

Felix



Felix Edition 900

Wednesday 20th March 1991

'Out with the Butcher' Students' Future In Danger? Rector Decides

An estimated 1500 people crowded into Prince Consort Road for one of the largest demonstrations against Saddam Hussein to date. At midday on Sunday 17th March, the demonstration came from beyond Hyde Park toward the Iraqi Embassy, in Queens Gate.

The march was halted in front of the Royal School of Mines, as police feared trouble if the protestors were allowed to reach the embassy. The crowd, consisting mainly of Iraqi families inclusive of

children, stayed peaceful, chanting slogans along the lines of 'Down, down with Saddam' and 'Out with the Butcher'. Later, the placards were collected, and the crowd disbanded without apparent trouble.

The protest followed another which took place on Queens Gate earlier in the week, on Monday 11th March, involving about 200 people. This demonstration was similarly trouble-free



The isolation of Imperial College from the University of London could increase if one of College's current ideas is to go ahead. The plan is one to disaffiliate from the University of London Careers Advisory Service (ULCAS), replacing it with an entirely IC based one.

Both André Skapski, Chairman of the Careers Advisory Commission, and Benjamin Turner, ICU Deputy President, are taking action to prevent the move, but it appears that they may be too late. Believing it to be an academic matter, they think that it should be discussed and decided at the next Board of Studies meeting, in May. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, insists that the matter is purely managerial, and so can be decided by himself in consultation with the College's Managing Director, Mr Angus Fraser, without seeking the opinion of the academic body.

The Rector claims that the advantages lie in simplification of the management structure along with increased accountability of careers staff. Russ Clarke, IC's chief careers adviser from ULCAS, is viewing the problem from another angle. He believes that the careers service provided to students would suffer, mostly in the scope of career opportunities covered, but also from the removal of the large information gathering network currently available. He added that the careers service was especially needed now due to the recession.

Although fears that this is the beginning of a complete split from the University of London were not specifically denied by the Rector, he commented that he saw UL as having certain uses, saying that he would like to share some of the smaller courses with other colleges in the future. It seems that there is much confusion over this matter, not only whether IC should split from ULCAS, but also over who has the authority to decide.

Shan's New Look UGM Proposal

Union President, Paul Shanley, is to change the appearance of Union General Meetings (UGM's). Included in the changes are the following; UGM's are to be held termly, with Extraordinary General Meetings (EGM's) held when necessary, and 'Exec News' and motions are to be included in the Felix preceding the UGM.

Two of Mr Shanley's changes will have to be twice ratified at consecutive UGM's, a process which could take considerable time at one UGM per term. These changes are that no more verbal reports are to be given, shortening UGM's, and that the number of seconders needed to call an EGM are to be reduced to 100 enabling them to be called more frequently.

Ski Team in Rubber Fetish on Slopes

Imperial College and the Institute National Polytechnique de Grenoble (INPG) are jointly putting forward a ski team for this year's 'Olympub Games'. The event which brings together students from all over Europe aims to promote relations within the community and between European corporations and prospective graduates.

Sponsored by the EC and companies across the European continent, the list of events includes Pro-Am downhill racing, slalom and other team contests involving dingies and inflatable mattresses. The four day tournament culminates in a careers fair in which the team's sponsors promote themselves.

The IC and INPG team consists of Laurent Georges (INPG, Physics), Emmanuel Gringarten (IC, Maths), Marciel Humblot (IC and INPG, Physics), Emmanuel Omont (IC, Aero), Tim Parsons (IC, Aero) and Marc Zanchetta (IC, Aero).

The six man team will be using the event to promote the advantages and prestige of IC and INPG as two of the top European study institutions. Publicity packs being distributed by the team at the fair contain copies of the Imperial College Annual Report and the Union undergraduate handbook together with other material, including copies of Felix.

Maxwell Pulls Out

Robert Maxwell, media mogul and fellow of Imperial College, pulled out of an Industrial Society talk last week. The event, which was to take place last Thursday, was organised as far back as the beginning of the year.

On the day of the talk, the society was told by Benjamin Turner, Union Deputy President, that Robert Maxwell would not be able to attend, as he was currently in the United States.

Advertising and preparation for the event have cost the Industrial Society an estimated £100, which is now wasted. Miss M. Sachdiva, chairman, stated that 'It would have been helpful if Mr. Maxwell's staff had contacted us a week or two beforehand...'. The Industrial Society is now trying to arrange a new date.



Red Noses All Round?

Comic Relief red noses spread around the World last Thursday. Despite this, College got by fairly unaffected, with few Comic Relief noses being displayed.

Rag organised events were successful, raising an estimated £1000 on the day. These included a 24 hour backgammon playing session, and a daring streak around the Albert Hall. Zia Ackbar, wearing only a layer of shaving foam, ran backwards around the building, raising £180. The Queen's Tower Lions were also decorated in appropriate manner for the

day; their noses were covered by masking tape and painted red. All money raised by Rag was donated direct to Comic Relief, rather than to the usual charities.

Other events included a sponsored water fight organised by Chemical Engineering, and an eat-in at Burger King, in which five Southside residents attempted to eat through the entire selection of food. Tim Sullivan and Matt Dixon, of Tizard Hall had their Heads shaved, raising £500 between them.



The joint Imperial College and Institute Nationale Polytechnique de Grenoble ski team.



Access Update

Mr Tony Cullen, Assistant Registrar, has almost completed the allocation of money from the Access Fund to undergraduates. He has assessed the claims of all but twelve students and has given the money awarded to the Heads of department, to distribute before the end of term.

Postgraduate claims are also being assessed and have been dealt with in the main, but have been given a lower priority, so that undergraduates can receive their money before the end of term.

New Dean

A new Dean has been appointed to City and Guilds College. The post will be filled by Professor B. Mc. A. Sayers PhD, DSc(Eng), DIC, FCGI, FIEE and FEng. His appointment as Dean of the College runs from 1st September 1991 to 31st August 1994.

Shy and Retiring?



Jen Hardy-Smith, Union Administrator, is to retire during the Easter Holidays, having been at the centre of the Union for 17 years. She intends to move into the country and spend her time gardening. Jen said although she would miss the fun of working around students, one thing that she certainly would not miss would be minuting council reports.

Again!

Last Friday the Felix press once again refused to print anything. The ever unreliable press was out of action for the weekend, due to the seizing of an essential bearing. The breakdown coincided with an occasion when it was required for weekend use. After initially causing concern for the Wednesday deadline with a new expected publication date of Thursday, the event merely put back publication by a few hours to Wednesday afternoon.

News Editorial

Red Nose day has brought up a couple of issues which are relevant to the news team. The first is Imperial College apathy; what happened to the lot of you? Where were all the red noses? The answer is that they were few and far between. Sure, Felix should inform you of what is

going on, but if you didn't know about Comic Relief, then there's something wrong with you.


The second issue raised is that it's quite difficult to find out what is going on at college. The news pages can only include the information that we get hold of, so if you know of something interesting, which might make a news story, call us. Telephone 3515 internal (make a note of it).

Now for the gripes. The bane of every reporter's life is people trying to write their news stories for them. Phrases like 'Please let me check the details before you print it' just serve to irritate us. I'm not picking on anyone in particular; many people do this, so please don't. If there's something I'm uncertain about, or something that I may have got wrong, I will check it. The news pages are rarely inaccurate (well, not wildly), so don't worry.

And the last thing. (Don't worry, I'll shut up soon.) Felix news is still short staffed. Andy's last desperate plea from the editorial brought two people into the office, one of them for news. At the time of writing, there were three of us around to do the majority of the news. This is not enough. Come into the office and give it a try.

Stef

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS




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We are offering students the opportunity to try The Telegraph free for 14 days.
All you have to do is fill in the voucher below to receive your free
copies of The Daily Telegraph – Monday to Saturday – and The Sunday Telegraph,
for a total of 14 consecutive days – with our compliments.

TO THE NEWSAGENT Please accept this voucher in lieu of payment for 12 issues of The Daily Telegraph – Monday to Saturday – and two issues of The Sunday Telegraph. The voucher is worth £6.80, that is, ten issues of The Daily Telegraph at 40p each, two issues of The Daily Telegraph on a Saturday at 45p, and two issues of The Sunday Telegraph at 60p plus a handling fee of 5p per issue.

Please return this voucher before Monday, May 6, 1991, to your Wholesaler who will deduct £6.80 from your news account. Multiples should return their vouchers also before Monday, May 6, 1991, either to the Central Office in the usual way or to their Wholesaler as above. Please stamp or write your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS in the panel below. Please contact your Wholesaler if you have any enquiries concerning this promotion. NB: This voucher is not transferable. Accepting it in lieu of payment for any other article constitutes fraud.

TO THE WHOLESALE Please accept this voucher from your newsagent and credit him with the total value of the voucher, that is, the total cover price of each issue claimed of The Daily Telegraph and The Sunday Telegraph – plus 5p handling charge for each paper – a total of £6.80. Only 14 newspapers can be claimed per voucher. Credit for this voucher will be arranged by your Daily Telegraph Area Manager when he next calls. He will also credit you with 5p for every voucher collected.

The Daily Telegraph

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DAYS
FREE

Please fill in your name and address, and answer the question below, then take this voucher to your local newsagent who will reserve your free copies of The Daily Telegraph and The Sunday Telegraph. Please try to give this voucher to your newsagent at least 3 days before you want your consecutive free issues to start, to allow him to adjust his order with his supplier.

First Name: _____

Surname: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Which one daily newspaper do you most regularly buy?

FX1

You must hand in the voucher by Monday, April 15, 1991; the last free newspaper will be issued on Sunday, April 28, 1991.

If you have your newspapers delivered, your newsagent will be happy to deliver your free copies to your home (he may charge his normal fee). If you would prefer to collect your paper, a copy will be reserved for you to pick up each day.



Stuff

IC ROCKSOC PRESENTS



+ Petroleum Spirit

+ Bloodmoney

Thursday 21st March

Imperial College Union Lounge

8.00pm

LATE BAR & ROCK DISCO

£3.50 non-members

£2.50 members

LOST

Black Wallet

please contact G Brice, MRE 2, if
found. Lost on Friday night. Believed
stolen



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Comic Relief

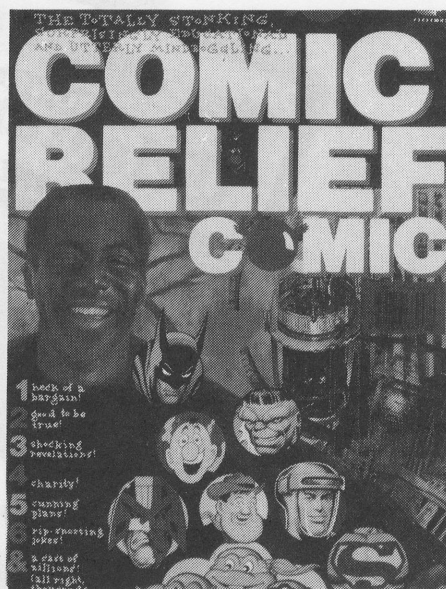
Would you like an autographed copy of the Comic Relief comic? A comic emblazoned with the signatures of such august personages as Lenny Henry and Jonathan Ross, and mega-comic creators like Dave Gibbons? Well, if you missed the recent signing session, here's your chance to get hold of one. Courtesy of the Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine, we have a copy to auction for Comic Relief.

The auction will be held by means of sealed bids, submitted to the Felix Office by Wednesday 24 April, we will announce the winner in Felix issue 991, and the winner can then claim his/her copy by presenting the dosh. Good luck.

Name.....

Dept & Year.....

Bid.....



It's The Arts

Limerick

This limerick by Noel Petty won a prize in a *New Statesman and Society* Weekend Competition during the summer. Spotted by Professor Peter Richards of St Mary's.

A young engineer from Imperial

Pursued a career managerial.

She...Ha! caught you out,

You crude sexist lout:

The gender was quite immaterial

Illusion

The sunlight filters through the trees,

Ever so gently flows the breeze,

Carrying scents of fields unsown,

Images of lands unknown.

Gracefully evolve the deer,

Blue sea gently sheds a tear.

Deep inside his dreamy eye

Reflects a peaceful golden sky.

He looks at her and their minds meet,

As both their hearts forget one beat.

Their words echo the tenderness inside.

Shyly, they reveal what they tried to hide.

The birds sing as their world goes round,

Inside their breasts the same pulsating

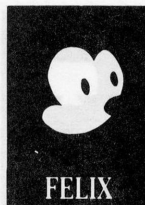
sound.

He and she suddenly have discovered

The secret beauty Nature mothered.

Hans Crockett, Physics 1.

Viewpoint



What do you think of the various college shops, eating places etc. and do you believe in the Easter Bunny?



Annie:

- I can't answer questions like that—I'm not a spontaneous person.
- Yeah—I do.



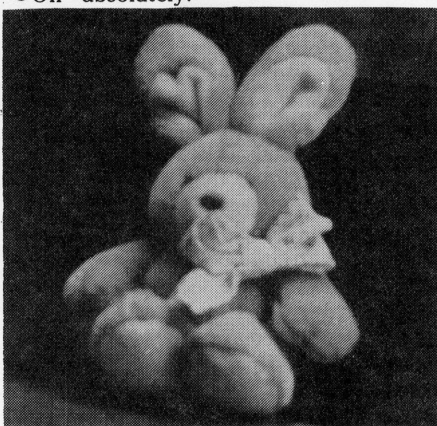
Sue:

- The MDH is a bit expensive...it's alright—the food's good.
- The UNION SNACK BAR'S quite good...the sandwiches are really fresh—they put the fillings in as you want them. They're really good—worth the money.
- I haven't eaten in the JCR. BELUSHIS' is alright apart from pizzas which are quite expensive. The baked potatoes are quite good value for money. I've heard that MUSTAPHA'S is pretty gross.
- The SOUTHSIDE SHOP is really good...a little expensive but you'd expect that—they could have concessions if they're trying to provide a service for students, rather than having a profitable business. They need to sell more fresh fruit and veg and things like washing powder as well.
- If I didn't believe in the Easter Bunny I wouldn't get all my eggs on Easter Day...I'm liberally minded...give me a few years and I might grow up a bit.



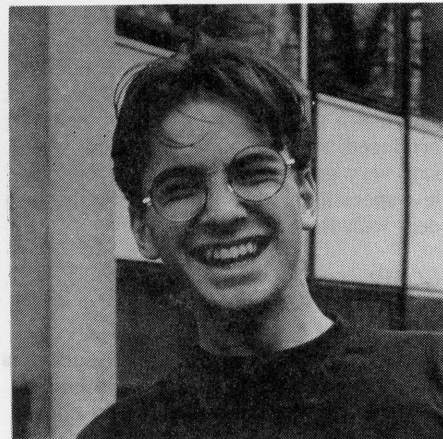
Dave:

- I was in the UFC that took the decision to redesign the BOOKSHOP. It does not do the job it should do...it should be a proper academic bookshop...I'd have it franchised to Dillons.
- At the time the changes were made, they said the new ordering system they were going to have, would guarantee that a book you ordered would be there within five days...the problem that I've always had with that bookshop is that it's never had the books I've wanted.
- Oh—absolutely.



Roger:

- In general the shops are very good as are the eating places. The only complaints I have are that there aren't enough carrots on the menu and the Bookshop doesn't have Watership Down on video.
- I'm glad to say that the barbaric practice of eating rabbit seems to have died out at Imperial.
- I think therefore I am.



John:

- I never go to the MDH 'cause it's shit. I get my snacks from the JCR...the SOUTHSIDE SHOP is dead handy.
- I eat at BELUSHIS—it's pretty good value. I drink at SOUTHSIDE—it's good fun meeting some American totty.
- Of course I do.



Dan:

- I don't go to MUSTAPHAS at all—it's just pointless. It's never open when I'm about—it's better to go BELUSHIS because you're down in the bar already. The food's not bad...the best you can get for that sort of price.
- The MDH is alright, but the food's not that good—I only go there when I have to.
- The UNION SNACK BAR is OK, but they've totally cocked up the sandwich bar—they're all pre-made and so dry. They used to be made to order. The one I had today—I could only eat half of it, the rest was like the inside of a tree. The hot food is fine.
- I've never used the SOUTHSIDE SHOP.
- Depends on if she's an Easter Bunny Girl or not.



Comics. Where do you buy them, and what do you buy? Alien Sex Fiend, Pendragon and the Amazing Machine tell all...

The Good, the Bad, and the Graphic



So just supposing you've read some of the comic stuff in the last few issues of Felix, and are thinking 'I'm an open minded, tasteful kind of person, and I'd like to find out more about this stuff...' (we live in hope, Alien Sex Fiend). What do you do? Well, the obvious thing would be to buy some comics. Pretty clever idea, eh?

There's just one eensy-weensy problem: There is a vast amount of comic material produced, and not all of it is, shall we say, very good. Also, there are relatively few specialist comic shops. So firstly, let's deal with the shops...

GOSH!

Great Russell Street, W1.

Situated opposite the British Museum, this is one of the smaller and more friendly shops in central London. Upstairs houses the standard selection of American imported comics, with a smallish, but often ridiculously cheap and quite complete, selection of back issues (I picked up a *New Mutants* No. 2 for £1.50, Pendragon). Downstairs is packed out with other forms of strip, especially Newspaper cartoons along the lines of *Footrot Flats*, *Calvin and Hobbes*, and *Bloom County*. The friendliness of the staff (in contrast with the surly attitude of many in Forbidden Planet) was enough to make this my regular comic shop last year.

COMIC SHOWCASE

Neal Street, Covent Garden

Primarily orientated towards the mainstream DC/Marvel selection, their New Releases section is horribly laid out, making it difficult to find what you are looking for. There is an average selection of back issues, at average prices, and a few Graphic Novels. But essentially there is nothing to make this shop stand out from all the others. Only really worth visiting if you've been struggling to find something elsewhere.

MEGA CITY

Inverness Street, Camden Town.

The key word here is Big. The most impressive back issue selection I've yet found in London, and usually at very reasonable prices. Marvel, DC and independents are separated into different sections, and once you know this, finding the issues you want becomes simplicity itself. The New releases are also stocked, but are displayed in a system I haven't quite worked out yet. There is an OK selection of merchandising, with a few T-shirts and posters, as well as a pretty good selection of Graphic Novels.

FANTASY INN

8

Charing Cross Road (back of Leicester Square)

Down in the basement of the Book Inn. It's cramped and packed with a lot of stuff you don't find elsewhere. The layout means it's hard to find things. If you can work your way through the mess then there are some good finds at reasonable prices. Some merchandising but not a lot. Nice homely feel.

PARADISE ALLEY

Off Denmark Street in an alley next to Andy's Guitars

Small is the keyword here. It's a tiny backroom of a place but the layout is great. All the comics are in easy to find alphabetic order (unless you want obscure independents) and there is a huge sea of stacked merchandise ranging from *Space 1999* to *Starskey and Hutch*. The prices usually aren't silly and the range of stuff is wide. Not a place for new releases but a good place for back issues.

MEANWHILE

Camden Town (near the tube station),

It's fairly small, very new, a few odd imports and a rather small selection. I didn't find it very useful but if you like mainstream or one offs then there is probably something there.

FORBIDDEN PLANET

New Oxford Street, just east of Tottenham Court Road Tube Station

The Forbidden Planet chain are probably the best known specialist comic shops in the country, and as such they have a large shop, and a large selection of titles. However, all is not sunshine and roses in happy bunny land: The shop is somewhat confusingly laid out, their back issue selection can be limited (probably due to the amount of people who use it), and their prices are often a few pence higher. Also, the new release section, while in alphabetical order, is in a very inconvenient place. To top it all off, it's generally very crowded, there can be long queues, they don't supply the comics in protective plastic bags, and the staff are sometimes less than friendly.

This said, they do get new titles in quickly, and have a large selection of merchandising and graphic novels. There is also a very good SF and Fantasy bookshop in the basement.

THE VIRGIN COMIC SHOP

Upstairs in both Virgin Megastores, Oxford Street

Not a lot to be said, other than it's small, with a limited selection (generally only

the big companies), but the staff are friendly enough, and they do bag their comics. The layout of the store takes a bit of time to get used to, as well. Alright.



So, now you know where you can buy them, what should you buy? Good question. Obviously a lot depends on the individual. After all, as with any art form, are very much a matter of taste. Both myself and Pendragon tend towards the best of the superhero genre, but comics are published covering a huge number of subjects. If in doubt, you can always ask the staff at shops, your mates, or just buy a copy and see. So, onto what we think are some of the better comics around, starting with America...

MARVEL US

Marvel Comics, in general, remain the most childish of the mainstream American comics, rarely experimenting with their characters in the way that DC often do. The blandness of characters such as *Captain America*, *Quasar* or *Thor* bears witness to this, and things don't look as if they are getting any better. They have just released a comic called *DarkHawk*, where the hero gains his powers by 'mysteriously finding a suit'. Ho Hum.

Within this though, some good stuff can be found, principally among their X or Mutant books.

The Uncanny X-Men

For many years this has been the undisputed champion of the comic-book market. Chris Claremont who has been writing it for well over ten years, has shifted the focus away from the actual super-heroics, and concentrated on the relationships and problems of the (ever-changing) team. For a while it has been hampered by a profusion of sub-plots which only surfaced every few years or

so, but this is being done away with, as hot penciller Jim Lee helps plot the book, leading to a more streamlined form of story telling. Recommended, although it takes time to get into, so either give it time, or find a friend who buys it.

X-Factor

The original X-Men, reformed. For a while it was languishing in the hands of an over verbose scripter, but has now been given a new penciller, and in the autumn a new writer (Peter David, who has done so much to resurrect the Hulk). Rumors are that they are going to become a government team. Looks like its going to be good...

X-Force

Due to start in a couple of months. Rising from the ashes of *New Mutants*, Cable and his charges are introducing a new concept to the Mutant books. They no longer wait for the bad guys to come to them. They're going out for their enemies blood... It is still relatively unusual to have a Marvel character that kills, so an entire team of them should be interesting. The creative team behind the book is strong, but will they wimp out? We hope not.

Excalibur

The only British mutant team, again it has lost its direction over the last year. Around issue 40 though, British writer/Artist Alan Davis takes over, so it might be worth a look again.

Wolverine

Great character in *X-Men*, but in his own book he is hindered by Ok writing and lousy art. Still worth a look, as some of the stories can be good.

Amongst the non-mutant books, worth looking out for are:

The Incredible Hulk

Now totally different from the character you might remember from TV, he is intelligent and has a very bad attitude. There is some fascinating political manoeuvring going on, which has managed to totally change the direction of the book.

SpiderMan

Produced totally by the incredible artist Tod McFarlane, this is the first new Spiderman book in a long time, and the first time McFarlane has scripted. Thus this aspect can be weak, but the art and dialogue, along with the generally darker slant of the title makes up for it. This said, the scripting is getting better.

Also worth looking at are the other three Spider Man Titles, especially *Amazing Spiderman*.

DETECTIVE COMICS

DC are the other big American company, and, indeed, were the first comics company. They have the three longest running characters in the comics field: Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman. In general, while they do have less mature titles (*SuperMan* and *Wonder Woman*, to name two), their comics have a far more adult outlook, and they are willing to address issues that 'super-hero' comics traditionally avoid. This is combined with a more orderly world, and fewer heroes, which leads to an overall 'tightness' and consistency within the titles, and far fewer continuity problems.

Batman

My unashamedly favourite character, and thoroughly recommended as a good way to start in comics, or as something new if you already read 'em. There are three titles that feature Batman, and of the two that follow his current adventures, this is currently the best. The creative team of Grant, Mitchell, and Breyfogle portray The Batman as he should be, dark and driven but still a man, not a cardboard cut-out. The art is also excellent, with a slightly stylised feel. Recommended highly.

Detective Comics

The other comic following The Batmans current adventures, and the weaker of the two. The art is of a dated, almost '70's style, and the characterisation not nearly as strong as in *Batman*. Still head-and-shoulders above a lot of Marvel stuff, and worthwhile buying so as better to understand 'Batman' (it's only 65p a month).



Legends of the Dark Knight

The third regular title featuring The Batman, and something of a new idea. Different Artist/Writer teams produce five

issue stories, which can be set anywhere in the history of Bats, whether past, present, or future. So far (it's up to issue 17) there has been one incredible story, one good story, one fair story, and the current one, despite a weak start, is getting better. Buy it, especially issues 11 to 15, which are one of the best introductions to the Batman character.

Green Arrow

A radical departure from most comics, and using a previously established character as well. This title exemplifies the best of DC. A very mature comic, dealing with real people, and examining the real world through them. The first two years of the strip were concerned with an investigation by the writers of the role of the victim in modern crime, via Green Arrow's adventures. If you want to see what can be done within the framework of a superhero comic, or just don't believe that they can address serious, real life issues, then buy this, and have your opinions changed.

Also recommended from DC are *Sandman* and *Doom Patrol*.

BRITISH COMICS

Some of the most talented people in modern comics are British, although several of them now work for American Companies. Of the stuff that's actually published over here, the three best are...

Knights Of Pendragon

Good. One of the best monthly comics produced at the moment. An eco-thriller with mystical overtones, rooting deep into our Celtic and Arthurian heritage. The script is brilliant, with occasional humorous one-liners. The art takes time to get used to, but is generally good, albeit variable, but the colouring is, well, sexy. Provided the writers manage to keep up the originality and tension, it'll continue to be essential reading. Buy it, and all the back issues (it's only on number 10, so there aren't too many).

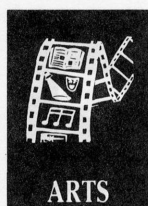
2000AD

THE stalwart of the British comics industry, and home of the infamous *Judge Dredd*. Recently turned all-colour, it is usually entertaining, and sometimes inspired. The only problem is that the stories can be of variable quality, but as this is due to them publishing stuff by new people, it's excusable. Vast amounts of the old stuff is available in collections, and many are well worth buying. Also reprints material monthly in *Best of 2000AD Monthly*. An easy way to get into comics, and worth a try.

TOXIC!

See review on page 10.

9



Toxic!

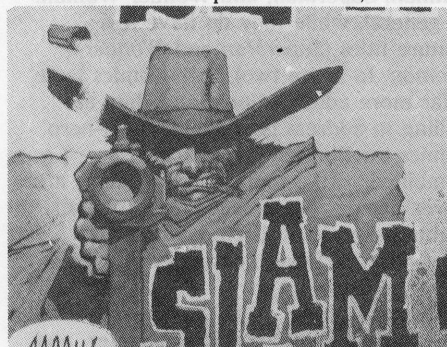
G Right, for those of you who don't know very much about the comic industry, a little bit of background: For many years the stalwart of the British comics industry has been *2000AD*. A huge number of the British artists and writers who've since gone on to bigger things and critical acclaim started off writing or drawing strips for it.

A few months ago several of these guys got together and decided that it would be a really cool idea to start their own company. So they did. They also got hold of lots more of the talented British creators, and persuaded them to work for them. Then they thought they'd better produce a comic.

Thus was born *TOXIC!*, an A4, full colour weekly. But what about a review? Well, starting with the cover: It's gross. But in an endearing kind of way. The main artwork is a rather tasteful picture of a guy bearing more than passing resemblance to a nasty green dinosaur, carrying a gun bearing the literate inscription 'Saur Ya Coming, Bronto Breath!'. In the background is the equally civilised Marshal Law, politely noting that the afore mentioned, and jolly attractive

chap should 'Consider yourself... EXTINCT!', which is hardly surprising considering that the Marshal has just blown a two foot wide hole the bloke's chest.

Inside there are four strips, three of which are the first parts of series, the last



painted by the fast-becoming-legendary Simon Bisley, which is excellent. Of the other three, *Muto Maniac* is the weakest. The *Marshal Law* story is, typically, very good, although not as brilliant as it has been in the past, but it looks like it'll be getting better. The best of them is *Accident Man*, with some excellent visual humour.

TOXIC! is being pushed as a newstand comic, that is, not just for 'comic fans'. Apocalypse want it to be sold in newsagents, and are trying to appeal to the 'general public'. This obviously puts it into competition with *2000AD*, and indeed it pushes the boundaries of even my sense of coincidence that *2000AD* has just gone totally full colour (*TOXIC!* is full colour throughout). However, *TOXIC!* appears to be aimed at a more adult audience than *2000AD*, even given the latter's recent maturation (is that a real word?)(Not according to my dictionary... Reviews Ed.).

In conclusion, the first issue is generally good, and with the arrival of Dan Abnett (of *Felix* interview fame) as editor it should improve. To sum up, it's worth a quid (and it only costs 99p!), but it tends to be slightly more sick than necessary in places and its potential has not been realised. With time it should be, and some of the up and coming strips sound excellent. With the amount of talent behind it, it should be a big success. I liked it. But then I'm a real sicko anyway...

Alien Sex Fiend

Night Sun

F From the opening notes of the score you can tell that this is an 'arty' sort of film. The credits appear (in Italian) with a small subtitle telling the audience who subtitled the film.

The film opens showing a small boy in 19th century costume standing under a blossoming tree with his hand held out. The camera pans around the impressive rocky mountainous landscape and returns 360 degrees to the boy, who still has his hand held out. Eventually a blossom falls into his hand, and he leans against the tree, thanking God for this wondrous gift.

This rather tacky beginning is necessary to set the character of the film, but is by no means representative. Next scene; the boy has grown into a handsome young man, Sergio Giuramondo (Julian Sands), quite unsurprisingly a bit of a lady's man. The king arranges for him to be married to an ex-mistress of his, Christina (Nastassja Kinski). Before the wedding, Christina confesses to Sergio, that she has 'loved before'. Not able to bear the shame, he does not even stay to hear her out, running from the room.

After this, he cannot face the world he knows, so he becomes a monk. Not even this provides enough solitude for the troubled Sergio, he becomes a hermit, forcing ever increasing hardships upon himself in an effort to find his soul. Many hear of this handsome hermit living on the hill. One woman, bored and in search



of a little sport decides to try and seduce him. He barely manages to keep his self-control, mainly by staring out of the window, praying, and inflicting pain on himself (He chops off one of his fingers). The woman leaves his hut, a changed person, and from this his reputation as a saint spreads.

As more people visit Sergio, they bring gifts. Eventually, his shack gets redecorated, and all that he has struggled to avoid finds him again. The site of hermitage becomes a pilgrimage for all and sundry, and his sainthood is commercialised. Among his visitors is a young girl, Matilda, a thinly masked analogy to the devil.

The girl seems quite harmless and has come to have her aversion to daylight cured by the 'miracle worker'. By using

fairly direct methods, Matilda manages to seduce Sergio, and he once again must leave, having totally lost his grip on the quest for the truth. OK, so I've given away most of the plot. This doesn't matter. The acting is superb, and the atmosphere is enough to carry you with the characters for the length of the film. It is never fast, but always has pace enough to hold the attention.

At last, a film that leaves you thinking. If you are sick of *Rocky 72* or 'Three men and a carbon based life-form' then this is for you; it's a bit out of the ordinary and it's beautiful. *Night Sun* will be on limited release around the country. Dig around in *Time Out* and start living your life.

Stef.

Quigley Down Under



F Since *Magnum PI* finished, the name Tom Selleck has not been associated with particularly good or successful films, unless the tag *Three Men and a Cradle* was attached. I doubt that this film is going to do much to change this situation, but, as westerns go, this ain't bad.

Recent attempts to resurrect this genre have sat at two extremes, with the extremely cerebral guilt driven *Dances with Wolves* at one end, and the all flash and bang *Young Guns* at the other. *Quigley Down Under* sits squarely in the middle, having transferred itself to Australia to allow a return to the more traditional action/adventure/romance format of the older westerns.

Quigley has been hired by an English landowner, purportedly to shoot dingoes. So he departs himself to Australia, picks up a mad woman (Laura Sex, lies and videotape San Giacomo), and is told that he is to shoot Aborigines. Naturally enough he refuses, and is thus beaten to a pulp, chucked in the desert (complete with pertly beautiful mad woman), rescued by Aborigines, and appointed as their unofficial protector. When the nasty English landowner (Alan Rickman, loving every moment, and acting everyone else off the screen) starts killing abos, Quigley goes out for revenge...

Selleck is heroic and, frankly, very tedious. San Giacomo is frankly, sexy, and manages to make something interesting out of a very strange, and imperfectly developed, character. Rickman is villainous, evil, and, frankly, RSC. Australia is beautiful, and the Abos, frankly, mysterious. The film? Worth seeing solely for Rickman. (I won't comment on San Giacomo to avoid accusations of sexism...)

Pendragon

B —Book

G —Comic/Graphic

On Extended Wings

by Diane Ackerman



B Wekwomtek—pleu! The poet—she flies. If you've ever wanted to fly, to just be in the sky, to see the world in its bedcovers from above. Here's your chance. Let your mind and its imagination be passengers in a plane with Diane Ackerman. Let them see what she shows you and then you will know what it is to fly! She will show you what it's like to live a life 'On Extended Wings', '...what it was like to be this smitten with flight, this new to its dangers, this far short of mastery, this deeply in love with a Universe in which things can fly.'

Wherever you sit reading in this enclosing city, you'll feel space and remember an awe at a world beyond cities, cars and enclosure. You'll feel the sun, and its inconvenience, when in your eyes. Why? Because Ackerman brings to her descriptions a raw excitement and a poetically trained mind. Easily forgiven is

the occasional, oversensitive ramble; because in view of the honesty of her writing, she appears to honestly believe what she has written.

Essentially *On Extended Wings* is an enthusiastic account of Ackerman's time spent learning to fly and of the people she meets. It is also in memory of a close friend who rehabilitates her love of flying and the sky, after it had come close to being murdered. It is for Martin Van der Linde, Ackerman described their common belief as '...the world is a fairground open only for one season, and you must enter it hungry and full of awe, eager for the rides that will thrill and teach you, though some may be dangerous.'

On Extended Wings radiates this belief, leaving you looking wide-eyed and longingly at the sky, feeling 'By God, how I want to fly.'

Undala Alam.

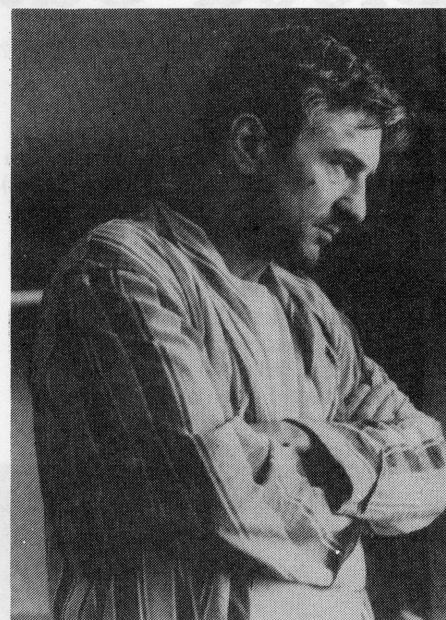
Awakenings

F What is it like to miss out 20 years of your life? Could you wake-up years after you fell asleep, and still stay sane? Now imagine a ward containing many post-encephalitic patients; survivors of 'sleeping disease'. They have been left in their trances, looked after in the 'chronic care facility' of Bainbridge Hospital. This is the initial scene in *Awakenings*, a film based on a true story.

Dr. Malcolm Sayer (Robin Williams) arrives on the scene. Innocent, idealistic, reclusive, he has difficulty adapting from his previous research to the realities of dealing with mental patients. Because of his background, his approach is radically different to all the other doctors. Whereas they are happy merely looking after the long-term mental patients, he wonders why nothing is being done to find a solution for their problems.

Sayer sets about correlating data, and finds a group of patients with the same symptoms, and he sets about finding a cure. He obtains permission to try a new drug on one of the patients; Leonard Lowe (Robert de Niro). After a short while, he shows dramatic improvement, waking from his 'slumber', to normality. Due to the success of this test case, Dr. Sayer is given permission to try the cure on all other patients with similar symptoms. He has a similar success with each.

This is my only grumble with an otherwise excellent film. The change-over from comatosed vegetable to lucid consciousness is all too sudden. In 'oh, so American style', they all wake up and suddenly all is sweetness and light. This doesn't last too long, and the film soon gets into its more realistic stride again.

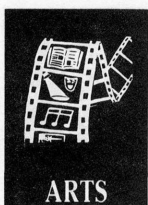


The catch phrase of the film comes into play; 'There is no such thing as a simple miracle'.

One by one, things start going wrong. Some of the patients get disillusioned; 'I feel old and I feel swindled—that's how I feel'. Side effects of the drug also come into play; it causes severe paranoia. After this things go severely downhill, and the drug is no longer considered viable.

Despite the fact that many sad things happen in *Awakenings*, it is a happy film. It is about the strength of the human spirit, about the motivation of a doctor, and about real life. Something makes me think that the film world is looking up. This is a beautiful film that is tangible, not a distant abstract film. It's there, it's real, it's alive.

Stef.

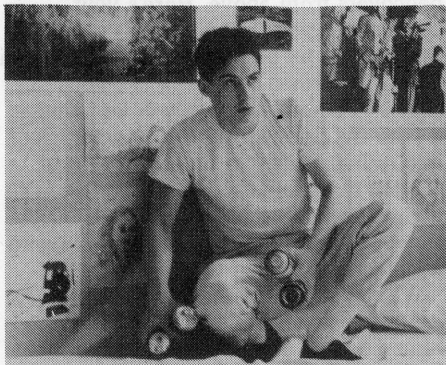


The Road Home

F *The Road Home* is not a road movie (despite the confusing advertising posters and the title), road movies are no longer 'à la mode' in Hollywood. The journey is in fact an emotional one. 'In a world spinning out of control, it's easy to lose your way...' The film concerns the desire of an American teenager to find some kind of foundation, a base for his life. His parents and society have let him down, so what is he to do? Rebellion seems to be the answer.

The film is made by the English director Hugh Hudson (who also directed *Chariots of Fire* and *Greystoke*, the Tarzan film) and stars Donald Sutherland as the therapist Dr Charles Loftis, and that well known 'rebel' Adam Horovitz from the *Beastie Boys*, as the rebel/delinquent Tim Doolan. The film is set in the middle-class suburbs of Los Angeles, where the houses are 'nice' the parents are 'nice' and the kids too are

'nice'. Unfortunately the truth is that underneath the niceties is a vacuum (and not the sinister corruption of the Lynchian middle America!).



Tim Doolan's parents are unable to 'cope' with their child, or rather do not really feel responsible for him. So they throw him in a private mental institution for kids (something which is apparently

becoming more and more acceptable in America). All Tim wants is to be able to communicate to his parents, to be understood. The film isn't actually too dissimilar from *Rebel Without a Cause*. I can understand that the film doesn't have a James Dean to push it along, but what is harder to accept is the saccharine nature of the film—it falls into the trap of being 'nice' enough for what the filmmakers must consider to be mass consumption. The director never really gets a clear focus on any particular aspect in the film, instead choosing to superficially depict Tim's angst, or looking briefly at his father's need to demonstrate his love but being totally incapable of doing so. We even get a brief glimpse of Dr Loftis' alcoholic problem without any real developments. In the end the film just makes a few weak points, without leaving any lasting impressions.

I.H.

Goodbye, Farewell, Amen

E All good things must come to an end. All good clichés must be used regularly on the reviews pages.

After nearly two years and three editors, finally I leave this hallowed post to edit QMW's *Cub*, my spare time finally following my academic life to Mile End.

I hope that over the time I have overseen these pages, some of this has been of use to you. Entertainment is expensive in London, and I have been endeavoring to provide a useful guide to what it is worth spending your well-earned overdraft on in your spare time. (Spare time? You IC students don't know the meaning of the word...) The main aim of the pages is not to give a cynical professional opinion, but that of the average cynical student. I don't know if I succeeded, but I hope so. If not, at least we're cheaper than *Time Out*, and I got to see a LOT of free movies.

In true show business tradition I would now like to thank... My fellow Arts editors Toby, Ian and Michael. The regular reviewers, namely I.H., JLW, Fruit, Alien Sex Fiend, Liz W., The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine (who will succeed me...) and, of course, the wonderful Pendragon (whoever he may be...) and anyone else who ever wrote a review.

See ya, it's been fun!

Adam T.

E —Editorial

F —Film

Blood Oath

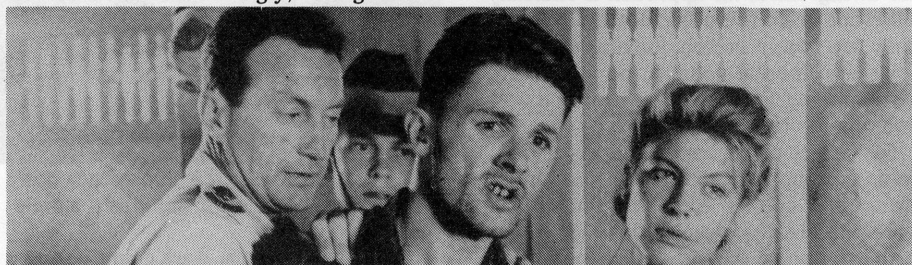
F Why is this film called Blood Oath? All the right ingredients are present: George Takei (Mr Sulu), 900 Anzacs (dead), a small and otherwise unheard-of island which is the centre of a huge territorial battle (read Falkland Isles) and a lead man who you've never heard of, but was in that thing on TV a while back (Bryan Brown). All this and Jason Donovan (crap) too.

Disposing of these in order of introduction: George Takei is very disappointing, failing to say 'Phasers locked on target' even once, nor is there a 'Warp Factor five, sir' even for his devoted fans. Distressingly, George here

bayoneted soldiers found on Ambon.

During the trial, attention is focussed on the clash of Eastern and Western cultures, particularly by examining two young soldiers, one on either side. This is where Jason 'Spunky' Donovan comes in, in a profoundly negligible role (four words).

The one thing this is not, is a war movie, nor is it a straight-forward courtroom drama. Several themes (justice and retribution, East-West clash, abuse of power, and the innocence of individuals) are playing in parallel without tangling in each other. The creators of this film obviously set out to expose a story which the world needs to know about, and to



puts on a convincing and interesting performance in a true-life role as the Japanese baron/commander who ordered the execution and general nastiness in the POW camp on Ambon Island during World War II. During his command of the camp, 1100 Australian POWs entered the camp. Only 300 came out.

Bryan Brown's job (you must remember him, he was in that thing about the special effects man) is to prosecute the Japanese officers in charge of the camp for the war crimes they have undoubtedly committed, proved by the statements of the Australians and the mass graves of decapitated and

this extent have succeeded in making a movie which holds the attention, without the unnecessary superimposition of the usual neon 'This is a true story' nonsense.

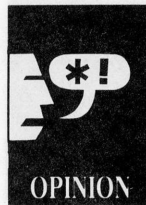
Although an attractive(ish) nurse shows up in the film and gradually becomes a closer and closer ally of the leading man, there is an astounding and very welcome absence of a gratuitous love story.

All told this is a rather good film, more thought-provoking and consequently probably less successful than most. You may actually remember this in six months.

Why is this film called Blood Oath?

The Erasing Drying Turtle Vaseline

The Friends of Palestine Society give their view of the Jewish Society exhibition.



The Many Sided Coin

The exhibition staged in the JCR on 19, 20 and 21 February 1991 by the Jewish Society has caused distress and concern among many students because of its derogatory tone and implications about several Middle-Eastern leaders, and in particular Yasser Arafat, chairman of the PLO and President of the State of Palestine. I was asked by several overseas society representatives to put together the following comments and corrections, which I shall limit to only two points.

First, the issues of terrorism. The designers of the exhibition falsely attribute 'terrorism' to the PLO and to its main constituent element Fatah, which is Mr Arafat's own factions. They contend that the PLO is a terrorist organisation, and that its elected leader, Mr Arafat, is also a terrorist. Such derogatory statements about the PLO chairman Arafat and his faction Fatah are without foundation because the so-called Palestinian terrorism is nothing more than the struggle for liberation of Palestine, much like the struggle for the liberation of Kuwait, and in particular, of the areas of Palestine which were reserved by the UN for the Arab State in 1947, and which Israel has usurped. It goes without saying that these areas include and exceed the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The Palestinian struggle for the liberation is justified by a number of UN resolutions, by the UN Charter and by international law. It is obvious that to describe the struggle of the Palestinians against Israel's

usurpation of their ancestral homeland as terrorism is tantamount to distortion of the facts and to misleading opinion.

The originators of the exhibition appear to forget that real terrorism in Palestine was initiated and is still continued by Zionist Jews and by the State of Israel. As examples that are in no way exhaustive, it is sufficient to cite the campaign of violence and terror directed by Jewish terrorists at British and Palestinians alike, such as the bombing of the King David Hotel at Jerusalem on July 22 1946, which was the seat of the government, killing 91 of its senior officials; the capture and hanging of British officers, the dynamiting of homes over the heads of their occupants in Arab residential quarters; bombings of Arab market places, and the notorious and heinous outrage committed on April 9 1948 involving the Irgun (a Zionist terrorist organisation led by Menachem Begin); the massacre of 250 men, women and children at Deir Yassin, 'without any military reason or provocation of any kind' as reported by Jacques De Reynier, the Chief Delegate of the International Red Cross at the time.

Israeli terrorism was not limited to acts that took place during the British mandate but continued during and after the war of 1948 by the deportation of one million Palestinians, the destruction of several hundred Arab villages, the brutal repression of the uprising since 1987 in the West Bank and Gaza District,

the shooting of close to one thousand Palestinians, including 159 children below 16, many of whom were less than ten years old, who fought the occupation with stones and finally the massacre of 21 unarmed Palestinians on October 8 1990 in the area of the Haram Al-Sharif at Jerusalem, for which Israel was condemned by the UN Security Council.

Furthermore, the political defamation of the PLO is accompanied by a flagrant and shameful defamation of Mr Arafat personally. The leader of six million people for over 25 years was referred to in cynical and foul language fit for use only by those who will lower themselves to it.

**The Executive Committee,
Friends of Palestine Society.**

O.S.C. Statement

For three consecutive days, from 19 to 21 February 1991, IC Jewish Society hosted a controversial exhibition in the JCR. The society made no secret of the fact that the exhibition was designed by Israelis in Tel-Aviv and occupied Jerusalem, and actually released their names (Messrs Y Hofshi and I Brosh). Because of its strong political statements and allegations, the display angered a very large number of students. Clearly provocations of this nature threaten the concord between students of different origins and backgrounds at Imperial.

It is quite unacceptable, especially in difficult times filled with political uncertainty, for a society to ignite a political argument that has no place in the College. All other societies, especially those whose members are directly affected by the recent conflict, have kept quiet on purpose in order to preserve the gentle and peaceful student relations. In the past there has been a strong

commitment by all clubs and societies to abide by their constitutions, and with respect and consideration for other clubs and societies, we all wish that it will remain so. However, the exhibition staged a display of opinions highly critical of all Middle-Eastern countries and their regimes, openly describing them as murderous, barbaric and other such offending comments. Paragraph 2 of the constitution of the Jewish Society states: 'The object of the society is to promote an appreciation of matters of Jewish and Israeli interest.' There is a fine line between promoting an appreciation of someone's interests, and alienating and hurting members of this college.

It is for all the above reasons that the Overseas Student Committee unanimously condemns such behaviour, especially that it has itself always promoted and upheld an understanding and cordial relationship between overseas and home students.

The Overseas Student Committee.

ADS

3 piece suite (3 seat sofa, 2 seat sofa, armchair & footstool) Moss Green, Good Condition

£500

also:

10 speed Raleigh Pursuit Racer

Male 22" £70.

Phone: Dan 071-586 4103
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LOST

Yellow Folder (A4)
containing lecture notes probably lost in Southside on Tuesday 12th March. If found please contact Tracy Jenkins, Biochem II

CRIME PREVENTION WEEK

from
**Monday 15th April
Sherfield Ante Room**

In attendance will be
representatives from Gerrard Road
Police Station,
Crime Prevention and Home Beat
Office
Lectures on Personal Safety, and
Office Crime Prevention
ALSO CYCLE CODING



The Trials of China

What strikes you immediately in China are the bicycles - all old-fashioned brand-new black 'Roadsters' swarming in tides. The Chinese have very few private cars. Bicycles are used for transporting everything from pigs in panniers to three-piece suites on rear carriers. In Shanghai I saw eight TV sets on one bike. When you start talking fowl, the numbers reach the hundreds - with beaks, bills and combs trailing on the ground and hitting spokes.

Transport through China comes in a variety of forms, with all the conventional third world characteristics. Other active museum pieces are the colossal black and red steam trains still manufactured in Datong. They rattle and clatter congo fashion through the cultivated market garden country.

There are three classes of train ticket. The cheapest ticket, the 'hard-seat' is in fact padded but it's hard on the stamina.

A certain advert for cruelty to animals describes the journey of lambs being transported across Europe. 'Imagine being locked in a train carriage for thirty-six hours. You'd have nothing to eat and drink. Before long you'd be collapsing from exhaustion. Now imagine the train is travelling at 100 mph but there is nowhere to sit and nothing to hold on to. You'd be thrown about, crushed and trampled. If you are frail or weak you may not survive. Now imagine there are 600 people crammed in there with you. That's more than five times rush hour crowds.'

With the exception of the speed and food, this could describe a Chinese hard-seat train journey. The carriage from Xian to Chengdu had 167 seats and over 300 people stood, spat, squawked, coughed, ate, littered and smoked in the aisles. The lights stayed on all night. I wrote in my diary:

'After twelve hours, eighty of those standing had slumped into crumpled heaps on the floor of the aisle, oblivious to the sputum, cigarettes, chewed chicken and fish bones, sunflower seeds and melon carcasses. I attempted to reach the toilet, woke thirty people, got halfway along the carriage and gave up. I tried to sleep. Another man sank from his feet in the aisle and slumped against me. We propped each other up rocking from left to right for the next five hours. I lost sight of the end of the carriage as the smoking, choking atmosphere accumulated. A little boy opposite chewed a boiled egg for twenty minutes and then spat it over me.'

Hard-sleepers are the best value for money. The bunks are three high, the highest is about two metres off the floor and reachable only by acrobats. The lower bunk is communal by day and consequently fills with crumbs and cigarette ash. The best to go for is the

middle bunk, but you rarely have a choice. As a foreigner you never get offered hard-sleepers when you buy your ticket. The key is to take your life in your hands and to buy a hard-seat ticket in the hope of up grading it to a hard-sleeper once on the train. When you board the train you must find the controller, who usually resides in carriage nine. It helps if you have the words 'hard-seat change to hard-sleeper' written down in Mandarin.

Soft-sleepers are for high ranking party officials, and the cream of China's 'classless' society. They are equipped with wood panelling, potted plants, lace curtains, teacup sets, carpets and fully operational air conditioning.



Peep

Buses, like anywhere in Asia, are cheap and long past retiring age. Since buses stop everywhere you get to see bits of the countryside you wouldn't see on the trains.

From Beijing there are flights in every conceivable direction. China Airways (CAAC) have an unenviable safety record, and lose more planes each year than any other airline. The only emergency instructions come garbled through the loudspeakers in Mandarin as you rush full throttle along the runway. If you collect enough in-flight magazines you can fathom out where the exits are. Air conditioning comes in the form of a paper fan which you flap, nervously wishing you were in a hard-seat on a train. About ten minutes into the air and along comes the in-flight meal - a packet of nuts and an ice cream.

Two hours later, they announce that we will be landing shortly. Everyone stands up and begins to yank their bundles out

of the rack. They remain standing, pushing and squatting, oblivious to the demands that they sit down and fasten their seatbelts. The plane bounces in and skids uncontrollably along the runway.

The most preferable form, by far, of transport in China is the boat. Unfortunately, most rivers run east-west and so you are restricted to routes along the Yangtse from Chongqing to Shanghai, or from Canton to Wuzhou up the Pearl River.

To do any sort of travelling you need to understand the money. There are two kinds of money in China: people's money or 'RMB', pronounced rem-em-bee and tourist money, 'FEC', standing for foreign exchange certificates. This system has

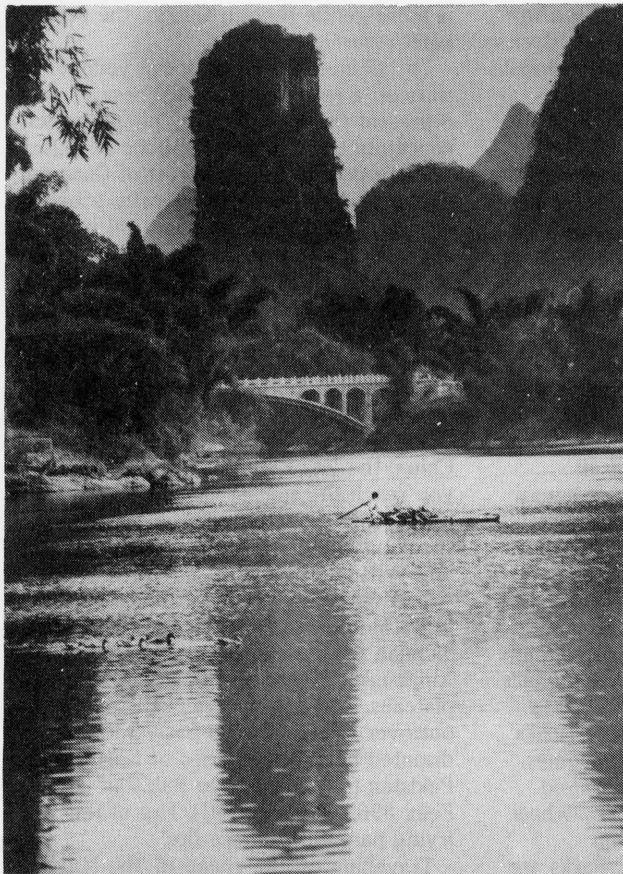
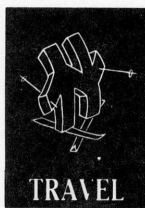
only been created in the last decade in an attempt to exploit tourists as much as possible. The creation of FEC has caused a black market. Where ever you travel in China you encounter the 'Money Changers' - a curious breed of parasitic people who eke out a living on the streets trading RMB for FEC. In the bank, rates are 1:1, but on the street in 1988 it was almost 2:1. In the summer of 1990 the rate had dropped to 1.25:1. This means that every 100 FEC you get for your travellers cheques is worth 125 RMB on the street. Confused? You will be.

The currency is called the 'Yuan'. There are ten 'Mao' to the Yuan and ten 'Fen' to the Mao. This means there are 100 Fen to the yuan. The yuan is also called the 'Quy' (pronounced cu-wu-eye) and the Mao is also called the Jiao.

In theory all foreigners have to buy everything in FEC. However, you can purchase false work cards which say you teach English in Beijing for example.

窺

中国的审判会



书童山

疲惫

Scholar Hill

With these (and a lot of guts) you can talk your way into Chinese-price air tickets, train tickets and hotel rooms, saving a small fortune during a long stay. Be warned though, the police and public security people can tell which are fake cards. Fines are high, and Chinese cells are not comfortable - I speak from experience!

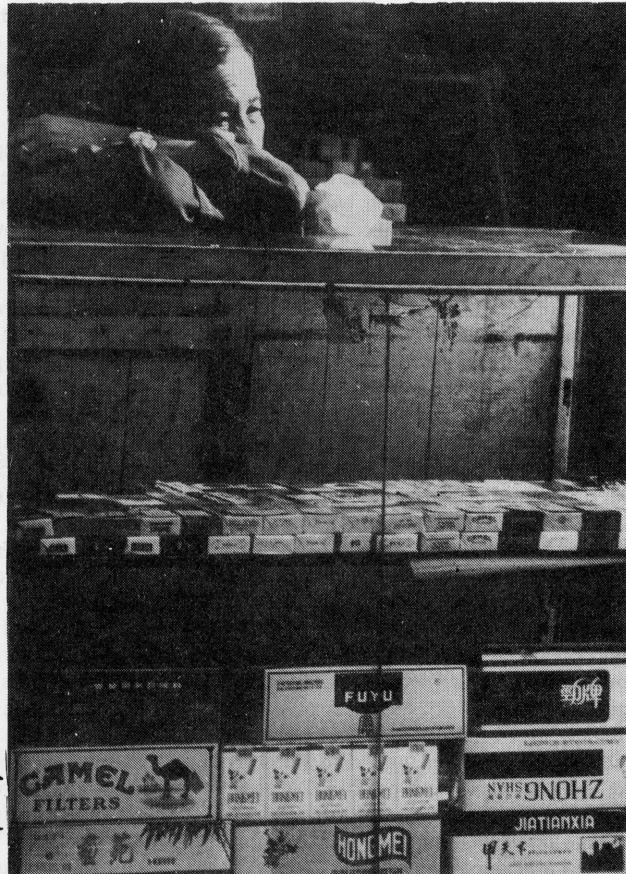
Buying your tickets is the next problem. Trying to get a ticket from a seller who doesn't speak English and doesn't want to serve you anyway is daunting. When you have just queued for four hours as well, it can be frustrating to fall at the final furlong because of the communication barrier. To be dismissed with the simple word 'Mei-yo' meaning 'no', 'not possible', 'don't want' would try the patience of Confucius. I learnt quickly that the trick is to write down the instructions - the place you want to go, the day, (today/tomorrow), and the class of ticket. All these characters can be copied from a phrase book.

This brings us onto the question of language. Mandarin or Cantonese are not the easiest to learn. Even for the Chinese, reading is a slow business and children take over ten years to read properly. Speaking is based on a system of tones which I seemed to be incapable of making. Even with a lot of effort, my speech was met with a lot of blank

expressions. With practice you can master the numbers, greetings, and a few food names come in handy! It is, however, vital to take a pocket phrase book to just point to words written down in it.

Planning your itinerary for China depends on the time you have. The distances are immense. It can take a week to travel from Harbin in the north to Kashgar in the southwest. The temptation is to jump from town to town by plane. But all Chinese towns are the same, wide, concrete lined boulevards, with sixties-style street lighting, and characterless buildings. Treat the overland travel as part of the trip, not an inconvenience. China lies between the towns; the real country is in the villages. It is not easy to reach these, and frequently long and exhausting bus or train journeys are required. Two villages which are perhaps easier to reach than most are sleepy Yangshuo amongst Guanxi's karst scenery in the south, and the oasis town of Turfan, Xinjiang province in the west.

Few Chinese would enjoy the sort of pace that many foreigners set themselves. It is easy to become run down. You should allow one day in four for logistics and ticket bookings. Some provinces fall into natural pairs, such as Yunnan and Sichuan, Gansu and Xinjiang, Tibet and Qinghai. There are themes you can



Weaken

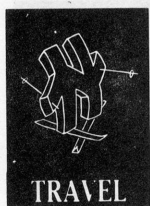
follow, like sailing through China, concentrating on border regions or minority areas, visiting Buddhist mountains (like Emei Shan and Huan Shan), or following the Silk Road.

It is possible to cross overland from Pakistan on the Karakoram highway, or from Nepal on the Friendship Highway, however the access of these roads changes from year to year. The most common route to China is on an overnight ferry from Hong Kong. Flights from London to Hong Kong are over £300. You can fly directly to Beijing a little cheaper.

I took the Trans-Siberian railway from Moscow to Beijing, (see article 'Bottom Bunk to Beijing', Felix 896, 1 March 1991). After a week in Beijing of chasing money-changers and black market train tickets, I gave up and flew to Xian, home of the Terracotta Army.

An unforgettable hard-seat train journey took me to Chengdu, which I used as a base for excursions to Leshan and Emei Shan. A memorable bus journey of unpredictable length provides a unique insight into roadside village life.

The bone-shaking bus with broken windows and bald tyres was resting in bay four. 'A better way to travel' was tattooed ominously in blood red paint along the battered body work. I joined the swarm of peasants round the mud



The Trials of China continued

caked door and boarded. The seat numbers made little sense, so I found myself a nice window seat and refused to move. Once in the country we picked up a little too much speed as we bounced and bruised our way south.

Foiled by the trains again, I flew to Chongqing, (a flight which was cancelled once because the control tower was on fire) and combined a trip through the gorges of the muddy red Yangtze River with ascents of two more Buddhist Mountains.

I found a chair and sat on deck reading and writing post cards as the steep green fertile terraces of the Yangtze's levees passed slowly by. Small rickety longboats plied the brown waters and little people toiled on the banks like umpa-lumpas beside a chocolate river. In the late afternoon we moored alongside Shibaozhai, a 12-storey pagoda tacked onto the side of an oblong slab of sandstone protruding from the muddy flood plains. A steep flight of stairs took you up a dark narrow damp alleyway and back to the 18th century. A little cobbled street lined with butchers and traders snaked off in both directions. With excited chattering and pointing, I was guided to the right up another narrow passage lined with ancient men selling smoked and decaying eggs... The view from the top of the pagoda was worth the climb. The river snaked off to the east with the evening sun ringing brightly from the ripples. To the south lay grey clay roofs nestled in lush green terraced paddy fields.'

The majority of the trip along the Yangtze is past low-lying flood plains, but for a short stretch two days from Chongqing you pass steep, vertical, ship-crushing cliffs straight out of *Jason and the Argonauts*.

'Back in the cabin I played another game of Chinese chess. It was faster than

the last and just as I thought I'd lost my opponent gave up! I went back on deck and sat in the sun watching the vast slabs of rock dipping and folding into the swirling brown waters to emerge on the other side. Steeper and deeper gorges appeared in the haze ahead, darkening as we passed beneath them.'

Shanghai is over six days' by boat from Chongqing. Stopping to visit Huan Shan and Nanjing, it had taken me ten days. Five days before, I had slept on a sweaty, cockroach-ridden provincial station platform in deepest Jiangxi province. Today I dined on banana splits in a chilly air-conditioned revolving restaurant overlooking a sprawling international harbour front. Shanghai had it all.

Intriguing markets sold budget bonsai trees, terrapins, turtles and the inevitable crickets in cages. Bunches of water-filled plastic bags billowed with colourful, worried-looking ornamental fish. A music conservatory of international acclaim boasted flocks of child prodigies. Brahms piano concertos mingled with Shanghai's improvised jazz bands. But Shanghai's sights lie in the streets. Roads of 1920's architecture sprouting futuristic domes, towers and spires above an insectoid rush-hour of two, three, and four wheel hybrid vehicles segregated from pedestrian-clogged bike lanes. Parks are filled by tai chi and martial arts are performed in streets outside hotels.

In the south of China lies Guangxi province. I arrived by boat up the Pearl River from Canton. Famous for its karst limestone scenery, it offers an ideal opportunity to reach Chinese village life, whilst not straying far from banana pancakes, pizzas and ice cream sundaes. Such things are most welcome after the hundredth day of rice, egg and tomato. Yangshuo offers such delicacies amongst the shaggy camel hump hills. The Li river slithers between them and the pace of life

is more gentle than in Guilin, the original karst resort.

The Chinese flag boasts five yellow stars on a red background. These represent the fifty minority people which constitute the People's Republic of China. Yunnan province to the west of Guangxi supports many of these minority tribes. Most don't recognise the political borders and are synonymous with many of the people from north Thailand.

From Kunming, the capital of Yunnan, I took a train north, back to Chengdu to join the Silk road and to trace it across the Gobi and Taklamakan deserts, towards Pakistan.

The further west you travel in the China, the less Chinese it becomes, until you reach the special autonomous region of Xinjiang province with its Turkish-speaking population, with their mosques and veils and noodles.

Even in three months, I didn't reach Inner Mongolia, Yunnan's border lands, Sichuan's Woolong Nature Reserve, Xinjiang's borders or Tibet's high plateaus. After twelve weeks I was spat out over the Khunjerab pass, into the disputed border territories of Northern Pakistan (see 'Passage to Pakistan' article, Felix 896, 1 March 1991). Out of the frying pan and into the fire!

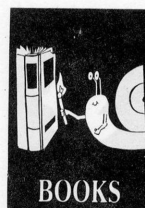
Travelling on the cheap in 'the Middle Kingdom' is hard work, but the rewards are clear. China is without doubt a country of extremes, a vast territory promising misty sacred mountains, immense deserts, fertile plains, isolated beaches and peaceful sleepy countryside, filled with over 1.2 billion people with whom to make contact. It can't be seen or done, it has to be experienced. If you go, take your time and pack your patience. Don't treat it as an assault course. Go to watch and learn. You will not change China, but it will certainly change you.



Umbrella Meeting

The Slow Moving Snail on the trail of reality...

Books for Revolution

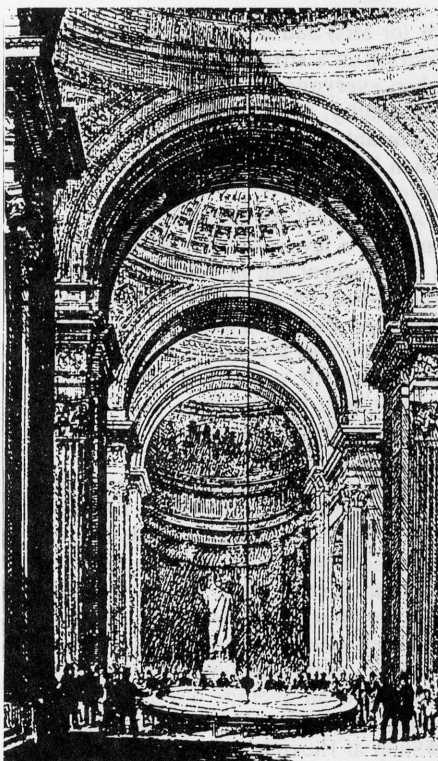


I write this for you to read. It is a means of communicating, just like music, art, advertising and scientific journals. But what can be read into what is communicated and why? What can we find out by taking apart the pieces of a message? Can breaking the hidden 'codes' itself be a subversive activity, not only threatening the stability of society but also our sense of reality?

Foucault's Pendulum is set in the world of academic publishing, in a time frame of at least four moments. The main character waits in a museum dedicated to the history of science, waiting for the answer to an enigma that unfolds in long flashbacks, whilst the pendulum swings. The enigma is wrapped in history, as told through the meaning of numbers and stories. A game begins, elaborating an ultimate story. With the disappearance of a character, the involvement of an unexplainably inquisitive detective and a mysterious sage who acts as if he has lived forever, their innocent game maybe becoming more than just a story. For where does reality begin...?

This book is a scientist's nightmare, losing their tightly gripped security blanket of an objective reality - losing it in a world that they use to weave that blanket, the history of science. Structured into many short chapters, this long book constructs, on a foundation of increasing suspense, a mystery of magic, knowledge and power. For the transformation of sitting in a chair into an adventure just add one ingredient, Umberto Eco's book.

If you have not yet read Eco's first best-seller *The Name of the Rose* then read it. The Professor of Public Understanding of Science, John Durant, uses its plot to review a new book, Alan Gross's 'The Rhetoric of Science'. The concept of a book and its advocacy of a particular



style of expression or analysis - in 'The Name of the Rose' it is comedy - as a threat to the established power is an evocative image. It has often been used in marketing books, or religions.

The art of selling statements as knowledge is the theme of Gross's book. Threatening the world of objectivity, claiming that truth is socially constructed. Durant defends truth in his review, being 'almost embarrassed at having to spell it out'. Yet there are exciting attempts to explain the history of ideas without reference to their truth value. Shapin and Schaffer have published a book that examines the foundation of the Royal

Society and its attempts to establish experiment as the proper foundation of new knowledge. A battle between the philosophers and the experimentalists, seeking social and political stability via a knowledge that itself was stable in its certainty. *Leviathan and the Air Pump* looks at the relationship between Hobbes and Boyle in the seventeenth century. Shapin and Schaffer sell their idea well.

This attempt to sociologize the history of science has itself been interpreted as a fight on political grounds, the sociologists being seen as left-wing radicals undermining the objectivity of history!

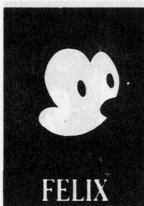
When Wells was a student here he was so bored in lectures and practicals that he would visit the Victoria and Albert Museum to forget the world of science studies. A new exhibition and associated book was launched there just last month. They are called *The Art of Selling Songs* and analyse the historical development and contemporary trends in marketing music. Intertwining technological changes with the skill of transforming musical themes into printed symbols. Explaining what goes into the design of the wrapping for this commodity. The book is beautifully illustrated, with over eighty colour prints and ninety black and white. This is the first attempt to analyse the history of marketing music. Students can buy copies at the reduced price of £9.95, order via Book Reviews, Felix Office (normal price £14.95).

At Imperial the historians of science are breaking new ground in their research into the portrayal of science in public journals and newspapers. Also they are examining the iconography of populist books, in their selling of ideas. This college has some wonderful hidden corners where you can find the cracking of the authority of stereotyped science.



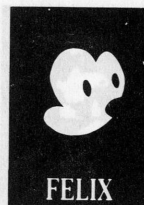
'...we put ourselves in a position to realise that it is ourselves and not reality that is responsible for what we know. Knowledge, as much as the state, is the product of human actions.'

Leviathan & The Air Pump



The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine are putting on the Ritz in...

Filthy Rich and Really Offensive!



Being Rich? What is it? How do you get it? How do you avoid it? How often should you have it? Is it really all it's cracked up to be? Should it bend like that?

In this feature we plumb the depths and depth our plums in search of that elusive quantity: MONEY. Specifically, what are the differences between someone with MONEY and someone without it? Is it possible to have it without knowing? How possible is it to be rich without any money?

Before settling down to the main feature, sipping your Coke and spilling your popcorn you should be warned that being rich may not be all it's customarily supposed to be. Thanks to the class system we no longer live with (gee thanks Mr. Major), a merry perspiring aspirer may find him/herself in bed with a chicken. No, hang on, that's wrong. Ermm...in the company of such reprobates as are listed below : Do you really want to share your jellied eels with the following?

- Jason Donovan
- Bernard Manning
- Bernard Matthews
- Bernard Bresslaw
- Ken Dodd (IS INNOCENT -it's official)
- Keith Harris (and Orville, may he rot in a gibbet for all eternity (with Colonel Sanders for company)).
- Robert Maxwell (oer, a bit of satire, our name's The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine, goodnight)

By this point only those of you who still think the Poll Tax is a neat idea will still be with us. This is not sufficient grounds for being rich, however. Judging by the comprehensive list above there is also a 50% chance that you are called Bernard and a 100% chance of being a complete git (except Bob Maxwell; we can't afford the lawyers).

Hell-bent as you are on the pursuit of riches, we feel that we should put you right on a few fallacies commonly held by the public.

- Things the rich don't do:
- Spread butter with a fish-knife
 - Pass port to the right
 - Live in Cardboard City, SW1
 - Shop regularly at Cascade in Oxford St. (the shop with the legs)
 - Use Sex Reactor machines outside newsagents.
 - Fish for lunch in rubbish bins
 - Wear their underpants for a five week stretch
 - Orgasm watching Treasure Hunt (what do you mean nobody does this anyway?)
 - Wear open-toed sandals and lecture on Open University.
 - Argue over prices in Tandy.

If you do any of the latter then you are

Mr (or Mrs) Sad and you should lock yourself in a strong metal box until Xmas when everyone is the mood to forgive all and sundry, save Derek Beatty. It's also important not to believe you are rich when in fact you may simply have some taste.

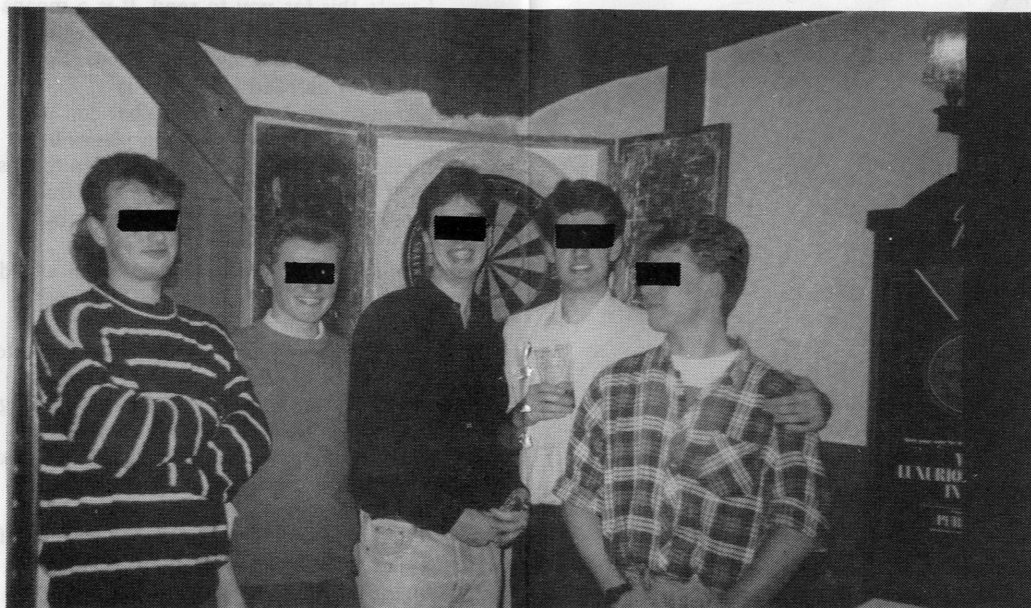
At this point it's probably best to undergo a few surgical modifications; get a good accent put in (Middle European or Middle Eastern are recommended for the beginner; Burkina Fasese is not), lose your chin and if possible a large part of your brain. (If you are Bernard Manning gain at least twenty stone and don't bother with the part of your cerebellum that's left).

Okay, we hear you say (do you come from Venus?) so I've done all this and know what not to do. What do I do? You seem like a real smasher (super smashin' lovely, listen to Tony) so we'll spill the beans and swing the cat. We followed some rich looking plebs for a week or so (honest officer, we're press) and this is an average day for the terminally well-to-do and posh nobs:

- Shop at Harrods on your American Express Platinum Card.
- Failing Harrods, go in search of an antique Persian Carpet at an auction.
- Go horse-racing.
- Go horse-racing after some inoffensive animal under the guise of pest control.
- Spit on the homeless.
- Make well observed comments on 'an honest day's work'
- Spend silly money on the kind of things you get in crackers only they aren't made of plastic.
- Do things just like normal people, like buying aeroplanes and popping in to see Imelda on their way to their country place in the West Indies.
- Buy a newspaper (see Bob Maxwell-off-thanks-for-asking)
- Have someone go to the lavatory for you. (Crap gag, we know).

Okay. So failing actually having loads of dosh dropping willy nilly hither and yon, how easy is it to FAKE being rich on a stude grant (ie. not very much at all)? In the interest of journalistic truth and beauty TAFGM Inc. have researched this much neglected topic.

1) Going to Harrods. This bit is actually quite easy. In fact it's a piece of piss. However, actually simulating oilfed tendencies once there is very hard, particularly if you resemble an excited Muppet (cf. Flying Gerbil) or the lost fourth member of The Jam (cf. Amazing Machine). Harrods is stuffed with staff who manage to be obsequious and condescending without knowing what either of them mean. When one (NB it is essential to refer to yourself as 'one' in



The Amazing Machine meets the 'Young Guns' and Jason Donovan for lunch at the hard rock café.

swank joints rather than 'Flying Gerbil Of Fleet Street!') examines the gold dustbins (£450, a real snip) and the enamelled swimming pools laughingly referred to as baths (between £2500 for a standard model and £35000 with optional wo/manservant) it is necessary to remark how five day's stubble is in fact terribly 'in' in Milan.

2) Go to an auction. This involves bravery on a grandiose scale as you contend with the doorman of the Savoy who seems oddly unconvinced of your identity as you explain that you look taller on screen. Giving your name as 'Emilio Estevez' is also frowned upon. The doorman will then give you the runaround by telling you to go to the Waldorf. At the Waldorf it is only possible to remain inconspicuous as you enter the Grand Ballroom by retreating under a tablecloth and shuffling slowly for an exit. The fifty gently gyrating geriatrics on the floor are admirably restrained in their complete failure to notice you, but trying to steal the cutlery will only earn you a quick and easy departure.

Once at the auction you are expected to wander all over the carpets during what is termed the 'viewing'. This in fact offers the other bidders a chance to eye you with distaste as you become aware that you may just possibly have overdressed for the occasion. If necessary, get your partner to take diversionary action (fainting, dying, having a baby or all three) while you sit in a corner and look disreputable. At no point make ANY gags about bombs whatsoever. Once the bidding begins everyone sits stiller than glass in a desperate attempt to avoid the

auctioneer's gaze. While he exhorts you to feel the quality and buy buy buy it is vital not to lose your head in the wild excitement and seize a fifteen by twenty handwoven Kashgai rug for less than the cost of a second-hand racehorse.

3) Go horse-racing. A bit of a no-no, we're afraid. Although it may seem simple to do this, many obstacles intrude, not least the simple fact that nobody knows what you do. How do you get into a racecourse? Do you pay? Where do you go once inside? What's the point? Another blow is that even Aristotle Onassis will not lend you his prize courser for an afternoon. Unless you have a couple of mates in pantomime it is very hard to experience the joy and sorrow of watching your very own filly tear down the turf. (Even if you do it doesn't get much easier).

4) Go fox-hunting. We would have tried this except we're not bastards and it's hell getting the blood out.

5) Being offensive purely, because you can afford a law suit or the cost of an efficient hit man to clean up any misdemeanour. Try this at your peril, kiddies, because being a smelly old poo-head doesn't make many friends in this day and age. If you can ignore the massed throngs of homeless with their cardboard Barratt Homes and faces that only days without food can buy and not feel guilt or pity then you're a better/worse man than I or he.

Note that to maximise your insult potential it is necessary to both ignore any aspect of value other than wealth and also to rub the price differential in as

much as possible. Comments such as 'You couldn't give me the price of a cup of MY tea' and 'The only reason you're poor is that you spend too much of your time thinking of others' are prime examples of offensive potential. With true filthy richness comes a pure narrow-mindedness that can range from 'get up off their arses' to 'probably on drugs and have AIDS anyway' in a quantum leap that would leave Einstein a dribbling potato (as opposed to a festering stiffy).

6) A Night At The Opera. This has nothing to do with being rich. It's a Marx Brothers film.

7) Similarly, any attempt to Horse Feathers, Duck Soup or Monkey Business will do little for your financial ego.

8) We like the Marx Brothers (except for Karl, who wasn't funny).

9) Wear Designer clothes. A few hundred 'hard earned' on a feather duster and a crimplene swimming costume that can be worn on a single occasion, get you into 'Headliners' in the Mail on Sunday magazine and embarrass your children in years to come. Be daring, wild, outrageous and exciting like Cher, Grace Jones, Bette Midler and Barbara Cartland. Unfortunately this is extremely hard to do even if you utilise the services of The Student Loan Company, Ltd. since a Vivienne Westwood G-string was recently auctioned at Christie's in exchange for a small Third World country and half of the Hope Diamond. Designer clothes are also only practical if you are built like an arthritic giraffe, preferably with crutches. Anne Summers, despite those deceptively shot catalogues, is not designer wear. Neither are those plastic policemen's helmets. Deely boppers are completely out. However, if you include all three together the ensemble IS. To truly capitalise on the benefits of looking designed at low cost, buy up the wardrobe of a defunct 70's TV series (Starsky And Hutch being a classic example) for the price of a bag of crisps and look arrogant.

10) Art. The more people can guess what a work is, the less worthwhile your having it. As such, a cheap way of simulating this effect is to steal your youngest relative's portfolio (Early Period) in the knowledge that whatever the subject (Mummy, Daddy, Spaceship) it will resemble a bowl of tie-dyed muesli. Should you ever be drawn into a conversation on your masterworks, reel off some Spanish names and some Scottish ones. Refer to 'small galleries' in Holborn a lot and your listener should be satisfied.

(Incidentally, the same principle can be applied to our reviews.)

We've only touched upon the aspects of opulence which are open to discussion. Since Felix is a family newspaper we feel that any description of the more decadent side of wealth should be confined to a few handy catchphrases which you can employ to good effect by simply inserting them into a lull in conversation :

Swapping... Victoria Principal... flake... more than three in there... any more?... whipped cream... Andrew (Lloyd Webber's) new one... Cher and that dreadful man... donkey... sex... nasal decay... flogging a dead horse (or donkey if appropriate)... I've got piles... I'm rolling in it... Keith Harris and Orville (only to be used in very open discussions; random use costs lives)... masking tape... four percent... five percent... amazing... flying... gerbil... machine... Bernard... Pertwee's production of 'Die Kroppe'... Emilio Estevez... deely boppers... a trilobite... heterosexual intercourse (social, but only for those 'one drink too many' type conversations)... Isn't it funny how popular the name Bernard's become all of a sudden?... Hello, my darlings... Smash the system! Anarchy Now!... Don't worry, it won't bite...

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine.



It's easy to blend in, even at the Waldorf! But it is all too easy to fall into the decadent drug culture of the very rich.



Soho

Interview

When I received the fax from Soho's promotion company, I must confess I was a little surprised by the meeting place. It was a BHS cafe in Wood Green. Undeterred, we set off to meet the eminently photogenic twins Jackie and Pauline...

So how did you get started?

We were the first people to do the circle line party. We got a boogy box, and Tim had an acoustic guitar and we sang live. We advertised it in *Time Out* as a gig, and all these people came on the train until we eventually got thrown off by the police. We went on the platform and people started giving us money!

All the time we were recording stuff and approaching record companies but nothing was coming of it. The big turning point came when a station agency became interested in us, and they got us gigs. We supported everyone from *The Gypsy Kings* down to *Sigue Sigue Sputnik*. We supported absolutely everybody, and we got better as well. Lots of people started to come and see us play live. Eventually we signed to Virgin, foolishly, and the rest is history really.

What happened to the first album?

It was released '89. We were signed to a subsidiary of Virgin called Head and we released our first single, called *Piece of You*—a housey, pop track. They really believed in it. They thought it was going to be really big, and so did we, but it wasn't. It tickled the top 100, at something like 79, and then dropped straight out of the charts.

At the time it was considered to be a house track: you can see how long ago it was as radio 1 were only having one house track playlisted per week. So we were fucked. We didn't get any support from the radio and after that we were stuck. Virgin just got cold feet. We believed at the time that they knew what they were talking about, but they didn't. The main thing we learnt from that is never, ever compromise on the music.

Would you re-record them?

We still do some of them now, but they belong to Virgin unfortunately. We do them live but it's a real piss-off 'cause some of them are really good songs. So we've learnt never to compromise.

When was *Hippyckick* recorded?

It was done 2 years ago.



I first heard it on Happydaze, the Gary Crowley project.

Yeah he was really good. It was so helpful. The only thing we noticed about it was that there were no women on it, and no black artists. I'm quite proud of the fact that we are on it.

Have you experienced any racism in the music industry?

Yeah. We've had people say to us, when we were trying to get a deal in the first place, 'its white men who are doing what you are doing'. You should leave it to them to make indie music. You should be singing like *Chaka Khan*, and he meant it. He wasn't being nasty he just believed it. He thought that what we were doing was not right for two black women to do. I couldn't believe it—but when he said that I went absolutely livid. I gave him a mouthful. I haven't forgotten it to this day.

How did you go down in America?

We were visiting radio stations and they had copies of *Hippyckick* with no vocals and were saying, 'go on then, sing'. After one radio station we did, when we got back to the record company, they thought it was a joke, but he (*the DJ*) wanted us to crumble. They've got such a big deal about people 'tracking' (singing on records) over there.

What do you think about Sinead O' Connor, and the fuss surrounding her?

We actually went to the station that smashed her records on air. We went there and they didn't know us from Adam, all they knew was that we were English, and the minute we walked in they said, on air, 'What do you think of that Sinead O' Connor? What do you think of that fucking bitch?' I was completely flabbergasted. I said, 'err, well, I really like her records', and then after they had done with slagging her off, I

asked him (*the DJ*) what it was all about and he said they will never play her records again and she was terrible. I really like her. I don't like her music, but I really admire her.

Nobody has really stood with her over what she's said have they?

I think that's typical. You can compare it with when people have asked us, 'Why wasn't *Hippyckick* a hit?' and we said, well, you didn't play it. People, later on, ask why are we slagging off people like Radio 1, but we're not, we're just telling the truth. It's what happened, it's fact, but people are complaining about it.

We've always had to fight. It's no different now, just because we've had one hit single. It's good in that it happened when people were listening to us. That's probably why it upset so many people: we were having a hit when most people were too scared to say anything. We were sat in the BBC and it was our first *Top of the Pops*. We'd just got in the charts and we all decided if they said 'take the sticker off the guitar' and 'don't wear the dresses' we'd go home - that would have meant that hippyckick would not have got to number eight.

Just talking to Soho made us realise that stardom hasn't gone to their heads. Commenting on future plans they said:

They're pulling the album from the shops to re-promote it on the back of the new single, *Love Generation*. We are going to carry on anyway, when we first recorded *Hippyckick*, released it, and it wasn't a hit, we just carried on. That's what we'll do. We can record at home anyway, we've got the equipment to do it. The minute we go along with everyone else, it always goes wrong for us, but the minute we just do what we do, and don't give a damn, and stick to our principles, it goes right: which is the sentiment of *Hippyckick* in fact. That's when things go right for us.

Richard Crouch and Chris Stapleton investigate...

Ideal Kitchens



The *Kitchens of Distinction* are a criminally overlooked band, possibly because they're difficult to categorise: they don't sound quite like anyone else. Their songs abound with strange melodies, interwoven textures, a yearning, forlorn hope, flashes of irony. The second album, *Strange Free World*, is out this week and it's a cracker. If you've never heard them, try the current single *Drive That Fast*.

Dan from *Kitchens of Distinction* lives in Tooting Broadway. We met him there in a quiet pub; Dan got the drinks in, then talked freely about being a professional kitchen. We kept the drinks coming and threw in the occasional question...

I'm Dan, I play drums, Julian plays guitar and Patrick plays bass, sings and writes 99% of the lyrics. It's just us three and lots of effects pedals.

The thing about the history of the band is that it's ultimately so boring that we lie about it all the time. We fucked around a while as a hobby, never thinking that we'd do anything any good, and then sometime in 1987 we made a little 7" record; it was really atrocious, but it got us some gigs in London. So we've been around since about 1987, but I only gave up my job in 1989, I've only been a professional kitchen for about two years. The other boys gave up theirs before me, I was the last one to jump over the cliff into the Rock Abyss! It was a pretty heavy thing to do really. But it was alright. When I left my job I thought 'Fucking brilliant—it's the best thing I've ever done!'. And it is.

We've been really lucky, but we're not one of those bands that gets on the front cover of a music paper and then is very famous. It doesn't matter. Just as long as your latest record is better than the last one you did, that's the most important thing. And we're all really happy doing what we're doing, because each record that we've done HAS been better than the last one. People try and make you bigger than you actually are—that's what happens with bands eventually. The core of the band is music and all around it are people saying, 'Ooh, I really hope you're going to be big, I really hope you'll do this and that,' and the record company is saying 'You've got to sell this amount of records,' and you've got press like NME and Melody Maker who want you to be a certain kind of band, but essentially it's all about music, and if we weren't happy doing what we're doing we wouldn't do it.

Felix: So you do it for purely artistic reasons?

And to make a living from it! We are at the moment. We get most of our money from gigs. We get a small advance from

One Little Indian (KOD's record label), a royalty advance to live on every year, but it's just enough to live on, that's all. The thing is, um, we don't sell a lot of records, so we're not going to make money from selling records. Well, we haven't yet, anyway. But it's alright. I'm much happier. I used to earn a lot more money when I was working, but it was a bunch of shit.

Felix: what do you think now when you ask yourself 'What am I going to be doing in five years?'

Well I don't ask myself that anymore—I've become a complete existentialist, just living for the day. I can't think more than a month/two months ahead, and I'm happy because I always was like that, getting pushed into thinking about moving, changing job, it's just society, that's all, and we're lucky enough to be in this little playground called 'music' where we're doing a job that we like doing. In fact it's not even a job—the only time we've considered it being a job was just before we got a manager. We had started freaking out because we're no good as managers; dealing with record companies, all the rubbish that goes around a band became too much and that's when we started thinking 'It's a job now, so let's get a manager and get back to basics which is playing music.'

Felix: You seem to have a low opinion of the music press.

Oh yeah, definitely. Because music isn't about words, is it? Words can't describe music really. The music press is all about what bands are doing what, are they bigger than so-and-so, where were they seen, what did they say, all this sort of shit which has got fuck all to do with music!! One of America's saving graces is that it's got a massive college radio circuit which means that your records, even if you're a little piddly band and you don't matter over here, will get played in America, and getting the records played is what it's all about as far as I'm concerned. We find it really difficult to get played over here on the radio. We can get some press but that

means bugger all! That's my pet hate, actually. I mean, I like a lot of the journalists that we've met—about half of those we met are nice and they're the sort that *like bands*, but when you get onto the higher level and you're nearing editor status, they've just got BIG EGOS and they're on some kind of trip about, oh, I can do something for this band...I'm just not into that at all.

Felix: Is the rest of the band as idealistic as you are?

Yeah, definitely. The others are probably a little bit more respectful about the press. That's no bad thing. But I haven't had a lot to prove me wrong, really. I mean we've got a small country and we've got so many magazines and papers coming out about indie music and yet it's not on the radio! That imbalance is pathetic! For that sort of coverage of indie music there should be indie radio stations playing indie music all day, but there isn't, there's just a few shows every week.

Felix: How do you approach songwriting?

Music comes first—once we've got some basic ideas we usually go into a room and play. We'll have some songs that we've got going already so we have something concrete to play on, and then we'll have some more experimental stuff and occasionally something happens, but the lyrics always come last.

At the moment we've got this *Kitchens* sound, and that's really good. It's not based on anybody else. Julian's got a whole headful of melodies, and then Patrick adds a discordant melody and there's all these things going on...some of the music is so dense you have to work to pull out all the different parts of it. It's like—have you seen *Spinal Tap*? We're very lucky to have two visionaries in the band: Julian's fire and Patrick's ice and I'm somewhere inbetween, like lukewarm water.

Below: Richard Crouch (left) with Dan, the drummer, in a Tooting Broadway public house.





Warner Corner

808 State *ex:el* **Jefferson Airhead**

Congratulations

REM *Out of Time*

It's been a long two years since anything REM-wise has come out of Athens. Time enough for people to forget the importance of the classic Green, but it seems not long enough for REM. This album, although in texture completely different, does seem to have hit a musical cul-de-sac. Whilst all their other albums have been completely independent growing from each other, *Out of Time* draws heavily from past, notably *Murmur* and *Document*, but it can't get out of its predecessor's shadow.

Let's face it. If you are reading this the chances are you have/ will buy the album. Trouble is I'm just a little fucked off with R.E.M. at the moment, so this is totally subjective. I am not going to play this record for a long, long time.

Harry Cross

Bjork sings as well as a guppy gasping for breath. She just doesn't have a song. Ever since 'Birthday' she's gone completely downhill. As for Barney, why can't he just fuck right off. What a stupid, stupid introspective, nauseating voice. Lets face it he can't exactly sing, can he?

The only side we'll listen to often is 2B (the last one). This contains a mammoth four tracks including *In yer face* and *Cübik*. The rest, well if you feel like shaking the walls down, put it on, push up the bass and pump up the volume.

A mouth watering feet shufflingly popastical piece of vinyl furniture.

The Wacky Mars Bars

Stress *Flowers in the Rain*

A dodgy drum intro leads into an even more dodgy vocal. I don't know what he's talking about, in fact what's the point of this record? Anybody???

Fishmonkeyman

If I've told you once

The scene: A scouser's bedroom, and it's band practise. Terry (scouser) 'Ere lads, I've got this fuckin' ace this new sound, just listen'. Unfortunately, at this point Terry's mum comes in and tells the rest of the band to piss off back to their own houses, and starts Hoovering. This means we are left with the same old bollocks everyone else is playing these days – and what a fucking stupid name.

UK Tag: Interview

UK Tag formed in 1989 and are a four-piece band from Harrow with Jason (23 years old, guitar, vocals and lyrics), Mike (23, guitar), Morgan (23, bass and artwork) and Andrew (26, drums). Describing themselves as funky thrash pop our intrepid FELIX hacks adjourned to a particularly shite pub on the Brompton Road to interrogate Jason and Mike.

Interrogation Squad: Where are you coming from sound-wise, dudes?

UK Tag: Well good reference points would be *The Smiths* (yup!), *The Jam*, *Talking Heads*; a lot of the New Wave bands and also like a bit of jazz like Miles Davis and some of the Acid Jazz stuff. We would like to make it clear we're not an typical indie band.

IS: Why did you decide to do the record yourselves?

UK: Well the major record labels are money grabbing corporate scum. They wouldn't have allowed the packaging, there would have been too much pressure about which songs to include, the lyrical content and overall presentation. Doing it this way, we can then go to a major and show we're capable of getting it all together before they've had to take a risk with us. Also we're lucky in that we have an 'in-house' designer (Morgan) so we can have a decent packaging job done. Presentation is all important.

IS: So you are interested in long term commercial success?

UK: Oh most definitely. We don't want to be a cult band forever. That's all very well for a while, but we don't want to be 40 playing Ronnie Scott's and worrying about how to pay the mortgage.

IS: What do you do for work?

UK: We don't. We feel lucky we're doing something we really want to do. Feel sorry for people who have to work, I mean, I could never do something as a means to an end just for the money.

IS: How about the Moral Majority and stickering albums?

UK: Stickers on albums are great, they help to sell records. The Moralists are just a bunch of hypocrites, sinning all week, going to church on Sunday and expect to be forgiven.

IS: Well they're paying for it on the astral. Americans?

UK: Checked trousers, flat caps and big cameras. (*Much laughing all round*). Only reason we'd want to go there is for the money. America is money.

Well, a couple of nicer geezers you couldn't wish to meet. Unfortunately their record does suffer from the low-budget production job, but it's early days yet and they've certainly got the drive to do better. I'll drink to that.



The Amateurs EP

Hello there pop-pickers, and here we have a six-track EP from a new band who come from that rock 'n' roll suburb of Harrow-on-the-Hill. And yes, it does have that revered Harrow sound. Of not very much. The lead track *Carry Me Away* is tepid sub-funk with that jingly guitar bit half-inched from Prince's *Kiss*, the bass not very loud at all and, well, the song never really leaves the launchpad. *Your Flag in my Face* sounds exactly like something off Side 2 of *The Smiths' Hatful of Hollow* with a bit of funk added, whilst the singer sounds like a cross between Morrissey at 33 1/3 and James Maker from Raymonde. On the last track *Soak* the guitars are turned up (a little bit) and speeded up with not a lot of effect and it ends in a couple of minutes of studio (mar)larking about which is totally useless. They're meant to be better live and maybe they are, but this record is pretty innocuous and does not excite me one teeny bit. Fact.

Tara Kemp

Hold you Tonight

Is this American? Does this record have a typically sexist picture of the (not so) attractive Ms Kemp on the cover? Is this destined for MTV land? Really Warner, we are being a bit shallow here aren't we.

Rod Stewart

Rhythm of the Heart

With this, good old Rod tries to emulate the success of the (covered) Downtown Train. Yeah, good old Rod with his ever so sexy girlfriend. In fact, how does he manage to get all those blondes?? Answers on a postcard please.

Music Editorial

This is one of the few occasions that I'm going to follow in the editor's footsteps and give my personal opinion, but this must be said. Approximately a month ago I phoned W.E.A. to inquire about the upcoming R.E.M. promotional visit - given in the music press. I was told that in fact the article in Melody Maker was incorrect and that R.E.M. were not coming to England at all.

Several weeks later, 13.3.91, R.E.M. were playing a live set on Radio 1. The following morning I phoned W.E.A. and asked, seeing as their plans had changed, was there any chance of a press conference, or maybe an interview (ever the optimist). I was told that all press was conducted the day before, and that there was no chance of any more promotion. I was given the name of a woman who was handling R.E.M.'s visit and as a departing sentence I was told, 'Oh, and by the way, they (R.E.M.) are playing two secret gigs at the Borderline, one tonight and the other tomorrow.' I phoned the woman who told me that there was no chance of an interview, no chance of a press conference and no guest list. The Borderline was engaged all day, and so I decided to go there to see if I could purchase tickets (5.30 pm). I was told that all tickets for both gigs were sold out three weeks ago. I waited several hours to see if I could get in. It became apparent as the ticket holders arrived that only record company officials, musicians and people in the know who had access to them. There was also a guest list - I saw the name of Ivo Watts on it. I could have purchased a ticket from a tout, anything between £30-200. R.E.M.'s naive intentions to play secret gigs for the fans sadly got no further than their own self-serving record company, which leaves me out in the cold and worst of all, lied to and feeling like shit. Thanks a lot Warner.

Butthole Surfers

Piouhgd

This has to be a bit of a quicky, seeing as there are about 25 records to be reviewed in one and a half pages, so without further ado, word association... Gross. Great. Epileptic. Twisted. Hurdy Gurdy. Intestinal. Warped. Black Sabbath. Disease. Plasmic. Bone breaking. Shite. And to end on a well pretentious quote, courtesy of William S Burroughs, The Butthole Surfers are "an all purpose nuclear bedtime story" to read to, let's say, your granny.

Harry Cross.

Soul Family Sensation

IC 8.3.91

The Soul to Soul references were completely justified. Despite a rather stilted stage presence, Soul Family Sensation produced a powerful, and most importantly, danceable sound. The female vocalist was completely spot on. However, the male vocalist sounded like he should have been in a northern guitar band, and if you think on, the two just don't mix. Oh, and the keyboard players need to try some of those 'Wacky Mars Bars' (see other review!!) before they do anything good. Good luck to 'em.

Harry Cross (inebriated)

Creation Crevice

Slowdive

Morning Rise

What can I say? Already hyped in the music press, and having just completed a national tour (culminating in supporting Ride) Slowdive release a new(ish) single. The titles admirably express the emotions of the record - Morningrise giving that feeling of waking up, NOT with a stinking hangover, but with a refreshed body and mind and a sense of cleanliness. Slowdive produce a wonderful sound from within themselves, like dew in the cool morning, washing away the greyness of the night. This review is utter bollocks but the band's good anyway.

Harry Cross

Ride

Today Forever

Ride's fourth EP shows a slight mellowing in their style. The vocals are still nochalant and dreamy and the lead track *Unfamiliar* has a totally essential bass-line. Their best yet, but there's no real overall progression from their previous records and we wouldn't want them to get stuck in a rut now, would we?

Dominic.



Milltown Brothers

Slinky LP

This band are masters of the art of being trendy by trying not to be trendy. Deftly avoiding the Mancland scene (they hail from Colne, 30 miles away), not wearing baggy stripped shirts, swinging jeans or pudding bowls they have produced an album more growable than Jack's beanstalk. From the passionate pop of 'Apple Green' and 'Which way should I Jump?' to the more moody numbers on side two they show a maturity that one would normally expect from a band's third or fourth offering. Any band that uses guitars will inevitably be compared to REM and U2 and, considering their roots, all the shaggy bands as well. They mix all the best elements together, leaving all the chaff and taking the kernels. This is defiantly an album to have in your collection and to all those people that think everything from Manchester sounds the same, open your ears and listen to this.

Anna B

My Bloody Valentine

Tremelo

Flowing straight off a ship in trouble you could find yourself reaching for the starboard bow. It's twisted melodies sway uncomfortably from side to side. Visions of pan pipe hipsters and indian peace pipes stray past the eyes. Cool as an iceberg's heart in winter, associating with this one could be tough. Sides A and B; weird city. Now play the edge!

Christ

The Telescopes

Celeste

A somnambulist's jaunt through the recesses of the mind, a trip along the higher plains of reality. Starting where the 13th Floor Elevators left off, they continue using bass to carry you forward and onwards towards fulfillment. Fuck the average and mundane, leave Ride shagged on the baron rocks of normality. Explore your inner self and buy this record. Face the facts, it's not bad if you like this sort of thing.

The Wacky Mars Bars



Gideon Lichfield, Chairman of IC Jewish Society, talks about exhibitions, opinions, and...

Wasted Emotion

From March 5 to 7, the Jewish Society held an exhibition in the JCR about Israel's position in the Middle East, entitled 'There is another way'.

'How does this justify the Israeli treatment of the 'Palestinians?' called out one person as he left the exhibition. He apparently just wanted to make this stab and get out without waiting for the answer, which was that the display didn't mention the treatment of the Palestinians—that wasn't what it was about. Why not? I hear you ask.

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The majority of people are pretty uninformed about the Israel-Palestine debate. Those of us who are interested parties, the Zionists (I can't say Jews, because some Jews are not Zionists) and the Palestinians, should be educating everyone else. There has been a fair amount of 'education' this year, with last term's Friends of Palestine stall in the JCR and articles in Felix by a variety of people. Some of this material has been reasonable and well-argued. Some has been rampantly anti-Zionist and even anti-Semitic. But I can't say that our exhibition, which was provided by the Union of Israeli Students of this country, was a balanced and objective counter to the bias, because it wasn't. We justify putting it up nonetheless, because it brought up some inescapable facts—facts in the light of which some of Israel's more distasteful actions become understandable, even if you don't support them. It also highlighted the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel as an example of what can be achieved through negotiation.

But did it do enough? This form of 'education', where the general public is left to sort out what truth they can form a barrage of information from both sides, is very common and, in my opinion, very wasteful. There is a tendency by pro-Palestinian groups to give the impression that Israel and Zionism are the source for almost all the Palestinians' problems, though in both the past and the present their sufferings have also been due to mistreatment by other Middle Eastern countries and to their own internal conflicts. This practice is as dangerous as that of portraying Israel as a gem in a sea of iniquity. This last is the very message

that many people saw in our exhibition, which is why we had deliberations about putting it up.

A more balanced exhibition would have included material showing another facet—the Palestinians' legitimate rights to self-determination, which various occupying powers have denied them in the past, and the diverse problems still facing them. The difficulty in portraying so many entangled issues, is to give a 'balanced' perspective in a small space.

That, then, is my opinion. But I could

equally well have argued that nobody voicing support for the Palestinians has tried to present a fair picture which also shows the problems that Israel has had to face, so why should we? That is a view held by many people who have experienced the worst realities of anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism and have had to fight back. Imperial College, however, is not exactly a hotbed of political activity and therefore we should be able to discuss these issues more calmly.

When certain people express views or interpret history in a way I, as a Zionist, find unacceptable, it is sometimes done

we can agree on.

There are a few such patches of common ground, by and large: mutual recognition, self-determination and the right to an independent state for both peoples. Each side spends too much energy at the moment trying to persuade the public that it is right. The energy should go into dialogue. We are just groups of students with different opinions; we are not experiencing the real thing in the Middle East, so there is even less reason for us to hurl public abuse at each others' ideologies. This dialogue should not even be with any expectations or goals, just talking to see where the common ground lies. From the brief experience I've had I know that it is like tiptoeing through a minefield, and similarly nerve-racking, to follow the thread of agreement and understanding without blowing up in a series of accusations. This kind of talking is hard work, but it would leave everyone else free to go and read some history books and draw their own conclusions.

You may ask what this friendly chatting intends to achieve. The answer is that even if there are no concrete results, it is better than animosity, and it probably reduces the chances of a coronary in later life for all concerned. Just because different bits of the rest of the world are shouting at each other, doesn't mean that the corridors of IC should be echoing with recrimination.

It is said that where there are two Jews, there are three opinions. If you spoke to any Jewish Society members at the exhibition, you may have come away with this impression. The exhibition was

וְכַתְּתוּ חֶרְבוֹתָם לְאֵתִים וְחַנִּיתוֹתֵיהֶם
לְמוֹמְרוֹת לֹא-יִשָּׂא גּוֹי אֶל-גּוֹי חֶרֶב
וְלֹא-יִלְמְדוּ עוֹד מִלְחָמָה:

without any malice intended at all, but simply because they sincerely believe what they are saying. During the three days of the exhibition I spoke to many different Arab students. We would often reach an issue on which we could not, and never will, agree, such as how to define the violence perpetrated by the PLO: terrorism or 'legitimate' guerilla warfare? With those people who were not worked up into a frenzy of indignation at the contents of the display, it was possible to achieve a kind of mutual understanding: it's fruitless to try and convert each other to our views on this issue, let's steer round it on to something

intended, if nothing else, to jolt people into asking questions and to act as a reminder that the Jewish Society exists and has things to say. We are a diverse bunch and our views span a wide range. You have been reading one opinion, written by one Jew. Now, if you care at all about what happens in the Middle East, go and find some more opinions, from as many different people as possible. You will discover a bloodstained tapestry of stories, you will realise why it is so difficult, nay, impossible, to reach a consensus and you will, I hope, come to the conclusion that the past is a very rocky foundation indeed.



Puppets or Patrons?

The war in the Gulf has affected us all, whether it be from the rising price of petrol, the loss of life, or the economic and ecological consequences. Now that a cease-fire has taken place, we should examine the issue for which this war was fought objectively and take a stand.

All western politicians have adopted an uncompromising stance against Saddam Hussein and Iraq. The UN has issued 12 resolutions condemning the action of the Iraqi army since 2.8.90. We have been led to the war by the standoff between the West and Iraq over Kuwait. There is an alternative view, namely Islam. Historically the region of land which now contains 46 different muslim countries, was united with no false borders under a commonly implemented system which above all guaranteed tranquility and security for all who lived under it, muslim and non-muslim alike.

With the intellectual decline of the inhabitants of the Islamic state, the orientalist succeeded in dividing the state with the seeds of nationalism, and over a period of a hundred years, eventually destroyed it in 1924 under Mustafa Kamal Ataturk. After that Britain and France carved up muslim land into small insignificant states in accordance with the Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916. From there onwards the region has been used by various nations to initiate conflicts of political and economic gains.

With regards to the latest problem in the area, the American and indeed British objectives have been clear as far back as 1958.

'...at all costs these oil-fields must be kept in western lands. The immediate problem is whether it is good tactics to occupy Kuwait against the wishes of the ruling family' Selwyn Lloyd (British Foreign Secretary) 1958.

As far back as the 1970s, America has openly stated that any move against her oil interest would be met with force, even in using the countries of the region to execute military operations against a dissenting nation. Even Margaret Thatcher admitted that the US troops were on the way before being invited by Saudi Arabia. Talk of establishing a permanent presence in the region of American and UN 'peacekeepers' is merely an excuse to permanently police the region on America's terms. If concern for aggression is the motive for the American response, why was the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982 'rewarded' with a so-called security zone on Lebanese soil? If concern for small nation sovereignty in the face of aggression is the motive why did the world community stand still when the US invaded Panama late in 1989 killing up to 7,000 innocent civilians in the process? Why US hegemony in Grenada, Nicaragua, Tripoli in 1986, or as recently as 1990 in the

Philippines? Britain is not blameless; do we not remember that Britain supported the US veto of the UN Security council resolution condemning US action in Panama, support which has been given on many other occasions.

To believe that international law and the UN is impartial and just, is naive. Since 1970, 67 UN resolutions have been vetoed by America because it didn't comply with her interest in the regions concerned. Surely it stands to reason if international law is to be impartial and just, then it should logically apply in all circumstances whether it is pro or anti, any of the five permanent members. However the reality is quite different, as is clear to see. Furthermore, despite all the 'bravado' of defending democracy and freedom the UN itself is an un-democratic institution where ONLY five states have the right to veto!! It is nothing more than a dictatorship of five permanent members, 'a democracy of dictatorship'.

When South Africa invaded Namibia, no military force was sent to liberate

'We have no eternal allies, we have no eternal enemies, our interests are eternal and perpetual' Lord Palmerston 1848.

Namibia from illegal occupation, no bombing missions were sent over Johannesburg to impose UN resolutions. On the contrary, American officials called for 'quiet diplomacy' which lasted twenty years.

'One million people killed, over 6 billion dollars damage caused by South Africa's aggression against Namibia and its neighbours.' (UN Economic Commission on Africa.)

Eventually South Africa agreed for a partial withdrawal on the condition that this was linked to a partial withdrawal by Cuban forces. So much for non-linkage and not rewarding the aggressor.

The constant manipulation of public opinion in the media is perverting an objective understanding of the world situation. The daily bombardment by the media and politicians alike of 'no linkage' or 'Saddam's brutality' and the apparent acceptance by the masses in the west indicates an extremely shallow mentality. If they are so concerned then what happened to the barrage of in-depth

Panorama programmes on 'Saddam's psychology'. Didn't they have the relevant information three years ago when he gassed 5,000 people in Halabja, or was it not in their interest? Furthermore, why did Britain renew credits to Iraq worth millions a few days after the incident when Amnesty International released the news?

Why did America, Britain, Israel, Germany, and France break the international weapons embargo against Iraq and Iran to supply them with weapons to kill each other?

What happened to all this sweet talk of 'human values'? Was it not America in 1975 who sanctioned the invasion of East Timor by Indonesia resulting in the mass genocide of 200,000 people (reported by Amnesty International). Commenting on this, the then US ambassador to the UN (1975), a Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote in his memoirs:

'The US wished things to turn out as they did and worked to bring this about'

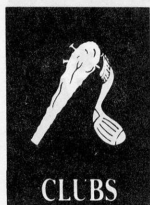
The UN is but a useful tool of its permanent members. If we examine its origins we find that the so-called international law was established back in 1761 in response to the Islamic law (Sharia) of the Islamic state of the time. The international law which formed the basis for the League of Nations and then the UN had its roots in Christian family law, and was pieced together in Prussia (today Germany). International law is nothing more than a response to a particular situation a few hundred years ago. It has no rational basis, unlike Islamic law.

Do we believe that the cause of human rights in the world are enhanced by placing a boycott against 17 million people in Iraq and Kuwait? Whatever happened to the right for food and clothing?

The policy of Britain and America is to build up their political agents with equipment to be used against the people, and who will serve their interest.

Douglas Hurd said last November: 'the attack on Kuwait is an attack on the new world order'. In response, James Baker said: 'No one will be allowed to tamper with the new world order, and we are determined to use force against that.'

Isn't it time that you too spent some time to study the alternatives to America's new world order. Why are the commentators so afraid of increasing Islamic awareness among the people of the region? Why does America literally jump at the opportunity to discipline the errant puppet? And most telling of all—why do you not question the real motives behind the most destructive attack upon the country in the history of mankind? Can you really believe in and endorse a way of life built solely upon economic benefit?



Clubs.....

Football

IC 2^{nds}

Over the past two weeks the IC 2^{nds} Juggernaut has accelerated rapidly and its momentum is now irresistible.

After thrashing SOP 6-2, MX UCH were destroyed 5-1. Two goals a piece for M Abdo and S Barry plus another from A Jalan left the opposition shell-shocked.

QMC were next to try their luck in a showpiece double-header. N Leonard scoring the fastest goal, M Abdo the best individual goal and S Barry another inevitable goal of the season so far left QMC 3-0 down and out. A consolation goal could only give the captain a nervous second half.

Five minutes after the end of the first game QMC came back for a second helping of annihilation from the seconds. 5-0 this time, goals from M Abdo, guest B Wood, S Barry and M Plummer gave IC a four goal lead. N Leonard, the IC captain, then stepped up to score the classiest and final goal of the day. Showing uncompromising (unknown?) skill, he fooled the QMC defence, and the 2nds, by chipping, curling and floating the ball past the QMC keeper. However, his celebration Samba showed he could do with some more dance lessons. (Tart!)

Three days later UC II were beaten 2-0 with a double strike from M Abdo to seal a hard fought victory.

UDMS II on hearing of IC's invincibility

decided to stay in bed and conceded the points.

IC II's last home game of the season saw the defeat of an upstart Kings II 5-2. Two from S Barry and a glorious hattrick from M Plummer earned IC two points, and won IC 2^{nds}, comprehensively, the ULUY award of Champion Reserves. The victory also set up a showdown with St Georges, for the league, in the final game next Saturday. Where they will find out that nobody mixes it with IC 2^{nds} and keeps a clean sheet.

Finally the captain has a few words for the 2nds which he was too pissed to remember at the club dinner.

'You're the best, it's official and I salute you.'

Sailing

A raggle-taggle bunch of sailors (five from IC and four from London) arrived at the Exeter Union disco late on Friday night and set about getting in a few beers and trying to find our hosts, both proved highly amusing past times.

Saturday morning was cloudy with a gentle breeze. Imperial were starting the day as clear outsiders but determined to have a good time, so it wasn't surprising that, despite snapping at their heels all the way, we lost both legs of the first match against Oxford. Next, however we sailed London and obtained a rousing victory winning 1, 2, 6 in the first leg and 1, 3, 5 in the second).

After lunch we had two very close races against Plymouth, but an excellent start in the first gave us the edge and although narrowly beaten in the second we won the match on points. Our final match on Saturday was against Bristol and two very noisy races were sailed. In the first a poor start left a lot of work to do, but Imperial refused to be intimidated by Bristol's loud protests and won on 'greens' (point penalties given to the opposition). The second race again involved a lot of shouting but IC was able to take advantage of Bristol's lack of concentration to pip them at the post.

A very merry evening was spent consuming copious quantities of food (and some drink as well) laid on by Exeter at a pub, as well as socialising with the locals until well into the morning (some of us anyway).



Sunday morning brought a miserable looking day but a good stiff breeze. IC lost disappointingly to Exeter I (coming 4, 5, 6 in the first race and 4th with two capsizes in the second). Later Exeter II made good use of picking the fastest boats and two poor starts by IC to win despite Imperial fighting to the end.

Imperial made it into the semi-finals where they were unfortunately unable to overcome their shock at being there and lost to Oxford the eventual winners. So IC headed home, stopping only to appease their raging hunger, after a great weekend's racing.

Snooker

Last week saw the annual Inter-Varsity Snooker Tournament take place in Bath with IC being represented by two teams. The A team got off to a good start by winning all their group matches with relative ease to proceed to the last 16. J Burnett (capt) led the way with his usual demolition job of the opposition, ably supported by J Devoy, S Contogoulas, S Gallagher and A Khan bringing up the rear.

The next round saw the team go 4-0 down against East Anglia A before making an excellent comeback to win 6-5 with J Burnett winning a memorable sudden-death play-off against EA's number one player.

The quarter final match was against Queens, Belfast A who had just beaten last year's winners 5-0. The whole team played very solidly with A Khan compiling a 50-break clearance in his game. Unfortunately the A's lost the match 6-5 on literally the last ball of the match and were knocked out of the tournament.

The B team fared less well mainly due to being grouped with a couple of very good A teams. The team consisted of B Drinkwater (capt), N Danson, H Shah, D Ramshaw and A Michie. Most of the players managed to win a couple of good games but overall they were rather unlucky in the fact that they lost quite a few matches by only a few points.

Clubs/Sports editor wanted

apply at the Felix office, northwest corner of Beit Quad

.....and Societies

SplotSoc



It's 6.30am on a grey Saturday morning. You've had three hours sleep, and you wake up to a mouth containing not a tongue, but something which feels and tastes like an inside-out tram driver's glove. Logic dictates that the sensible thing to do would be to stay in bed, and maybe look to regaining constructive consciousness by, say, around 2pm.

Not so for around thirty die-hard individuals, whose priorities are about as whaked-out as Saddam Hussein's sense of honesty. It's off to Finmere, to take on Oxford. First task for the day—find a bus somewhere in South Ken, and avoid looking suspicious in all that camo.

We arrived at the site to find not Oxford University, but Oxford Poly. And an under-strength team at that. They were consequently reinforced by dozens or so Wolverines (Gulo Luseus to you Latin freaks out there), members of the site team.

And so to the match—eight games, winner at the end takes the pathetically small cup back to the trophy cabinet. Things were looking good for Imperial at the half-way stage—two matches drawn, and two won. The Gulo's on the other side were looking increasingly pissed off



Clint Eastwood strides forth

with losing, and started getting upset. Especially after losing game four in five minutes flat.

Over the next three games, they got their act together, and with some interesting marshalling, won two games, setting up a grand finale. Two-all, and one to play. By then, Oxford had lost all heart and decided on mass, suicidal charge. Suicidal it was, leaving some twenty-odd Imperial players closing on all directions on a bunch of increasingly desperate Gulo's. Their numbers declined significantly with the onset of several 'walls of paint' hurtling in their direction (the product more of suspect aim than

enthusiasm), leaving Leo 'That's not a lovebite, I was hit by a paintball' Hume-Wright to snatch the flag.

Other achievements of the day include the debagging and infliction of an internal jacuzzi to the prat from Oxford who tried to spray us with water during the photo, and the collection of other 'trophy' by Adam, Matt and Gareth—the Latent Criminal Pack.

Cheers and thanks to all those who participated in the ritual shredding of Oxford—despite their impromptu reinforcements. A rematch has been planned—at their suggestion—is there no end to masochism in this world?

Rifle & Pistol



As far as competition goes this has been a pretty uneventful year for us. We challenged over a dozen other university teams but only two agreed to shoot against us. Personally I think that the others were too scared to face us because we are so totally brilliant. This is especially true of those ponces at Oxford who we will definitely beat for the Howe Cup in May.

The pistol team has had two matches so far, both against our old adversaries Cambridge. The first match was Police Pistol which we won 1594 to 1474 and the second was Service Pistol B which we won 289 to 202. Hardly anybody on either team had shot either competition type before and so it was educational as

well as fun. That's what I like about Cambridge—we always beat them and they always come back for more. The rifle team has fared less well. They were only able to arrange one match, against London Hospital who were rumoured to be so good we thought we'd get completely hammered. On the day, however it turned out to be extremely close, so close in fact that all we needed was for the last man to shoot 92 or above for us to win (and up to this point no one in the team had shot less than 92). In fact the last man scored 67 and we were beaten 537 to 561 but it was a good match anyway.

A quiet year so far but next year, we'll take on the world.

A.C.C.

ACC Exec elections after Easter. Any sports club members interested in standing find out what it's about from your captains. Captains please tell your members.

All ACC clubs should have had new elections before May 1. Club articles for Union Handbook—IN NOW. Your loss if you don't write one. All colours to be in by first week of term.

CRICKET

The President's XI are looking for beer teams to play in the forthcoming season.

Any group interested in fielding some competition should contact Paul Shanley on 3501 or in the Union Office.



Scribblers' Corner.

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS

WEDNESDAY

Keep Fit	12.30pm
Southside Gym.	
Bike Club	12.45pm
Southside Lounge.	
Cycling Training	1.00pm
Meet at Beit Arch.	
Wargames	1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.	
Micro Club Meeting	1.15pm
Top floor NW corner Union Building.	
Kung Fu	1.30pm
Union Gym.	
DramSoc	2.30pm
Union Concert Hall.	
Diving	6.30pm
Swimming Pool.	
Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan	7.00pm
Southside Gym.	
Basketball Club	7.30pm
Volleyball Court. Women's Team	
Kung Fu Club	7.30pm
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.	

THURSDAY

Fencing Training	11.30am
Intermediate & advanced coaching.	
Balloon Club Meeting	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
YHA Meeting	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
Postgrad Lunch	12.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens).	
Fencing Training	12.30pm
Beginners Training.	
Fencing Training	1.30pm
General.	
Gliding Club Meeting	1.00pm
Aero 266. Come and arrange a trial flight.	
Keep Fit	5.30pm
Southside Gym	
Midweek Service	5.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens).	
New Beginners Ballroom	6.00pm
JCR.	
Judo	6.30pm
Union Gym.	
Improvers Ballroom	7.00pm
JCR.	
RockSoc Presents	8.00pm
Engine & Petroleum Spirit & Bloodmoney, rock disco and late bar. See RockSoc for venue.	
Intermediate Ballroom	8.00pm
JCR.	
Southside Disco	8.30pm
Southside Bar.	
ICCAG Soup Run	9.15pm
Meet Weeks Hall Basement.	

FRIDAY

Hang Gliding	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
Yacht Club Meeting	12.30pm
Huxley 413.	

Present problems

Dear Andy,

After the appalling behaviour by certain members and ex-members of college at the ents gig on Friday night I felt it was about time something was said.

Recently Ents Events have become harder and harder to run, due to certain people deeming themselves eligible to gain free entry to an event, in their pursuit of alcohol.

People such as certain members of Mines, Links, Rugby Club, and other very drunk individuals coming over from Southside Bar, seem disinterested in having a good time by watching bands and dancing in a disco, and would rather drink till they're sick and then look for a fight. Maybe this is I.C. mentality – male:female ratio creating a different atmosphere than at other universities – but this is quite disturbing. Every time there is an Ents Event these people are determined to get in without paying. Not only is this unfair to the people who have paid, but, in recent weeks, it has also been unnecessary as the event has been free – or reduced entry price – earlier in the evening, for entertainment which is exceptionally good value anyway.

My belief is that the problem lies with individuals believing it is 'hard' or 'macho' to try to get in free each week. Bollocks.

The people you are harming are ultimately yourselves. If the Ents Committee refuse to put up with the verbal and physical abuse thrown at them every week, it is likely that they will stop volunteering to help run events – something that is done for enjoyment supposedly. This is becoming quite likely. If this is the case then Ents Events will stop and, probably more importantly to the Alcohol – Worshipping Morons out

there, no more bar extensions. Is it too much to ask that the Ents Committee be allowed to enjoy an event too?

In addition, the event on Friday was sold-out. When an event reaches full capacity – a figure decided before the event, based on safe fire limits – then the person responsible for the event (i.e. me) has to ensure no more people are allowed into the building/event. The limits are not negotiable, and, once the maximum no. of tickets has been sold, no-one else gets in, even if people leave, as these people can return during the event. Hopefully now, the stupid people who caused trouble on Friday night will understand this, and if they want to, will get to the event earlier.

There are a few options to alleviate the problem, including refusing admission after 11pm and stopping bar extensions. The options will have been discussed by the time you read this.

I feel sorry for the majority of people who come to events, don't cause any trouble and really enjoy themselves. It is unfair that their entertainment is spoiled by the minority of pissed-up people who have such a problem with the egos that they need to cause as much trouble as possible on the door.

These people are Sad Bastards and make I.C. what it is. The violent tactics employed by certain individuals should not be allowed to continue. It should be stopped now, before it's too late.

Thanks to everyone who had a good time on Friday and didn't cause hassle. Remember to bring your Union Cards this Friday. Many thanks to all those who helped out.

BJ (Ents Chairman)

on behalf of the entire Ents Committee

Useless whinging

Dear Sir,

As a result of recent mental illness I feel almost obliged to defer the second year of my mathematics degree.

In the course of beginning to resolve my, considerable, debts, I decided (finally) to obtain my ICU and ULU cards, to which I am entitled.

As a registered student of IC Mr B Turner cannot in law prevent me from obtaining these cards (which are, as we know, very useful).

I have been to registry and confirmed the facts of the matter and believe you me; the next time I personally hear that Mr Turner has been so shoddy in his behaviour to an IC student, I will, through ULU do my best to get that bureaucrat

dropped on from a considerable height.
Name withheld by request.

Just to clear this up: Having deferred your second year you are no longer a registered student, thus you are not entitled to your ICU and ULU cards. Registry told you that you were as they had not, at that time, been informed of your withdrawal. When you approached Mr Turner he offered to give you the cards, valid up until the date at which you were going to withdraw, but you refused his offer. There are a lot of things wrong with this Union, but they aren't helped by pointless whinging.

ASF



Past promises

Dear Andy,

Perhaps you could help me. I seem to remember that back in the dim distant past of 1988, you and I were among 400 students who moved into Southside. I could have sworn that the Reapps back then were getting hot under the collar about 'huge rent increases' and 'exploiting Freshers'. They wrote letters and compared figures and said ugly things like 'most expensive student accommodation in Britain' and 'rent strike'. I was even under the impression that the highly organised authorities from across the road responded. Perhaps I am wrong, but I could have sworn that a quote like 'no further rent rises for the next three years' emanated from the mass of red tape. I understand that you will shortly be rejoining us in Southside. Perhaps when you do, you will be kind enough to check your rent bill. Mine now appears to be £46 per week, a rise of £6pw over the past two years.

There also seems to be a new requirement this year, which has come as a surprise to resident, warden and

Clinical Apologies

Dear Andy,

On behalf of the silent majority at Mary's I would like to apologise to the IC Union candidates who came to the Hustings on Monday 4th and had to defend themselves against the absolute peak of arrogance and bad manners that are so legendary to medics. In the face of the successful merger agreement and the wholly reasonable stand taken by the candidates in the few brief moments when they were given the chance to set out their views, this behaviour was inexcusable and may with some justification have pushed IC-Mary's relations back into the Dark Ages.

However, the date set for the Hustings, on the first day of Rag Week, was unfortunate and I hope that in the light of this those candidates will take their reception at Mary's with a large pinch of salt. Please rest assured that Mary's politics (illegible—TS) are usually slightly more sober, and the majority who were there will probably cringe with embarrassment when they look back on Monday night's events.

A Mary's Student,
Name Withheld by Request.

I know at least one candidate who'll be happy to hear this. Thanks.

ASF

Student Union alike. We are required to clear our rooms over the Easter break or pay four weeks full rent, as opposed to the usual one week. Perhaps this is because the college residence fund has done something stupid like overbook the conference facilities or run up a £21 million overdraft.

Please tell me, are my suspicions accurate or am I just another left-wing, layabout student in the grip of a drug induced hallucination?

Yours sincerely,

Charles Sanderson, Selkirk Reapp.

Your suspicions are accurate (although I don't know about the hallucinations and drugs). However, due to some frantic work by El Presidente, the Easter thing is sorted out: You're only going to have to pay a weeks rent to leave your gear in your room.

ASF

P.S. The overdraft is actually only £20.5 Million...

Good for ...?



I'd just like to thank Spenser Lane for this letter, which was one of the most sparkling pieces of self-gratification I've ever seen. Cheers Spenser, it gave us all a good laugh and was quite good at heating up the office at 3 am the other morning...

ASF

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS

- Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym.
C.U. Prayer Meeting.....5.00pm
413 Maths.
Yoga.....5.30pm
Southside
Christian Union Meeting.....6.00pm
308 Computing.
Swimming.....6.30pm
Sports Centre. New members always welcome.
Fencing Club Training.....6.40pm
Club training.
Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
Water Polo.....7.30pm
Sports Centre. Come along and join in.
Southside Disco.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.

SATURDAY

- Kung Fu Club**.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in Southside Gym.

SUNDAY

- Sunday Service**.....10.00am
Anteroom Sherfield Building. See West London Chaplaincy.
Catholic Chaplaincy Mass.....11.00am
53 Cromwell Road.
Wargames.....1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.
Yoga.....10.30am
Southside Gym.
Kung Fu Club.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in the Union Gym.
Catholic Mass.....6.00pm
53 Cromwell Road, followed by supper.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

●ALL IC Radio Members: There will be an Annual General Meeting on Thursday 21 March at 12.45pm in Northside.

ACCOMMODATION

●FLAT SHARE in Ongar Road, Fulham. 2 male ug/pg's needed to fill vacated room. Available from 1.4.91. £48 pw plus bills each. Interested...phone 071-386 0423.

FOR SALE/WANTED

●WANTED: A copy of the video of the International Night of 1991. Will to pay for it. Contact ext 3688.

●FOR SALE: Have fun this Easter...Unwanted Christmas present. Brand new Dawes Tandem 531 tubing, 18 speed Shimano. Retail price £850, going now for £730 ono.

●CAR TYRES for sale. One ach almost new Dunlop D8 and Firestone—size 185 x 60 x 14 to suit GTi, XR3i etc. £15 each or £25 pair. Martin Davies ext 4065.

●TRAIN TICKET to Manchester for sale. Unused return portion of saver return, valid until 7.4.91. Worth £17—any offers? Martin Davies 4065.



More facts and figures

Dear Editor,

In response to Yasmin Saudi's article entitled 'Facts and Figures', I would like to correct some of Miss Saudi's figures themselves.

'The UN General Assembly set a partition plan for Palestine in October 1947 to create two states, one for the Jews and one for the Arabs', and to allot the Jewish State 56.6% of the land of Palestine of which 90% was Arab owned and 50% Palestinian Arab populated.

Well 81% of the land of Palestine was already in Arab hands. Britain had set up the Kingdom of Trans Jordan on most of the land of Palestine. The 56.6% of the remaining 20% allotted to be a Jewish State was for the most part hostile desert and coastal sand dunes. 90% was not Arab owned. British government statistics maintain that prior to the state, 8.6% of the land area now known as Israel was owned by Jews; 3.3% by Arabs who remained there; 16.5% by Arabs who'd left the country. More than 70% was owned by the Government. Under International law, ownership passed to Israel in 1948. (Survey of Palestine, 1946, British Mandate Government p.257).

There was never a 50% population of Palestinian Arabs in the territory allocated to Israel, though there was a massive population increase; the infant mortality amongst Moslems was recorded to have fallen from 19.6% in 1922 to 14% in 1939, the non-Jewish population soared by 75.2% as Jewish revitalisation of the area brought in thousands of Arab immigrants from Syria and Egypt during the mandate, Britain simultaneously limiting Jewish immigration in the notorious 'white papers' 1921, 1929 and 1939. Arab increase was largest in areas of intensive Jewish development—Jaffa 216%, Jaffa 134% and Jerusalem 90% (contrasted with 42% in Shechem (Nablus) 40% in Jenin) (...statistics taken from the Palestine Royal Commission Report 1937 p.279).

The Arab immigration was undoubtedly higher, as above statistics are for those 'Palestinians' who immigrated with all the required formalities, as opposed to those who crossed into Palestine quietly. UNRWA ultimately defined a Palestinian Refugee as a needy person whose normal residence was Palestine for a minimum of two years preceding the outbreak of the conflict of 1948. Britain was of course restricting Jewish immigration to 10,000 a year for five years.

'The independence of Israel was not the independence of the indigenous people of Palestine' how indigenous were the Palestinian Arabs? If we talk about expulsions, surely we should differentiate

between those Arabs who left temporarily to make room for the liberating armies of Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Iraq, and the hundreds of thousands of Jews who were expelled from the Arab countries.

'White democracy does not constitute an integral part of most Arab regimes, it is not absent. Egypt has licensed parties...' I know there is a measure of freedom of speech in Egypt. Egypt has a peace-treaty with Israel, that was one of the central themes of the Jewish Society exhibition!

'In Jordan democratic elections took place recently'—true again. King Hussain has eliminated any serious opponents. He killed 20,000 Palestinians in 'Black September' and many other people since (if Jassir Arafat is so interested in promoting the welfare of Palestine why has he been so supportive of their worst enemy?).

'It should have been specified that the only states linked to terrorism are Syria, Libya and Iraq'—well that's Miss Saudi's words not mine. I could argue but why split hairs?

'Violence and upheaval have been worsened by the impact of Israel', I think the opposite is true. The only thing the Arab states can get united about is the annihilation of Israel!

As to the rest of the article, let's just say that a claim by Arafat that the National Charter (which calls for the total elimination of Palestine as its objective, with armed struggle as the only means of attaining the objective) is lapsed, although in the formal verse (illegible—TS) it is still operative may be acceptable to Yasmin Saudi, but to the people of Israel, who remember Fatah atrocities such as the 'Metullah Kindergarten massacre, and who have seen PLO terrorist attacks attempted by Fatah since the famous 1989 declaration, are rather more sceptical.

If progress will be made in solving the Palestinian Problem, the Palestinians will need to find a better representative than the PLO.

They can only offer Israel peace and security in exchange for land. If Israel is not convinced that she will gain any peace or security but rather, will be indefensible to old threats-plus a new one, her people cannot take the risk. Would you trust Mr Arafat if your life and those of your family were threatened?

The purpose of the J-Soc exhibition was to show the students of Britain what sort of organisation the PLO is. In retrospect a waste of time as by joining Iraq in their Jihad, Mr Arafat has done a better job than any student here ever could.

Michael Factor,
Materials Science 1.

Dear Andy,

Following the grand pledges of the Union presidential candidates at the Hustings on Thursday night to get post-graduates more involved with the Union, I feel compelled to explain exactly why we post-grads don't tend to be particularly enthusiastic.

To start with, I don't believe I have ever seen such a pathetic show for a Hustings, heard such inane questions and some fairly inane answers to boot. It should have been held at lunchtime, when 'average' students are in the JCR, not just candidate-groupies, whose mental agility only stretches as far as designing and testing paper aeroplanes during speeches, and sabbaticals heckling.

There were, for instance, no questions about the total failure by the present sabbaticals to publicise either the opening or closing of nominations, the hustings or the ballot times. And this college, with such excellent printing facilities on site. A spot in FELIX (if there was one) is simply not enough—not even someone as 'interested' as myself manages to procure a copy every week. Instead, it has been left to the candidates to advertise this, one of the most fundamental events of the Union calendar. Does the Union have a Publicity Officer? If so, what does s/he do?

Another very grating point is that of 'dealing with issues that relate to students'—a much over-used cliché on Thursday night. I would like to know precisely how the new Union President (or the old one, come to that) intends to fight such important 'relevant' legislation as the deregulation of Student Unions, further deterioration of the grant system and increased dependence on loans, the abolition of Housing Benefits and the expensive and futile chasing of students for poll tax, without national backing...i.e. membership of the National Union of Students. How one college, prestigious though it is (or was), believes it can influence the government on its' own is beyond me. Only with colleges united nationwide do students stand any chance of bargaining power regarding the above issues.

Besides, as Paul Shanley admitted to me last year, this Union receives information and guidance from NUS London via ULU, so why shouldn't we pay for it? Many poorer colleges across London manage it somehow. On asking said President whether he thought this somewhat hypocritical, he simply shrugged. The mind boggles as to what excuse next years' lot will come up with.

What amazes me most is that I'm supposed to be leaning towards

To join or not to join?

Thatcherite right, being 'older' and in the Management School. However, this place makes me look positively radical, a raving lefty even. Quite stunning. If I'd known what sort of a shambles this place was in, I would have stood for President myself—the Union could do with a decent manager, judging by the shape it's in at the moment—but then, I didn't even get to hear about the opening of the nominations. No sign of any posters in my department, anyhow.

Your average IC student is apathetic and probably drink-orientated...like many thousands all over the country. Your average post-grad is very busy under a great deal of work pressure. This Union stands no chance of attracting either with its present sloppy, non-committal, lacklustre attitude.

Yours,
Gaynor de Wit, MSc Management,
The Management School.

P.S. Just in case you think I'm one of those armchair complainers, I was Publicity Officer and Societies Chair (and even ran for President!) at my old Students' Union at an engineering, science and business-based college like IC, full of apathetic students like IC, but at least we got a decent turn out of 'switched on' students for most Union events through use of effective posters/campaigns/flysheets.

IC is not a member of the NUS due to the result of a college-wide referendum, which decided that IC should disaffiliate from the NUS. There have since been further referendums to decide whether we should remain disaffiliated. So it wasn't the Union's decision, but the students'.

ASF

imperial college ents. presents

end of term spectacular

featuring

VENITATION

ex house of love

supporting acts

CATHERINE WHEEL

and

PARIS SMITH

live in the union lounge

friday 22nd march

doors open 9pm

£2 on door £1 with ents card

imperial college, prince consort road, london, sw7

Religion and Logic (?)

Dear Andy,

Ok. Some replies...

1. Andy 'Logical' Cooksley (896). Don't think about going into Law. To quote Monty Python, his letter "...is interesting from the point of view of a professional logician as it contains a number of fallacies."

I believe your first point states that the premise that the bible is fiction is as bad as saying that it isn't. Whether or not it is fiction I will come to later; but it is irrelevant to the point that I was trying to make. The summary of what I was saying (which you should have been able to deduce given only one brain cell) was that a majority of the population of the world do not believe that the bible is reliable factual evidence and therefore one cannot base an argument on it. Similarly it would be no use explaining to a barbarian with a broken Polaroid that it has run out of film if he believes that it has inside it a miniature artistic demon: you would have to prove it to him first, by opening it. Of course you cannot easily prove the bible, and Christians often reply that 'God told me its true.'

Secondly, I suggest you look up the words premiss and conclusion. You could easily say 'Let's assume there is life after death then...' as indeed I already have in a previous letter. But let's look at the next statement: 'according to St Paul's letter to the Corinthians there is life after death.' Let's look at the two premisses: 1) St Paul really wrote it. 2) St Paul was an authority on the subject (he hadn't been dead after all). The phrase 'there is life after death' has suddenly become a conclusion! Which is, in fact, the opposite of a premiss. So yes, you are right, Cooksley, I would not allow it. Suddenly no good. It is no good because the two premisses are themselves deduced from the premiss that the bible is true. Which it isn't.

It amazes me that someone can sound so smug and self-righteous ('Hmmm, novel logic.') and yet be so utterly incorrect! We finally have you, not on some debatable point about the bible, but on the hard fact that your letter is logically, unarguably wrong. Its BULLSHIT. Not only is it illogical, but you attempted to prove that I am illogical!! Ha ha ha!! It is this kind of blind faith that is typical of Christians.

2. Bible, fact or fiction. Before considering the bible, lets take a look at David Gemmel's new book. It's entitled 'The Lion of Macedonia', and is set in ancient Greece. It details events and battles that ACTUALLY HAPPENED. Around these it details the lives and interactions of various characters, some

of whom also existed. According to the Christian logic, because we can prove that the battles etc actually happened we can happily say that the book is a work of fact. That because the book gives accurate dates and places, then obviously the characters actually SAID the things in the book. This is the what Giles and the Christian hierarchy would have us believe about the bible.

Yes Giles, there are many events detailed in the bible that actually happened. There is much evidence to suggest that a meteorite hit the earth and caused several days of darkness, just as detailed in the bible. But according to the bible it happened because we crucified Jesus. According to the bible, Moses went into the hills and God carved the ten commandments for him to bring back. What ACTUALLY happened was that Moses went off alone and came back with the ten commandments which he SAID God carved. I certainly believe that Moses existed, but it in no way proves that God does.

But, I hear you cry, Jesus was proclaimed prophet long before the meteorite hit, so the other signs must have been true, thus God made the meteorite hit earth. Bollocks. We forget that every hundred or so years someone is born and is proclaimed prophet or son-of-god for his radical views of society. But only when, by coincidence, some major event like a meteorite, do people take this seriously enough to record the story and eventually base a religion around it. Also, at this point we notice that a significant number of people obviously told a different story to their children as the vast majority of people in the Middle-East became Muslims. The events all happened in the Middle-East and presumably all the people who are now Muslims are descendants of the people who witnessed the events of the bible.

However the main fault of the Christian's argument is that it also applies to the Koran and the texts of Buddhism and Hinduism. They do not seem to realise that, by their own faulty logic, their god is only one of many, and that most other religions are valid. So Giles, either your argument is utter bullshit, or the Koran and Gemmel's book are also non-fiction. Who's walking on thin air now, you smug git?

And what's this about 'Jesus may or may not have walked on water, depending on what you believe'? Either he did, because the bible said so, or you have to admit that the whole of the bible contains fallacies.

Yours,
Athena





Z.E.N.

LAWYER

INTERESTING AREA OF
LONDON SUITABLE FOR
A WILD PARTY, MAYBE
CAMDEN OR BRIXTON,
STATION

HOOTS MON!
I CAN SMELL A
PARTY FROM
HERE!

ERR, HERE WE ARE
THEN, JUST LIKE I
PROMISED YOU ALL!

HEY, IT'S JUST
HOTTING UP!

HOURS OF
FRUITLESS
SEARCHING
LATER...

GOTTA LEVEL WITH
YOU, HARD. THERE
IS NO PARTY. I LIED
TO MAKE MYSELF
APPEAR POPULAR.

HMM. I WAS
BEGINNING
TO SUSPECT AS
MUCH. DON'T YOU
REALISE WE ALL
LOVE YOU FOR
WHO YOU ARE -
NOT WHO YOU
KNOW.

THIS WEEK'S
morality
lesson!

IT SAYS HERE
THAT SOCIALISM
IS LIKE UNDER-
WEAR...

APPARENTLY
THEY CAN BOTH
BE TAKEN
BACK TO
MARX.

PARTY THREADS

UH-HUH?

OUR STOP,
I THINK.

NOW FIND US A
PARTY BEFORE I
BEAT SEVEN SORTS
OF SHIT OUT OF
YOU.

SURE! THAT'S
EASIER SAID
THAN...

BZZZZZZT!
ZAK? BRING THE
STUFF, DID YA?
CRUISE ON UP,
HOMBRE!

BAY-BAH!

YOU GOT ME ON MAH KNEES

BAY-BAH!

YOU MAKE MAH CREAM MAH CHEEZ

SOFT WHITE
BAPS!

SPODE

WORTHING

GNNNH!

UKK!

GOOD EVENING,
YOUNG SIR. I'M
DEREK DELL, THE
MAN WHO CAN TELL.
HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO SEE A FEW
CARD TRICKS?

FROST

HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE ME
TO BLEED
YO' ASS?

PING!

ROSS
POT

GLUB!

bud!
bud!
bud!

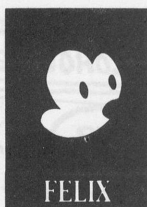
YIP! YIP!

RATS!

MOIST!

SO...





Our Special Correspondent and Tone Man present...

Bastardword 2

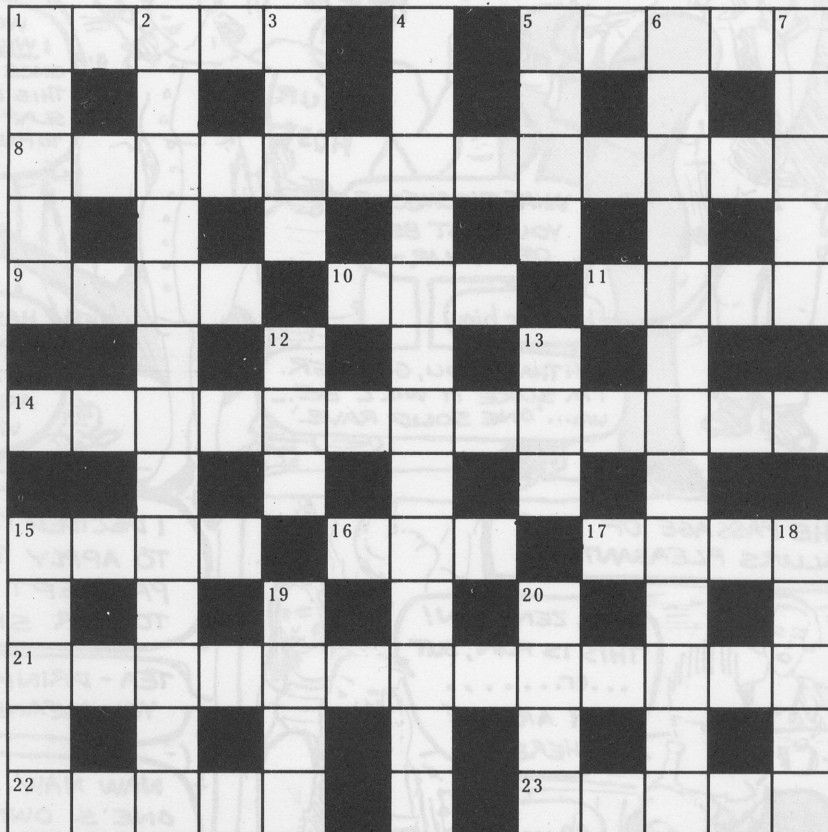
The Clues:

Across

1. Church imp displays monkey like behaviour (5).
5. 50 makes spam light up (5).
8. The small child who held his breath? (6,3,4).
9. Refined oils find containment (4).
10. Class B jam jar, high on shelf? (3).
11. Gosh! It's some pigs (4).
14. Arnold Schwarzenegger on April 21st (3,7,3).
15. Is ancient ritual wrong? - No! (4).
16. One in the eye for 11 across? (3).
17. Fledermaus and friends fly backwards and impale (4).
21. Wishes of man in desert changing woolen bit coat (1,4,2,2,4).
22. Salt flats for horse racing? (5).
23. The Evening Standard magazine speaks volumes (5).

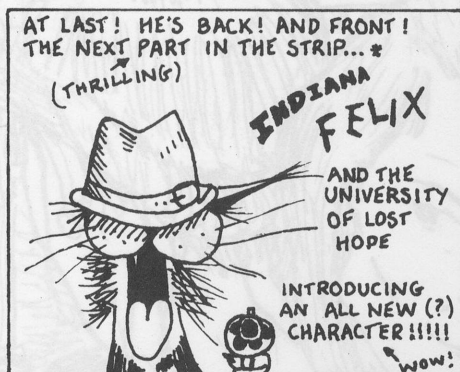
Down

1. Britons worn around the waist, I hear? The Church of England doesn't think so (5).
2. Wise guy Nellie, Cult T-Maker? (13).
3. Looking ashen! Sounds like Jack and Jill carrying water (4).
4. The question? (2,2,2,3,2,2).
5. Slay her? No, he'd rather bed her down (4).
6. Some cats have style after degree - twisted shapes (13).
7. Cut glass parameters (5).
12. Fuck the United Nations, you're no joy anymore (3).
13. Romans count a singular eye, they see (3).
15. Clean Henri, when standing in the river (5).
18. Oriental dancers could hold too much beer (5).
19. One very small male cat (4).
20. He respects, the position inside (4).

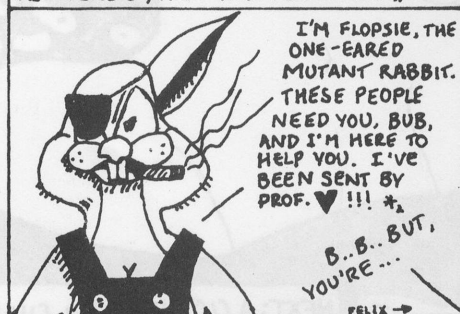


Bastardword Issue 898 Answers

Across 1. Autocracy 6. Cwm 7. Era 8. Bob 10. Maverick 12. Hi 13. Sonic 14. Laid Back 18. Play Solo 19. Group 21. In 22. Arrestor 23. Can 25. Kin 27. Cos 28. Newsagent. Down 1. Animal Magic 2. Travail 3. Cherubs 4. Al 5. Yen 6. Cabin 9. Back To Front 11. Cackler 15. Pyrexia 16. Fortune 20. Oinks 24. Inn 26. NW.

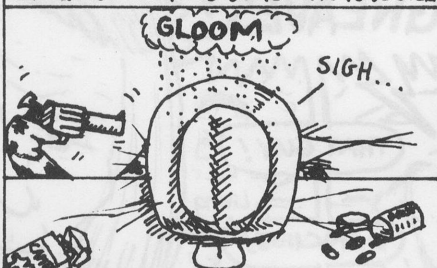


* OF THE IDEA OF THE TRAILER OF THE BOOK OF THE FILM... IT'S THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE KNOWN ONLY AS "FLOPSIE", AKA "THUMPERINE"!!!! *

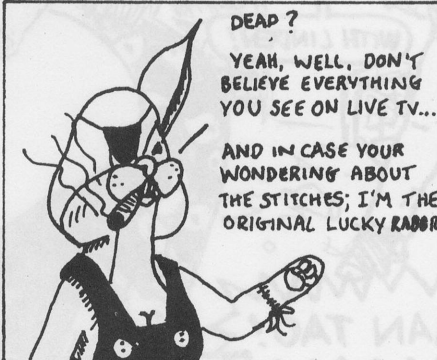


* ALWAYS GUARANTEED TO BOOST SALES UNCANNILY * PLOT CONTINUITY!!

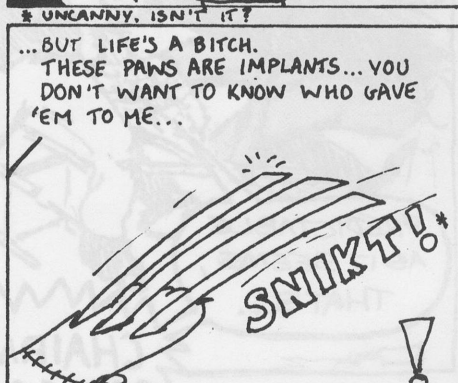
AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF FRUITLESS SEARCH, OUR HERO HAS SUCCEDED TO THE EVIL SPELL OF IC AND BELIEVES HIS QUEST TO FIND SOME FUN TO BE OVER



* UNCANNY, ISN'T IT?



THEN, SUDDENLY A NEW PLOT DEVYKE!



* A ROUGH PHONETIC TRANSLATION OF THE SOUND

Editorial



About 42 years ago a few guys got together in the Union Bar and decided that as Phoenix concerned itself solely with the more artistic nature of the written word, something else was needed. Thus Felix was born.

900 issues later, he's still alive and well, unlike Phoenix, which despite the rather spectacular nature of its namesakes death rites, appears to be slowly fading away. However, not everything has changed: In the very first issue of Felix there was a letter discussing the problems caused at some of the 'hops' that the Union had recently started, which leads me rather nicely on to...

The eternal nature of the idiot

Why is it? Us guys and gals are supposedly amongst the most intelligent people in the country, so why do some of us act like subhumans

Just as an example, take last Fridays Ents gig in the union lounge. There was a bar extension until midnight, two bands, and a disco until 1.00 am. There were two constraints to entry: Firstly you had to pay, £1 before 9.45pm, and £2 thereafter. The second was, as usual, the fire regulations. Only a certain number of people are allowed to be in the union building at any one time. This is a law, and is not negotiable.

Now forgive me if I've missed something, but all this sounds pretty reasonable to me. A quid is hardly a large amount to pay, and fire regs are fire regs. That's just the way things are.

So why is it that some people have to try to get in for free, or try to get in after the building's full? What am I missing? Why does it seem stupid to me?

I don't believe anyone could give me a convincing argument why they can't pay a quid. As for the fire regulations, if they didn't spend all night in southside (the money from which goes into the already swollen coffers of college), but came over to the Union Bar (cheaper, and the money from which goes to the Union, and thus back to us, the students) before 11.30 pm, then they'd get in (and if they managed to make it before 9.45 they wouldn't even have to pay so much).

But instead, certain people decide that it would be a jolly sensible and whizzo idea to hassle and threaten the (unpaid) Ents staff, the (overworked) bar staff, smash windows, and physically break down a door that had only just received a new bolt, to replace the one broken last time it was smashed down.

Then providing they get in, they proceed to drink those *vital* extra couple of pints (on top of the numerous ones they've already drunk). Then they cause trouble, look for fights, and hassle any female that they take a fancy to.

Well, it seems sensible to me, after all,

their mates must think they're really hard.

Jobs. Big Jobbies

Imperial, in common with most colleges and universities, have a careers service. Our careers service is affiliated to the University of London Careers Advisory Service (ULCAS), and thus has access to all of its resources (quite a few).

'So what?' thinks you, the devoted reader. Well, the upper management of College (ie His Rectorness, Angus Fraser, the managing director of college, and Peter Mee, College registrar) have decided that our careers service should disaffiliate from ULCAS.

'So what?' you may still think. Well, Ben Turner, ICU Deputy President, has been doing his homework, and decided that this isn't a very good idea. Russ Clark, the head of IC Careers Service, Shiona Ilewellyn, an ULCAS careers advisor, Brian Steptoe, the director of ULCAS, and Mike Gavin, the chairman of the Association of Graduate Careers Advisory Service's credential committee, all agree with him.

The main objection to disaffiliation revolves around the advisors themselves. At present they are trained by ULCAS, and have a very broad knowledge, and are thus able to advise in depth on a wide number of very different career types. If the careers services became disaffiliated the future employees would be responsible to Peter Mee, and ultimately to Angus Fraser. This could lead to graduates being encouraged to remain in their disciplines (thus lowering the range of advice available). This is known as a direct labour policy, and it could lead to problems with AGCAS, who are not happy about this type of advice. It is absolutely vital that IC's careers service remains a part of AGCAS, as this allows us access to the AGCAS Central Services Unit, which gives us advice, information, back-up, and professional accreditation of our careers service.

So, now we come to the fun part. His Rectorness and goons have already decided that we are going to disaffiliate. Before Christmas Peter Mee told Brian Steptoe that IC was disaffiliating (before any consultation that I know of). At the end of last term a meeting of the Careers Advisors Committee was called, to discuss 'Imperial's intention to disaffiliate' (Peter Mee's words again). They intend to make the changes before the next Governing Body meeting, and before the next Board of Studies meeting.

According to Paul Shanley, ICU President 'The only people I have spoken to who are agreed in principle with the scheme are the Rector, Angus Fraser, and Peter Mee.' On the 8th of March a meeting of the IC careers advisors

committee decided that there was '...a strong consensus in the committee in favour of option 2'. Option 2 (one of many) was 'Stay in ULCAS, but bargain hard for a better deal'. Andrzej Skapski, the chairman of the committee, has presented this paper to His Rectorness et al, but they have apparently ignored it. In the opinion of Ben Turner and Paul Shanley there has been little or no consultation at any level. Angus Fraser was unaware that we are unable to function independently at the moment without a start-up investment, which Peter Mee should have told him, so it appears that they haven't even consulted amongst themselves. Clever, isn't it?

The reasons they have given are two-fold: Firstly they claim that it will be cheaper for College. This has been proved incorrect by Ben Turner, with help from several of the people he's spoken to. On top of this the costing they've done is incorrect, as it ignores the initial start-up costs to cover the loss of the ULCAS facilities, especially the library at Gordon Square.

Secondly, managerial accountability: At present the careers staff answer to the UL, not IC. This can't be changed at present, but in reality it makes little difference. His Rectorness claims it does because he thinks there are too many companies and vacancies being advertised outside the field of academia. So in real terms what He's talking about wanting to have more control over the careers service so that HE can decide what jobs are advertised, and thus what career opportunities are available through the IC careers service. So, do you want HIM deciding what kind of job you should do?

Credits

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Photo Editor: Richard

Features Editor: Roland

Front Cover: Stef Smith

The Gang: Nigel, Jonti, James, Ian, Our Special Correspondent, Liu Jian Guo, Adam H, Toby, Chris Riley, all the reviewers, etc, etc...

The Collators: Firstly thanks to all the people who helped during the last issue. A list may appear in the next issue. Secondly (!), thanks must go to Morgana Systems of Milton Keynes for machine collating this issue at an early hour of this morning.

Felix is produced for and on behalf of the Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed at the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB (Tel 071-225 8672). Editor: Andrew Butcher, Manager: Chris Stapleton, Business Manager: Jeremy Burnell. Copyright Felix 1991 ISSN 1040-0711.