediately inspected the building and has agreed to install better fire equipment.

Mr Gillet was also asked about the fire exits. The basement has two such exits, one which leads straight out onto the street and a second which passes through several corridors, the Islamic society prayer room, a court yard and up a flight of steps to emerge next door. This second exit is not used in the escape drill and, Mr Gillet told FELIX, the entire nursery can still be evacuated within a few minutes.

Westminster council is required to regularly inspect the building for health hazards and has repeatedly passed the nursery as safe. Mr Gillet expresses surprise that the council inspectors had failed to notice the damp and the mould. Managing Surveyor of Residences, Mr Peter Hallworth, who is responsible for maintenance and repair in Princes Gardens, was



unavailable for comment.

Parents are charged £260 per month, although Imperial College Union does provide a subsidy of around £130 for students. The Rector, Professor Sir Eric Ash, told FELIX that it is illegal for the college to use public funds to finance such a scheme and the nursery has to be entirely self financing.

Sir Eric recently visited the nursery and admits that conditions there have to be improved and said that the college already helped by letting the building rent free. He suggested that the parents should show some 'team spirit' by spending some time doing repairs

themselves. Lady Ash is on the committee responsible for the nursery.

Ms Sue Thornett who is directly responsible for the nursery also admitted that despite the fact that the nursery complied with all safety rules and that all equipment is regularly checked and serviced, the conditions were not very good 'by today's standards.' This is largely the fault of the building which is far from ideal and Ms Thornett is currently trying to have the basement nursery moved to drier and healthier ground floor accommodation.

Southside left out

Security in Southside halls has not been improved despite the forwarding of a plan eighteen months ago. The plan involves moving security officers from the entrance under the arch to the direct entrances to the halls.

Mr Geoff Reeves, chief security officer at IC, said that the plan was for a nightguard at the Falmouth-Keogh entrance. He said that there are usually two men on duty in Southside, and for the two of them to keep in contact would entail buying £4,000 to £5,000 of equipment. This was up to Mr Peter Hallworth, Manager of Residences, who was unavailable for comment.

Mr Reeves added that at weekends security manpower was stretched fully. He also said that to keep both security men at 'The Gardens' entrance under the arch 'seems illogical' considering this entrance to the halls is closed after six o'clock.

He said that he appreciated the anxiety caused by the recent spate of student hall based rapes in the south east of the country. So far the Universities of Sussex

and Kent have suffered, and an intruder was discovered in a room at Wilson House, a student hall belonging to St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. Mr Reeves said that the security situation at St Mary's had been improved as many of the rooms' windows open directly onto the street. Locks had been installed and challenging facilities implemented.

Southside has the lowest crime record of halls of residence at IC, and has more security guards than Evelyn gardens which has more students.

The security improvement proposal was put forward by Dr John Hassard and Professor New, wardens of Southside halls. Dr Hassard said that everybody had agreed to it at the time, including Sheffield administration though 'there had been practically no progress over a year' even though he saw 'no technical difficulties'.

At the moment the main entrances to Southside halls are not guarded by anyone, and rely on the security imparted by the magnetic keys.

Bad lads

Two men were detained by the police on Friday 9th March after a confrontation in Beit quad during a disco organised by ICU Entertainments.

The trouble started when the two unnamed men tried to enter the disco without paying. The five door attendants attempted to refuse them entry. This resulted in an attempt to push through, and one of the gate crashers started to assault people.

The drunk were removed by Mr Nicholas Marley, Duty Officer, and Mr Stephen (BJ) McCabe. As they resisted, violence flared. The security men in the quad called the police, who came in three cars and a van, with a police dog. They offered to clear the building, but this was deemed unnecessary by Mr Marley.

Everybody else left quietly and the disco was closed fifty minutes early at 1.10 am

Stop Press

The winners of last night's Guilds interdepartmental pool and darts contest were the Mechanical Engineering team.

Tax poll

After a lot of in-depth research, the results of the 'Poll Tax Poll' (Felix 855, 19 January) can be published. For all of you who were too lazy to send in the information requested, you will have to persuade your landlords yourself.

All landlords were asked the question 'Will you be reducing the rents for your residents in April when rates are replaced by the poll tax?' This was often followed by 'Why not?'

For student halls of residence belonging to Imperial College or Intercollegiate halls belonging to the University of London there will be no reduction as no rates are paid anyway.

'More House' on Cromwell road said that rents would have to be raised in any case, so no reduction. Mr Christian of 'Dachstock A.G.' said that rents would go down, as did Mrs Kozlowski of Cricklewood, and Mr Jimmy Joury of Hammersmith.

Mr Mohammed Bashir of Hounslow was consistently unavailable for comment. Nearly all the landlords said that rents would go up in the near future due to increases in general expenditure.

Strike!

The IC branch of the Manufacturing, Science and Finance trade union (MSF) have held a strike ballot in which 176 members supported the proposal to strike and 63 opposed it. 76% of the members at IC voted.

The issue is over the college's intention to make compulsory redundancies in the Biochemistry department. A delegation including members of the MSF and representatives from other Universities picketed the meeting of the Governing Body of the college this Friday, and were invited in to talk over the matter. The Governing Body was then left to discuss it amongst themselves. The results of the deliberations are not yet known.

The MSF's case is that, in the words of Mr Harry Fairbrother, president of the MSF, 'the governing body could offer a solution to the problem by accepting no compulsory redundancies and offering a retraining programme'. He said that 'the money involved is trivial these are skilled people whose jobs have disappeared. It seems obvious to retrain.'

He added 'We've had many strikes - we know what to do. They are very painful for all concerned and are more destructive than constructive. The ballot says that we are prepared to take the sharpest possible action.'

Hay fever

Hay fever sufferers are in demand from the Centre of Environmental Technology. They are studying the symptoms of the allergy over the summer and need students who will be living in London over the summer vacation to act as subjects.

There is no problem if you are taking medication for the condition. All interested parties should contact Geoff Gunner at the Centre for Environmental Technology, 48 Princes Gardens.

Afroc to sue DP?

Afro-caribbean (Afroc) society chairman, Dave Cornwall, has threatened to sue ICU Deputy President, Dave Williams for negligence, breach of contract and libel over a party planned for last night. Mr Cornwall told FELIX that Afroc's Jazz Festival had been cancelled at short notice after a decision by the College's Bar Committee to ban their events on licensed premises.

The cancellation has cost IC Union an estimated £1200 to pay for bands booked and publicity produced. Mr Cornwall said that Dave Williams had known about the College Bar Committee decision for a month and had not informed him until 10 days before the event. He was unable to cancel the bands at such short notice and has now asked for written confirmation that the Union will pay for any costs incurred. The Union is now looking into insurance for cancelling room bookings.

Mr Williams told FELIX that he had not thought the college bar committee had decided to ban future Afroc events on licensed premises. He was later informed by the Union Manager and Bar Manager, who were present at the meeting, that a ban had been

agreed.

Union Honorary Secretary, Fiona Nicholas, told FELIX that she had checked with Mr Williams before confirming the room booking for the event on 21st February, a week after the meeting which banned Afroc events in licensed areas. The event was also confirmed at an executive committee meeting, which agreed to overrule a ban imposed by the Union's House committee.

The college bar committee's decision to ban Afroc events has been condemned as 'racist' by Mr Cornwall, who told FELIX that the ban was made on the basis of 'selective evidence,' without allowing the society to present its case. He suggested that problems at an Afroc event earlier this year were caused by an 'unfortunate co-incidence,' of the crowd that was attracted. He now intends to take the matter to the Race Relations Board and the Citizens Advice Bureau, whilst contacting 'The Voice,' a national black magazine.

Mr Williams has now taken professional advice on Mr Cornwall's potential legal action.

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Bazoft demonstration

There have been demonstrations outside the Iraqi embassy in Queen's Gate for over a week. The peaceful demonstrations were organized by the National Union of Journalists in response to the death sentence imposed and carried out on Mr Farzad Bazoft, a journalist working for 'The Observer' in Iraq.

Mr Bazoft was executed by the Iraqi authorities last Thursday on charges of spying for Britain and Israel. This is denied by the Government and Mr Bazoft's associates. The sentence was carried out despite appeals for clemency to the President of Iraq, Saddam Hussein.



Fingers

Mr Terry Briley, security officer at IC, has issued a warning about continued wallet thefts in the college. There were six such thefts reported last week. A man was apprehended last Friday in Notting Hill who was in possession of three credit cards belonging to IC students. He had no connection with the college.

A thief who was discovered at City College escaped leaving a number of wallets belonging to members of the Royal School of Mines.

Mr Briley said that he thought that the thieves considered the college a soft touch.

Two Apple Mac computers collectively worth about £3,500 were stolen soon after they were delivered to the basement of Mechanical Engineering last Friday morning. An electric generator, weighing several hundredweight was also stolen from the college.

Well received

The Rector's Reception, traditionally the start to a new year, has been cancelled for the 1990/91 session. It will be replaced by three separate CCU receptions at which the respective Dean and a representative from IC Union will speak. It is not yet known if the Rector will speak at the meetings. The arrangements have been changed due to concern over crowding in the Great Hall in previous years.

Barber cut

The new Dean of the Royal College of Science will be Professor J. T. Stuart FRS of the Mathematics Department. He will be taking over from Professor J. Barber on September 1st this year, and his term of office will last three years.

Professor Barber was elected eighteen months ago to complete the term of office of Professor Albery, who left the college before his three years were up.

No contest

Southwell Hall drinking club, Diggers, have been banned from using union facilities after a dinner last Friday. One member vomited during the first course of the dinner and another urinated on a table. A £100 bill for broken crockery has been sent to the club, as well as a bill for 48 broken glasses.

The dinner saw the initiation of ex-union president, Sydney Harbour-Bridge as an honorary member of the club. Mr Harbour-Bridge was required to stand on a chair and drink a pint of beer in one. After this, one member called for Mr Harbour-Bridge to strip, which he refused to do. The member proceeded to stand on the table and urinate before challenging Mr Harbour-Bridge to a masturbating contest, which he declined.

Zoophilia

Imperial College Union rag raised £892.55 for MENCAP last Wednesday. The money was collected in a city wide pub crawl. Top collector was Laurie McNamee, with £182.89, followed by Aled Fenner with £151.72.

Students from ICU will take part in a zoo break from London next term. Volunteers will be sponsored to travel as far as possible in 24 hours, whilst dressed as animals. The event will take place on May 19. Anyone interested should attend the rag meeting on Friday.

Referendum

Continuing negotiations over the profits from the Harlington sports ground excavations between the Governing Body and Imperial College Union have resulted in the Rector, Sir Eric Ash, asking the Union to hold a referendum amongst students on the matter.

Mr Neil McCluskey, president of ICU, maintains that the profits ought to go into improving athletics facilities. The Harlington ground has been out of action for about three years and is still not suitable for playing on.

Sherfield administration believes the profits should go into a general fund. Sir Eric forwarded a suggestion that the union should hold a referendum on the issue. The Rector said that the 'common ground' was that the profits should go towards student facilities. 'Student housing is one of the great problems facing our students' he added.

He told Felix that the idea of a referendum was not unthinkable, at least once a year. When asked if the lack of interest in sabbatical elections might indicate that even fewer students would take interest in a referendum, he responded by saying that perhaps greater participation in college politics may stimulate more interest in the sabbaticals. He said that a referendum must be on a simple 'yes-or-no' issue. This meant, in his view, that the proposed careers service cutbacks could not be put to students in the same way. He said that he 'couldn't detect any enthusiasm on the issue (the referendum) in the Governing body.'

At the moment, all decisions concerning the sports ground must go through ICU. Both the Rector and Professor Peter Richards, the Dean of St. Mary's, thought that this was too restrictive and should be changed so that the Union is just consulted in the decision making process. Eight members of the Governing body voted for this amendment against the rest who abstained. Mr McCluskey is now looking into the Union's legal position.



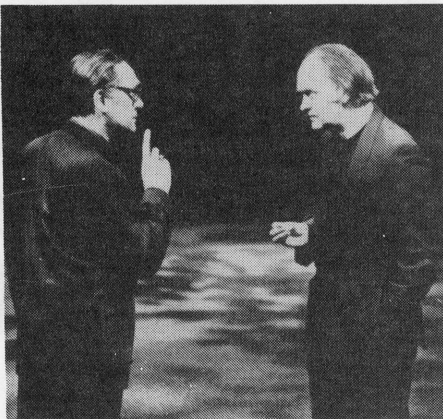
Racing Demon

The twentieth century has been chipping away at the rock of the Church of England. David Hare's latest play reveals a Church at near crisis point; Faced with such objects of contention as women priests and homosexual tolerance plus dwindling attendance; down to less than 1%, there are no easy answers.

The Reverend Lionel Espy, who resides over a typical deprived inner-city parish, is beginning to question his faith. But with such a crisis, now is not the time to doubt. He is highly involved in work in the community and tends to preach humanity rather than religious sincerity. However, according to Tony, his fire and brimstone curate and the conservative bishops above him, this is not the way to pull the crowds. Tough, Thatcher-esque, Anglican 'fundamentalism' is the tonic they prescribe.

Their uncompromising stance is however contradicted when it comes to policy making at the General Synod where they produce a form of wishy-washy liberalism with no genuine conviction. Two of Lionel's friends, eccentric but lovable 'Streaky' and homosexually leaning Harry, battle with Lionel against this formidable opponent whilst Frances, Tony's ex-girlfriend, exposes in a heartfelt tone the Church's apparent lack of humanity.

This all makes for a piece of extremely absorbing and exhilarating drama, also endowed with a vibrant



sense of humour, interesting staging and outstanding acting. Hare's acute observations are numerous and relevant to both secular and religious society—through them he doesn't so much moralise about the Church as offer constructive advice—compassion, tolerance and clear-sightedness should all be watchwords for the Nineties. The one problem is that this superb production is sold out until April (at least) so there will be no student standbys: Pray for tickets!

The National Theatre box office is on 928 2033.

Adrian Pagan

Theatre

Joe Turner's Come and Gone

Seth and Bertha Holly's quiet life is disturbed by the arrival of a new boarder, Herald Loomis. He has a problem and it looks like Bynum, regarded as slightly mad by most, is the only one that can help...

Joe Turners' Come and Gone is by August Wilson, the author of the highly acclaimed *Ma Rainy's Black Bottom* and deals with similar themes. Set in a black boarding house after the Emancipation Proclamation, it tells of the way all its residents' lives intermesh and especially of one particular boarder's quest to bury the past by finding his wife. The play is superbly written—the dialogue is extremely convincing and there is a wonderful use of symbolism the whole way through. The cast are all superb down even to the children and with the imaginative lighting effects one is transferred Pittsburgh for the course of the play. Totally engrossing it is a gem that is not to be missed at any cost.

It is playing at The Tricycle Theatre, 269 Kilburn High Road, NW6. Nearest tube is Kilburn (surprise, surprise) and concessionary tickets cost £1.50 Mon-Wen and Sat matinee, £5.00 Thu, Fri. On Mondays the first 50 people who turn up pay what they can—turn up around 7 O'clock.

Adam T.

Theatre

Book

With Passport and Parasol

by Julia Keay

All the famous explorers of the Victorian age were male, or so they were portrayed by a very sexist and elitist society.

While Livingstone was hacking through the jungles of Africa searching for the source of the Nile, women, all of 'good stock', were only a few years behind.

The book contains seven travel-logs, each a brief narration of a ladies travels in a world far removed from the present day's package holidays, with the associated delays and worries. Each was an independent traveller, looking down at the people who were on one of Cook's early tours, there was a great deal of snobbery involved in foreign travel.

One pre-requisite of going on any such journey was to have a very comfortable standard of living, indeed being filthy rich was the norm, not the exception. The money for the trip need not be your own, being the wife of the effective ruler of India always helps.

Travel was extravagant in Victorian times, even an 'independent' traveller would have some companions, a friend and perhaps some sort of protector but 12,000 people is a bit excessive!

Each story is different from the last, although they do tend to be a bit boring in places, going into mindless details that do not make a good story. Extract of each of the traveller's own logs are contained in with the main text; showing the old style of writing, particularly of supposed 'upper class' people.

The book is from a radio series broadcast on radio 4 but self-contained.

As an overall comment I would say that it is reasonable, not compelling but also not deadly boring.

Ian Hodge.

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New Anatomies



The last in the trio of plays directed by women, running at the Man in the Moon Theatre Club, *New Anatomies*, tells the story of the life of Isabelle Eberhardt—a female Lawrence of Arabia.

Born in Switzerland at the turn of the century Eberhardt fled convention and, disguised as a man, lived as a nomad in the desert of Algeria.

The play spans her whole life, from an unhappy childhood in Geneva, the daughter of a Russian Revolutionary, through the fulfillment of her dream to travel in the desert, to her tragic and bizarre death at an early age.

The plays begins with Eberhardt delirious with fever at the start of her tragic downfall which sets the mood for the play and arouses interest.

She was a highly imaginative and widely read child and with her background revealed to us we can easily understand the course of her life.

How factual this modern play by Timberlake Westenbaken is, I don't know but, especially with the interpretation by the director, it seems to be more concerned with symbolism than realism.

There are nineteen roles, both male and female, in this play, and they are divided between six actresses. The director obviously believes it emphasises certain points—to do with symbolism, but I do not see that this is necessary. Both this and the homosexual or rather anti-conventionalist theme that seems to run through this play due to the director's interpretation, in my opinion, detract from the value of the play as a testimony to Eberhardt. With men in male roles and a more masculine looking actress as Eberhardt the reality of the play would be greatly enhanced and any point that needed to be made could equally well have been emphasised. Unusual production is very effective when necessary, but with over use it can become bland and lose all its impact.

The Man in the Moon Theatre Club, 392 Kings Road, Chelsea, London SW3. *New Anatomies* is running in rep until April 28, Tuesday-Sunday, 8.30pm. Concessionary tickets cost £4. Ring the box office on 351 2876 for more details.

JLW.

Steel Magnolias

Film

'As somebody always said... if you can't say anything nice about anybody, sit by me.'

'Louie brought his girlfriend home... the nicest thing I can say about her is that her tattoos are spelt correctly.'

'Men are the most horrible creature honey, they'll ruin your life, mark my word.'

These bitter-sweet one-liners come so fast and furious that you've hardly recovered from one when you're on to the next. But rather like a rasher of streaky bacon, the humour alternates with a touchingly human story.

Six southern women (played by such silver screen gems as Sally Field, Julia Roberts, Shirley Maclaine, Olympia Dukakis, Daryl Hannah and last but not least Dolly Parton) find it nigh impossible to hide anything from each other. Shelby (Sally Field) is a serious diabetic. She decides against the wishes of her mother (Julia Roberts) to have a child despite doctors' categorical warnings not to. It's obvious right from the very beginning that there's a life support machine with her name on it, so there's no surprise when after charting several years of Shelby's thirst for the best in life the film closes with her untimely demise.

The meat of the film though is Shelby's and the rest of the unlikely stories determination and will to survive. Men on the other hand play little part in the proceedings, this doesn't necessarily mean that the film's unrepresentative, it's just about female friendship rather than 'male bonding' (as in *Family*



Business for example).

Steel Magnolias could so easily fall into the traps that so many soap operas do: but it doesn't moralise nor does it sentimentalise; it observes events based on the real life experiences of the author leaving most

people with a distinctive sniffle. Ladels of piquant, chocolately wit poured over a recipe of refreshing realism have this film currently served up at Number 5 in the film charts. Yum Yum.

Adrian Pagan.

Magnum

Exhibition

This memorial photograph of a young Palestinian is one of almost 400 on display in a new exhibition entitled 'The world as seen by Magnum photographers'. Englishman Chris Steele-Perkins, one of the 'younger members of the photographers' consortium, shot it in Beirut in 1982.

The Hayward Gallery is currently presenting the work of 52 photographers, among them the top photojournalists of the age. The collection 'In Our Time' marks the first group retrospective and contrasts documentary images of the past 50 years.

You will find Robert Capa's controversial Death of a Loyalist Soldier (Spain 1936) among the pictorial reports from such places of war and unrest as the Spanish Civil War, Algeria, Hungary, Vietnam, Ulster, Iran, Nicaragua and, most recently, Tiananmen Square in China.

But there are also the more human and even humoresque images of life. Watch out for the portrait of Henri Matisse among white doves in his studio (taken by Henri Cartier-Bresson in 1944) or Bernard Berenson flirting with marble in the Borghese Gallery, Rome (David Seymour (Chim), 1955).

The international collective Magnum was founded in April 1947 by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, George Rodge, David Seymour (Chim), Maria Eisner and Rita and William Vandivert. Their common desire was to retain professional autonomy for the photographers and freedom from editorial control for individual and artistic views.

Today the archives of Magnum (offices in New York, Paris and London) contain remarkable pieces of photojournalism (but no fashion or advertisement shots).



This carefully selected exhibition at the South Bank presents an image of life in recent times. It shows how photojournalism can tell stories, in a way that television has never been able to accomplish.

Michael H Wapellhorst.

Hayward Gallery, South Bank Centre, open daily 10am-6pm (Tuesday & Wednesday until 8pm), until May 6, £2.00 for students.

The Fabulous Baker Boys

Film

Jack and Frank (Jeff and Beau Bridges) are The Fabulous Baker Boys. Unfortunately these days they're not so fabulous. After being sacked from regular venues, they decide to try out a female singer to bring some life into the act. A truly appalling set of auditions ensue from which they pick Susie Diamond (Michelle Pfeiffer). Getting off to a shaky start, she soon revitalises the act with her own unique brand of performance. Then a relationship starts to develop between Jack and Susie, much to Frank's later displeasure.

This is not a film for the lover of intricate plots. The plot is there, but is extremely rudimentary. Instead we have one of those relationship movies that are so in vogue these days. Jeff Bridges and Michelle Pfeiffer provide the necessary 'drool factor' for Box Office success while the small supporting cast are adequate (especially the dog). Unfortunately, despite the actors' best efforts we never really start to care for the characters and the whole thing ambles pointlessly but effortlessly.

The ending is inconclusive and leaves one feeling that the last reel has been misplaced. The only unequivocally memorable scene is the one where Ms Pfeiffer sings 'Makin' Whoopee' while cavorting around on a piano. Cold shower time for the males, extreme boredom (or jealousy) for the women. Incidentally, this is a much better performance from Ms. Pfeiffer than her last singing effort, the unspeakably dreadful and horribly overlong *Grease II*. Otherwise an unexceptional film that isn't really worth the London entrance price.

Adam T.

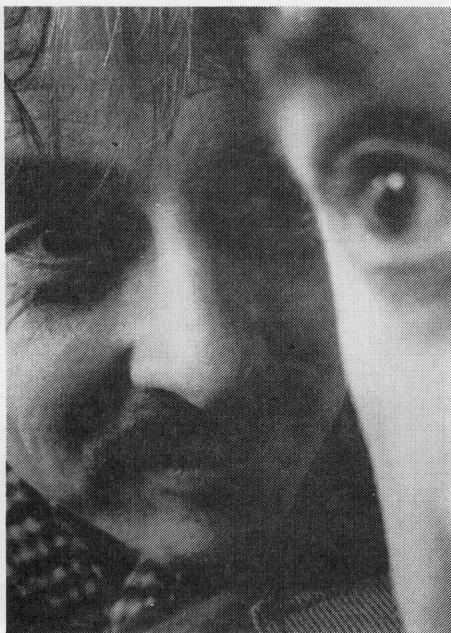
The Vanek Plays

Vaclav Havel, the first democratic president of Czechoslovakia in fifty years, is rapidly becoming a true international statesman. Yet after an announcement last week, which said he was not to patronise the European stage company's latest production of his three one-act plays during a forthcoming visit to Britain, he seems to be playing down his position as an international dramatist.

The Vanek plays as such were originally written by and for a group of Havel's friends in the mid-1970s; a time when such political theatre was banned in their native Czechoslovakia. The three that Havel wrote himself: *Audience*, *Protest* and *Private View* share a common character, Ferdinand Vanek, with those penned by his friends are currently being performed in pairs at the Lyric Studios, Hammersmith.

Vanek's inscrutable docility and politeness to his friends and colleagues frustrates them and pushes them into exasperated moral self-justifications. In *Audience*, the head maltster in a brewery becomes increasingly fearful of factory floor worker Vanek's cordial silence which he misconceives to be 'a playwright's moral superiority'. In between frequent glasses of beer and trips to the loo, this darkly comic portrait of the maltsters dead-end life shows us what it's like to be a victim of the system.

An intriguing moral and political confrontation is developed in *Protest*, where a television writer who 'accommodates' the system and is himself accommodated by the system tries using a variety of absurd arguments to worm his way out of signing a political petition. And in the third play *A Private View*, Vanek is invited round by a couple of Americanised social climbing friends to admire their newly furnished flat. There is much humour in this piece as Michael and Vera attempt to show Vanek just what he might be missing. They even go as far as passionately snogging in front of him saying 'After we've finished our little chat with you, we'll show you some more—we'll only be too happy to show you how things are done in this respect.' But in refusing their entreatments to join their lifestyle Vanek frustrates them to both epic and comic proportions.



With strong skillful performances and sensitive direction there is much to be enjoyed in this production: people usually shy away when a play is labelled 'political theatre', but this political theatre is truly accessible.

An interesting postscript:

'Everything's happening at a mad pace, there are no ready-made politicians of tomorrow able to step in today. So, for a short period at least, people will have to do with symbols—and they are taking me for one, though God knows why. I am on supply, an amateur standing in for a professional politician. I hope that soon, I will be allowed to step down and be a playwright again.'—Vaclav Havel, a few weeks before he was elected president of Czechoslovakia.

The Lyric box office is on 741 2311.

Adrian Pagan.

Theatre

Film

The House of Bernada Alba

The House of Bernada Alba has been adapted from the play by Federico Lorca. Among with other Spanish artists, he argued against the totalitarianism which abounded in early twentieth century Spain. This story is a powerful one in its own right, but there are clearly greater ideas to which he alludes.

The plot concerns the family of Bernada Alba, who recently widowed, commits her family to a period of eight years to mourn the death of her husband. But her five daughters are already into womanhood, and the thought of isolation from society, and especially men is too hard for them to bear. The one male figure is Pepe el Romano. He is attracted by the wealth of the eldest daughter, Augustias, and comes to court her. However, the situation that Bernada has created is an explosive one.

Bernada is undoubtedly the key to the story. It is her power that lays the rules by which everyone must live. Tragically the morals that she upholds have little to do with fairness or justice, they are those of a male society, constructed to their favour. None the less, she is merciless in her aims, and any truth that may contradict them, is simply re-written in her mind. It is an amusing point to note that some of the most telling and truthful comments are uttered by the grandmother, who is otherwise completely senile.

Whilst it often lacks the immediacy of theatre, film is an excellent conveyor of emotion. Cinema allows us to witness the gentler accents of intonation and facial expression that would be lost on stage, although it may sometimes miss the compulsiveness of live performance. The credit for this must fall equally on both director, Mario Camus, and the actresses, who bring the piece alive. It is also a rare thing that the images of a film can stand alone in their own right, and it is a great credit to the director of photography, Fernando Arribas to have achieved this. This is a powerful drama and it makes compulsive viewing.

Matthew G. Johnson

QED

by Richard Feynman

QED has several meanings, 'quod erat demonstrandum' being the latin version, 'quite easily done' is another if you believe the television programme of the same name, but it also has a meaning you would not of heard of, unless you happen to be a physicist.

Quantum electrodynamics is as close to a unified theory that has been achieved, putting all physical phenomenon, except gravitational effects and nuclear physics, in terms of three rules. These rules are as follows:

1. A photon moves from one place to another.
2. An electron moves from one place to another.
3. An electron absorbed or emits a photon.

You may well ask, 'how does that explain anything?', well as most things that happen are so complex and involve innumerable applications of these rules their individual effect cannot be detected easily.

Even these rule are not as simple as they seem. An electron moving from one place to another may emit an electron, and at a latter stage re-absorb its own photon. It can do this any number of times in its

journey and can even absorb the photon before it emits it!

The book is a transcript of four lectures given by Richard Feynman in which he explains how such supposedly basic facts like light goes in a straight line, light 'bounces' off of a mirror at the same angle it comes in and light goes at a constant speed are not actually true.

The style of explanation is such that it is fairly simple to understand, the first two chapters are simple enough for even me to understand. In the third chapter things get slightly more complicated but not excessively so, but in the final one he shoots off at a tangent, going on about sub-atomic particles and things that are beyond my interests and understanding. This last chapter does not seem to belong to the rest of the book, it is almost like an after thought, a list of things he wanted to say could not fit in.

This then calls into question who this book is aimed for. Physicists will get bored with the first half (being

too simple for them), and understand the second while the rest of us will do the reverse but get bored for the opposite reason. Sub-atomic particles such as quarks do not seem to effect everyday life so why should we worry about them?

I wondered at several stages 'why bother', all of the theories that have been pulled together using QED can be perfectly well understood using the theory that already exists. What do we gain from the unification of theories that appear to be unrelated? Some pure research does produce results that are of practical use, however most of it does not. Scientist are always trying to find faults in theories, pushing boundaries back, making amazing new discoveries, but why?

Priced at five pounds and only one hundred and fifty pages it is not very good value for money but if you are interested in the subject and are not a physicist them it could be worth reading.

Ian Hodge.

Book

Black Rain

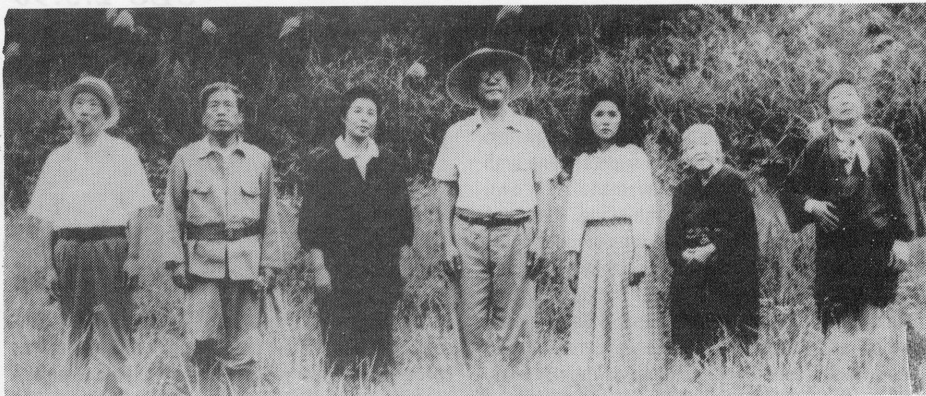
No, this is not a re-run of the highly successful *Black Rain* starring Micheal Douglas.

Shohei Imamura is renowned for good quality films with an eye to realism and documentaries. His latest film *Black Rain* is a drama chronicling the life of a family who walk through Hiroshima just after the first atom bomb has been dropped on the city. At the time they are unaware of the dangers or even the existence of high radioactivity.

The story soon slips on to 1950. Yasuko, the young girl, has not yet found a husband because as soon as any suitor hears that she was in Hiroshima soon after the bomb was detonated they don't want to marry her—health is important in a wife. Even in post-war Japan the arrangement of a marriage was a very formal affair and to have failed to find a husband by the time you were 25 was a shame. Her uncle and aunt, with whom she lives, try to do their best for her but to no avail.

Many people in the village where they live have been affected by the bomb and the war. Yasuko's uncle sees many of his friends die from radiation sickness—he too has many symptoms but they do not progress very quickly.

The film is shot in black and white with the original soundtrack and English subtitles. That is really my only complaint about the film—I don't like subtitles because you can't watch the film properly when you have to keep on reading the subtitles. The black and white adds to the starkness of some of the scenes in Hiroshima and also to the period feel of the film. I'm glad it was in black and white as I don't think I could have stomached some of the scenes in colour—



people, their bodies burnt all over walking around crying in pain, just waiting to die; charred corpses in various attitudes of tortured death; bodies lying or sitting on the ground twitching slightly; stiff corpses floating down the river, bumping over stones on the beds of streams; people trapped under rubble clutching out at passers by imploring their help. And then you think people actually had to endure all this, and worse, and in full colour, and 3-D as well.

A marvellous attention to detail characterises this film—a dog frolics just before the blast, a clock blasted out of a train is found in the river later when Yasuko and her aunt ferry across to Hiroshima. This detail is even, perhaps more so, shown in the scenes of horror in the city. A woman nurses her charred baby, a man leans out of a window and shouts, 'Hiroshima! Where is Hiroshima?', a man does not recognise his brother who runs up to him because he is badly burned all over and insists on proof of his identity.

As Yasuko and her uncle and aunt travel across the city they meet a man who tells them of how he found his son trapped under rubble and tried to free him. Finding he couldn't however, and with the fires beginning to spread, he ran away and left him despite his son's pleas. Yasuko and her family are disgusted, but how many would have done the same?

The film also explores the agonies of why the Americans dropped the atom bombs when they were winning—one of the men felt he couldn't die until he knew.

Black Rain gives a powerful insight into the lives of long surviving victims of the Bomb. It chronicles with stark realism the horrors and agonies of the memory and how they cope with trying to go back to a normal life afterwards. Unlike so many films and plays the ending is as strong as the rest and makes a great impact on the viewer.

JLW

Some Confusion in the Law About Love

This is the seventh bizarre production from the small Sheffield based touring company, Forced Entertainment. For six years this cooperative has been breaking new ground with its exciting productions and their latest is no exception.

'A whole load of confusion about the plot', might have been a more apt title, for the work is contorted. The playwright has tried to expose the way we relate to the world, think and generally function. Our lives are complex, our minds are disorganised so how can a true representation be compartmentalised into conventional scenes and acts? The play leaves conformity behind to explore the subject unhindered. Thus there is little in the way of plot to describe.

The play is a result of much 'three in the morning Nescafé philosophy' beloved of students. To convey these rambling abstract concepts in just two hours calls for unusual devices. Fragments of sex acts, love suicides and tales of Presley coming back from the grave. To ease the ideas along, the play is amply topped up with humour, which relies on superb dead pan delivery of the lines. The actors' performances are as polished as is the whole play. In our age where literary theatre has a stranglehold on respectability and power, it is good to see *some confusion* breaking through.

Please note that half way through the play the three main characters take most of their clothes off and the women put on false breasts and the man a false penis. This is a necessary part of the play although it may



cause offense to some people.

The average ICA goer has a propensity to wear magenta lipstick, wear magenta clothes and be called Magenta, this quirkiness lends the place an atmosphere which enhances enjoyment of the play. This very alternative production is certainly not for the proverbial maiden aunt, but should please most open-minded people.

Charles Tomkins.

Theatre

Roger and Me

Film

Michael Moore grew up in Flint, Michigan, birthplace of Gigacorporation General Motors, at a time when America was still the most powerful trading nation on Earth. All of his relations worked in one or other of the gaint GM plants that dominated the local economy. Times were good for the well paid workers. Moore did not, however, find the thought of a life spent on an assembly line appealing, so he left for San Francisco to be a magazine editor.

He was moved to return to his home town by the news of plant closures and huge job losses, as well as the fact that he was sacked from his magazine job.

The film he made there is about a town that has no reason to exist anymore. Shops closed down, crime soared, and attempts at replacing industry with tourism failed miserably. Money magazine voted Flint the least loved city in the whole country.

Moore tries repeatedly to get an interview with Roger Smith, chairman of GM and the person Moore feels is responsible for this misery.

He also takes a camera to numerous interviews with the people of Flint to get their reactions. This forms the body of the film, and very strange people they are too. The situations and characters could have come from David Byrne's *True Stories*, but they are for real.

Most of the events shown in the film are tragic, but it is also very funny in places.

Roger and Me is not a run of the mill American film, but definitely worth a look if you can find it.

Jim Loaf.

Senseless Things + Carter T.U.S.M. + Nutmeg

—ULU 2.3.90

Nutmeg were purely a visual experience. The lead singer seemed to possess the energy of the whole band and could well have been the bastard son of Mick Jagger. Evident from the way he prowled so agilely around the stage; a cross between an Egyptian on E and a headless ostrich! As a support band with no possibility of an encore they made their own alternative; instead of leaving the stage, the stage lights were turned off until there were enough shouts to turn them back on again, and so they continued. Farcically funny, who cares about the music?

Next came... Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine (Jimbo and Fruitbat), with their uncanny mix of vocals, guitars and backing tracks of drums, bass, synth and various samplers. They are presently riding high, victims of a recent music media frenzy.

What was decipherable through the crap sound system was excellent, but it was only the general momentum which carried, with the cutting vocals and lyrics ritually massacred. The guitars, which create a 'foreground' or 'backdrop' to each track were reduced to an inconsequential 'fuzz.' Still unperturbed, they played a set leading us by the scruff of the neck, through the life and attitudes of the 80's, and on to the 90's. Beginning with *Everytime the Churchbell rings* they continued with *Midnight on the murder mile* and *Sheriff Fatman* amongst others, and concluded with *A perfect day to drop the bomb*.

Replacing such serious music with a far more frivolous attitude were the Senseless Things, who



played a near non-stop forty-five minute set. Each song bounded merrily into the next with the energy of four hyperactive youths, but carrying the same lack of maturity in their material. They sound like *The Primitives*, though far faster plus extra guitarist, male vocalist and much more vitality.

Still the lemmings were out in force, seemingly oblivious to the stifling sweatbox atmosphere.

Most of the material was from their relatively successful *Postcard CV* LP, plus new work from their mini-LP, *Andy in a Karmann*, to be released this month. The catchy songs which stick in the mind were *Girlfriend*, *Trevor* and *Too much kissing*, although there were many more forgettable tunes.

With all that vigour and time on their hands, they have every chance of doing something less superficial, if they want to. Until then they will remain fast, fun and furious.

DEL.

Jesus Jones

—Real Real Real 12"

The new single from the Joneses comes as rather a disappointment. After the early promise they showed with singles like *Info Freako* with its eclectic mix of sample and guitar noise they appear to have run low on initiative.

This record still has the odd little electronic eruptions but rather than flaunting themselves over the more traditional instruments they are incorporated into the mix at a deeper level, losing some of their charm. The exuberant vocals sound out of place against the almost pedestrian backing. On the plus side, one side of the 12" is a competent (but not brilliant) mini-anthem; the other sounds like a slightly tripped-out House number. Too polished for their own good.

Stone.



The Soup Dragons

—Mother Universe 12"

Clouds roll by, the sun shines and the *love mix* ebbs across the room. The Summer of Love '90 is finally here; with more records like this it may be a long and joyous one. Cosmic man.

Solar and 7" mixes have a more dancey sound, but still don't escape the enchanting simplicity. Never have discos been so cosmic.

Venturing so far from their indie pop roots of the mid-eighties, they have found new inspiration. Hopefully this will carry onto their forthcoming album, *Love God*, and keep the Summer of Love '90 thriving.

TD

THE EASTER GUIDE TO RESURRECTION

Wednesday 21 March

The Fall.....Kilburn National

Thursday 22 March

The Stranglers.....Brixton Academy

Blue Aeroplanes.....Astoria

Nutmeg.....Opera on the Green, Shep. Bush

Friday 23 March

(on the first day...)

The Mission.....Wembley Arena

Neds Atomic Dustbin.....Marquee

Public Enemy.....Brixton Academy

Saturday 24 March

Bomb Disneyland.....Marquee

Every New Dead

Ghost.....The Robey, Finsbury Pk.

Monday 25 March

House of Love.....Kilburn National

Cowboy Junkies.....Dominion

That Petrol Emotion.....Subterranea

David Bowie.....Docklands Arena

Thursday 29 March

Senseless Things.....The Venue, New Cross

Friday 30 March

Claytown Troupe.....Astoria

Saturday 31 March

(but then on the second day...)

Birdland + Carter T.U.S.M. +

Cud + Silverfish +

The Cateran.....Brixton Academy

Monday 2 April

The Icicle Works.....T&CC

Tuesday 3 April

(on the third day it came to pass...)

Cut Cut Emma.....Kennington Cricketers

Carter T.U.S.M.....Camden Palace

Friday 6 April

Ride.....ULU

Saturday 7 April

Happy Mondays.....Wembley

Sunday 8 April

All About Eve.....RAH

Lloyd Cole.....Brixton Academy

Del Amitri.....T&CC

Saturday 14 April

The Church.....T&CC

Monday 16 April

Mandela Concert.....Wembley

Felo-de-se.....Hastings Crypt

Tuesday 24 April

Sinead O'Connor.....Hammersmith Odeon

The Screaming Trees

—Chance Has Come EP

For a band of the Sub-Pop label, renowned for its hardcore and thrash bands, such as Tad, Nirvana and Mudhoney, this comes as a disappointing and weightless attempt at trashy rock. Rock guitars drag them into being an American version of *Queen* for the 90's, related to the English *Queen* of the 70's and 80's.

Harmless enough, some people even like this sort of thing.

DEL.

Briggin

An average guitarist/singer, singing average love songs.

Briefly Su.

Battle Of The Bands

The idea of a sleazy night out in a smokey room with live entertainment appealed, so yours truly braved the elements and took a trip to the glamorous setting of the UCH to find out what exactly this cabaret was all about. After one or two misadventures on route, I arrived to be greeted by the sight of a not-so-smokey room, with the promised crush bar, and even chairs and tables to sit at/fall off, depending on the stage of the night's proceedings.

The *Splendid* were just taking the stage as I entered, and proceeded to play a set of punkish indie rock. The songs were played well, and a few brave souls were encouraged to take to the dance floor immediately in front of the stage. The final song of the set, apparently about Rolo's received a mixed response, but the *Splendid* left a good overall impression on the crowd, who were pretty good-natured all night.

After a brief interval during which the Operatic Society donated a bit of culture to the evening with a few 'proper' songs, the *Fractals* came on and gave us an excellent mixture of music, with covers of the *Greens*, *The B52's*, *The Doors' Light My Fire* and ending with a good rowdy version of the *Troggs' Wild*



Fractals

Thing, with vocalist Andy Poole performing with only a plastic crocodile on his person! No prizes awarded for guessing where he wore this article!! A really good set, and a name to remember, if only for the style of their exit!

The gap between bands was this time filled with an act entitled *Faking Ecstasy*, in the guise of solo



The Splendid

female vocalist *Becka*. Highlight of her show was a rending of *Tears on my Pillow*, performed with the *Simon Hartley Backing Dancers*. It was a lot more interesting than Kylie, believe me!

The crowd were expectant following her departure, and were soon satisfied with the appearance of *The Rest of Us*. They played a combined set of well-known rock 'n' roll covers, including excellent versions of *Led Zeppelin's Rock and Roll*, *Johnny B Goode* and *U2's Where the Streets* and some of their own songs. *The Rest of Us* were the most popular band of the night amongst the dancers at least, mainly due to the familiarity of the material, and the audience were impressed enough for them to encore at the end of the set.

The next 'in-between' act turned out to be a juggler, who kept us suitably amused until the arrival of *Pale Horse*. They were also one of the more popular acts of the evening with their mixture of indie rock songs, including the moody *Abstract Empathy*, *The Anti Song* and ending with the absolutely mega *Purple Haze*. Some of the dancers were again encouraged to take to the floor, and *Pale Horse* received a good response from the crowd despite their inability to supply an encore at the end of their show, apparently due to equipment failure.

Next person on to provide a filler was Simon Hartley, who, upon admitting to being a long-time fan of *Bros*, played a song dedicated to the gruesome twosome entitled *Fuck Us We're Famous*. Enough said!!

The *Mysterons* came on next, and left posing one of the great questions of the universe. How can a band perform so well together, play decent songs, and receive such a bad response from the crowd? My suggestion is that the audience in question were not too keen on the punk/thrash of the *Mysterons*, which was maybe not all that suitable considering the setting, and as a result a decent band did not receive the recognition of their efforts that they deserved. Better luck next time lads!

The hour grew late and the UCH had emptied somewhat by the time the last act of the night, *The Crystal Field*, appeared. They played some great songs in the heavy rock/HM mould. With some excellent guitar work, the trio performed well on a stage that, like the floor, was rather empty looking with only the three of them on there. However, they played on undeterred to the last remnants of the crowd, including a jam with Simon H on lead guitar, with the inevitable solo. Altogether a very good show, and it was rather sad that so few people stayed to see it.

And so the evening finally came to a close.

Phil



Mixed Opinions



The Bible + The Four of Us

—T&CC 6.3.90

Firstly there were five of them, explained by the fact, according to their vocalist that they were Irish. They were indeed very Irish, very noisy and very keen. A bit too keen, all five of them being so eager that the songs which sounded so tight on the album declined into a morass of sound under which the vocals were often buried. The sound itself was somewhere between the *Stranglers*, the *Stones* and *The Psychedelic Furs*. I think when they grow up they're going to be very big.

Three songs (each a perfect, clinical, note for note rendering) into *The Bible* I was wondering why I hadn't stayed at home and listened to the LP (or better still the CD—it was the sort of music to play when *Dire Straits* feels too rocky). Then something wonderful happened; the guitarist found his wah-wah, the rhythm section slipped up a gear, shirts were flowery and everything was groovy (Man!). A string of old songs, new songs and the almost hits (*Graceland*, *Crystal Palace*, *Honey be Good*) were zipped through with passion and a good time was had by all.

ROG.

Depeche Mode

—Violator LP

Violator is the seventh studio album from Depeche Mode, following their recent long-awaited chart success with the singles *Personal Jesus* and *Enjoy the Silence* which grazed the Top Ten and drove into it respectively. The Mode have always suffered in the press from their early days as showbiz baboons and for not using 'real' instruments. Some critics have never been able to accept a group who write 'real' songs but choose to perform them without resorting to the easy course of the six-string. With the rise of House and its mutant offspring, the Mode have found themselves in the unlikely roles of gurus for electronic music.

For *Violator* the group have discarded the increasing complexity and theatrical crescendos of their last effort, *Music for the Masses* and returned to very simple themes, backed with impressively crafted instrumentation. The album opens with *World in my Eyes*, which would be dark disco were it not for the choral vocals and the orchestral sweep of the background. *The Sweetest Perfection* follows, an obsessive love paen with David Gahan passing the vocals to Martin Gore; next up is *Personal Jesus*, in a shorter version of its *Pump Mix* incarnation, Bolanesque and pounding. *Halo* is possibly the

epitome of the Mode's career, a confused black song which effortlessly glides into *Waiting for the Night*, a quiet hymn featuring the famous Depeche religious icons. *Enjoy the Silence* needs no further introduction except to say that it is oddly out of place here; *The Policy of Truth* is a bizarre tribute to the joy of falsehood with almost sly vocals over a traditional beat. *Blue Dress* rolls in with Gore's fixation with perversity and a stinging keyboard refrain. The final track, *Clean*, is a vast spiralling thing that swirls unstopably to the album's close.

Violator is dark, sweet and clean. In the shops from the 19th.

Stone



Quireboys + Red Dogs

—T&CC 22.2.90

Getting off the tube at Kentish Town last Thursday was an interesting experience. I've been to any number of gigs where the audience is predominantly hairy, or swathed in vast quantities of leather and spandex, but this was the first time I've seen headbands present in such profusion and variety. They came in all sizes, shapes and colours, and seemed to correlate to the dedication of the fans to a 'new' band—*The Quireboys*.

The headbands are something of a trademark for the band who, for most people, the only contact with which has been through their two singles to date *Hey You* and *7 O'clock*. The band has actually been around for a couple of years, but clinched a recording deal after supporting *Aerosmith* on their recent British tour.

For those who haven't heard the singles, *The Quireboys* (who incidentally include UFO singer Phil Mogg's nephew Nigel on bass) have a style that incorporates the *Georgia Satellites*, *Aerosmith*, *AC/DC* and lots more into a sound that is currently unique.

The band is a six piece, with the unusual presence of piano which gives the music a definite variety often lacking in the *Satellites*.

The gig on the 22nd was kicked off by *Red Dogs*, who did a good job in warming up a crowd who were really only interested in the headliners. They play a style of bouncing, heavy rhythm and blues that's both professional and fun to listen to, with a selection of good melodies that bodes well for a recording deal in the near future.

After the stage had been cleared for the *Quireboys*, a bar room set was revealed, albeit with a slightly distressing lack of amps or speakers of any sort. By the theme of *It Ain't Half Hot Mum* began to play as intro, the crowd was literally at fever pitch, and as soon as the band came on stage, all hell broke loose and the lack of visible amps gave the band all the more room for the show. They played with an infectious enthusiasm that caught up everyone present and swept them along for an hour of continuous rock 'n' roll.

A combination of really good tunes (like what you thought had gone out of fashion with the advent of *Bros* and *Kylie*), excellent performances and a crystal clear (but loud!) sound made it a night to remember. Even after playing the majority of songs from their debut *A Bit of What You Fancy* album, they still had good, if not better material to play.

AI Manthias.

The Blue Aeroplanes

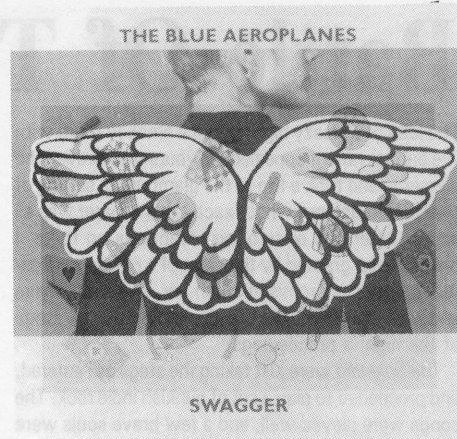
—Swagger LP

Bristol is the home of Concorde. Concorde is not blue. The great mystery is, can Gerard Layley (frontman) sing? If he can I hope he won't, as Rodney Allen (guitarist) could survive alone. The lyrics often sound like an after-thought to a guitar that literally sweats REM, but with the imagination of a breadcrumb. The chorus of *Orange Crush* fits beautifully to nearly every track, especially *Your Ages*.

What it is on side two (if you get that far) features Michael Stipe of REM so expect an effort to be original. Not a chance. Take any track off *Reckoning*, carefully remove the vocals and all instruments that aren't guitars, play at one speed and get a guy called Gerard to babble mindlessly over it in a pathetic American accent and you too can create the same endless boredom of *Swagger*.

This album should be dedicated to the REM fan who records *Harbercoat* sixteen times on one tape. In fact, in a scientific experiment we invited the backing of *Reckoning* with *Blue Aeroplanes* and saw if YOU could tell the difference. The climax comes with *Jacket Hangs* which is a shame, since it's the first track.

REM have officially learnt how to write more than one song. Why couldn't they give some lessons to this



guy on tour last year? Have they ever heard the word 'originality'? *Careful Boy* is totally typical: full of powdery clichés and so forgettable, I forgot I was listening to it.

To make this LP *The Blue Aeroplanes* took their EP, separated each phrase of the middle tracks, repeated it and after thirty minutes at gas mark 3, came out with an album. Except for *Jacket Hangs* it's totally forgettable. Stick to the EP unless you want to commit suicide by major coronary boredom.

SJH.

Johnny Clegg + Savuka

—Hammersmith Odeon

Due to the media, one assumes that all Black South Africans spend their lives dancing. Every news report shows the oppressed masses doing the tribal two-step in protest or celebration. It was a surprise that Nelson Mandela actually walked from prison and has so far resisted the urge to shimmy shammy to the world. Johnny Clegg, white but effectively a Zulu, showed that this compunction to boogie is not restricted to ethnic majorities when he turned Hammersmith Odeon into a party last Saturday night.

One of the unfortunates caught up in the cultural boycott of South Africa, he was banned by the musicians' union for having the affrontry to sell records in his adopted homeland despite his multiracial band and political stand-point. However, he is now back in the fold and promoting a new LP, *Cruel, Crazy World* on the back of his success in providing the soundtrack for *Rainman*. There was a strong bias towards the newer material in the show but little evidence that its amalgamation of the Western and African styles is unpopular with his fans despite such

criticism in the press.

It was the older familiar songs that really generated the atmosphere and elicited most noise from the large South African contingent at the back. Highlights were *Third World Child*, *The Berlin Wall*, *Skies of South Africa* and *I Call Your Name*, the last from his *African Shadowman* album which really broke him in the rest of Europe. In addition to their flamboyant stage garb, colour was also provided by the traditional Zulu dancing by Clegg and, in particular, vocalist Mandissa Dlanga, the large 'fire at the heart of Savuka'.

Clegg's songs are political but joyous in comparison with the protest songs of Western musicians. Counterpoint was accurately provided by his own choral Mandela song in memory of those for whom the struggle has cost them their lives. The man who can effectively transmit that message without ruining the carnival atmosphere he had created showed that he is leading the way in breaking down the barriers rather than just riding the Anti-Apartheid bandwagon.

CDL.

Pale Saints + Real People + Ride

—ULU 8.3.90

Oh no—another set of boring supports to endure before Pale Saints. But no—Ride, warming-up for the next day, were our entre.

Ride were simply beautiful. The two guitars are even more scorching than on vinyl and Mark's boyish, serene vocals add to perfection. Anoraks flapped in unison and grown men swooned as Mark gazed over, lost in a smooth hurricane of bliss. The eternal half-hour gushed with old and new. They played from their forthcoming EP, but these were greeted as favourites learnt back in November when *Ride* and *Pale Saints* last stormed through ULU. Bowl-tops and goths pulsed to *Drive Blind* and melted to *Chelsea Girl*, and then *Ride* were gone with their dream.

The reality of tedious indie-pop returned via some *Real People*. In the crowd, one read the paper, one did his computing and one just looked like a goldfish. They should be dragged off to Scallie-land with the



two Trevors who danced along.

Then we fell back to fantasy with 40 minutes of unstoppable sound from *Pale Saints*. The lyrical bass floats through a mist of guitar and syncopated rhythm, guided by another hazy stare and boyish vocals from Ian. The songs are more complex and melodic than

Ride and reminiscent of a harmonic *My Bloody Valentine*.

They re-enacted (they cannot merely play) mostly their recent LP which is still mainly unknown. The first roar rose for *Time Thief* from the EP, and the fever grew to the climax and finale, and their finest, *She Rides The Waves*. An *Inspiral Carpets* girl (obviously following Ian's haircut) crazed on the speaker stack which rattled and buzzed at the limit, as two *Jaguars* were pounded thrashing and screaming to their extreme. They couldn't leave forever after that, so encoored with the calmer *Sight Of You*, leaving us satisfied and sweaty, floating on a stream of ecstasy.

Must we wait another 4 months for the priveleged of seeing *Ride* and *Pale Saints* together again? Totally momentous.

SJH

Travel Competition

This week is the final round of the travel competition. STA Travel have generously donated a £100 voucher for use on any travel booked through STA Travel. The questions so far are:

- 1. What is the capital city of Liechtenstein?**
- 2. What is the capital city of Denmark?**
- 3. What is the capital city of Finland?**
- 4. What was Tanzania formerly known as?**
- 5. What was Zimbabwe formerly known as?**
- 6. What was Sri Lanka formerly known as?**

This week's final questions are:

- 1. What is the name of the highest navigable lake in the world?**
- 2. How long is the Great Wall of China?**
- 3. The summit of which mountain in Ecuador has the distinction of being the point furthest from the centre of the Earth?**

Tie breaker:

In the event of a tie the winner will be the first out of the hat.

Entries should reach the FELIX Office no later than 12.30pm Wednesday May 2. These questions will be repeated in the first issue of next term.

The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. The competition is open to all full members of Imperial College Union, excluding the Editor of FELIX.

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY

- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Outside Southside for sailing.
- Keep Fit**.....12.30pm
Southside Gym with Vicky.
- WellSoc Meeting**.....1.00pm
Union SCR. The last three episodes of 'The Prisoner'.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
Senior Common Room, Union Building.
- Midweek Service**.....1.00pm
Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....1.00pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Ten Pin Bowling**.....2.00pm
Meet at Gloucester Road tube.
- Wutan Tai Chi Chuan**.....3.00pm
Union Lounge. Instructor Hong Chun Lai. Martial art for all ages and sexes.
- Ladies Only Water Polo**.....6.30pm
IC Sports Centre. Enthusiastic new members welcome—any ability.
- Swim & Water Polo Dinner**.....7.30pm
Southside. All members (plus guests) invited!
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Experts class.
- FREE DISCO**.....9.00pm
In the Union Lounge Nightclub until 1am.

THURSDAY

- Christian Union Prayer Meeting**.....8.15am
Chaplaincy.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge. Last chance to collect refunds from racing or Wednesday skiing.
- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- IC Fencing Club**.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Methodist Society Speaker Meeting**...12.30pm
Chemistry 231. Everyone welcome.
- EnviroSoc Lecture**.....12.45pm
ME 542. '3rd World Transportation'. Alan Smith from Intermediate Technology Transport. The Annual General Meeting will be held after the lecture.
- Gliding Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Aero 266. Come along to arrange your first flight.
- ICSF Library Meeting**.....1.00pm
ICSF Library (below Beit). Members can borrow from 1,700 books.
- YHA**.....12.30
Southside Upper Lounge. Sign up for weekend break. Everyone welcome.
- Balloon Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge. All newcomers and hardened balloonies welcome. Sign up for weekends in the clouds.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym with Alice.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- 'Who Framed Roger Rabbit?'**.....7.30pm
Mech Eng 220. 50p to FilmSoc members, £1.50 to others.
- Karate Practice**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Next to Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run**.....9.00pm
Meet Week's Hall Basement Kitchen. Deliver food to

London's down and outs.

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and get high.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.35pm
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by IC Islamic Society.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Christian Union Meeting**.....6.00pm
Room 308 Computing.
- Swimming Training**.....6.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Fencing Club Meeting**.....6.40pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Water Polo Session**.....7.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Cricket Indoor Nets**.....7.45pm
Met in Mech Eng Foyer. Bring your whites, we have three nets this term.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside.

SATURDAY

- Karate Practice**.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
- Rag Raid to Guildford**.....1.00pm
Meet in Van Park.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....4.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners Class.

Small Ads

ADVERTISE IN THE FELIX SMALL ADS SECTION **FREE** IF YOU ARE A MEMBER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- **Cycling Club** training: Now also Saturdays.
- **Cheap** haircuts on Monday mornings only at Nino's hairdressers next to Tui's (the Thai Restaurant) at South Ken. £10 for students (normally £15). Nino's 38 Thurloe Place, South Ken 589 1054.
- **High** flyers required. Interested in joining/forming IC Flying Club. Contact Aris DoC 2.
- **Clubnight!** For the best in dance music, come to Roxanne's, 11 Harrington Gardens, SW7 (near the Gloucester Hotel and Texas Lonestar). 9pm 'til late.
- **Cloakroom Attendants** required during Easter vacation and term time, hours vary depending on event, rate £2.60 an hour. Please contact Caroline on Extension 3183, or call in the Conference Office.
- **Keep-fit club.** There will be workouts throughout the Easter vacation on Mondays and Thursdays, 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Gym.

FOR SALE

- **For sale** cycling shoes—specialised training/fitness shoes—worn twice, size 9. £18 or offers. P Stapleton, Computing.

LOST

- **Lost:** Graphic Novel 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner'. Please return via FELIX. (There's a reward).

ACCOMMODATION

- **Person** required to share flat one minute from College, £56 pw. Phone 584 9741 (evenings).

PERSONAL

- **Red Dawn II?** No—just Saff having a messy bonk.
- **Could you** tell Shan he left Jenny out of his credits last week?

CITY & GUILDS COLLEGE MAY BALL 1990

Friday 11th May
7.30pm for 8.00pm
at the FORUM HOTEL,
Cromwell Road

Tickets: £47 per double, now available
from Guilds Office
includes:

★magician ★disco ★cocktails ★dinner

COSMOPELICAN

March 1990 • £1.20

Why we
always use
such a cheap
sell as printing
a huge word
like

SEX

Why I started
eating tea
bags—Rose
Atkins

"Lay off my
sex life"—Paul
Shanley's plea
to the voting
minority

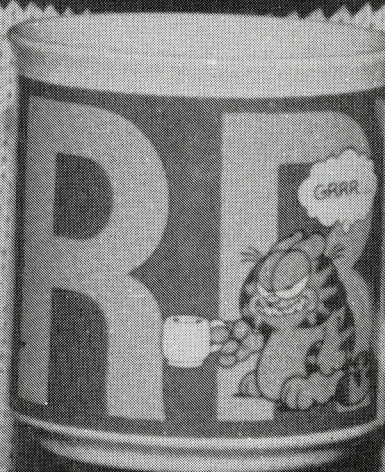
Do you care
about size? Is
it important?
Paul Shanley
talks frankly

Next year's
sabbatical fashions

EGG FETISH

- What they taste like
- How much it costs
- The truth about their sex lives

Plus: This issue's
free gift





cosmo **fashion**

**WATCH
FOR
THOSE
SAB
FASHIONS**

What will those darlings of the fashion scene be wearing next year? COSMO fashion correspondent, Edna Welthorpe talks to these top tipsters for the look of the nineties.

Chest wig by Fisons, £9.99; Anorak Millets, £14.99; Socks, Mrs Shanley knitting Co.; Shirt, Marks and Spencer, £5.99 (Summer sale 1985); Underwear by Miss Selfridge; Beergut by Guinness.

President—Paul Shanley

Out, out, out goes that blue pinstripe look, in comes the casual man at C&A theme. Paul is wearing a delightful citiesque stripey shirt divinely complimented by murky blue contact lenses, to provide that all in one co-ordinated look. Topping it all is the Qualcast haircut, available at B&Q. Tight blue jeans pinch in just enough to provide that sexy Adrian Johnson stomach overhang, with the finishing touch from Millets, that distinctive turquoise anorak.

Paul's tip: use Fison's lawn fertiliser for extra chest hair growth.

Honorary Secretary—Murray Williamson

It's goodbye to that rag-doll look and hello to the dynamic new Murray. The key word to the new look is 'interesting.' Unfortunately, Murray went to the same M&S sale as Mrs Shanley when she made up his look, but we can't all be original can we; boys? Murray makes up for this with his 'back to school' V-neck jumper. Hand crocheted on behalf of the 'Guidedogs for the blind' association, one can see the difference between this and the machine-made mass market. Topped by his pet hamster, 'Roger,' Murray need never look for a hairstylist again. Murray carefully selected his chins from the Reject Chiner Shop, see how well they hang!

Murray's tip: For that true gormless look, why not try catching flies on a Sunday afternoon?

Deputy President—Jessica Rabbit (New Election)

What a bore, darlings! No change here—we're going from one sexy redhead bombshell to another. Still the same flowing auburn locks, slinky panty-line and erotic wiggle of the hips while mooching around the Union Office. Next year's DP also likes the low-paid low-cut wet-nurse look; it's uniforms and domination all the way for these DP's. Strawberry emotion lotion and Wetherheds are the order of the day it seems! But remember, sweeties, Jessica is only a temp, you have a chance to vote for your very own trend setter in the Union Fashion Poll, next term.



Top left: leather from Eagle Leathers; Top right: Jacket, Eagle Leathers £105.50, Polo neck, £3.99 C&A (Spring Sale 1968), Casio watch, Dixons, £5.99; Left: Kinky nurse outfit, 'Toontown \$29.99; Below left: That casual look, Anorak, Millets (again); Below right: Jumper, Co-op (Back-to-school sale, 1980), Hair c/o 'Roger', lipstick, No3.



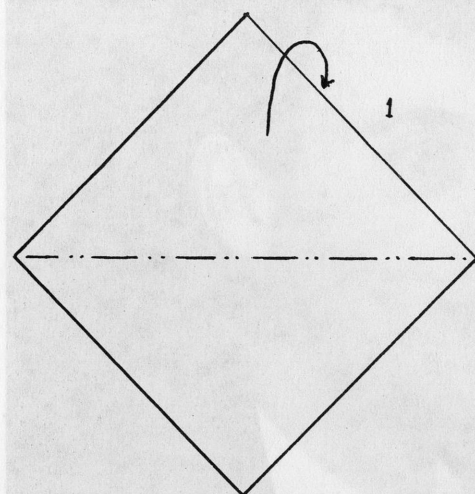
COSMO Editor—Chris Stapleton

Au revoir to that 'income-support look' we love to hate and Buenos Dias to a daring dash of camp fashion! A fervent supporter of Bisexual rights, Chris has really taken our breath away with his oh-so-butch leather motorcycle jacket at only £105.50 from Eagle Leathers, a mail-order company of great interest to leather and rubber enthusiasts. With his 'come-and-eat-me-up' style white polo-neck, Chris is fully kitted up for a leisurely cruise on his bike down Earls Court Road, that late night hotspot! But Quel Dommage, what do we spy underneath all his elegant finery? Some Black Lycra Cycling Shorts? At least they'll go with your Casio Digital Watch, Chris.

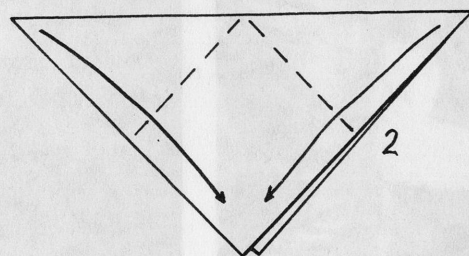
Just what he always wanted

cosmo gift

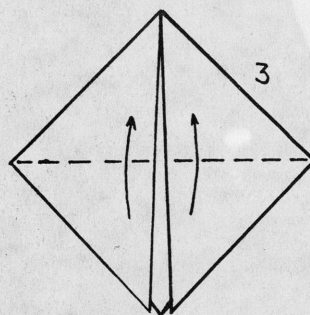
Make your own Samurai warrior's hat



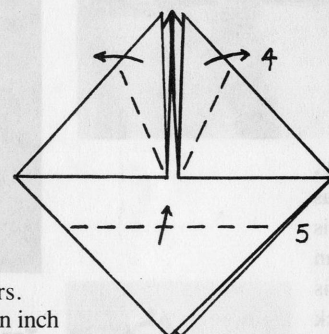
1. Fold top corner diagonally away, keeping straight edge at the top.



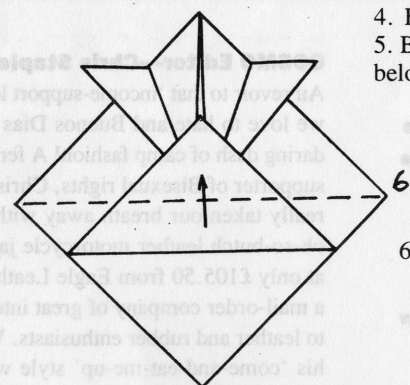
2. Bring corners down to form a diamond.



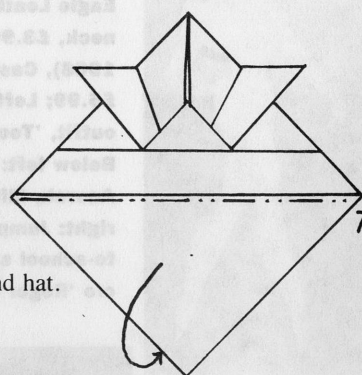
3. Fold the corners only up to the top.



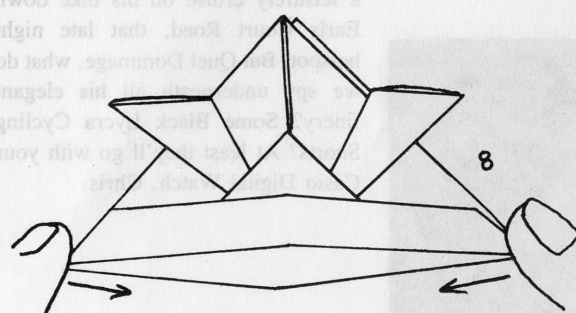
4. Fold flaps out to make ears.
5. Bring top layer up, folding an inch below the diagonal.



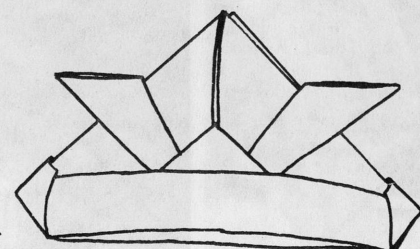
6. Fold again at 6.



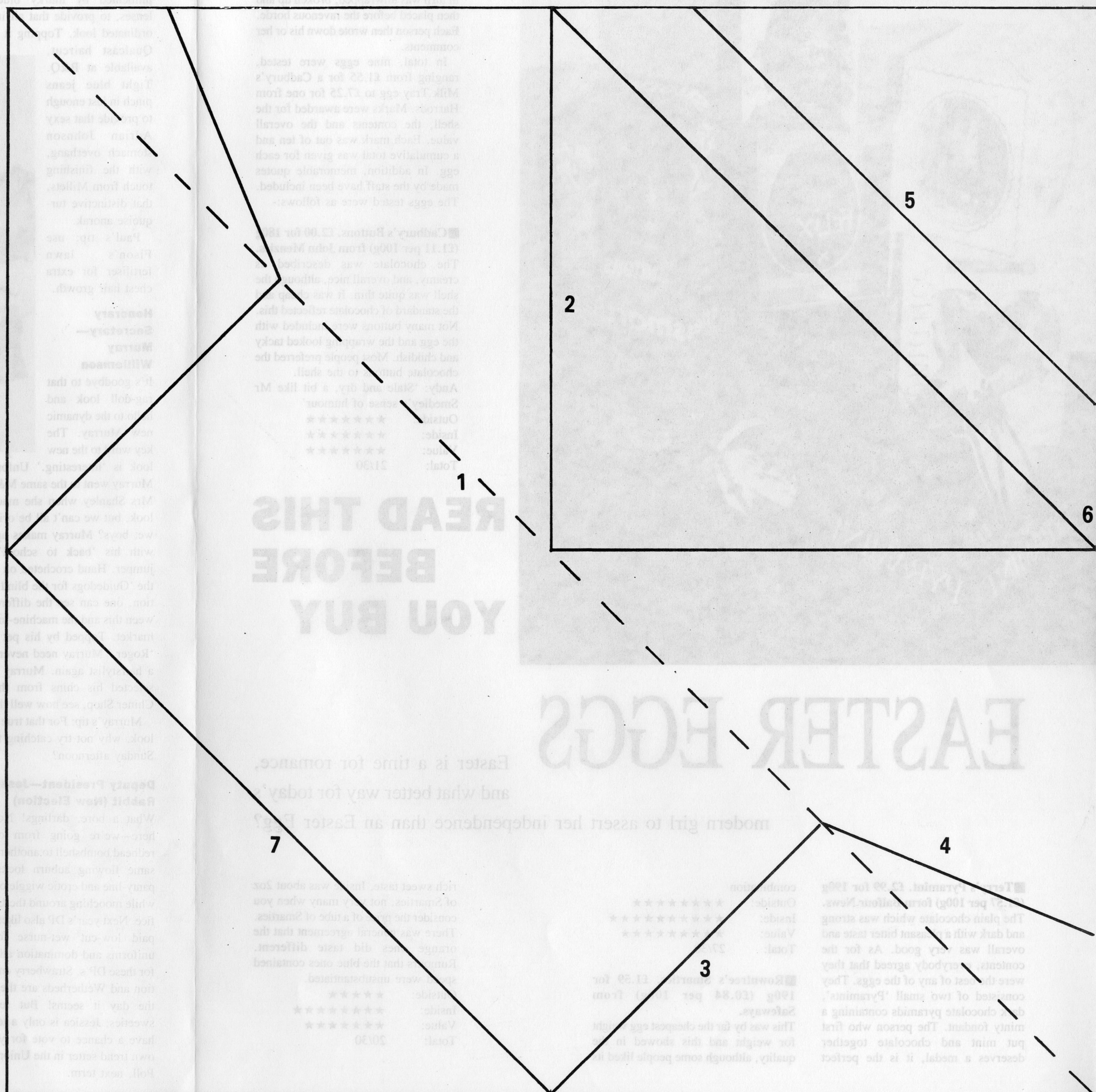
7. Bend single sheet up behind hat.



8. Squash hat and bend up corners.



9. Re-open to reveal completed hat.





Ever in pursuit of the truth, a dozen members of the COSMO staff were forced to consume nine easter eggs so that you will not spend your grant woefully.

The tests were made blind; each egg in turn was unwrapped, broken up and then placed before the ravenous horde. Each person then wrote down his or her comments.

In total, nine eggs were tested, ranging from £1.55 for a Cadbury's Milk Tray egg to £7.25 for one from Harrods. Marks were awarded for the shell, the contents and the overall value. Each mark was out of ten and a cumulative total was given for each egg. In addition, memorable quotes made by the staff have been included. The eggs tested were as follows:-

■ **Cadbury's Buttons.** £2.00 for 180g (£1.11 per 100g) from John Menzies. The chocolate was described as creamy, and overall nice, although the shell was quite thin. It was cheap and the standard of chocolate reflected this. Not many buttons were included with the egg and the wrapping looked tacky and childish. Most people preferred the chocolate buttons to the shell. Andy: 'Stale and dry, a bit like Mr Smedley's sense of humour'

Outside:	★★★★★★
Inside:	★★★★★★
Value:	★★★★★★
Total:	21/30

READ THIS BEFORE YOU BUY

EASTER EGGS

Easter is a time for romance, and what better way for today's modern girl to assert her independence than an Easter Egg?

■ **Terry's Pyramint.** £2.99 for 190g (£1.57 per 100g) from Balfour News. The plain chocolate which was strong and dark with a pleasant bitter taste and overall was very good. As for the contents, everybody agreed that they were the best of any of the eggs. They consisted of two small 'Pyramints', dark chocolate pyramids containing a minty fondant. The person who first put mint and chocolate together deserves a medal, it is the perfect

combination

Outside:	★★★★★★
Inside:	★★★★★★
Value:	★★★★★★
Total:	27/30

■ **Rowntree's Smarties.** £1.59 for 190g (£0.84 per 100g) from Safeways. This was by far the cheapest egg weight for weight and this showed in the quality, although some people liked its

rich sweet taste. Inside was about 2oz of Smarties, not very many when you consider the price of a tube of Smarties. There was general agreement that the orange ones did taste different. Rumours that the blue ones contained speed were unsubstantiated.

Outside:	★★★★
Inside:	★★★★★★
Value:	★★★★★★
Total:	20/30

■ **Suchard's Romance.** £3.99 for 215g (£1.86 per 100g) from Balfour News.

'Does not taste like real chocolate' was a typical comment and it was not considered poor value for money. The box was very pink and tacky, the sort of thing to give to your girlfriend (if you wanted her to be sick). The chocolates inside looked nice, but there were not very many and they did not taste particularly nice, being rather sweet and bland. This was the second most expensive egg and a much higher standard was expected.

Rose: 'Tastes like 'Good boy' chocolate drops'

Outside: ★★★
Inside: ★★★★★
Value: ★★★★★
Total: 12/30

Top: Anna Bodge

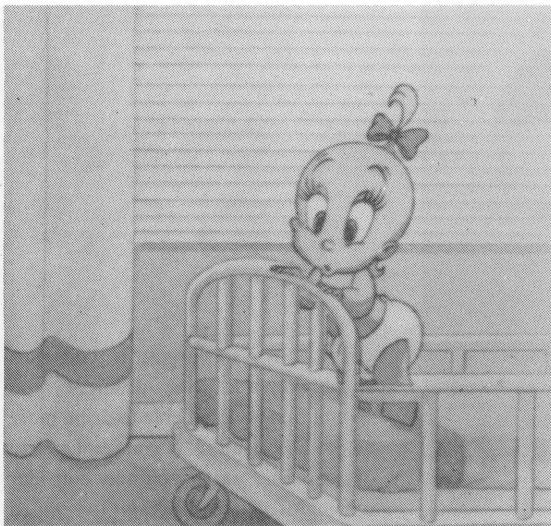
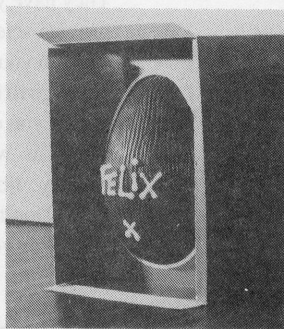
Right: Suchard

Romance

Far Right: Thornton's

Bottom: Terry's

Pyramint



loathed. It was not as smooth as the 'Pyramint' but some people preferred it. There were not many chocolates included as half of the egg was padded with tissue paper. There was no box but it did have a cute yellow bow. It was very expensive and was not as special as it should have been. In short, a rip-off.

Outside: ★★★★★★
Inside: ★★★★★★
Value: ★★
Total: 16/30

■ **Thornton's Milk Chocolate egg.** £2.75 for 180g (£1.11 per 100g) from any branch of Thornton's.

Your egg can be personalised in the shop at no extra cost to make a very personal gift. The actual shell was nice but a bit bland. Nearly everybody liked it and it was described as 'yummy' and 'milky'.

Rose: 'Synthetic'

Outside: ★★★★★★
Inside: Nothing
Value: ★★★★★
Total: 14/30 (No inside)

■ **Rowntree's Black Magic.** £3.15 for 200g (£1.58 per 100g) from Balfour News.

As the name suggests, the chocolate is dark although it has a mass consumption taste, not bitter like a dark chocolate should be. It had a 'liqueur' taste and the chocolates inside were reasonable but nothing special. The egg looked big but because of that the shell was rather thin.

Andy: 'Might have been nice if it wasn't preceded by 8 others, but not as nice as no. 2, the best of the dark chocolate'

Outside: ★★★★★★
Inside: ★★★★★
Value: ★★★★★
Total: 20/30

■ **The COSMO Egg awards were given to the following eggs:**

Best plain chocolate—Pyramint

Best milk chocolate—M+S

Best value for money—M+S

Best presentation—M+S

Best overall—M+S

The most hated egg—Suchard's Romance

Even though the M+S egg won overall this was due to most people preferring milk chocolate. The Harrods egg was of a very poor standard, not what you would have expected at all. Many people mistook the M+S for the Harrod's one.

After the tasting, comments like 'I feel ill' and 'I want to puke' abounded around the office. Some of the eggs were very sickly, the most notable one being the Rowntree's Smarties egg.

But the question remains, is chocolate a sex substitute or is sex a chocolate substitute?

■ **Cadbury's Milk Tray.** £1.55 for 130g (£1.19 per 100g) from John Menzies.

The egg was very small but reasonable value for money, the chocolate was the same as the Buttons egg. The cream chocolates inside were 'horrible' but the rest were enjoyable. This is the sort of egg to give to your Granny, but hope she gives you something better.

Andy: 'At this point in time I would like to apologise to the person I sit next to on the tube when I throw-up'

Outside: ★★★★★★
Inside: ★★★★★
Value: ★★★★★
Total: 18/30

■ **Marks and Spencer's chocolate egg.** £2.99 for 190g (£1.57 per 100g).

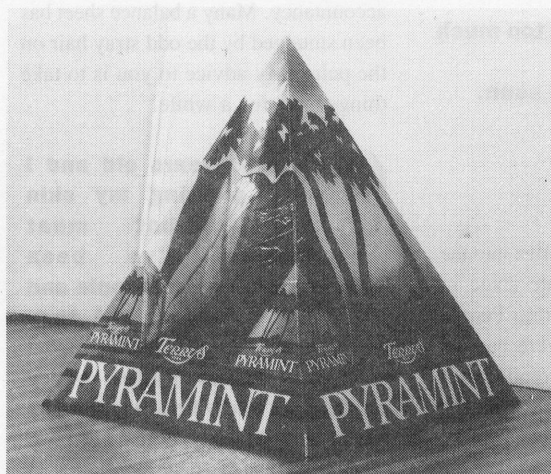
Very smooth milk chocolate that tasted nice, but the shell was thin. The box was very M+S, nicely presented and could just as well be given to a man or woman. Eight small creme eggs were included which were a bit sweet and gooey but still nice. Everybody agreed that it was a very good egg both for taste and value for money. Lovely chocolate. Positively orgasmic.

Outside: ★★★★★★
Inside: ★★★★★★
Value: ★★★★★★
Total: 27/30

■ **Harrods egg.** £7.25 for 170g (£4.26 per 100g).

The dark chocolate was very bitter and it was a taste you either loved or

Buying an Easter Egg might look easy, but our reporters found a wall of silence. The delights of chocolate as an aphrodisiac were plain for all to see.



by Anna Bodge



the agony column

Q I am a 23-year-old student who has just gained a sabbatical post. Now I have won, nobody wants to talk to me.

I have tried to consider whether I have said something wrong, but I believe my past record of drunken debauchery still haunts me. I have tried aversion therapy to alcohol, including an intensive course of overdrinking and vomiting, but nothing seems to help. All that seems to happen is that all my clothes fall off and everybody takes photographs. I cannot afford to buy another bag of Wimpy burgers for everybody at Gloucester Road Tube Station and I am sick of waking up on a tube train and not knowing where I am. Please help me, I think the post of president may prove too much for my liver if I don't do something soon.

a You have been thrust into the limelight at a late stage in your drinking life. People will forget the time you were banned from the college Christmas dinner after you hurled food from one table to another. Few people will even know about your 'Shan's Yer Man,' campaign for Deputy President in 1985-86, when your proposer said of you 'Shan is the sort of bloke whose mother denies all knowledge of knowing him.' Put the past behind

you and try to forget. If you start slowly on the drink problem, you should find yourself able to drink more before becoming ill. If you want a form of aversion therapy you may consider writing to the 'Drinking too much shrinks your willy' self-help campaign. They have years of experience and can provide scientific evidence which may frighten you away from drink for good. Your girlfriend may consider helping you, if you can persuade her to join the group as well. You are a twentieth century, liberated man with a job to fulfil. Don't let a little problem like this take over your life. Be horny and eat more fruit.

Q I am 19 years old and I am beginning to get worried about a bad habit I have developed. I have had the problem since the age of 13. I am only 5' 2" high and I have a severe problem with my eyesight. I would sign this letter but the hairs on my palms have clogged up the pen.

a Dear, oh dear, we do have a problem, don't we? A lot of people believe that working too hard can produce these symptoms. Many people in high pressure jobs work far too hard, and gain a reputation for being real workers. The problem is especially prevalent in merchant banking and accountancy. Many a balance sheet has been smudged by the odd stray hair on the palm. My advice to you is to take things easy for a while.

Q I am 19 years old and I enjoy piercing my skin with red-hot meat skewers. I've been involved in a few pineapple and grapefruit sessions, but they left me with a distinct limp. I read the Music pages every week and I know how horny they really are. After a friend told me about your agony column I thought I would ask for advice on some agony outside my present social circles. Please, please, please let me know the true path towards an agony column.

a Wow! I mean how horny. These scallies know how to slam don't they. I suggest a little moshed banana. All the (illegible—TS) were slamming the scallies into the fierce moshed banana last time I went to the gig of the week. Come along and I'll help you throw yourself on stage. *Birdsnest* are playing in my back room next week, so come along for some serious moshing. Spurred on by the mad frenzy of horny guitar sounds, you will be slammed to the sweatbox full of flapping flares. If all else fails, try a *Telescope* or a bit of *Fella de Sea*.

Q I have just been elected as a student newspaper editor. I thought the job would be excellent, but now I no better. The worry of not being able to spell has started to take its toll. For years, my friends casually referred to me as 'baldy' but I'm beginning to think they're right. The problem has developed beyond a joke. Although shaving has always played a paragon part of my sabre-toothed life, I have lost the knack of knowing where to stop. My epee of a razor has been blunted by this velvet satire. Without your help I'll be faxed.

a Why oh why did you stand, if you had such fears over your spelling? If you let these fears trouble you, you'll end up as policeman, who retires to become a security officer. Hair loss is just a part of life. Many women even find bald men attractive. Why not make a feature of it? A brief shine with a proprietary brand of beeswax can make you stand out in a crowd. If all else fails, try slamming your head into a moshed banana. In the meantime, why not get involved in a local self-help group, like 'I don't want to be bald by 30,' a nationwide group who supply comforting advice on hairpieces and hats. Your local branch can be contacted c/o Ian Froth, Children's Television, Cheapskate.

by **Dingly Del**

The Knight of Cheapskate

The Baron was so happy. After all these years of bumbling buffoonery he had been made a knight of the OBN. After years of being snubbed by his friends on the Committee of Very Clever People he had made the big time. He could hear the words now, 'Arise Sir Derek, Knight of Cheapskate.'

His eyes misted over as he remembered the night of the announcement. Drunk with joy, he had cycled home to Cheapskate, only for some fool to knock him flying. Didn't the law of Gravity KNOW he was a Knight. So it was that Derek Dash, not-quite-so-noble-as-he-would-have-really-liked Knight of the OBN, found himself on crutches. All he was was a simple Knight-Bachelor, saggy and a bit loose at the seams, but Mad Dash loved him, now she was a 'reaul genuwhine English Laydey.'

Things were going well. Now that John Secretary had left there was no one to stand in his way. With his friends in the Manic Planning Group he had the power, he had the authority, he had the ego, he could do what he wanted. With House of Fraser by his side, the citizens were powerless. That Neil McCrafty was just a pawn. All he needed to do was sidestep McCrafty and deal with Dai Incompetent, the deputy pawn. The question now stood, with a pawn and a knight, who was the queen?

Welcome OldRidge was sitting in his office, planning the new rents for the citizens. 'If I subtract three apples from six bananas and custard, in the Expensive Hall meals budget, I should only have to charge four pears and a pomegranate per week,' he thought. 'How fruity!'

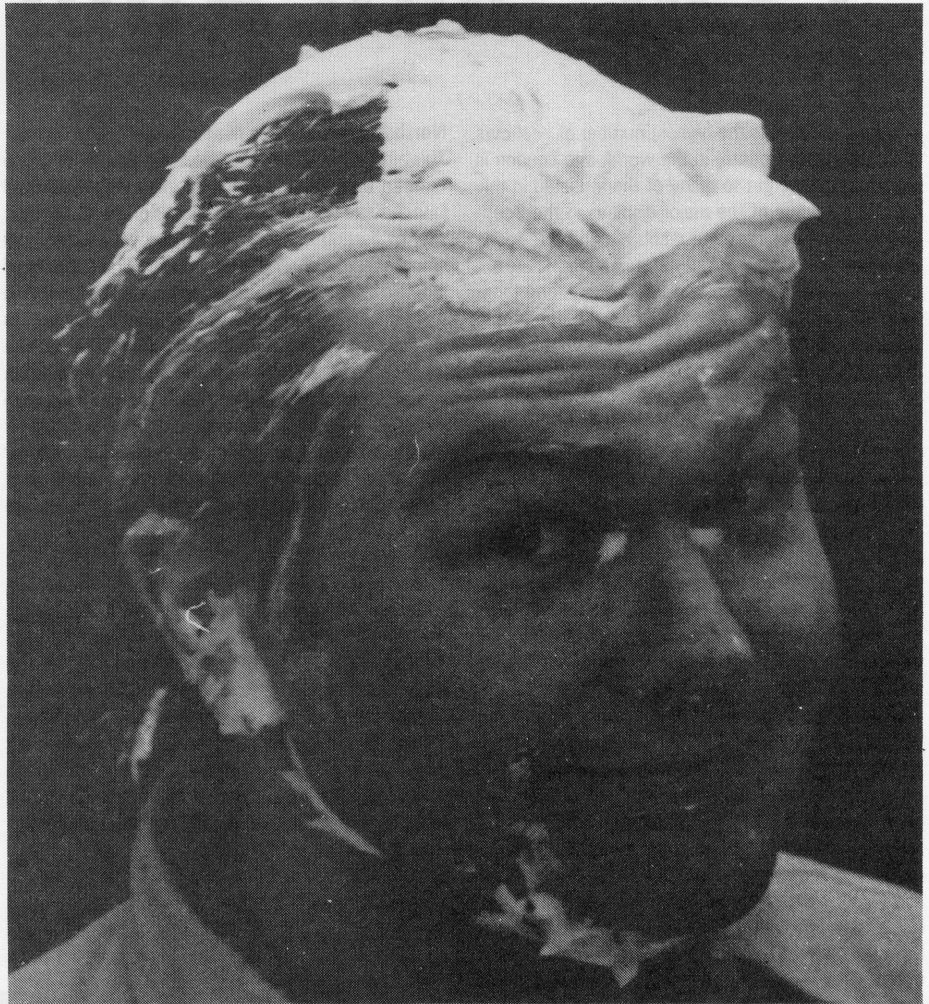
The citizens were outraged: 'Four Pears and a pomegranate!' shrieked Neil McCrafty. 'I want the citizens' opinion on this one. We must let everyone know. After years of outrageously citrus rent increases, we should call for a freezing of rents. I shall write a rude letter to the Knight and call for frozen fruits. Sir Derek can sling his hook, there are plenty more fish in the sea after all.'

Derek just laughed. 'Their calls will fall upon deaf ears,' he said. 'I have had enough of fruitful discussions. I shall fight them on the beaches, I shall fight them on the shingle pits, I shall...' he mumbled on, realising that his political ambitions were all for naught. 'Shingle pits,' he thought, 'what a fine idea. Mad Dash has wanted a new lighting system for the downstairs toilet in 710 for some time. This could be the chance for a profitable bit of negotiating. I shall tell McCrafty that citizens will be allowed to use the toilet as a facility on Fridays during April in a leap year. He'll realise that the money from the shingle pits should pay for it. I'll tell him it's for a new set of citizens' living quarters.'

The Shingle Pits, now there was an issue (bless you). Alas! All was not well. Hooker Club were defiant. 'We refuse to play on a cabbage patch,' screamed Benj Trainers. 'The College has enough vegetables already. If anyone suggests a fruit patch as well, I shall scream.'

'Your Astroturd is far too expensive,' House of Fraser replied. 'You can make do with an orange peel foundation. I want value for money. I'm not seeing you wasting good Cheapskate money on an Astroturd pitch based on Pineapples when there are plenty of good oranges left over from last year.'

Meanwhile, in the Phallix Office, Adrain 'Fruity' Heathen was sobbing. 'I'm sick of these allusions to fruit,' he cried.



'I agree,' said Smuggly, turning from lighting the last blackcandle in his office. 'Fruit has figured far too much in Phallix recently. Here, have an apple and console yourself.' Smuggly looked up from his pentagram, wiped the blood from his hands and moaned 'that's the last time I print Guiltsheet.'

Suddenly (as if by magic), the telephone rang (and a shopkeeper appeared). It was Mike Gravestone, manager of the Citizens Comic Shop. 'Strewth,' said the man in a very Kiwi fruit styled voice as he disappeared almost as quickly as he had appeared.

'Look's like the pentagram's still working,' said Smuggly, as he traced a train shaped sigil upon the floor of the Phallix Office.

'Where am I, what am I,' groaned the apparition as it solidified. The image became as clear as day and continued to solidify. It was Wing Commander Trainspotter and he was not chuffed. Suddenly steam started to pour from all of the Wing Commander's orifices. 'This time, Smuggly,' he screamed, 'you've gone too far. With these fruity comments and your Pricocon misprints, you've gone totally off the rails. I've had enough, I'm off to Clapham Junction for a quiet bit of shunting,' he complained. Smuggly smiled and traced the number 462 on the floor as the Wing Commander started to fade.

Meanwhile, in the Dirdiggers' office, Rob Paddle, the chief Dirdigger, was voting for the new head Dirdiggers. 'Biroknee Moses she's a girly. We can't have that.' Biroknee, the Dirdiggers' Pornsheet editor knew that she had little or no chance in the Very

Secret Ballot, held by the Dirdiggers. The Dirdigger elections were never fair. The problem was that none of the Dirdiggers could count. Every year, they were forced to make the numbers up. Smuggly was sure that he was not going to use Rob Paddle for anything intellectual, when he slaved for a day. The Rocktappers didn't care anyway.

Dai Incompetent was sitting in his office, playing with his balls. He had made so many ballsups recently, he had started a collection. 'All I wanted was a quiet life,' he moaned. 'Just me and my gal and a barrel of Brakespears. If things don't improve I shall be forced to start drinking all day with Ugg Hagan.'

'Stop complaining,' said Fiona Knickerless, as she wandered in with Jacob Marley. 'You're working this weekend. I'm off for some more events with Jacob, bye!'

As the chief citizens moaned and mumbled Smuggly plotted. 'The end of the world is nigh,' he screamed with a manic grin on his face, as he turned to his four friends from the riding club. 'Get those black rags smartened up, it's time for a party. 'Famine, get in the Hack Bar and start on those portion sizes, they're far too big. Pestilence, Professor Anderson wants a word, and War, you can stay down here for now.' Death grinned, he was good at it.

'The end of the world?' said Jason Cynic, looking up from his cup of coffee, 'that's the first good news I've heard all day.'

'News?' shrieked the Fairystories Editor, Adam Hassling'em. 'Oh my ears and whiskers, where?'

Roland Flowerdew reports on the airshows around London this year.

1990: 50th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain

Britain probably has the highest number of airshows per head of any country in the world, and London is a good centre to get to many of them. Listed in this feature are some of the major displays in the South of England; dates for other displays can be found in magazines such as *Air Display International*. There are many RAF open days around the country, and there are few parts of the country that are not within striking distance of one of these. Even if your interest in aircraft is minimal, it can be well worth attending one of these events, because most are geared to cater for 'all the family', with plenty of other attractions.

Airshows tend to fall into two categories, military and civilian. Military airshows are staged by air forces, but in many cases there are private aircraft on display. The reverse also applies: at many civilian airshows there is a military presence, for example, the Red Arrows. As might be expected, civilian airshows tend to have more historic aircraft, both types have advantages and disadvantages. Given below are details of three different types of airshow: civilian, military and trade.

Most people consider the aerobatic display teams to be the highlight of any airshow. Military air display teams usually fly advanced jet trainers, because front-line fighters are extremely expensive to run, while civilian aerobatic display teams fly aircraft such as the Pitts Special, a piston-engined biplane. The difference is one of speed and scale; the BAe Hawk that the Red Arrows fly is capable of up to 1000 km/hr at sea level, but a Pitts Special can loop in not much more than its own length. Jet aircraft are visually more impressive however: at any airshow, when the Red Arrows are announced, the beer tents clear, the hangers empty and everyone looks around and into the distance for the nine headlights that portend their arrival. Flying over 100 displays per season, the Red Arrows are Britain's premier aerobatic team (and many would argue that they are the world's best). They were formed in 1965, originally flying Gnats, and quickly established a reputation for formation flying of absolute precision. The skill involved in performing, for example, a formation roll is phenomenal, because not only do the outer craft have to roll, they have to 'corkscrew' around the axis of the roll to maintain the impression of the rolling formation. The Red Arrows converted to Hawks for the 1980 season, after Gnats were withdrawn from general RAF use. The Hawk offered an improved performance envelope, with a better fuel consumption, and better serviceability, and this meant improved displays. The Red Arrows usage of the Hawk has led to a large number of sales of the type to other air arms, and good publicity for the UK aerospace and defence industries.

- Arrive very early to beat the queues, and aim to be at your selected vantage point at least an hour before the flying display begins.
- Use some form of sun-burn protection. Even on a dull day you can end up with a very red face.
- Never leave litter around—it can cause lethal accidents.
- Take something else to do in case there is a lull in activity.

North Weald: Fighter Meet 1990

This airshow has the distinction of being the only one with an underground station (North Weald, Central Line) a short walk away, and this is probably the best way of getting there. When buying your ticket, you may have to contend with London Transport staff who do not believe the station exists! If you buy a travelcard you may have to queue to pay a supplement at North Weald station as it is outside travelcard zone 5. LT usually provide admission inclusive fares. The airshow itself is a mixture, with some representation from the RAF and other air forces, but much of the display consists of older aircraft. A favourite theme consists of mock dog-fights, complete with explosive effects, which are usually very good.

Mildenhall: Air Fête '90

The largest (and best) airshow in Britain, Mildenhall regularly attracts over 300,000 visitors over the weekend, approximately equivalent to 1/2% of the population of the UK. Run by the USAF, Mildenhall has a large number and variety of military aircraft from most NATO members, and usually boasts over six hours of flying display per day. In the past, the Lockheed SR-71A (Blackbird) has flown here, and other types include Rockwell B-1B, Boeing AWACS,

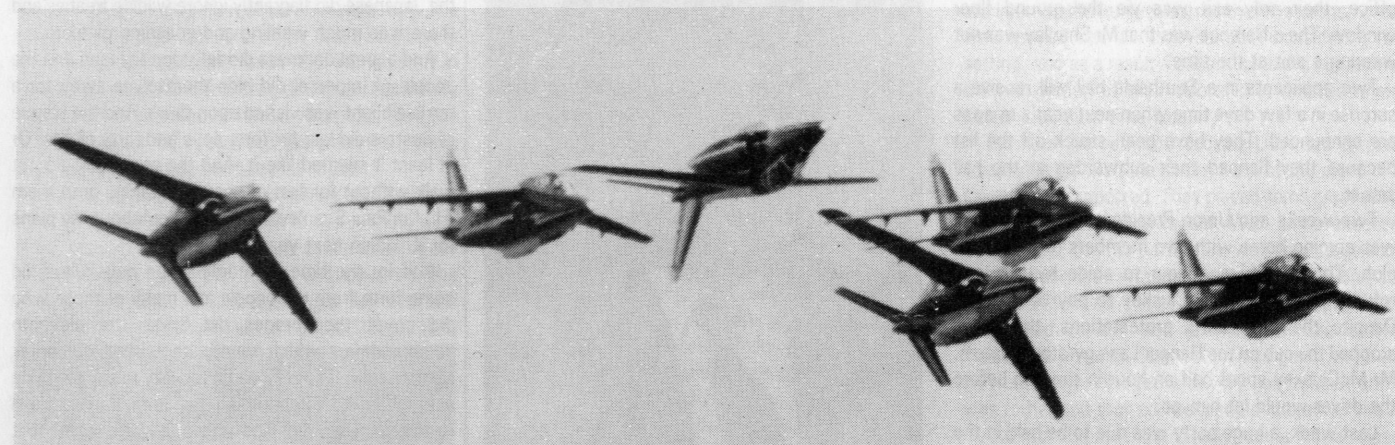
Lockheed Galaxy (larger than a Boeing 747). Mildenhall often manages to get foreign aerobatic display teams such as the Patrouille de France, as well as the Red Arrows. If you do think of going to this airshow, it is possible to go by rail, but it would probably be much cheaper to go by car with friends, since there is a flat car parking/entry charge regardless of the number of occupants. It is best to aim to arrive before 9am, because huge traffic jams form, and you can spend three hours stuck outside.

Farnborough: Farnborough International '90

This airshow is primarily a trade airshow, with manufacturers from all over the world attempting to sell their products. This means that the aircraft on display here are frequently the latest types, and are displayed by pilots who are attempting to 'sell' them to the VIPs beneath. Quite a few aircraft are rarely or never seen in the UK in the usual way—remember the Mig-29s in 1988? The disadvantage of this is that some of the display consists of aeroplanes that, although new, are fundamentally boring for show purposes. Farnborough can be reached by train from Waterloo, and this could well be the cheapest way to go, as car parking and general admission is very expensive.



Boeing EC-3A Sentry (AWACS), Mildenhall 1989



Alphajets of the Patrouille de France, Mildenhall 1989

Photo Tips

- Take plenty of reasonably fast film: although film can be bought at large airshows, you may have to walk a long way to get more.
- Compact cameras: it is usually a waste of film to take photos of aircraft in flight as they are only a speck in the resulting picture.
- Use a high shutter speed for flying aircraft, always pan and follow through to get a sharp image.
- Use a lens hood to stop flare, and always use a protective filter on the lens—you may be showered with tiny oil droplets.
- Use a telephoto zoom lens if possible, and don't be

afraid of using the maximum aperture available.

- Take pictures when the subject is approaching: rear views rarely come out well.
- Unless you have spot or very advanced metering, try setting your camera by metering on grass/concrete in front of you or on your hand, then using exposure lock. Frequently re-check the setting, especially if there is cloud cover. Automatic cameras tend to produce well-exposed skies, but the aircraft are silhouettes.
- Alternatively, compare meter readings taken on the grass, and on a passing aeroplane, then set the difference on the exposure +/- setting.
- Try and stand so that you have a good view, otherwise heads will intrude into your shots.
- Auto-focus cameras: the lens may not focus fast enough, so try switching to manual, and setting it to

infinity.

- Take spare batteries.
- Formation teams: let the formation fill the viewfinder. Don't waste film on large and loose formations, the aircraft only appear as specks.
- Smoke trails left behind aircraft can make effective pictures.
- It is extremely difficult to get a good shot of the Red Arrows' syncro pair because of the time delay between pressing the shutter release and the shutter action occurring.
- Don't assume everyone around you is an expert: photographic poseurs abound at airshows. Stunning pictures can be obtained on basic SLRs.
- It can be helpful to write down aircraft types as you take photos, otherwise you may end up with a pile of unidentified aircraft pictures.

A GUIDE TO AIRSHOWS DURING THE SUMMER

MEETING

12/13 May—**North Weald Fighter Meet 1990**

26/27 May—**Mildenhall Air Fête '90**

16/17 June—**Biggin Hill International Air Fair**

27 August—**West Malling, Kent Great Warbirds**

7-9 September—**Farnborough Farnborough International '90**

COST OF ADMISSION (approx)

£7 at gate on foot
£4 in advance

£10 per car (regardless of number of occupants)

£7 at gate
£5 in advance
£0 Saturday, £3 Sunday

(discount for 12 or more especially in advance)

No prices available yet

£11 adult
£3 car

Keith Prowse give discount for 20 people or more

The Calumny Column

by Caroline Toynbee

It's curious what you can see simply by hanging around Beit Quad these days. The oddest sight was current President Neil McCluskey and President-elect Paul Shanley attempting to avoid someone who had walked into the FELIX office. Trapped in the back office, their only exit was via the ground floor window. The difference was that Mr Shanley was not wearing a suit at the time.

Two applicants in a Southside hall will receive a surprise in a few days time when next year's re-apps are announced. They have been struck off the list because they flanned their subwarden at the hall dinner.

Two weeks ago Union President Neil McCluskey was coming home with two members of the dance club. The taxi driver, eager to abide by the law, refused to allow Mr McCluskey to pay by cheque. Despite the president's protestations, the driver stopped the cab on the Hanger Lane gyratory system. Mr McCluskey spent half an hour in the taxi before the driver would let him go.

Last week, a huge party was due to be held in the lounge. Labelled the 'Acid Rave', it was advertised in other London colleges. On the night in question, there was no lighting in the quad due to a fault in the timer switches. The duty officer, Doug King, realising that there was a problem, promptly appointed another duty officer and made arrangements to get emergency lighting installed. At considerable expense the Dramsoc lights were used—all 2kW of them. The shift engineer was also telephoned to arrange emergency lights for the entrance to the quad to enable card checks to be done. He eventually turned up with a 60W light bulb on a piece of extension cord. Eventually, when all the preparations had been made, the party could begin. 12 people turned up.

A brief question: Why did Union Deputy President Dave Williams spend the entire weekend hiding in his room from David Cornwall, Chairman of Afro-Caribbean Society?

Approximately eighteen months ago, the Sheffield Main Dining Hall was refitted at a cost rumoured to be in the region of £20K. The plans were designed not by the College estates section nor the refectories section, but by the Rector's wife, Lady Clare Ash. It now seems that the MDH is to undergo another refit. This time the cost is rumoured to be as much as £30K. The architect? Lady Clare Ash.

Lots of swear words were heard in the corridors near Catering Manager Rob Northey's office last Monday. This followed an event held in the JCR the previous weekend by our very own Indian Society. Following the mess left by the Chem Eng dinner the weekend before, Honest Rob's nerves were left even more frayed by having to clear up gallons of red paint from the walls and floor of the JCR. Perhaps its time for Rob to reconsider the job offer that he is holding...

There are two loopholes in Union bye-laws that are about to be made open. One states that a sabbatical can take a second term in office provided that they finance themselves. This presumably enables anyone to run again if they can obtain sponsorship. The second loophole enables anyone to run if they are an occasional student (à la Howgate). How fitting then, that an ex-sabbatical is about to enrol on an MBA course with a view to running for Deputy President this term.

Friday's Stagefright gig saw Ents Chairman, 'BJ' McCabe, in fine form. With the entire union tannoy system at his disposal, Mr McCabe announced the



support band 'The Hogfuckers.' The guests at the gliding club dinner in the union dining hall probably didn't see the funny side; the average age of the diners was 50.

Meanwhile the RCS are bumbling along with their plans for the Silwood ball, which won't be held at Silwood park. Tradition dictates, of course, that we should all still refer to it as the Silwood ball, despite the most likely venue suggested, the Queen's Lawn. Rumours indicate that RCS Ents Chairman and future RCS president, Sid Hiiemae hopes to have a band in the Queen's Tower, food in the main dining hall and dancing on the lawn. Tres Chic, Sid, but you won't be getting many takers at £50 for that.

With an imminent change in the accommodation office approaching the knives are being sharpened. The residence finance group are to be transferred from the Sheffield building to 15, Princes Gardens, to aid communications between them and the accommodation office. Are there any secrets to hide? Who knows. The shredding machine in the accommodation office ran into overdrive last week, however. Rumours that Loretto O'Callaghan spent her two week break attempting to find a new job are totally unfounded.

Odds for future president, Paul Shanley, passing his finals now stand at 6-4 on, in the Holbein House betting consortium. Mr Stapleton, FELIX Editor-elect, stands somewhat lower at 10-1 against.

Rob Northey is clearly worried about the success of the newly-vamped Union Snack Bar. On Monday, along with the Sheffield Supremo, Angus 'House of' Fraser, he carried out a reconnaissance operation on this outlet. Rumours that their entourage included a video cameraman are said to be strongly denied. FELIX telephoned the refectories office to discover if there was a connection between the raid and Rob's plans to turn the outlet into a Taco Bar. The reply was 'Rob Who?'

Finally, Paul Shanley bared all last week when he was stripped naked in the union bar. Avid photographers were on the spot to catch a rare sight of Mr Shanley's oratory end as it was shown to the world. The pictures should be appearing in *Pig Farmers Weekly* soon.

ST Felicitus

And it came to pass in the land of Imperi'al that the rulers of the people had become tired and the time did approach for new rulers to come forth. And lo there was much indifference. And the people of Imperi'al did rend their clothes for it was trendy so to do, and the Japanese did flagrantly ignore wildlife treaties and there was much whaling and gnashing of teeth.

And a great darkness did fall upon the land and the people of Imperi'al did hide themselves away for a terrible blight was visited upon them. And the plague of posters did last for forty days and forty nights. Or at least it seemed like it. And the people would not walk without for fear of someone saying unto them 'Hi, I'm Paul Shanley, let me tell you about my plans for IC Union next year...'

And lo, the time did come when new rulers did come forth from the people and many of those who did covet the thrones did break the eleventh commandment which sayeth 'thou shalt not break election rules unless Fiona be too lazy to say anything about it.' And Ritsperis did say unto the people 'I knoweth the word of God' and lo, it was a shame that no one would listen to him. And Doug who could speak no bullsh*t did go unto the people and the people did say unto him, 'if thou can bullsh*t not why on Earth are you standing for President for is it not a requirement of the job?' And from the left did come Orrow-Whiting but, lo, I can not think of anything funny to say about him.

And from the office of FELIX did come a cry, for Wyatt of the tribe of Margaret who believeth in the Poll Tax and Student Loans and who are indeed responsible for landing the people of Imperi'al in the shit, did covet the throne of Smedley. And Wyatt did say unto the tribe of FELIX 'I know how to run a newspaper better than you do so nah-nah-ni-nah-nah.' But the people of Imperi'al were not quite that stupid. And Stapleton who did also covet the throne of Smedley, did say unto the people of Imperi'al, 'let me have the throne of Smedley and I will smite the diabolical Ash with my velvety epée'. And the people of Imperi'al did look in a dictionary and did discover that 'excellant' was not spelt like that.

And the people did chose Shanley of the out of date rail ticket and they did also choose Williamson of the pullover and Stapleton of the purple prose. And yet the throne of Williams did remain empty for the people had look'd and said 'who the hell is new election anyway?'. And there was still much indifference.





Retraction

FELIX Issue 863 contained references to the Union permanent staff and Ken Young which suggested that they had enquired into the registry and finance records of Paul Shanley. After further research it appears that this was not the case. I apologise for any damage this may have caused and withdraw the allegations made concerning this matter. The comments were based upon the words of someone who has now changed their view of circumstances as they took place.

The Sabbaticals

The rector's querying of the Union sabbaticals as representatives of the students leaves a grave question to be answered. Do the sabbaticals represent the students or 'The Union'? By suggesting to the College's governors that the president of IC Union does not represent the students the rector has placed a trump card on the table which threatens the students' negotiating powers with the College. Sir Eric knows that Union General Meetings are badly attended and he knows that this would seem to suggest a large indifference to the Union on the part of the students. If he pushes the point he could well win his case over the Harlington Gravel funds. After all, if the Union president does not represent the students, why should the College's governors listen to him?

At present, the students' Union is the only form of

student representation to the College. If the rector refuses to acknowledge it as such, where does that leave you, the students? The rector has suggested that IC Union hold a referendum on the question of how we spend the money from the Harlington gravel extraction. Since the rector wants to see more views from the students in this area, why not let him know how you feel in other areas? Sir Eric represents the College on the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals. Do you think he is representing you as students? If the rector wishes to test the students' faith in the Union sabbaticals as student representatives, I suggest he should test their faith in him as well. If we do have a referendum on the question of Harlington, we should also run a question concerning students' faith in the way the rector is running the college.

The Jazz Festival

Dave Williams was wrong to drag out the question of Afro-Caribbean Society's room booking for last night. His refusal to act promptly has wasted a great deal of AfroC Chairman, Dave Cornwall's time and a lot of the Union's money. Mr Williams knew about the College Bar Committee decision a month before he informed AfroC that they could not have their room booking. He told Fiona Nicholas, when she confirmed the room booking in February, that he did not believe the College Bar Committee decision would affect the union. He says he did not think that the committee had decided to ban AfroC. Unfortunately, Dave was in a minority of one in thinking this.

Dave could have informed AfroC as soon as the actual decision was brought to his notice. All he had to do was write a letter to AfroC and Fiona, informing them of the committee's decision. He was asked to do this on several occasions by the Union Manager

and the Union Bar Manager. He carried on regardless. Either Mr Williams has a memory like a sieve or he is incompetent. Here's to next year's DP, whoever he or she may be.

Print Unit

The Print Unit will be closed from 1.30pm today for a staff trip to Streatham Bowls. Anybody who has put their name down for bowling should meet at the FELIX office by 2pm today.

Credits

A lot of people have put a lot of work into this issue. Many thanks firstly to Andy Thompson who has worked late to complete the printing on time and to covergirl, Rose Atkins for typesetting at lightning speed. Thanks to Adrian Pagan, Toby Jones, Adam Tinworth, Joe Wright, Michael Wapplehorst, Phil, Del, Stone, Chris Leahy, Sarah, Edna Welthorpe, Anna Bodge, Paul Shanley, Roland Flowerdew, **Adam Harrington**, Jason Lander, Dave Millard, STA, Tom Yates, Caroline Toynbee, **Jeremy Burnell**, Chris Adams, Liz Warren, Ian Hodge, Richard Evers, Adrian Johnson, Briefly Su, all Clubs & Sports contributors, Caterpillar Café staff for food, Streets Ahead, Liz Rickwood, and anybody else I might have forgotten. Last week's collators: Liz Warren, Nick Merriam, Nick Lay, Andy Bell, Paula Turner (IC Gliding Club), J Batson (IC S&WP Club), Rufus, Gwyn, Emma, BJ (IC Ents), Ian Hodge, Sunny Ghaie, Richard, Chris Adams, Nomtha Gawe (ICDS), Phil Done, Bruce Parker (ICDS).

Thanks to Guilds for collating this issue.

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WIN

JESUS JONES

Videos and Records

Your faithful FELIX, courtesy of Streets Ahead, is giving away loads of fabulous freebies from those psychedelic popsters, **Jesus Jones**.

You could win one of the following:

- ★3 copies of *Jesus Jones* new 12" single, *Real, Real, Real*.
- ★3 copies of the promotional video for *Real, Real, Real*.
- ★3 copies of their debut album, *Liquidizer* (including the single *Info Freako*).
- ★*Jesus Jones* posters, postcards and photographs.

Any of this could be yours for the answer to this question:

NAME ONE OF THE OTHER BRITISH BANDS THAT JOINED JESUS JONES IN THE RECENT 'BRITISH ROCK FOR ROMANIA' TOUR.

Get your answer to the FELIX Office by Wednesday April 25. The winners will be the first correct answers pulled from the shopping trolley on this date, and you too could be bopping to the electro-guitar frenzy.

Get those answers in NOW.



Student reply

Dear Dave,

I was saddened to see more attacks on the Union permanent staff in recent issues. Far from receiving a 'miserable grudging reception', I have always found Michelle, her predecessor Kathy, and Jen polite and helpful in my dealings with them over the last six years.

Unfortunately, there are far too many people at IC who seem to think they deserve better treatment than everyone else, from the snotty fascist fresher who couldn't be bothered to get a Union Card when everyone else did, yet has a 'right' to demand one instantly when he sees fit, through to the guy who couldn't fill a van with petrol as he was 'too ill', despite being able to drive back from Wales on his own.

Given the large number of such people that they have to deal with, I am surprised the Permanent Staff manage to stick it at all. In fact, the few occasions when I have seen any of them lose their temper is when trying to deal with the above kind of person, who apparently thinks treating people like servants is the way to get the best service. Well, it isn't, and hopefully people like this will soon learn that those who go looking for confrontation usually find it, whereas if you're pleasant to someone, even if you think they're in the wrong, you usually get a better response.

In this light, I fail to see how vitriolic attacks on the Permanent Staff can do anything but aggravate the problem you claim to be having with them, so how about being a bit more positive? It can't do any harm, and you could even get to like it.

Yours,

Dave Wilson, Comp PG.

Quite frankly..

Dear Dave,

I have heard Liz Warren's explanation of how the Union office staff reacted to the large amount of franking done. Further, I have heard directly how the office staff reacted to Liz's letter, and both sides feel that there are principles at stake.

Sadly, there are, and more. Anyone who has worked with the Union in any of its aspects will have seen how many people work harder and longer than they should to get the job done—permanent staff, sabbaticals, Union officers, people who design and distribute publicity, van drivers, Rag collectors and so on and so forth.

The Union cannot possibly afford to pay for all the manpower it uses—it lurches along, as it must, on a knife-edge of goodwill and co-operation, and neither of these qualities can be written into a job description. When this precarious system breaks down, as it has here, no purpose is served by chasing principles. By the time they are caught, all the goodwill is lost and the Union cannot run without it. As a sincere request to all those who might be caught in such a situation, please don't precipitate crises just for the sake of feeling right.

Tom Yates, Space Physics PG
(ICU Council Chairman)

Union reply

Dear Dave,

In reply to comments made about Union staff in recent editions of FELIX, I have the following to say:

In printing what you have done in FELIX, I can only class you as totally irresponsible.

1. In printing speculative allegations, then what you have done could well be libel. As far as I am concerned none of the Union staff have deliberately tampered with election procedure and on behalf of the Union staff I request a full retraction.

2. In being a sabbatical elected by students you have a responsibility to those students whilst maintaining your Editorial freedom. By writing what you did you created a disharmony amongst the staff ruining the relations that have existed between FELIX and the Union and within the Union so far this year.

This in turn, without a lot of work on my behalf, is potentially detrimental to the students. The allegations you made were very serious and should have been investigated before printing, *not* afterwards. Surely it is detrimental to the Union as a whole for its staff to be put on trial through its media!

3. In respect of criticisms of individual staff and their work ethics then surely it is better to lay those criticisms before the people that can do something about them rather than inform 5,000 students of *one* person's opinion without even trying to get two sides of the story.

I normally try to avoid the use of clichés but the following seem very appropriate:

'Don't wash your dirty washing in public.'

'Don't bite the hand that feeds you.'

And on behalf of the students; think before you print because it's us you answer to.

Neil McCluskey,

P.S. Sorry to disappoint the readers but this is not the start of an age long battle between the FELIX Editor and the Union President since at the time of writing all the staff and sabbaticals have sat down and discussed openly and maturely the matters at hand. Recommendations will arise from further meetings to promote the future good relations that David Smedley and I have enjoyed this year.

Really Callous

Dear Sir,

I am writing in response to last week's letter entitled 'The Callous Conservatives Again', where N Royall recounts the incident he/she saw in Kensington High Street.

Surely he is not suggesting that it's best for ambulancemen to strike and collect money on our streets, just in case someone falls ill. I totally adhere to ConSoc's poster 'Support the ambulancemen, let the patients die', because patients are dying everyday due to the ambulancemen withdrawing their labour. You never see the nurses behaving so irresponsibly.

I therefore think instead of 'Callous Conservatives', the article should have read 'Callous Ambulancemen'. I also have my own message for these people 'put away your begging bowls and get back to work!'

Yours,

A Bailey, Chem.

Mole

Dear Dave,

I think you ought to know: you have a mole in your office who is selling your column 'Science This Week' to *New Scientist* nearly a week before it is published in FELIX. *New Scientist* are then following up your scoops and extending them into serious articles. The cheats! What a way to fill their spare column inches!

I trust you will sue...

Yours litigiously,

Adrian Redgers, PG Neural Systems, Elec Eng.

Offensive twaddle

Dear Dave,

I must take up cudgels with you and Mr Shanley for his disgusting delator column. Miss Jackie Welfare is absolutely right, a distinct feeling of nausea comes over me when I read Mr Shanley's twaddle and frequently I am forced to flee the room and inhale some fresh wholesome Exhibition Road air.

Especially offensive to me as a modern mother was his attempt to persuade young, impressionable students into fare evasion on the District Line.

My son Sydney was fined £400 by LRT and branded for life with a criminal record. When he was caught he cried. What would his friends say? His sales manager wasn't too pleased either...

Please take it upon yourself to protect IC students from people like Mr Shanley. Journalistic freedom is one thing but anarchic propaganda is quite a different ball game.

Dr Edna Broadbent, Biotech.



Farce

Dear Dave,

I am writing to bring your attention to an annual farce that takes place in the Biochemistry department, otherwise called the allocation of final year projects. Unfortunately Biochemistry (unlike Biology) have fewer practical projects than students wanting to do them. As a consequence a system of so-called unbiased selection is used where each student puts down their preferred 3 choices and a designated staff member allocates the project titles. As happens every year (and every year they say it won't happen again!) the designated member of staff allocates their best projects to all their 'favourite' students, and then shares out the dregs amongst the others, preferably those projects students did not want, and in a field they are not going to pursue if going on to do an MSc or PhD next year. On the other hand students leaving science altogether get given projects they did want and in the most over-subscribed fields. As a consequence many students who are to stay on in science to work 'at the bench' have been lumbered with literature projects whereas those destined for the City are working 'at the bench'. One only hopes that the sort of preferences certain members of staff in the Department of Biochemistry, have shown towards certain students as illustrated in the allocation of projects are not to be mirrored in the allocation of marks in the examinations and subsequently in the awarding of degree class. Unfortunately we'll have to wait until July to find out.

Yours sincerely,

A number of very annoyed 'projectless as yet' students.

Bio con

Dear Dave,

Biochemistry students in their final year have to undertake a project, lasting the entire summer term. The lecturers for the course print a list of projects, of which the students have three choices; first, second and third. I filled in the forms for my three choices and also stated if I was not assigned any of these, I would prefer to do a project on proteins and enzymes. The project coordinator, Dr Wilkin, assured us the projects assigned would be given in the order of choices alone.

When the lists of designated projects were put up I found I'd received none of my choices but still had a project studying proteins. I later found out that my first choice was given to another student, who had only put the project down as his third choice. I asked Dr Wilkin about the situation, stating it's unfairness, and he replied it was the only way the project could be assigned. I've also seen about half a dozen other lecturers and they've generally agreed it's unfair, but didn't offer me any support.

I feel that due to my being considerate when I filled out the form, I've had a project dumped on me which no one else wants. Now the projects have been assigned, however unfairly, no one in the department gives a crap about it.

Martin Herz.

OK, we get the message

Dear Dave,

Here is another complaint concerning the allocation of third year Biochemistry projects.

Before we chose the projects we were assured by the coordinator, Dr Wilkin, that they would be assigned simply by the preferences expressed by the students. Since the allocation it appears that such factors as the project supervisors choice of student, and whether they are definitely going on to do a PhD have also influenced the process.

Some people have said that it is right for those going to do PhDs to get the best projects. What about those people who are unsure whether to go into research or not—and will make that decision based on their experience in the lab in this project.

I, like several other people, received none of my preferences and then had to rush around finding another one. Luckily I have managed to organise one myself at St Mary's, thanks to Dr Hardy, but at least one other person is still to find one. I hope next year the organisation of the allocation will be slightly better.

C Talbot.

Dubious

Dear Dave,

The recent wave of popular revolts against the Poll Tax have arisen purely out of a deep seated anger. The fundamental reason is patently obvious—this tax constitutes an enormous shift of wealth from the poor to the rich.

Not surprisingly, media attention has focussed on the so-called 'rent-a-mob' activities of far left groups. However, simple consideration of the numbers involved in these uprisings indicate a far larger participation: Militant, one of the groups indicted has an entire membership of about 10,000; only a thousand more than Gloucestershire Anti-Poll Tax Federation, and certainly far less than the numbers involved in demonstrations nationwide.

Nevertheless, it is true that there have been dubious elements present. Groups of outside political agitators, hell bent on violence, have lit the fuse that has ignited the anger and rage of the masses. If possible, stay well clear of these well-heeled professional thugs. They are from outside of the community, heavily armed with shields and truncheons, and can be easily recognised by their blue uniforms and black helmets.

Kinnock expects the people simply to put up with the Poll Tax until the next general election. However, we don't have to wait; demonstrators around the country certainly aren't prepared to! Many people have no choice; they can't pay, won't pay and will do their utmost to stop the tax.

Thatcher's attitude to this undemocratically enforced tax has been nothing less than sickening. The Poll Tax will be beaten by a campaign of mass non-payment.

E Denny (Aeronautics PG), C Wong (Physics 3), I Widdows (Physics 3), R Banerjee (MSE 2).

Hypocrisy

Dear Dave,

An interesting point was raised at Prime Minister's Question Time (Thurs 8th): would the people advocating breaking the law by not paying their Poll Tax be prepared to break any other laws or not pay any other taxes? I don't remember anyone protesting about rates—a ridiculous system whereby property mattered more than people, and half the adult population paid nothing at all towards the upkeep of their community. Why not protest against income tax—a cruel and evil system that punishes hard work and stifles enterprise? Most people pay far more income tax than Poll Tax, so why is the former tolerated?

No one likes rates, but what are the alternatives? Labour favours a 'Roof Tax'. Details are rather non-existent, but it seems to be a tax on your house, not dissimilar to rates. (This is mostly speculation, since the Labour Party hasn't formally decided on its scheme.) Why tax a house? Does a house use the roads? Go to the park? The library? Swimming? Obviously a credible system must concentrate on people, not where they live.

The smaller parties favour a local income tax. I don't like this prospect. Apart from having no bearing on the amount you spend, there is a danger of wage earners moving out of areas where the local tax is high, meaning increased financial burdens on people who remain.

The Community Charge isn't popular among people who have to pay more now than through rates (including the 17 million people who didn't pay any rates). This isn't surprising, although most people's bills are artificially high because of extravagance and inefficiency in their local council. Is it really wrong that people should pay for what the council they elected spends? If you want to pay less, elect a more efficient council, Labour or Conservative.

Back to the original point. Thirty or so Labour MPs say they aren't going to pay their Poll Tax. What would they say if Tory MPs refused to pay Labour's Roof Tax? The sheer hypocrisy is damning.

We students as responsible adults must pay our fair share of local community spending. If you don't like the Community Charge, vote for an alternative next general election. Violence and rioting achieves nothing but sadistic gratification for members of Militant.

Yours sincerely,

Ultan McCarthy, Physics 2.

Harbouring a grudge

Dear Dave,

I have just been reading your manifesto of last year. I quote: 'The first cause to which any FELIX Editor must devote himself is the **accurate** reporting of news at IC, with the backing of **fair** editorial comment.'

How things change!

Yours sincerely,

J M Scott.

Fantastic... Murphy's law

Sir,

The Policy and Resources Committee of St Mary's has recommended to the Delegacy (the body which has delegated authority from the Governing Body of Imperial to run St Mary's) that part of the proceeds of the sale of a tennis court area on the St Mary's ground at Teddington, should be used to help build or buy a new IC Hall of Residence under the umbrella of the St Mary's/Imperial Appeal and that the balance should be used to rebuild the stand for spectators and to improve the facilities at the Teddington Sports Ground. The sale was arranged before the merger. The condition under which we personally would support the proposal would be that IC matches the contribution appropriately. We have reason to believe that if the College in this way raised, for example, £1M from its resources, a charitable trust might double our money, in the same way that it did for the renovation of Wilson House a few years ago. We believe that this would be a fantastic deal for the students of Imperial, including St Mary's.

Yours sincerely,

Professor Peter Richards, Pro Rector (Medicine) and Dean of St Mary's H.M.S.

Mr Rhyddian Hapgood, President, Students Union.

Dear Dave,

I am writing to provide some factual information on the letting of the College Flats in the basements of Fisher Hall. This is in order to correct the inaccuracies and assumptions contained in a letter in last week's FELIX (issue 864, Friday March 9). In particular, I am concerned that the statements made by your correspondent could discourage many students from applying for places in these flats.

The Fisher Hall flats are a part of the so-called College Flats which are available for renting by groups of IC students. The arrangements for the lettings are made through the Accommodation Office in Prince's Gardens. The availability of the flats and details of how to apply are advertised by the Accommodation Office and are displayed on posters throughout College at the appropriate time. The tenants for College Flats are chosen by the Wardens of the Halls in questions in conjunction with the Accommodation Office.

The Fisher Hall flats have now been available for two years. In their first year one flat had to be let as rooms due to a shortage of applicants. About 50% of the current population of the Fisher Hall flats are ex-residents, in contrast with the statement by your correspondent that 'all the students in the flats,

almost without exception are indeed ex-Fisher Hall residents'. This proportion reflects the number of applications made by Fisher Hall residents, which last year was about half of the total received (there were about twice as many applications as flats). An increase in the total number of applications for the flats is anticipated this year.

Applications for the flats are welcomed from any groups of students who are eligible to apply. Neither positive nor negative discrimination has been or will be shown towards Fisher Hall residents. As a further point of information it should be noted that the Evelyn Gardens Superintendent and the Fisher Hall Re-applicants or Sub-wardens are not responsible for the choice of tenants for these flats.

It is very unfortunate that, without bothering to ascertain the facts, your correspondent chose to express his or her views in public. Both myself and the Accommodation Office hope that the information presented here will prevent students being misled by last week's letter. The Accommodation Office will be pleased to provide further information on these flats or any matter relating to College accommodation for students.

Yours sincerely,

Dr R J Murphy, Warden, Fisher Hall.

Child's play—just not cricket

Dear Dave,

Our children attend the IC day nursery, and although we are very happy about the warm and caring atmosphere there, we are extremely worried about the premises:

- the children have very limited access to the gardens.
- the children and staff in the basement rooms have limited natural light
- good hygiene is difficult to implement
- building maintenance is poor

We take the above points in detail again:

Access to the garden is restricted to twice a day (from 10.00 to 11.30 and from 13.00 to 15.15) and these times are inconvenient to the children's schedules. They have their lunch at 11.30, and then they take a nap until 15.00. This situation restricts our children's use of the garden. Because of the stairs leading to the garden, the effort involved in putting on the children's clothes, and leading them up the stairs safely, they have at most 45 minutes per day use of the garden, and this when British weather permits. The result is that most children, whose parents work full time, spend all of their time indoors without the benefit of fresh air, sun, and a place to exercise and run about.

The basement rooms cause us great concern. The nursery nurses and children in the basement depend on artificial light throughout the daylight hours. Very little natural light can reach these rooms, so little in fact, to be almost non-existent. We are concerned

that neon/fluorescent light can be damaging to the eyes, especially if it is the only light source available. Also children as well as adults need several hours' exposure to natural light for health as well psychological reasons.

We know of no other employees at Imperial College who work under such appalling lighting conditions. Also, we feel guilty and unhappy that our children and the nursery nurses are obliged to play and work under such poor conditions, that we, ourselves would refuse if offered to us as working conditions.

The premises are run down. The basement needs a damp course, paint is peeling off the walls, and the rugs are dirty. As a result, children and nursery nurses are put in a health threatening situation. The kitchen is used as a sleeping area after lunch and the nursery nurses have to rush to clean the place and make the beds for the children. The floor is damp from mopping, and the toddlers have to walk barefoot on this floor to reach their beds. There is only one window to a light shaft which provides poor ventilation for the twenty sleeping children. They do not have a suitable place for rest when they are very tired or ill. Also, the nursery nurses do not have a proper staff room for themselves, and thus they can never take a proper rest during their break periods.

We are very happy with and grateful to the nursery nurses, for their commitment and kindness to our children. They are responsive to our children's needs and our worries, despite the burden of disgusting working conditions. We support the nursery nurses and want to do all we can to improve the conditions where they work. They provide a high standard of

care; it is a shame that the premises do not reflect this. We feel that the nursery nurses labour under conditions worthy of a Victorian sweatshop. There is a high turnover in nursery nurses at the Nursery, especially those in the basement rooms, which is detrimental to the children's welfare. In addition, this causes a higher administrative burden to Mrs Thornett whose time would be better spent caring for the children in here charge. Lastly, the high staff turnover increases the costs of running the nursery, which in turn, causes the rise in Nursery fees.

In conclusion, we realise that things do not change overnight; but we are worried over our children's and the nursery nurses' welfare. We need to know what steps the College will take to improve this desperate situation. We believe the best remedy would be new premises and unrestricted garden access. We will support the Imperial College Day Nursery nurses and the Nursery Committee in their efforts to obtain these goals.

Yours sincerely,

Andrew Curley (student, Elec Eng), Simon Essery (student, Life Sci), Ali Dariani (student, Elec Eng), Iliyaus Maisanda (student, Min Res Eng), Margaret Cunningham (Senior Lecturer, Senior Tutor, Computing), Sophia Drossopoulou (Lecturer, Computing), Susan Eisenbach (Lecturer, Computing), Ellen Haigh (Librarian, Computing and Elec Eng), Kim Harrison (Admin Officer, Computing), Peter Harrison (Reader, Computing), Steve Vickers (Lecturer, Computing).

Fishy

Dear Dave,

With references to the letter concerning Fisher Hall in last week's FELIX (issue 864), the re-apps would like to correct a few points made by Mr/Ms Name Withheld by Request.

Firstly it is important to realise that outgoing, sociable people are not necessarily those who do no work: the reverse is in fact true, as it would not help the Hall to select people who will subsequently fail their exams.

Secondly, it is a malicious suggestion that we bought our places by 'plying the subwardens with drinks'. In Fisher Hall the re-app selection process is far more stringent, by a panel comprised of elected members of the Hall committee, giving the subwardens little say in the matter.

Yours sincerely,

Philip Horner, Lee Griffin, Andrew Toone, Simon Parker (re-apps, Fisher Hall).

Let's all live in peace

Dear Dave,

I am f*****g p*ssed off with the recent (last few months) spates of violence that have been occurring around College events. I now find myself in the position that the friendly and safe campus that I've bragged about to my mother (vice president for research and graduate studies of a major American university) is now a place in which an inoffensive and quiet friend of mine gets violently beaten up by five youths on the walkway on a Saturday evening. There is a side effect of this that most of you are not aware of; late bar licences rely on the good will of the police, as does the granting of Rag collecting licences etc. Last Saturday's incident has almost certainly cost the RCS May Ball it's hoped for 3am licence and has probably screwed up some future IC ents events for you all.

OK there is the problem, now for the solution. This will be highly unpopular among certain societies but I would suggest that any student bodies with a bad record at their events and all external bodies holding parties on College property be forced to pay the wages of extra College security guards to nursemaid their events until they become, in Council's view, responsible enough to take their own precautions again.

IC holds a good reputation in the public eye, don't allow a few irresponsible arseholes to screw it all up for us.

Claude should have his stitches removed in a few weeks, but what if next time it's a flickknife and your girlfriend's face?

Sid, RCS Ents Chairman and Pres Elect.

Hacked off, ripped off

Dear Dave,

After observing C&GU taking delivery of a nice spanking new laser printer and an over the top Appletalk network to support their excessive number of computers, I was somewhat relieved at Mr McCluskey sharing some of my concerns on the matter. To some, this seemingly joyous event is of little significance but it caused me to sit back and think about the use of CCU's and some aspects of College policy regarding finance.

Do the CCUs really represent the students any more, or are they just archaic institutions held onto by a few individuals for their self-gratification and CVs all in the name of tradition? Do these people latch themselves onto these safe little niches because they couldn't face the pressure of running a proper student union? I'm not saying that the union officers do not work hard at their posts, because I know they do, but do they really supply what is demanded in the Imperial College of today?

Regarding the £8,000 earned from the Careers Fair. Having one's own laser printer would be all very well, for the good of the union, but it doesn't half come in handy for printing one's third year project reports, CVs and the like. On asking Chris Horne about who is allowed to use the union computers, he replied; 'Any person in Guilds who takes a specific interest in the union.' It only came to my notice at the beginning of this academic year that Guilds takes daily papers and the *Beano*, 'to encourage other people to come into the union office and get involved.' It's only taken me three years to find out that they exist, but then I prefer to partake of a paper in the general quietness and tidiness of the library.

Talking about papers; Broadsheet, Guildsheet and Pit should be considered. These are little read, due to their cliquey nature and their general usage as a vehicle for slagging off the other CCUs in an extremely childish manner. The antagonism between the unions

is perhaps their greatest failing and the biggest cause of lack of interest in them. Regarding the above mentioned publications, wouldn't it be far more economical for the unions to have their own page in FELIX (a fine publication) and hence increase the chance of someone actually bothering to read what they have to say. Over the years that I have read FELIX, the issue of not enough articles to print seems to come up. Is this an answer?

Another matter that intrigues me is the issue of financing the inviolate mascots. Both Jez and Bo have budgets of about £5,000 to keep them running this year (I'm not aware of the budget for the Minesmobile), and this is justified due to the returns for Rag. I'm not saying that Rag is not a deserving cause, but if they do indeed bring in a good return for Rag, shouldn't they be self-financing. I'm sure College could do with £10,000+ a year, to be able to afford a careers librarian, for instance. For a College that is feeling the financial squeeze, doesn't charity start at home?

Finally, I would like to quote Mr S.G Barton, who wrote an article for Broadsheet: 'If you aren't into what the RCSU does, then suggest something that it can do you are into...or carry on whingeing and watch 100 years of tradition slowly die.' I would like to suggest this; amalgamate the good parts of the CCUs into IC Union to produce one corporate body that all the students can relate to. If it is really desired, the tradition could be clung onto if the College can really afford it. The College finance committee wouldn't believe how much money it would have to spend on services to help all the students, instead of giving far too much for the benefit of a few union hacks. I'm not the only person at this College that is of this opinion.

Yours, soon to receive a tirade of abuse,
Craig Holmes, 3M.

Fruity

Dear Dave,

I used to enjoy reading the FELIX letters page; witty repostes interspersed with the occasional genuine pleas from the heart; but now the egotists and ranters have got hold of it, no more.

Why can't people who wish to present arguments present them in a concise no-nonsense style and not literary diarrhoea sprawling over nearly a side of A4? How can they expect people to digest their point of view when presented so dismally?

A screaming example of this is Bhartendu Vyas's thesis last week. Not only did Mr Vyas's 'self-justification' bore me stupid, it did nothing to refute the allegation made in the previous FELIX that he was on one big ego-trip. How can someone who writes ca. 700 words when 200 are sufficient not claim to be on an ego-trip? Own goal.

In the meantime, while your correspondents get their acts together, may I suggest the REVIEWS page as a far better read?

Here's power to your elbow!

Adrian Pagan, Chem 3.

Squash

Dear Dave,

I write in response to comments by the Squash Club captain which may have led your readers to think that there have been cut-backs in the Sports Centre.

On the contrary, the centre now opens earlier than previously, and the Ladies changing room and the multigym have both been improved and expanded.

The latest development is a ladies exercise class using the multigym and with qualified instruction. (Wednesday evenings 7.15-8.15pm, newcomers welcome.)

The South Ken Sports Committee and especially the Sports Centre staff, often under difficult circumstances, try to maintain and run the Centre for the maximum enjoyment of all users. The modified arrangements for the Squash Club are to correct an over allocation of courts and to ensure that courts which are booked by club members are subsequently played upon.

Yours sincerely,

Mr K A Stevens, Chairman S Ken Sports Committee.

Tennis

After qualification as group runners-up in windswept Norwich the IC side travelled to Exeter to play the semi-final group against Exeter (the holders), Cardiff and Sussex. The winter format consists of two level pairs and two mixed pairs but, due to a variety of partially extenuating circumstances. We could only field a single ladies pair and were thus 2-0 down before a ball was struck. Hardly the best of starts, we put this behind us and in beating Sussex 9-3 the ladies pair of Sara Harwell and Antonia Gracie performed splendidly to win 6-1, 6-0. This was apparently the conclusion of the day's play and the beer flowed.

However, within an hour we were informed that we had to begin our match with Cardiff. Despite the ladies' predictable sterling effort the men only took one set from four, that won by the second pairing of Stefan Fischer and Richard Pereira. The top pair of Julian Jones and Carl Edwards continued their dismal individual display with a 7-5, 6-4 loss and Cardiff thus lead 5-3 overnight. Our accommodation arrived at the last moment in the form of a floor, hardly ideal preparation compared to the other side's guest house arrangements but we battled on.

The morning arrived and Julian and Sara, despite the latter's approaching illness, prepared to play the crucial match at 9am. As time passed with no arrival of the Cardiff side talk was of claiming the match but finally they arrived and played to a 6-6 finish. This meant a victory over unbeaten Exeter would allow progress to the final stages but Exeter ladies, all nationally ranked, proved too strong for Sara and Antonia's best efforts. Richard and Stefan, with the former swamping the net with admirable skill, again dominated to win comfortably but Carl and Julian continued their pathetic, uninspired performance to only draw leaving the score at 3-5 to Exeter. Julian and Sara played faultlessly to win easily. Some dubious pairs seeding by Exeter saw Antonia and Stefan lose to a very strong Exeter pair. This left the final match score at 7-5 and Exeter to qualify for the final stages.

Sailing



Saturday March 10th saw the valiant IC mob stroll into action at the Wembley Open Team Trophy. Clearly undaunted by the high winds and absence of half the regular team, our chaps flew from the line at great pace, except Liam Moloney, who completely failed to start. Our fortunes declined further during the next race when, owing to our recurring wind problems, all our boats capsized—much to our mirth.

Some boiled Pedigree Chum for lunch and a helm change later we returned to the fray, but a surreptitious course change by the organisers and a convincing U-boat impression marred our winning form, and we returned once more unto the beach joint second-from last with two of six races won—in the sailing, only to storm to victory in the 'scoff the sandwiches' competition.

ICESC

Earlier in the year there was an article in FELIX about the ICESC (Imperial College European Sailing Challenge), which was seeking industrial sponsorship to take part in the Spi Dauphinne Regatta, which takes place in the South of France during the second week of April. The syndicate has now raised sponsorship worth £15,000. Project documents in two languages was only one part of the very strong campaign, in which over fifty companies were approached. Most likely, sponsorship has been secured for next year as well, with another sponsor, which for now has to be unnamed. This sponsorship will be worth about three times as much as the amount raised for this race! This year the syndicate will participate in the race with Symbol MIS, a high tech, computer company, as the main sponsor for their syndicate. Many thanks to them for working with us, and we will not disappoint them! The photo below is of the famous $\frac{3}{4}$ tonner *By The Way*, on which one of the syndicate members Rory Barrett, one of the UK's and Ireland's best bowmen, has raced.

Rugby Results 1989-90 Season			
IC 1st XV		IC 2nd XV	
Played	26	Played	17
Won	20	Won	9
Lost	6	Lost	8
Pts for	693	Pts for	275
Pts against	215	Pts against	168
Top point scorer	134	Richard Walters	
Top try scorer	25	Simon Bicknell	

IC and local councils

Imperial College has a residence problem. Fair enough, so does every other college in London. But ours is especially pressing, because, let's face it, we don't get on well with the locals. When Southside was built, there was serious opposition to the top five floors from the mews behind it—it is possible that only the way that the boundary between two council wards lies between Southside and those mews prevented the protests of the residents from stopping planning permission.

Come to think of it, there are problems with a lot of the interactions between local government and IC. Planning is a clear one; so is licensing. When it comes down to it, the Council is probably unwilling to back College against the wishes of the local residents; given that the Council is made up of those very residents, it's not difficult to see why.

Well, there's the problem. What to do?

All the halls in Prince's Gardens, and Beit, and Montpellier, lie within the Knightsbridge ward of Westminster, and contain a total of about 900 students, all of whom are registered as electors by College. In the last local elections, the two Conservative councillors returned polled 627 and 612 votes respectively. You don't need a Cray to see that if the students in those halls turn out to vote, we could install two councillors of our choice.

Mind you, why bother, when the choice is between a load of candidates who don't care about college and a load of candidates who don't care about college? On the other hand, if college people, academics, or wardens were willing to stand, would you turn out and vote for them? I hope so. In local government elections, such as those which will be held just after Easter, there's really no point voting for a particular political party, because local Councils have no effect on the way central Government acts—in fact, it's very much the reverse. Instead, the wise vote goes to the candidate with most local interest, whatever his other allegiances.

If College people are willing to stand on a College platform, you should turn out and vote. It would be foolish not to, and miss the chance of getting college a voice.

Mind you, it doesn't stop there. There are 650 residents in Evelyn Gardens, and the three councillors that ward can elect were returned with 499, 346 and 67 votes respectively. 67 votes! All Evelyn residents will be registered to vote by College. If there are IC candidates standing there also, don't waste the opportunity to add your voice to the cry to get College taken seriously. Vote IC on May 3rd.

And if there are any other students who are local residents, ask the Union whether you fall within these two wards. If you do, register to vote, and vote wisely.

The poll tax starts in April; the government will be making you pay for your vote. Use it, and use it to effect.

Football

Goldsmiths—1

IC 1sts—1

IC surrendered their Premier Division crown after this final game of the season but not before handing out a lesson in disciplined team play to champions-elect Goldsmiths. Fielding only seven regulars and forced to play balding ex-skipper Pip Peel at full back, IC were always going to be under pressure but the admirable composure shown by the back four, under the direction of veteran Stu Miller, kept Goldies at bay.

In the first half IC were restricted to a few speculative efforts and left to soak up long periods of pressure but they came out after the break confident of snatching a winner. Then it all went horribly wrong with a quick break down the left, a deep cross half-volleyed against the bar, and the rebound headed home. Momentarily shocked, IC dusted themselves off and pulled level within five minutes. The ball appeared to cross the line three times during a goalmouth scramble before Adam Thomas forced it in to leave no doubt.

Goldies pressed hard for the winner but could find no way through. They failed abysmally with the high ball, succeeding only in furthering Si Holden's claim to a place in the England line-out for Saturday. Mention must be made of debut men Alan Sinclair, Phil Caldwell and especially Chris Ward who all turned in superb performances.

Premier Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Goldsmiths	13	9	2	2	28	16	20
Guys	12	8	2	2	28	17	18
IC	14	8	2	4	26	15	18
LSE	13	5	1	7	24	25	11
UC	12	4	3	5	16	21	11
QMC	12	5	1	6	16	24	11
Kings	11	4	1	6	25	27	9
New	12	3	1	8	24	31	7
Georges	11	2	1	8	11	22	5

Division 1	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
IC 2	17	11	3	3	34	22	25
QMC 2	17	8	6	3	37	25	22
KCH	16	8	6	3	37	25	22
LH	16	7	5	4	41	31	19
UC	14	7	1	7	24	28	15
Middx/UCH	13	6	2	5	25	29	14
RSM	15	4	5	6	27	25	13
RFH	15	4	4	7	24	27	12
Thomas	17	5	2	10	25	28	12
New	14	1	1	12	24	62	3

Division 2	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SOP	16	12	3	1	56	25	27
Kings 2	15	11	2	2	48	26	24
LSE 2	17	9	3	5	41	27	21
UC 3	15	7	4	4	35	24	18
CHX	17	7	3	7	39	32	17
Barts	15	6	3	6	23	23	15
IC 3	18	5	3	10	29	46	13
Mary's	18	4	2	11	31	49	12
Guys 2	16	2	3	11	8	34	7

Barts 2nds—0

IC 6ths—3

The team arrived in Sidcup bathed in glorious sunshine. Was this perhaps reflected in the quality of the match we ask ourselves? Well no, not really, and although the 6ths won their fourth match in a row, gallant captain Willie was not there to see it. After only 5 minutes, Willie and the opposition's striker headbutted each other in trying to perform one of ballet's more difficult pirouettes. They were then carted off in an ambulance to have stitches, but there was more to follow as Mitchell skillfully studded the keeper's chest, badly winding him.

Apart from this, the 6ths dominated the game, led by Narinda, the stand-in captain, and it was he who set up Caldwell's first goal with a ball that split the defence. The second half began as tensely as the first, but when Sean finished superbly after a surging run, the game was won. With 10 minutes to go, their defence somehow let Rob through, and for a minute we thought he might score, but luckily he sliced it to Phil who in turn sliced it into the net for his second and the game's final goal.

Obviously, Willy-John's head injury was worse than we thought, as we found him wandering aimlessly just outside the ground, so we poured a few drinks down him when we got back, and funnily enough he didn't seem to mind.

Division 4	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UC 4	14	12	2	0	76	26	26
Kings 5	15	8	4	3	42	29	20
RFH 2	13	8	1	4	47	26	17
IC 5	16	7	3	6	40	38	17
Golds 3	16	7	1	8	46	47	15
IC 4	16	7	1	8	40	45	15
UC 5	15	5	1	8	34	42	11
LH 2	13	3	4	6	20	33	10
Middx/UCH 2	13	0	1	12	15	70	1

Division 5	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Kings 6	11	7	1	3	43	17	15
West F	9	7	1	1	29	8	15
KCH 2	12	6	3	3	30	23	15
QMC 4	13	7	1	5	27	24	15
UC 6	11	5	1	5	35	22	11
QMC 5	12	4	2	6	22	32	10
RSM 2	12	3	2	7	15	34	8
New 4	14	2	1	11	16	57	5
IOFE	00	0	0	0	0	0	0

Division 6	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
LSE 5	16	9	3	2	72	35	21
LSE 4	14	9	2	3	48	31	20
UC 7	13	8	2	3	37	15	18
Mary's 2	13	8	2	3	33	26	18
IC 6	15	7	0	8	28	23	14
Barts 2	9	5	0	4	35	41	10
Thomas 2	12	4	0	8	23	39	8
KCH 3	14	2	4	8	18	47	8
CHX 3	12	1	0	11	14	42	2

Water Polo

'Brilliant' and 'superb' are the only adjectives that suitably describe the performance of the Ladies Water Polo team entered by IC Swimming & Water Polo Club in the National Universities Invitation Water Polo Tournament held at Liverpool this weekend.

Despite an unfavourable draw and having only played together as a team for a few weeks our ladies overcame the challenge mounted by Manchester, Sheffield, Lancaster, Wales and Bath to finish as tournament runners-up after a hard fought final against the impressive team fielded by Liverpool University.

College club members from St Mary's as well as the main IC South Ken site formed the backbone of the team entered under the name 'London Colleges' in defiance to the players invited to play from other universities in Town. The squad was trained at IC by members of the Men's Water Polo Team at the ladies regular Wednesday evening sessions and coached at the tournament by 'Big Bad' Dom (Faulkner).

The success of the ladies team is quite remarkable since many of the players this weekend only took up the sport when the squad came into existence at the beginning of this term. And therefore the result is a clear reflection of the commitment and enthusiasm shown by all those who turn up regularly for training. So congratulations to the team and thanks to the squad's coaches.

It's our annual dinner this Wednesday at which the awards will be presented. Anyone who's a paid-up member of the club should attend—7.30pm in Southside Bar. Bring a guest.

Fencing

Last weekend the UAU individual fencing championships were held at Bath University. Despite the incredibly late organisation (entry forms were received 4 days before the competition) fencers from all over the country competed. IC, however, could only muster 2 representatives; top sabreur Jörg Pollok (who was taking a break from delivering babies in Hastings) and club captain Dave Matthews, both competing in the sabre event.

Our fencers made it through the first round with few problems; there was then a long break while the ladies sabre was contested. (Liz Clark from St Mary's, who won the event last year, was unfortunately unavailable to defend her title). In the second round pools, Jörg easily made it through to the semi-finals with 4 victories out of 5. Dave found himself in a very tough pool and struggled for promotion, eventually just making it on indicator points.

Unfortunately for Jörg, the two perennial spectres of sabre fencing—bad judging and bad presiding—reared their ugly heads and to everyone's astonishment he was knocked out in the semi-finals with one solitary victory. However, in a sublime metamorphosis of his previous performance Dave cruised into the final, gaining four victories with a combination of blistering flèche attacks and solid parry-riposte sequences.

In the final (a pool of 6) the pace increased again. Dave ended up in 5th place with 2 victories, narrowly missing another bout on sword points which would have put him in the bronze medal position. He did, however, have the consolation of having beaten the eventual winner (Nick Fletcher of Bristol) in the semi-final pool.

Grapevine

For Tuesday's Bordeaux White Wine Tasting we were fortunate to have a tutor well known to both Imperial and the wine trade. Dave Rowe, former Editor of *FELIX*, is currently Editor of *Decanter* which is regarded as one of the world's best wine journals. This was Dave's third visit to the society but his first as our new Honorary President and we were delighted to present him with an engraved tasting glass as a token of our appreciation.

Bordeaux is better known for its red wines than its whites. However, the Entre-Deux-Mers and Graves appellations produce some very fine dry white wine and Sauternes & Barsac is the source of the world's best sweet whites—though the Germans might dispute this last point. Surprisingly, both the sweet and dry wines are made from the same grapes: Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon and Muscadelle (not to be confused with Muscat, Muscadet or Muscadell). Blending proportions do however vary considerably, the rule of thumb being that in dry wines the Sauvignon Blanc dominates whereas Semillon is the major constituent in the sweet wines.

Bordeaux' amazing sweet white wines are produced when a special mould called Botrytis attacks the Semillon grape shrivelling the grape and concentrating the sugars and aromatic compounds in it. When the grapes are harvested, crushed and fermented they produce an intensely flavoured and sweet wine which is naturally high in alcohol.

We tasted three dry white wines from André Lurton, who perhaps more than anyone else has been responsible for the recently improved image and

reputation of Bordeaux' dry whites. The standard of the wines was consistently high, from his bargain £2.39 easy drinking and attractive 1987 Ch. Bonnet to the impressive £6.99 1987 Ch. La Louviere from the Graves which had a lovely marriage of honeyed oak flavours and leafy currant flavours.

The sweet wines, however, stole the show. At no charge to the society Dave managed to bring along two different Premier Grand Cru Sauternes costing over £20 each. Predictably, perhaps, the favourite sweet wine and also the most expensive. Ch. Rieussec is a neighbour of the legendary Ch. D'Yquem and the 1982 which we tasted had a deep golden/orange colour and an intensely sweet but balanced flavour with a long finish tasting slightly of marmalade. Most people felt that the 1984 Cypres de Climens offered the best value for money. The excellent Ch. Climens, which we also tasted, didn't release their classed grown wine in '84 and produced only under their 2nd label: Cypres de Climens at considerable financial loss. For £5.99 a bottle this golden coloured and intensely musty and syrupy wine was worth more than every penny it cost. Rumour has it that Sainsbury are selling it, under their own label half-bottles, for the same price!

By the time you read this I hope you will have enjoyed this term's last tasting of Alsace wines. Don't miss the couple of events we're planning for next term: an enlightening tasting of Austrian wines and, possibly, a trip to an English vineyard.

Happy Easter!

French Exchange

On March 1st a group of ten people flew out to France for a visit to Ecole Centrale de Lyon (ECL). Imperial has established a link with ECL so students can go on an exchange in their third year. This year we have five of their students studying here and one of our students, Neil Steer, at ECL. Neil is enjoying French life and said that given the choice again he would most definitely go.

ECL is situated on a 36 acre wooded site in Ecully, a small suburb to the west of Lyon. With just 750 undergraduates and 250 postgraduates the campus is easily quiet for much of the time. The four halls of residence show the greatest signs of life. Here the first and second years are accommodated; most third years rent flats at a nearby apartment complex, which is considered inconvenient by the students owing to the ten minute walk to the school—they'd have a shock at IC. The buildings are similar to Imperial—another architect with an obsession for rectangles has been at large.

One of the many attractions of studying in France has to be the food. The university restaurant was a little disappointing with not much choice and unexciting stodgy food. However, the well organised students' union has had the price of the whole three course meal reduced to a flat fee of just one pound, which rather disgraces the prices at the MDH. The restaurant is closed on alternate weekends; the union has sprung into action once again and negotiated a 15% discount at the local supermarket's excellent restaurant. A large plate of smoked salmon cost me just 85p. Breakfast is taken in the kitchens on each floor of the halls, and consists of bread and coffee.

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The French education system is quite different to ours. To get to ECL, France's best engineering school outside Paris, a student would have to do well in the French equivalent of 'A' Levels, the Baccalaureate, and then progress to the Classes Préparatoires where maths and physics are studied intensively for two years. The only real problem facing exchange students is surprisingly not the French, but the maths. Not only do the French know a lot more but they have also been taught to think about maths in a more theoretical way. Careful selection of courses helps to ease this problem. The exchange is not just for super students, it is open to any engineer who can obtain a 2/1 at the end of part II and speaks reasonably fluent French.

We were hosted by the French students themselves, to give us a real taste of life at ECL. Our itinerary was most impressive, we met their Director of Studies, toured the labs, attended a lecture, saw a student production of Sartre's *Huis Clos*, listened to a rock concert on campus, ate crêpes, dined in a Lyon restaurant and toured Lyon twice in just three days. We all wished we could stay on longer on Sunday night as we were driven back to the airport. The students have very formal relationships with the teaching staff, but amongst themselves there is a great camaraderie, with only 750 student everyone seems to know everyone else.

Two hours is the time of the best and worse features of ECL. The lectures last a heavy two hours, but the Alps are just two hours away. Besides 1992 and all that, I would like to study there for it would be a refreshing contrast after two years of inner city Imperial.

Enviro Soc

On Thursday March 22 at 12.45pm in Mech Eng 542, the Environmental Society (ICU EATS) will be holding a lecture entitled 'Transport in the 3rd World'. Given by Alan Smith of Intermediate Technology Transport, the lecture will concentrate on local, appropriate technology that can be applied to transport in the developing countries, designing specific transport solutions for them rather than giving them yesterday's designs from the West.

Following this lecture at 1.45pm, the Society will be holding its Annual General Meeting to elect a new committee for next year. EnviroSoc is a high profile, politically neutral society orientated around lectures and campaigns. This is your chance to get involved not only in the running, but also hopefully influence the way the Environment and Appropriate Technology are seen and presented around College. There are many posts available ranging from publicity through to information collation, lecture organisation and campaigning. More information will be given at the meeting.

Rock gig

If you missed this, be sorry. Even the support band, the *Green Meanies*, although they hadn't bothered to dress up, played a really enjoyable frantic, noisy set reminiscent of much of the heavy metal of the late 70s and early 80s. *The Meanies* can't sing, but they played well in a style that allows shouted lyrics to sound alright. They were called upon to give a couple of encores, which seemed to surprise them. We were only the third audience ever to hear them live.

A couple of records were played, and then *E.T.A.* began in a blaze of guitar-lashing, which they commenced before walking onto the stage. Recently they have been supporting major acts in larger venues, and some of those who had already seen them cheered expectantly. Their tight jeans, studded belts and fancy shirts suggested either Glam Rock or Power Metal. They would have to be good not to seem like an anti-climax after the *Meanies*. Not only were they good; they were great. They began with some original Power material and soon shifted into a Glam/Power blend that pleased almost everyone. Even their few covers were played with enough skill and flare to be improvements on the originals, although not a patch on the bands own songs. The vocals were good, although the vocalist had the embarrassing habit of touching his dick and cheering louder than the audience. The instrumentation was excellent. If you like *Thin Lizzy*, *Guns 'n' Roses*, *Judas Priest*, *Iron Maiden* and *Faster Pussycat*, watch out for *E.T.A.* in future.

The evening's entertainment finished with a disco and everyone had a really good time; it was a shame only about 100 people turned up. It would have been nice to see more unfamiliar faces, to be part of a bigger crowd. This was the best evening's entertainment I can clearly remember, if the next RockSoc event is only one tenth as good, you'd have to be a dick head not to come.

Jason Pike.