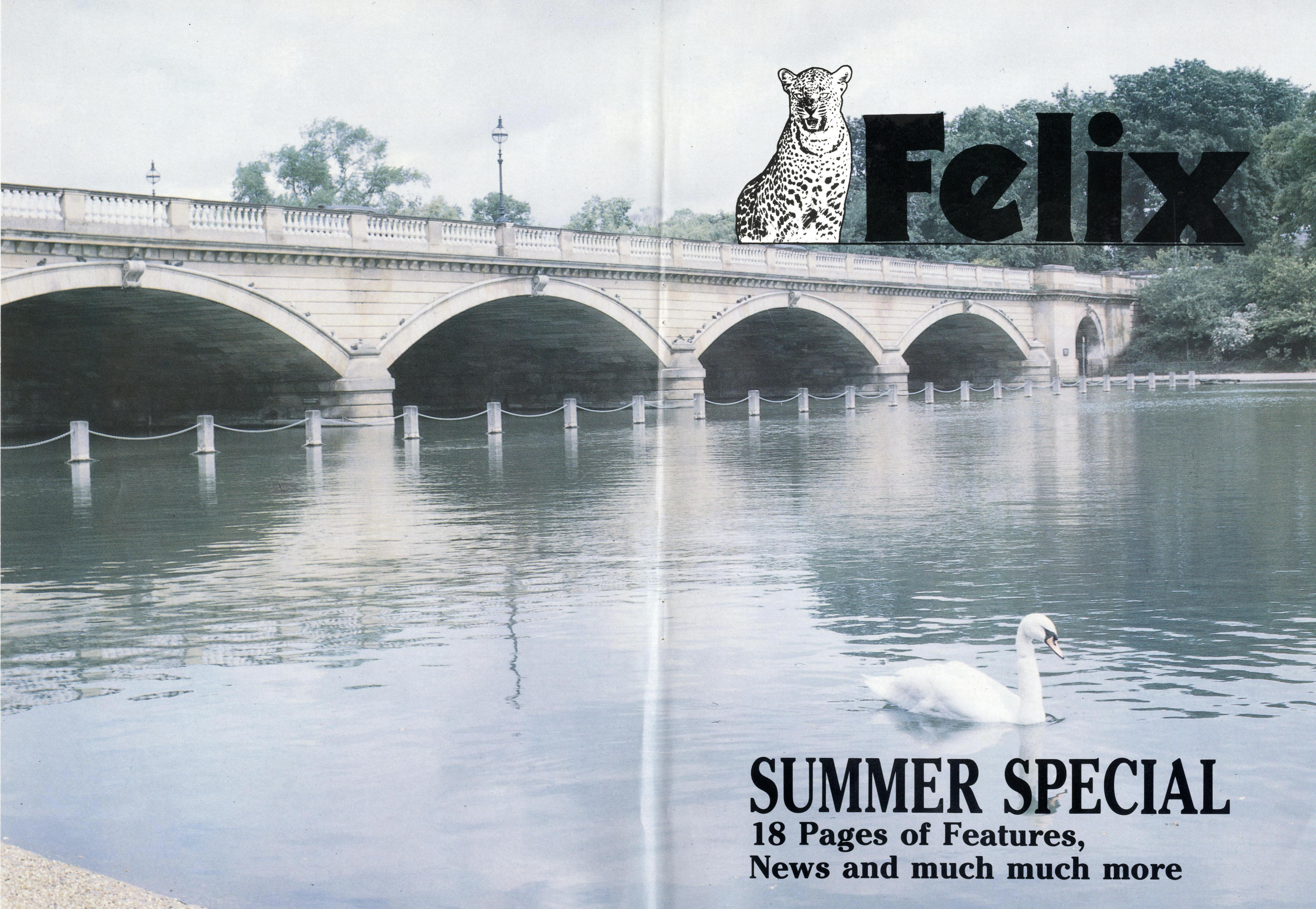




Felix



SUMMER SPECIAL
18 Pages of Features,
News and much much more

Summer Felix Contents

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 News | 30 Trespassers on the Roof of the World
– Chris Riley speaks to the Dalai Lama of Tibet. |
| 8 Expo 91
– Chris Riley on the work of the Imperial College's Expedition Board | 32 Portobello Pubs – A Users Guide
– Phil Gribbon forgets the honest pint and searches for an honest pub. |
| 10 Arts | 34 Music |
| 13 NHS Reforms
– Liz Warren investigates bureaucracy at its best! | 38 Alaska, the Exxon Valdez Case
– What happened and what went wrong. |
| 16 Of Firecrackers, Madmen, and Silly Things
– an IC story by Gideon Lichfield in the style of Damon Runyon. | 40 Nuclear Power. No Thanks?
– Are we being ungrateful? |
| 19 Matriarch
– Prose poem in shades of black and green by David Spooner. | 41 British Coal
– New pit proposals have met fierce opposition, Anna Teeman reports. |
| 19 Women
– mysterious, anonymous, but gloveless, fictional transcript by Raffles. | 43 Felix 91/91
– Adam Harrington on next year's Felix |
| 20 Antarctica
– Chris Riley reports on the hotting up of competition surrounding the Antarctic wastelands. | 44 The Staff on Editor
– The staff of Felix have some fun! |
| 24 The Day Iraq was Invaded in London
– Pictures and words from Friday 5th April by Chris Stapleton. | 46 Competition and Puzzle Time |
| 26 Holding Up Half the Sky
– An Essay on Women in Development by Natasha Shoaib. | 48 News Review |
| 28 Smirnoff Student Fashion Week
– Photo coverage by Felicity and Robin | 52 The Editor on Staff
– Andy Butcher gets his revenge. |
| | 53 Editorial |
| | 54 The Felix Team
– photo and a year of credits. |

Plus 8 Page Twin Towers Pull Out



Felix, Issue 908

19 June 1991

Spies

A number of students are to be hired this summer by the college to find out the rents in colleges and universities around the country. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, told Felix that 'we (the college) haven't done any market research - that was one of the deficiencies of our system.'

Flying

The Royal College of Science Union aid expedition to Romania, organised by Martin Heighway, has suffered a change of plan. The volunteers will go by air instead of overland by bus. Mr Heighway told Felix that 'we're still taking a lot of stuff ... like baby clothes and cuddly toys.'

He said that he was 'over the moon' about the response to his appeal. A group of volunteers will leave for Zvoristia in Moldavia in about a week's time. Rag have donated about £1000 to the expedition, but much more is required. Any donations - money or cuddly toys - would be gratefully received. Please contact the RCSU office on 8675.

Rent Breakdown

The college has backed down on the its proposed increase in rent. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, told Felix that the college would now receive about £92,000 less from the residences than the original proposals suggested. This was done after a 'lot of agonising discussion' between the Union and the College, he added.

The Rector said that he had received assurances from Angus Fraser, the College's managing director, that the rent for a single room in any college residence would not exceed £49.50. Sir Eric said that he 'intended to sign on the dotted line' when the final rent proposals from Mr Fraser are presented to him.

The Rector commended Gordon Marshall, Director of Estates, for his 'real attempt to put rents in a logical order', taking into account such things as the local poll tax, travelling distance and quality of housing.

The Union's proposals would mainly affect residences around Prince's Gardens site. Under their scheme a single room in Southside would cost £4 less per week than the original college rents proposal. If the college had adopted the union proposals unchanged the college would have lost £99,382 in revenue.

The catalyst for a re-examination of the proposed rent rises came from both the

Bar Resurrection

The Union bar acquired two new bar staff last month. Andrew Flanagan took over from John Riding as Bar Manager and Ramesh Patel was appointed Assistant Bar Manager. Mr Riding only became manager in September last year.

When asked his name, Mr Flanagan answered that he was still trying to find himself, but later admitted to actually being the late Karen Carpenter. He was formally bar manager at Goldsmiths College and is looking forward to the challenge of working here. 'There is a lot to do', he added, 'and an enormous potential. It will be fun to see how far we can go. The Union is a good team'. He has already held a Pimm's cocktail evening and has more events planned.

Ramesh Patel was formerly at St Thomas' Hospital. He is an avid squash player and succeeded in beating Felix Business Manager, Jeremy Burnell, with ease.

Union and academic staff. Senior tutors and heads of department expressed concern, formerly expressed in a letter to Sir Eric, signed by a number of interested parties including A.J. Taylor-Russell, the Chairman of the Admission Policy Committee, T.J. Seller, the Director of the International Office, and D.M.L. Goodgame, a College Tutor.

The signatories to the letter said they were aware of the Rector's concern about the financial difficulties of students and that they were sure that he would not like to encourage the view that 'Imperial College is widely perceived to be too costly a place at which to study'. They expressed worry at the effect on student numbers though it would be 'difficult to quantify the extent by which admission numbers will be affected by the proposed higher residence rent'. One of their concluding comments was that there was 'clear evidence from surveys undertaken by the registry and departments that accommodation costs are a major reason for potential students declining offers of places.'

Sir Eric told Felix that his 'hope is that the increase in rents will have a close bearing on RPI', which is the inflation rate, and that 'my ultimate responsibility is that the college doesn't go broke.'

Low Down Loos

The Peachtree survey conducted on behalf of IC Union will be published in about a week's time. The draft conclusions show that the Union building lavatories are considered the most serious problem in the building; they actually put students off entering it. Improving the lavatories will cost an estimated £8,000.

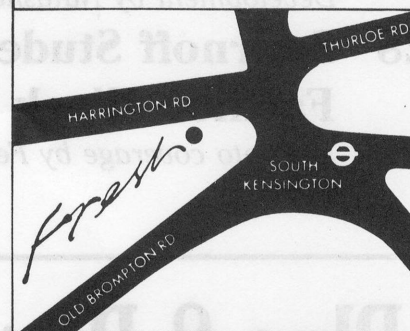
A secondary problem concerns the accessibility of the union offices. There is a proposal to relocate the union to the present SCR (Senior Common Room) on the first floor of the Union building. The SCR would be moved to the present Union back office and the whole relocation would cost about £13,500.

A number of other changes are in the pipeline, though the funding has not been fully arranged. The Union lounge may be improved and the concert hall may have a gallery installed so that FilmSoc can show films more often. This latter change would cost about £3,500. The upper kitchen in Southside may be converted to a health suite, and catering will be moved to the weights room and the motor club store. This would cause confusion as the Motor club have nowhere to go and STOIC (IC Television) would not be able to move to Southside as previously planned.

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Resignation



Mr Rolf Birch, an orthopaedic surgeon at St Mary's hospital, has resigned and intends to move his centre of operations at the Royal National Hospital at Stanmore, where he has occasionally worked before. Reports in the national media suggested that Mr Birch was frustrated with the limitations on treatment he could offer patients enforced by the administration policies at St Mary's.

Mr Birch is reported to have said that it

was 'no longer professionally possible' to care for children to the levels he wanted to. He said that the implementation of 'trust status', soon to be adopted by St Mary's, would add to the bureaucracy that already hindered him getting to see patients.

Although Mr Birch was too busy to comment yesterday, a spokesperson from the Stanmore hospital said that 'we are delighted he is moving .. and is going to centre his activity here at Stanmore'.

Delayed

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, has stated that the proposed changes to the college day will not be implemented this October. He added that it will probably not occur even in January 1992 as the timetable for many of the departments was already set.

Wine Dine

There are plans afoot to convert the basement of 170 Queensgate into a wine bar for academics and alumni. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, told Felix that the feasibility of doing this - both technically and financially - had not been studied, and that if the plan was to go ahead it might occur next summer.

Sir Eric said that academics and alumni need more than the Holland Club; 'they need faculty clubs such as many American universities have'. He added that 'if it can work financially it will have a useful effect on the college'. In his view the college needs somewhere where alumni can drop in when visiting the college and where college staff can meet after work. He said that his objective was to 'get alumni to make a bigger contribution to the college as a whole'.

Last year the whole of the ground floor of 170 Queensgate except the room facing the garden was renovated. This summer the remaining room is to be redecorated. 'I don't think this is debatable', said the Rector, and added that the building was often rented out and was where 'the great and the good', industry and commerce were persuaded to support the college.



Dirty Dealing Doctor

A warden of a college hall has been accused of attempted fraud this week. Dr Joe Cartwright, the warden of Willis Jackson house, is alleged to have fined a student in his hall £50, stating that the cheque should be made payable to Dr Cartwright himself. This is in direct contravention to the rules laid down in 'discipline in Imperial College' where it states that 'all monies from fines shall be donated to the Union charity of the year'.


Following an appeal by the student concerned, who had removed and damaged a hall stereo player, the matter was brought to light and the fine was paid to the charity. According to both Dr Cartwright and Dr Brian Levitt, the chairman of the Student Residence Tribunal and also a Westminster City Conservative councillor, though it was true that this had happened, nothing unacceptable had been done. Dr Levitt told Felix that whether the fine was made payable to the Rag charity or not depended on whether it was considered a 'fine' or a 'charge' - the latter being made payable to the hall concerned for damage done to it. He said that in this case it 'could have been either'.

A secondary allegation concerns the appointment of a subwarden in the hall. Sources from the Union categorically deny that this subwarden took up office after being approved by the Subwarden Appointment Panel, which is the only legitimate way of doing so. Dr Cartwright in turn states that he did nothing wrong and that Ben Turner, Union deputy president, was informed and agreed to the placement. This Mr Turner refutes, saying that all he did was to tell Dr Cartwright exactly what channels he should use.

In addition, a number of sources have said that a former subwarden, Mike Priestnall, stayed on in the hall after his term of office paying a weekly rent of £20 to Dr Cartwright. Dr Cartwright in turn said that he had offered Mr Priestnall the hall guest room for a month while he was searching for somewhere else to stay and that the rent was paid into the hall amenities fund.

Dr Cartwright concluded by saying all these allegations were 'definitely not true.'

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS



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This is probably my last report as President before handing over to Zoe Hellinger. The allegation often made by the Rector is that Union sabbaticals are unrepresentative. The Union has tried to demonstrate that this is not always the case. In particular, we have tried to gauge student opinion on such issues as the college day and student rents. We even undertook a market research exercise - the first on such a large scale in ICU history. What follows is completely unrepresentative - it is personal.

Constituent College Unions

If Imperial College was to be recreated, CCUs would play no part in it. The variety of CCUs is interesting in itself. St Mary's is probably the most with-it CCU. It generally represents its members and forms a good social forum for the medics to meet. However this would probably be true of any CCU which found itself isolated on a different site. Of the other CCUs, there is little else in their favour. City and Guilds performs some useful role academically, as it did when the threat of ACGIs being awarded outside of IC came up. Socially, they satisfy little need that isn't already catered for by the Union main body. The Royal School of Mines does little academically - its Academic Affairs Officer has done nothing this year - and generally gets a reputation for pissing it up in the bar every night. The RSMU completely wipes out every effort made by the college to promote women in science and engineering. And the RCSU? The biggest laugh is left until last. RCSU may well represent its members academically - its Academic Affairs Officer has done a good job this year - but the majority of RCSU are people who couldn't muster half a course unit between them. Some of them, of course mean very well. But the majority of people within the RCSU office are wasters who have failed exams and are too frightened to face the real world. Suzanne Ahmet, in particular, had ideas about eliminating the randomness from the office this year. She has failed in that endeavour - not least of which because she failed to appreciate the ethos that exists of RCS being for a select bunch organising events for themselves. A complete waste of a union block grant. Angie Creissen has stacks to do next year.

ULU

The University of London Union is possibly the worst waste of money in the whole of the country's academic expense. Set up to provide additional services not catered for by host unions, it performs little or none of this function. At the heart of ULU is a policy making body known as GUC. GUC is the worst case of committee destruction known to mankind. It forms working parties to discuss the purchase of a new ULU minibus (ICU bought one overnight), it attempts to donate money to charitable causes (illegal under attorney general guidelines), it represents no-one but a select band of followers. In principle ULU should work, in practice it is a meaningless organisation whose sole *raison d'être* is

ICU PRESIDENT UNOFFICIAL REPORT: SHAN'S LAST RANT

the management training of political activists and the provision of junkets for its sabbaticals.

COUNCIL

ICU Council has met this year at regular intervals. In this time, the majority of members have had little or nothing to say about any of the topics debated. Council has been dominated this year by three sabbaticals and about three other officers. Virtually every idea put forward by a sabbatical has been passed unanimously because of the blind faith council has placed in its sabbaticals. On only one issue has there been any sort of debate - the question of market research. Whilst the idea of this was sound and probably the best thing the Union was proposing in a very long time, the execution of this idea was awful. Council should have deferred the proposal pending further debate - they didn't. Council is a managing body with full powers of debate. It has discarded those powers this year.

COLLEGE

The year 1990/91 has been the year of the accountant. Balance sheets play a larger factor in the decision-making process at IC than ever before. In order for IC to survive in an increasingly competitive market, fiscal policy has to play as big a role as academic policy, but must never overtake it.

Staff morale within IC has never been at its worst. There have been mass redundancies within college, and at the same time a recruitment drive for managers and directors. We now have managers and directors of Estates, Development, Marketing, Personnel, Finance. The college is in danger of having too many chiefs and not enough Indians. At the Rector's question time a few weeks ago, points were raised on the issue of mass early retirements within the Estates section. Estates has a huge personnel problem within college. The blame for this must be partly shouldered by its big chief - Gordon Marshall - the Director of Estates.

Gordon Marshall has upset a large number of employees in his time at college. In particular he has the amazing ability of being able to bullshit himself out a corner. All year he has denied to me that he had anything to do with the farce surrounding the purchase of the Clayponds development and the sale of Montpelier Hall. He has continually stated that he was not employed by the college at the time that the two were debated. Gordon Marshall *was* employed by the college at the time. He was retained as a building consultant by Imperial College in July of last year. He attended the governor's meeting that discussed the purchase of Clayponds back in July.

Gordon Marshall has misled every committee this year on which he has denied his involvement with the Clayponds deal. The further denial relating to the Clayponds/Montpelier saga is that the two were not related. How could any competent businessman advocate buying a property for £M11 with no source of funding other than a bank loan? A senior administrator within Sheffield told me that he had shown the residence balance sheet to someone in the real world (i.e. industry). The reply was that whoever was ultimately responsible for Clayponds should have been sacked for gross mismanagement and sued in the high court. A simple admission from the top echelons of College would suffice - Okay hands up, we got it wrong. Instead we have seen a cover-up.

Mr Marshall has been aided and abetted by his right hand woman Sheelagh Crampton nee Patrick. Mrs Crampton has fluttered her eyelids this year whenever in a tight corner. She even rang Gordon Marshall in the south of France when the going got tough on negotiating rents with Wilson House, the St Mary's hall of residence. Mrs Crampton is an evasive woman and will fit in well with the current management style.

The tide is turning within college. Staff are openly criticising Gordon Marshall for his management style. His briefings to Valerie Straw, his facilities manager, are flawed, as she has found to her cost. On two occasions this year, she has arrived at college committees (Parking & Traffic and College Athletics) to present papers, only to find that her brief is incorrect.

As for the academics, they are the unhappiest of all. Heads of department generally feel that the college now views the academics as a support service for the administration, instead of the opposite way round. Decisions affecting academic staff are now being made at administration level - not even via the Management Planning Group, the unofficial 'advisory' panel headed by the Rector. Poor old Eric Ash probably isn't aware of what Sheffield is doing half the time.

The MPG has also lost its credibility. Formally an advisory body, it now makes medium level policy, seemingly with autonomy from Governing Body. A senior academic told me that MPG is a body 'made up of suits with Angus Fraser at the head of the table, Donald Duck on his left and Mickey Mouse on his right.'

The future of Imperial College is bleak. The huge debt is mounting, staff morale is at its lowest, students are finding the London Factor too much of a disincentive to come to this 'centre of excellence'. If present trends continue, IC will be a well oiled machine in ten years time, returning a large surplus. But the academic reputation will be shot to ribbons. IC will be another institution catering for research students. One year ago, I wrote in the fresher's handbook that the concept of IC becoming a postgraduate institution was a nightmare. In ten years time, that nightmare may well be a reality.



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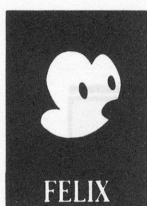
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Expo 91

Small Ads

If you've ever wanted to do something just that little bit different perhaps you should take your idea to the Expedition Board. If this sounds like you, read on...

This summer three expeditions leave Imperial College for the four corners of the world. George Beccaloni a third year biologist is leading a party of scientists to Madagascar to study the ornithology. Rachel Pears is the Imperial College coordinator for a joint British Universities diving expedition to the Galapagos Islands, and Chris Riley and John Rogers are the 1991 British Trans-Atlas Mountain Bike Expedition which plans to cycle across Morocco.

Rachel Pears expedition has a large party and requires the largest budget; almost £20,000. Such sums of money are not easy to raise, and this has been the biggest headache during the present recession, explained Rachel.

The Trans-Atlas Mountain Bike Expedition is the smallest proposal with costs being kept to a minimum. Patronised by the College Rector, Sir Eric Ash, and explorer and travel writer, Dr Richard Crane, the ride is to raise money for a Scholarship fund for North African students to come and study at Imperial.

The whole expedition is running on under £1000 for both members. This includes purchase of any vital equipment not supplied through sponsorship. Their glossy prospectus was printed and distributed in January. 'Initially response was slow, and it looked like we would be cycling across the Atlas on a pair of U-security locks, supplied by Citadel' explained Chris. 'Since then nearly 70 of the 240 companies have replied, some twice. Sixteen of these have offered support. The extent of this has varied from simply a copy of their catalogue, to

generous discounts of between 10% and 55%. Nikwax, the Waterproofing company has offered to supply their products for free. Saracen and Marin have offered 33% of their bikes, and Dawes, a generous 50%. Cyclopath, a supplier of cycle clothing run by Emyr Griffiths and based in South Wales have offered the very durable New Zealand Tika cycle-luggage, as well as bike carrying straps and special leather handle-bar grips. To make comparisons, Carradice have supplied their panniers which convert to a rucksack.'

The two man expedition hopes to cover the 800 miles in four weeks, and plans to make the first ascent of the south face of Mount Toubkal, (3,625m high), by bike. 'The biggest problems we will probably encounter, is finding clean water to drink along the way. Other problems I've been told about include the drug sellers who force you to buy their hashish at gun point, for the police to confiscate it and fine you up the road.'

Chris and John leave at the beginning of September, to avoid the searing summer temperatures on the fringes of the Sahara, where they start. 'If all goes to plan, we should be back by the beginning of September', said Chris. You'll be able to read of their success or failure in Felix next term, along with the outcome of the other two expeditions.

If you want to run an expedition next year, please submit proposals to Don Adlington, during the first half of next term. The expedition board first meets in December.

●**FOUND:** 2 Floppy disks marked with 'Lightspeed C1' and 'Lightspeed C2' under the name Tom Nichols. If you are, or know the said person, please contact Liz in Room 339 Sheffield or extension 3202.

ACCOMMODATION

●**ENORMOUS DOUBLE ROOM** in joyous house in Wimbledon. All mod cons and available immediately. 30 mins to college and 5 mins to beer, food, flicks etc. £60 pw. Change of carry over for next year. Contact Felix Office, Dave.

●**FLATSHARE** Hammersmith, end of High St Ken. Enormous room. Double £50 pw each. Prefer undergrad, M or F, non-smoker. Tel: 0737 555596.

●**EARLS COURT** flat for 4 available from 21 June. 2 double bedrooms with lounge, kitchen and bathroom. £721 per month, £166 per week or £41.60 per person per week. Landlord's OK, leave a message on his answerphone—071-794 2900, mention flt E, 68 Warwick Road.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

●**PAKISTAN SOCIETY** day trip to Margate. Thursday 20th June. 7.30am departure admission to adventure park, travel and video on coach included. Tickets £12.50 from committee members.

●**WEST LONDON CHAPLAINCY** is giving a farewell party for Gisela Raines and Tracey Rehling. Monday June 24, 1991, 7.30pm, St Jude's Vicarage, 18 Collingham Road, London SW5 0LX. RSVP to Bill and Gisela Raines on 071-259 2301 or leave a message on college ext 8633.

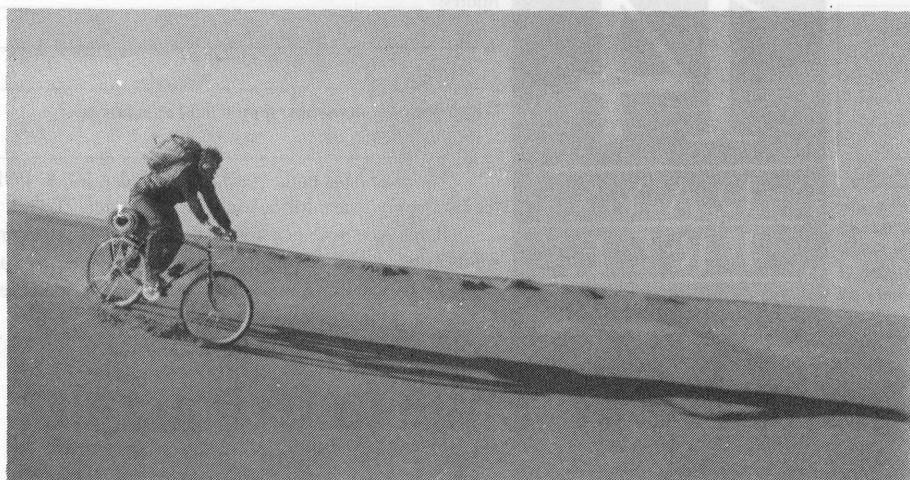
●**AQUACISE**—Thursdays, 6.30 to 7.15, ICU Sports Centre.

PERSONAL

●**IAN WAGSTAFF:** Chem Eng IV Ian Wagstaff: Chem Eng IV Now you are famous

●**WAGSTAFF IAN.** Born Oct '68. Leaving Chem Eng June '91. And probably going to kill me.

●**TELL IAN** you saw his name in print. IAN WAGSTAFF



VACANCY Sub-Warden Holbein House

Applications are invited for the post of sub-warden, Holbein House. The candidate should be a postgraduate student with more than one year remaining at College. Closing date for applications is Friday 21 June 1991 and forms are available from the Accommodation Office, Prince's Gardens.

BJ on Fridays Ents



FELIX

'Why don't we end the year with a really big bang, and really go out in style!!?' said the best Ents team ever assembled, so we sat down and got to it.

So now on Friday 21st June, the last day of term, the Ents crew have lined up an unsurpassable treat for you lucky IC students. One of the biggest, most happening bands around at the moment will be playing at IC (a band even Lise Yates may like), the *Paris Angels*.

For anyone who has not got an ear to the ground the *Paris Angels* are the band responsible for the massive dancefloor hit *Perfume (All on You)* which has been played at Libido every Wednesday and Friday, and many other top London nights out. Although they stem from Manchester they are different to the run of the mill bands from this part of the country. Their music is mainly dance orientated but retains the bagginess which encapsulated all the good parts of the now defunct Manchester scene.

Imperial College is very lucky to play host to the only London College date for this band (after they pulled out of the

ULU date due to other commitments). Over the last few months the band has attracted so much media and public attention that most dates on their recent tour have been sold out, including the New Cross Venue and the International in hometown Manchester. This means this is a pristine date, so much so that the gig has been moved to the Union Concert Hall (from the Lounge) usually only reserved for carnivals. Support on the night comes from the superb *Spinning Jenny*, who stem from the *Ride/Catherine Wheel* ilk of bands. A very recent signing and definitely the name to watch (just like I said for *Leviathan*, *Catherine Wheel* and *Soul Family Sensation* who all played at IC this year).

Doors open at 9pm and the admission price is £3 (as opposed to £7 at the Venue (New Cross). Tickets are only available from the door and are on a first come first served basis, as there are only a few hundred more than a usual Lounge gig.

As well as the bands there will be many other forms of entertainment so

that the end of the year spectacular is like a carnival. This will include a late bar extension and drinks promotion, Ents disco (of a very high quality) with many new and special effects in the Concert Hall, and others to be confirmed. So my advice to you is to put on your dancing shoes, your drinking trousers/skirt and one of your best tapping tops and ease on down to the Union on Friday night!

As this is the last article I will write I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the whole Ents team, to say a big thanks to: The Union staff, the sabbaticals and everyone else who has made the Ents shows possible. And of course to you, the students who have made doing Ents this year a real laugh—especially the Links Club and Ian Wagstaff. Hopefully we have made the Union a better place for you to come to and have a good time and let your hair down. Normal Ents service will resume in Freshers Week. Good luck!

BJ (Ents Chair 89/91, 90/91)

Summer work plans come unstuck? Why not try UROP (the Undergraduate Research Opportunities Programme)? Booklet available (free) from UROP Office, Room 313C, Level 3, Mech Eng Building.

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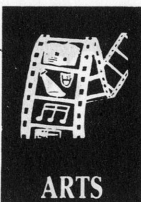
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ULU TRAVEL



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Forthcoming

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine

Hey hey it's the Monkees! People say we monkey around! But we're too busy singing! To put anybody down...

The Monkees, along with popular kids' faves *Why Don't You* and *Lassie*, will be showing on BBC this summer. Should the exploits of Davey, Pete, Mickey and The Other One fail to excite you then maybe you should switch off your television set and do something less boring instead...

The A Team

Editorial note : This section does not include the A-team. Nor MacGyver or Automan. Neither is there a sniff of Lee Majors (The Fall Guy) and Howie in a dress.

It does include **Terminator 2 : Judgement Day**. Summer just wouldn't be summer without tea and scones on the lawn and a bit of multi-million dollar violence. Arnie's an android, Cameron's the director and the plot's a secret. Chances are it won't feature Howie in a dress. Vying for pole position with Arnie and vying with Tom Bergin's effort comes the thinking man's bread and butter, Kevin Costner, in **Prince Of Thieves** where he dons his green tights and goes singing through the treetops. Or will he? Or will he examine the natives of Sherwood Forest from a sympathetic viewpoint over three hours of nice scenery? Who knows? Kevin Costner does, for one. Why don't you ask him? We're still trying to find his phone number. I once saw Vince from *Grange Hill*. Friends of the stars, that's us.

Hudson Hawk emerges in July, with Bruce Willis as a spunky young burglar



who turns to espionage. This film is directed by the man who brought you *Heathers* and *Meet The Applegates* but financed by the man who brought you *Die Hard II* so big-budget fun aplenty. Doing quite well Stateside with everyone but the critics.

In a desperate attempt to burn off all the big movies in a single category, we bring you **Backdraft**, in which Kurt Russell (did you know he's been stepping out with Goldie Hawn? Remember where you heard it first, folks) and William (not Alec, who's been stepping out with Kim Basinger) Baldwin star as fire-fighting brothers. Enough said.

This category would not be fulfilling

without telling you what Steven Seagal is. First he was *Nico*, then he was *Hard To Kill*, but now he's been **Marked For Death** anyway. Shortly he'll be *Out For Justice*. We'd like to wish him luck in his future activities whether *At The Dentist's* or *Scared Of Heights*..

A Kiss Before Dying stars Sean Young and Matt Dillon as well as Max 'Ming The Merciless' von Sydow in the second adaptation of the Ira Levin novel. This



means it should be great plotwise, but does it translate to the screen? Word has it that it does not..

A few tiddlers.. **Teen Agent** looks quite good. Can you spot the deliberate mistake in the last sentence? **Boyz N The Hood** received critical acclaim at Cannes; **New Jack City** featuring Ice T (not to be confused with iced tea, which you might also like to try this summer) caused violent uproar Stateside and wins the Most Dangerous Film To See award.

Finally, two from this month; **State Of Grace** featuring the ever-versatile Sean Penn and **King Of New York** starring the golemesque Christopher Walken. We can tell you nothing about these films.

The Jim Davidson Corner

Actually, it's not. It's comedy.

Let's start with **Another You** (no thanks, I just had one). (Crap gag! Crap gag!) . Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder as (wait for it) a duo of Unlikely Criminals; Pryor is a conman doing community service by looking after Wilder, who is a pathological liar. Advance reports are that there may be many comical pauses and Richard Pryor may say "shit" a lot.

Life Stinks. Well, yes, but this is Mel Brooks not taking the piss and word has it if you're looking for a good film you might be better off at **Return To The Blue Lagoon**. Don't quote us on this. It might be great.

Incidentally, we're not kidding about **Return To....** See below.

Pa-pa pa-pa pa-pa pa-pa pa-pa pa-pa PA! Pearl And Dean Present

Nothing But Trouble (did you know you can get Cool Dude Smarties with sunglasses?) starring Dan Aykroyd, Chevy Chase and Demi Moore (isn't she pretty? She's stepping out with Bruce Willis). From what we've read it's failed to make

anyone anywhere laugh ever. Even the Americans thought it was bad. This is the country that brought you **Out Of This World**. However, it does contain John Candy in drag, as opposed to Howie from *The Fall Guy*.

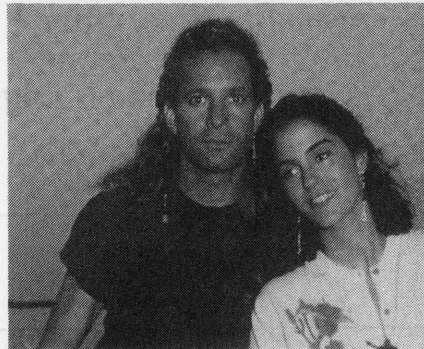
Only The Lonely, from the same people who brought you *Home Alone*, stars John Candy (presumably not still in drag) (although Howie might be), Ally Sheedy as - get this - mortician love interest - and Maureen O'Hara as an interfering mother.

Sylvester Stallone makes an attempt to emulate Arnie and move into the comedy bracket in the mob farce **Oscar** which is currently doing great You-Know-Where. As opposed to a Ray Clooney farce, in which he would lose his trousers and meet his wife while with a young secretary at the vicar's garden party. Shame, really.

Soapdish. An all-star cast featuring Whoopi Goldberg, Sally Field (who was in *Smokey and The Bandit* with Burt Reynolds. Burt Reynolds wears a wig) Kevin Kline (who's stepping out with Phoebe Cates), and Carrie Fisher about soap stars with Lives More Bizarre than their characters. Hmm..

From Disney comes **Too Hot To Handle**, about a singer and a playboy in 1948, tripping gaily through a minefield of romantic hazards. The lovers are played by Kim Basinger (who's stepping out with Alec Baldwin) and Alec Baldwin (who's stepping out with Kim Basinger). Remarkable really, the things which go on in Hollywood these days.

Finally, out this month is **Don't Tell Her It's Me** based on the preposterous idea that Steve Guttenberg can act. As an



Anzac biker named Lobo. Who is really just pretending in order to get off with Jami Gertz. Frankly you'd be better off looking for comedy-shaped potatoes.

Films That Refuse To Be Pidgeonholed

Okay.. Most eagerly awaited (by us, anyway) is **Edward Scissorhands**, which relates the adventures of an artificial human with a variety of kitchen implements for Moulinex mittens. Said adventures seem to relate largely to topiary and kebabs along with romantic

Attractions

slag off the Summer's films

advances to a blonde Winona Ryder (who's stepping out with Johnny Depp boo hiss); Johnny 'Bastard' Depp (who's stepping out with Winona Ryder) plays the eponymous Mr Ed. Tim Burton directs which means it may be attractive but meandering (viz *Batman*) or just good ol' fashioned fun (*Beetlejuice*).

Another film which may be attractive and meandering is **Thelma and Louise**



which is (of all things) a road movie directed by Ridley (Alien, Bladerunner) Scott. Thelma and Louise are a pair of young ladies who decide to escape their lives and in the course of things get entangled with the law. Susan Sarandon is Thelma and Louise is played by Geena Davies (who's stepping out with Jeff Goldblum, don't you know).

Off And Running is another road movie about a groups of 'varied' (read contrived) individuals who are thrown forcibly into each other's company and yours too. Is it good? A toughie. It's certainly not promising.

Still staying with vehicular action we have **Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man** who are Mickey Rourke and Don (snort) Johnson (who's stepping out with Meg Ryan) as two ass-kicking heroes who are trying to save the local orphanage from Mr. Big. That's almost right, but substitute "biker's bar" for "orphanage" and "bank" for "Mr. Big" and you have the basic idea. Sounds good, huh?

Possibly the best film in this particular sector is **Jungle Fever**, believed by many to have been robbed of the Palme D'Or at Cannes. This is a Spike Lee film about an interracial relationship (ooh, dangerous) and has a Stevie Wonder soundtrack. Depending on your tastes this allows either one or two reasons to see it. If you need a third, Lee has an increasing reputation as a black (in both senses) comedy director.

Latest in the series of Euro-flics to undergo the Hollywood treatment is Pertwee's seminal *Die Kroppe*, which has been remade into **Potatoes!** and stars Roseanne Barr in the title role. John McTiernan directs.

Once Around is the tale of Whistling Jack's Trouser Press. Okay, so it's not. It's about a Catholic woman (Holly Hunter) who falls in love with an salesman

(Richard Dreyfuss). Might be okay.

Regarding Henry. Great title. Features Harrison Ford dying early on. Reincarnation and happy vibes..

Class Action stars Gene Hackman and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as father-and-daughter lawyers who are forced to oppose each other in a case of rich vs. poor. As you might expect this also involves them Examining Their Relationship. Both Hackman and Mastrantonio are fairly adept at their craft so it shouldn't be too winceworthy.

Where Angels Fear To Tread is based on the E.M. Forster novel of colonial Brits abroad, something to fear for those of us who have endured *A Passage To India*. The usual cast (you know them already), probably the usual location footage, maybe the same plot (a widow and her strait-laced companion wandering in tropical climes), probably not the greatest movie this summer.

The Hairdresser's Husband is the much-lauded tale of bald Antoine and his hairdresser fetish. Eh? Yes indeed, a man who gets the hots for (female) barbers. Strange bloke indeed, but a big thumbs-up from all and sundry means the promising plot is well executed.

Dying Young is Julia Roberts' Serious Actress film (who's stepping out with



Kiefer Sutherland, but they've postponed the wedding) about a pretty (obviously) nurse who falls in love with a bald leukaemia victim. And then she leaves him and he dies. No, not really. Test audiences got so upset they changed the ending.

One Good Cop is about Michael Keaton adopting three cute kids after his buddy is cut down before his time. This is now about the fifteenth movie based on this premise. Fourteen of those were redundant..

Finally, Liza Minelli - wait for it - in **Stepping Out** (hooray!). Liza seeks to escape typecasting in a role as a tap-dancer, co-starring Julie Walters and Shelley Winters (who died in *The Poseidon Adventure*. Showbiz, huh?)

The Shit Bin:

Not Necessarily Shit : **Switch** is a Blake Edwards movie about a man in a woman's body (spiritually, anyway), the body in question being Ellen Barkin's.

This may well be a pointless exercise, since Steve Martin seems to have just about exhausted the possibilities of this idea in *All Of Me*. **Dutch** is a John Hughes movie in which a man and his girlfriend's brat break down and have to Co-Operate (can YOU say Co-Op-Er-Ate) to survive, in the process coming to terms with each other As An Individual. Sounds crap to us. **Navy S.E.A.L.S** is the risible tale of Sheen & Biehn kicking ass in the Middle East in an inflated tale of military derring-do. Great.

We now turn to the amazingly titled **Whore** which Ken Russell tosses to his



less than adoring public. This is the warm and wet tale of an everyday hooker which boasts less taste than a Ratner's bargain bucket and considerably less subtlety. In a fit of fervent perv-appeal, Ken guides his characters through the negligible plot with his traditional light touch and savoir faire. Although Huggy Bear, yes, Huggy Bear, does show up.

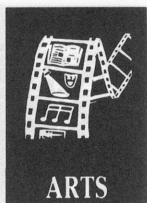
Sequels department : **Nightmare On Elm Street VI : Freddy's Dead** hmmm yes bet that's a good film. Freddy, aka Robert Englund, also brings us **976-Evil II** which might be a good movie. And then again it might not. First one's a pile of donkey do. Staying with the Horror motif, **Child's Play III** will be out later this year. Alas, poor Chucky, I knew him well. First one was excellent, second one didn't feature the mother from the first film, and was pretty damn crap; this one doesn't even star the original kid..

FX2 stretches credibility with what is practically a remake of the original, which we doubt will be particularly entertaining twice.

The Completely Hopeless Cases Department : What Empire wittily called 'the least eagerly awaited sequel in recent years': **Mannequin II**, same story, different people. Which leaves only the question : will it still have a Starship soundtrack? Why? Who commissioned this film?

And finally : The Grand Turkey Of Them All : **Return To The Blue Lagoon**. Somehow the son of the original couple has been careless enough to get himself stranded on another desert island, but not so careless that he doesn't have the company of a nubile young lady. What can we say?





Kiddy Korner

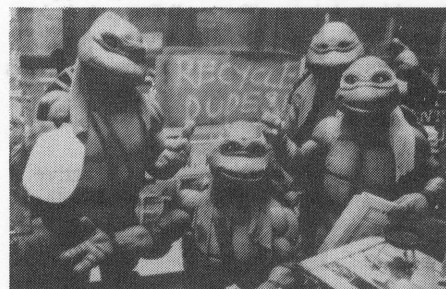
TMNT II: The Secret of the Ooze!

Alternatively, if you're doomed to escorting younger siblings, cousins, complete strangers etc. to the movies this summer, Felix presents a quick view of some of the better (ie. more tolerable) movies out this summer. Conspicuous by its absence is **The Rocketeer**, Disney's attempt to succeed this year where *Dick Tracy* failed last year. 'Rocketeer' is based on those brilliant old series which feature a man with a rocket on his back mysteriously not blowing up but instead solving crimes, disasters etc. It's currently in the Big Secrecy Phase prior to its US release, whereupon you can expect to be bored rigid by everything from Rocket-Wogan to Rocket-Condoms. Some time later this year Disney will release **The Rescuers Down Under** which if it lives up to the standards of the first could be even better than **The Silence Of The Lambs**.

The only other remotely kiddy film not herein is **Rock-A-Doodle**, featuring ancient cartoon character Chanticleer the Rooster. Who knows?

F With nary a pause for pizza the four lovable amphibians with poor disguises are back with a vengeance. They kick butt, they talk jive, they don't use skateboards (as they're going out of style) but they do breakdance (?). And so to the plot. This movie follows directly on from the last (although no previous knowledge is required) with the turtles kipping at April's and the Shredder in a garbage truck. But you can't kill Shredder that easily so he's back too. Everyone seems to be back save Casey Jones, the sports equipment wielding psychotic from the former excursion. This is because it is a real kiddies sequel with all the violence in a 'Tom and Jerry' stylee rather than the 'Hey kids! Knives are fun!' of the first. This comedy violence idea actually works. At one point Raphael even beats up a baddie with two sausages.

Anyway, what about the ooze?. Well the ooze of the title is the stuff that changed the turtles and can be used to mutate. Pretty obviously you-know-who



gets you-know-what and makes himself a couple of nasty guess-what-kids to fight the-Nolan-Sisters. That's the story. Throw in the scientist in charge of ooze removal (David Warner, great actor), April O'Neil (Paige Turco), a streetwise oriental kid who's a karate genius (Ernie Reyes Jr.), and a rare cameo (I hope they're going to be rare) by Vanilla Ice and you've got the whole caboodle. It's aimed at the under tens and it's great fun. In the words of Mr Tutti Frutti himself, 'Go Ninja! Go Ninja! Go!'

The Amazing Machine II: the Secrets in the Taste

Drop Dead Fred

F Alternatively, if you don't want the kids influenced by even comedy violence, you could take them to see this. The basic story goes : Phoebe Cates (great actress that she is) did not have a particularly happy childhood because her mother had the disposition of a badly tamed harpy. As a result she created an imaginary friend, *Drop Dead Fred*, who happens to be Rik Mayall. Naturally, jolly japes follow, since our Rik is not known for his sensitive character portrayals.

Now Phoebe is grown up she still looks twelve years old and her marriage is on the rocks, presumably because her husband can no longer face her acting. She gets taken home by The Megabeast (as Fred calls her mother). Once there, she recalls Fred..

What follows is fairly predictable, no, I do the film an injustice, extremely predictable, as Fred tries in his six-year-old way to reunite the couple against the philandering husband's better efforts, but it's all very sweet in its way. In the end Phoebe comes to terms with herself and with Fred...blah blah blah...

This is a pretty good film for the early teens and quite enjoyable for old folks so long as you leave any more demanding



instincts at the door. Rik Mayall hardly charts a new path for himself but is predictably competent in the role; Phoebe Cates follows up her performance in *Gremlins II* (which won her so many Oscars that she was forced to stand down) in unnoticeable form. The support's okay, including Carrie Fisher as Phoebe's best friend (apart from Fred, of course).

Good idea, fair execution, nice try Phoebe.

The Flying Gerbil and Friends.

Cinderella

F Six tickets! We were sent six tickets to see *Cinderella*! Oh joy. And as it turned out, *Cinderella* is my girlfriend's favourite animated film of all time (*Akira* move over). The reason for this sudden re-release is that *Cinders* is 41 this year (?). And not a wrinkle! Its a wonderfully animated cartoon, all the backdrops are wonderfully detailed, and the characters are luxuriously drawn. One thing *Cinderella* does not do is travel well. It remains firmly rooted in a traditionally valued, happy ever after scenario where impossible romance is possible- pre-marital sex get outta here- and the bad guys (gels) get their comeuppance. Having said that, it makes a refreshing change from modern cartoon fare (Killer Tomatoes et al) but sadly the prince turns out to be nothing more than a one dimensional dancing prat with too much money for his own good. (An obvious metaphor for the eighties yuppie generation -Walt you're a genius). Disney's early films have become institutions and as such are part of the fabric of everyone's childhood. Go re-live it for an afternoon.

John.

Thespian Action



So, stuck here for the summer paying off your overdraft? What does a culture starved student do? Why, go to the theatre of course! But where, when, why, what is there to see and how much does it cost?

First the biggies: The National Theatre on the South Bank continues to churn out plays in its three theatres. Ending soon is Ayckbourn's *Invisible Friends* and Mollieres' *The Miser*, *Richard III* and *Black Snow* are still playing. John Webster, the White Devil, has just opened examining dirty doings in Renaissance Italy. *Long Days Journey Into Night* follows Timothy 'Bras's West as a day in the life of a collapsing family. *Napoli Millionarci* tells of the fight for survival in Naples after the Second World War. The Life of Jamaica is shattered in *The Coup* written after the recent Jamaica upheavals opens at the end of June.

In August the *Resistable Rise of Arturo* provides more surreal goings on from Brecht in Chicago, based on Adolf Hitler (told you it was surreal). The prices are less for standby tickets or previews and matinées, more expensive at sociable hours of the day, but usually worth it.

The Barbican plays London home to the Royal Shakespear Company, so usually doesn't have much written before the 1700s, but you are guaranteed a superb show. *Much Ado About Nothing*,

King Lear, *Troilus and Cressida* and a *Comedy of Errors* are all coming from the Bard. *Edward II*, by Marlow and the *Last Don Juan* provide promising alternatives. Bill Chekhov's *The Seagull* opens in July. Again £5 stand-by—worth going, just to wander around as there is so much on.

The Etcetera Theatre above the Oxford Arms in Camden High Street has so much going on it is impossible to list it all. The most promising are Vaclav Havel Audience. The Czech premier's political rise has renewed interest in his writing which looks at turth and honour in society. Jean Genets' *The Maids* an upstairs/downstairs story as two sisters impersonate themselves with deadly results. Plays start at about 8.30 to 9.30pm, to time to sample the pub beforehand. Tickets are £3.50.

The Drill Hall Arts Centre (16 Chenies Street opposite Goodge Street tube) shows *Let The Call it Jazz* about one black woman and her musical triumph over Britain's oppression. As well as *Sarrasine* the story of the last castrato opera singer in Paris.

At the Grove upstairs at the Kensington Park, Ladbroke Road tube, National Sport portray the 'true' story of Gazza's sale to Italy. Only £2 for a seat on Monday, £3.50 otherwise.

The life of Anna Wickham is portrayed by fellow poet Adrian Mitchell in Anna

on Anna which returns to the Offstage, downstairs at 137 Chalk Farm Road (Chalk Farm tube). £4.50 for concessions.

Duke of Cambridge Theatre Club, 64 Lawford Road (Kentish Town tube) is showing *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* written in the 17th Century by John Ford dealing with religion and incest.

Contrast and changes are covered in *Across the Ferry* at the Bush Theatre (Shepherd's Bush Greet, Shepherd's Bush tube). Old seamen and a young couple try and reconcile their differences and a changing world.

The Latchmere Theatre (505 Battersea Park Road, Battersea tube) explores Billie Holiday's music in *T'aint Nobody's Business if I Do* (£3.50). And into August, Bill Bertolt Brecht's *Baal* (£4.00) but you must take out a membership of £1.

Why is John Lennon Wearing a Shirt showing at the Riverside Studios (Crisp Road, Hammersmith), farsical if only for the title.

London is over-loaded with fresh theatre and most of the advertised stuff is very expensive. So remember to use standby-by tickets. Arrive 30-45 minutes before a play starts and unsold tickets can be bought for half the price with a student card. All prices quoted are for people carrying their union cards. If you don't think the union does much for you, let the union card work instead.

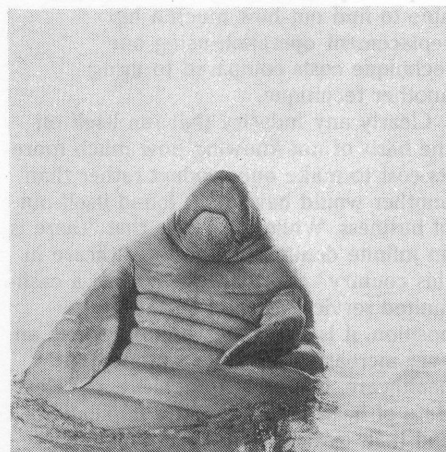
Winona ! Thanks



Dearlly beloved we are gathered here today to give thanks to those who have done us service thereof therewith henceforth :

Rose and Chris (for support and patience), Adam T. (who taught us all we knew, although we don't any more), Jonty (possibly the most helpful human being on the planet, sorry if we made you fail all your exams), Stef (bromides and backchat), Ian (backchat), and ALL THE REVIEWERS : Jonty (again), Murph, Anna B, all the names Toby has used recently, Pendragon, Liz W., The Don, Iftikhar, DJ Simon Su, Christ, Rose (it'll come out one day), Totty, many theatre reviewers we never met, and anybody else..

Matt and Richard (hardware), Graham and Mark and Jeremy (inspiration), The Elephant Seal (sounding off and comedy), Pugh, Pugh, Barley McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble and Devinder, Safeways (for life support), Dave Lee Travis (Sunday mornings), Jon Pertwee, Winona Ryder (other things), David Soul (fashion tips),



the force of gravity (holding things down), Denon Hi-Fi (any chance of a freebie), Rank, Twentieth Century Fox, piss off to the bloke at Columbia, Angela at Frontline, David Lynch, Laurie Pike, Filthy The Dog, Marc Bolan and the pixies, the Clonmel She-Rockers, Tony Christian, Empire magazine, Time Out, Sian and Sam (services rendered), Peter Purvis (for Junior Kick Start), two pairs of parents, Kevin and Rob, one billion Chinese and the Universe, for letting us live here.

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine



Liz Warren, ex-Felix Hack and current Deputy Editor of 'The British Journal of Healthcare Computing' reports on the state of the...

The NHS reforms have been in operation for three months and it is already clear that they are not proving successful. The reasons for this are complicated and are not only a function of the reforms themselves, but also the speed with which they have been implemented and the failure of the systems that have been devised to support them.

The reforms combine a number of ideas, perhaps too many. There is an attempt, building on work that was carried out prior to the reforms being introduced, to improve the management of the resources within the NHS. The Resource Management Initiative came into being in 1986 when six pilot sites were established, and is concerned with all the resources used by the NHS, such as nurses, clinicians, laboratory services, drugs, beds and even the finance department. The initiative aims "to allow total and individual patient care (and its quality) to be planned, delivered and costed more effectively" (Ian Mills, Director of Resource Management, NHS Management Executive, February 1989).

The NHS has for some time controlled and planned its functional costs (such as nursing or laboratory services) and has had a good idea of the total costs of particular disciplines, such as geriatrics or orthopaedics, within a hospital. From this, it has calculated an average cost for treating each patient, but this takes no account of the complexity of different cases. It has only been within the last couple of years that the NHS has been able to find out how much a hip replacement operation using one technique costs compared to using another technique.

Clearly any industry that ran itself on the basis of not knowing how much more its cost to make one product rather than another would have soon found itself out of business. While the views that "there is an infinite demand for free healthcare in this country" and that "the NHS is a cash-limited service" both oversimplify the position, it is true that we could spend an ever increasing amount of money on healthcare, by trying to achieve a perfect state of health for the entire population, and that, even if we turned over the entire gross national product to the NHS, we would still run out of money at some point. The resource management initiative tries to offer some kind of measure of 'treatment effectiveness' by looking at the different resources used to try and treat different cases.

This scenario often causes people to throw up their hands in horror in the belief that patients will now only be cured if the treatment is deemed 'cost-effective' or will receive poorer quality of care because it is cheaper. This is not entirely true, and the NHS Management Executive, which has day-to-day



operational control of the NHS (as distinct from the Department of Health) recognised this in the statement by Ian Mills quoted above which mentions quality. Another strand of the reforms is 'clinical audit'. There is no clear definition of clinical or medical audit, but it involves looking at different aspects of the patient's treatment and evaluating their effectiveness in terms such as recovery of function (for example, mobility in a broken arm which has been set and then treated with physiotherapy).

In fact, audit has become rather a buzz word in the NHS and the National Audit Office and the Audit Commission are carrying out a series of studies in the NHS on the effectiveness of many of its organizational structures, such as supplies and pathology services. Sadly, most of these reports have been, at their most kind, scathing.

The third strand of the reforms, and the one which has caused most controversy, is the 'internal market'. This divides the NHS into 'provider' organisations, which offer services such as particular operations, and 'purchasers', who buy these services for the population they must supply with healthcare. The purchasers mainly consist of district health authorities, which serve a local population, together with fundholding GPs, who control their own purchasing budget to buy healthcare for the patients on their list rather than simply expecting the district to pick up the cost of referrals as in the traditional system.

Purchasers may also include hospitals that decide not to provide a particular services themselves (for example, a specialty such as orthopaedics) and instead subcontract another hospital to provide those services for them. Amongst the providers are the Trust hospitals, which have been given self-governing status, independent from the DHA in whose district they lie. The Trust hospitals have been one of the major sources of political argument, especially the allegations after the Monmouth by-

election that Labour 'lied' during that campaign by describing the Trust hospitals as having 'opted out'.

Purchasers and providers draw up contracts between them agreeing the type of service to be supplied (such as a hip replacement), the number, the cost of each operation and levels of service, such as maximum waiting time for an operation. Here the concepts of resource management, clinical audit and contracting meet, since it is clearly necessary for providers to be able to cost each type of operation and prove its effectiveness so that purchasers can balance price and quality in placing their contracts.

Here is the first area in which the reforms have foundered. Despite the resource management initiative, and despite the fact that the NHS Management Executive were forced to roll out the project to all the acute hospitals in England before the pilots were finished or evaluated (a move which has been highly criticized by the team from Brunel University which evaluated the pilots), most providers still have little idea what their services cost them and what to charge for them. To avoid complete confusion, the Department of Health also effectively ordered districts to continue to place contracts with those providers who had historically served them. Thus the internal market has been 'fixed' in its first year, a move which sits oddly with this government's policy of free marketeering.

The avowed intention of these free marketeers was that "the money would follow the patient". Yet, unless the district in which the patient lives has a contract with the hospital to which the GP wishes to refer them, they can no longer be referred there. The truth of the matter is that "the patient follows the contract". This is the case even with fundholding GPs, since they too must make contracts and are not as free to "shop around" as the government would like us to believe. The reforms also appear to have taken no thought for the problems of paying for patients who fall ill when away from home and are treated by GPs or hospitals outside their own district. In London, especially, this is likely to cause a major headache.

At the beginning of this article, it was suggested that the failure of the reforms was not only due to problems inherent in the underlying philosophy and errors thrown up in the formulation of policy and strategy from that philosophy, but also a result of the speed with which they were put in place. This haste has given little time for trials to be carried out, and has not allowed the lessons learnt in those trials to be incorporated in the national scheme. It has also allowed insufficient time for the systems supporting the reforms to be developed, put in place and tested. This is

NHS Reforms



particularly true in the area of systems which provide management with information on resources, costs and the progress of contracts. Why else are hospitals quoting such a wide range of prices for the same procedure? (Even a simple 'bed day' in a London hospital can cost anything between £180 and £250.)

The NHS is waking up to the fact that it needs accurate, timely information on all its activities, to be able to manage itself successfully whether the reforms endure beyond the life of this government or are abandoned as rapidly as they were introduced. The NHS is finally waking up to the fact that it needs information systems and information technology of the kind that have been used in industry and the commercial sector for years. Sadly, its plunge into IT is in many cases causing as many problems in the new system as all the other factors.

The NHS is an immature market as far as IT is concerned. 'Mature' industries put up to 20% of their expenditure into IT. The NHS spends less than half a percent of its expenditure (around £200 million per year, expected to grow to around £500 million per year over the next five years). It lacks expertise in specifying, purchasing, installing, operating and managing information systems. It has insufficient and inexperienced staff and has been slow to recruit or train. One of the most damning reports on the NHS produced by the National Audit Office, "Managing computer projects in the National Health Service", concluded that "management of computer projects was often weak, with many failures to follow good practice, resulting in poor value for money".

In addition, some system suppliers have seen the chance to turn a quick buck and are fleecing the NHS with inflated prices and unsuitable systems. Where the NHS develops its own systems, these often

overrun on cost and price, are poorly designed and still fail to meet the needs of the users. The systems already in place are fragmented and run on a bewildering array of hardware and software. Jo Bayes, a department of health research student, put it succinctly when she said, "you name it, we've got it. Not only that, we have all the previous marks, models and versions, and those are just the ones we know about!"

The NHS also lacks any clear strategy on information and information systems. It is disturbing that, five years after the resource management initiative was launched, the deputy director of the NHS Management Executive's information systems directorate, Ray Rogers, could call his workshop session at the annual Healthcare Computing conference "FIRST thoughts on an information strategy for the NHS".

Nowhere is the folly of such haste and inexperience shown more clearly than in the area of GP fundholding. GP practices which wished to become fundholders had to have more than 9000 patients on their list and to already be sophisticated computer users. Such experienced and enthusiastic users would be expected to have little problem with the systems designed to manage the fundholding aspects of the practice (essentially accounting and tracking patients). This is not the case.

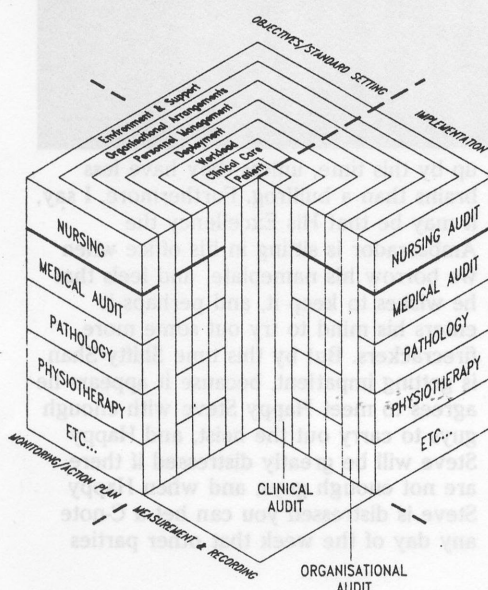
The first problem lies in the specification of the system. This was drawn up by the Department of Health and sent to the system developers. Systems were then tested by consultants Touche Ross for 'conformance' to the specification. Unfortunately, the designers of the specification clearly had no idea how a real GP practice worked, what information was required or would be available at which stage of the treatment. For instance, the system asks for a

diagnosis from the GP before the patient is sent to the hospital or outpatient clinic. This allows a sum of money to be earmarked from the GPs funds to pay for that treatment. The doctor, however, is usually sending the patient to the hospital in order to obtain that precise diagnosis and at the time of referral cannot provide the answer demanded by the software.

Once the patient reaches the hospital, accompanied by the vast amounts of data which are required by the department of health, the hospital usually throws most of this information out of the window, since it has no use for it. The 'unique referral number' given to each patient by the system is meaningless to the hospital system, while the standard referral letter contains no details of the contract number, which is what the hospital is interested in. As Angie Daniels, Oxford regional primary care computing advisor, said at a recent seminar on primary care computing: "Nobody thought to share the specification with the hospitals." Another consequence is that necessary information is not flowing back from the hospitals to the fundholders.

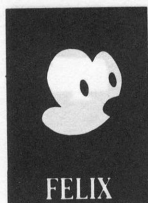
Apart from these problems, some users have discovered that passing the conformance test did not guarantee that their system would actually work on 1 April 1991. At least one system did not and several of the others are very unstable, particularly in their interaction with other GP system such as patient registers. This instability is undoubtedly the result of the speed with which the systems were developed (around six months in most cases) and the inadequacies of the specification, which appears to have been aimed at accountants rather than software designers. There have also been complaints of inadequate training and a lack of basic accounting understanding by system suppliers.

There are some good aspects to the reforms. The NHS does need better information that will allow both managers and clinicians to make sound judgements about patient care. But the way the reforms have been implemented, the speed, and the sacrifice of real needs to political expediency will not help the NHS face its future. Baroness Cumberledge, a leading Conservative health policy advisor, told a conference of health service managers earlier this month that the NHS was in danger. Its 'board of directors' is Parliament, she explained, and Parliament was dominated by the "two-swords length that separates the government and the opposition". The NHS is being used to score political points. It should be more important than that: it is an important national resource and it deserves better than to be kicked about like a football between the children at Westminster.

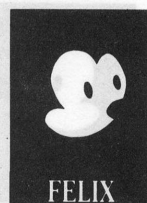


The Audit Cube

The audit cube identifies the issues involved in a nursing audit, sets them in the context of the whole NHS, and provides a guide against which audit progress can be measured.



Of Firecrackers, Madmen,



Well, one day it happens that I am sitting in Ian Richard's chow joint, the Caterpillar Café, partaking of a little chilli and rice, which is a very refreshing dish at this time of year, when I am suddenly aware of a loud thud beside me. Naturally, I am very much perturbed, as I am not accustomed to hearing loud thuds in Ian Richard's joint, and I am thinking that Ian Richard's blood pressure may be shooting up some, because the last time he hears a loud thud in his joint it is the inhabitants of the Iraqi Embassy trying out a small shipment of firecrackers from overseas, which is an event apt to cause loud thuds around and about in general. However, on looking round I discover that the loud thud is on account of Shifty Shan dropping into the chair next to me as heavy as a South Kensington copper busting up lock-in, which is very heavy, indeed.

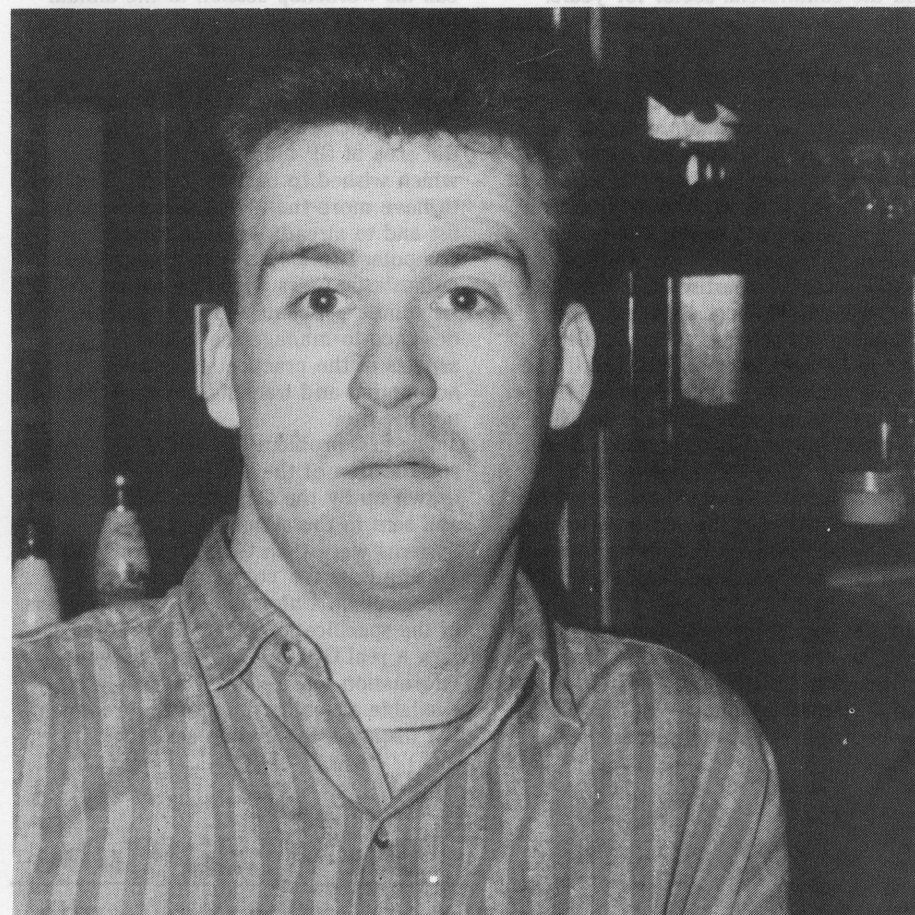
Now I am extremely cautious, since it is well known to one and all that Shifty Shan is having some considerable dispute with the authorities which seem to think that he is owing them dough, and I do not wish to associate with such a character, especially as a guy may get judged by the company he keeps. Naturally though, I give him a big hello, as he may think I am being inhospitable if I suddenly take it on the lam out of there, and may get sore up at me, and there is no percentage in having such a guy as Shifty Shan sore up at you, on account of his being a greatly respected citizen in the underworld. Shifty Shan leans forward very close, and if Bookie Butcher is present at this moment, he will give three-to-one to anybody who cares to take it that that Shifty Shan very soon soils up his nice shirtfront with my chilli, but then Shifty Shan stops and speaks to me as follows:

'You remember,' he says, 'that some time ago Happy Steve has a most intriguing notion for a Rag stunt?'

Now this guy which Shan mentions is known to folks who are in on these things, as Happy Steve because he is always going about with such a dolorous expression on his kisser that anyone would think he just loses all his dough, or his doll, though it is well understood that he is pretty well up to the noggin with potatoes, and no doll ever leaves him that would sadden him so severely, what with his being homely as a mud fence, or maybe more so. I wish to state, though, that I know of no party more honest than Happy Steve, which is a fortunate thing because he is also the head guy in the Rag business, which is a dodge for causing decent citizens to part with their scratch by telling them that it is to be given to sick children, and elephants, and such; and any party who is willing to be so free with the potatoes he collects in

this manner is a sure thing to have plenty of integrity about him.

Anyway, I remember very clearly that Happy Steve once comes up with a notion which I will indeed say is intriguing, although I will use a much stronger word, which anybody who knows me will be very much surprised to hear me say, since I am generally regarded as something of a soft pooch, at that. I recall that he is good and scotched up at the time, which is by no means an unusual situation for him, and that all other citizens within hearing are equally well dosed with assorted beverages, if not more so, and so I am willing to lay plenty of six to five that no-one, not even Happy Steve, remembers this notion the next day.



But now it appears that Shifty Shan nonetheless has some of his faculties about him on that occasion, and this worries me no little. In fact, I am beginning to wish most heartily that the loud thud I hear is indeed a firecracker from overseas, even if it makes Ian Richard's blood pressure shoot up so high it spouts out the top of his noggin, because it will mean that the Iraqi Embassy becomes nothing but a burnt-out shell, and furthermore contains nothing of any interest whatsoever to parties with such ideas as Happy Steve has at this time.

Now Happy Steve's idea is to nip into the Iraqi Embassy very quietly, like cats on tiptoe, though anyone who sees Happy Steve will protest very loudly that he is about as much like a cat on tiptoe as King Kong, and borrow the nameplate from the door of His Excellency the Ambassador without asking his permission first. It seems that many guys who associate with Happy Steve are in the habit of borrowing signs and nameplates and such things without permission, and the gendarmes never get the old wind of them.

Of course, I say to Shifty Shan that I wish to have no truck with this scheme, and in fact I want no part of it, because maybe the gendarmes are getting wised

up by this time, unless they have less brains than a bullfrog. Furthermore, I say, it may be that His Excellency the Ambassador is sitting in his office when we borrow his nameplate, and feels that he wishes to keep it, and perhaps it enters his mind to try out some more firecrackers. But by this time Shifty Shan is getting impatient, because it appears he agrees to meet Happy Steve with enough guys to carry out the heist, and Happy Steve will be greatly distressed if there are not enough guys, and when Happy Steve is distressed you can bet a C-note any day of the week that other parties

Madmen,

around him will feel his distress very acutely. So before you can say Jack Robinson, I find myself walking to the Iraqi Embassy with Shifty Shan, and Happy Steve, and a party by the name of Penguin, whose square monicker is Marc Ellis, and who is looking to get a slice of Happy Steve's action if Happy Steve should ever pop off unexpectedly, and another party called Paul Reynish, who has such a sweet and innocent puss that you will not think he is in the habit of flaunting the rules of polite society, although when it comes to borrowing property without the owner's permission, he is just naturally a curly wolf. Also along with us is Little Chas, who is always seen in the same clothes except when he is dressed up to go to some

knowledge of politics, but I notice that one or two parties in the crowd are rodded up under their suits, and I see that one guy has a pineapple, which some folks call a grenade, in his back pocket, so I judge that they feel rather strongly about things in general. I cannot see that there is any percentage in trying to enter the Iraqi Embassy at this time, since the coppers guarding the joint are all rodded up too, and there are a great many of them, but Paul Reynish tells them that we are flogging insurance, and we are allowed inside, because it seems that no-one desires to insure the Iraqi Embassy, it being a proposition somewhat hotter than a ton of coals, and they are desperate for insurance in case the mob wishes to break their windows, or

loudly agreed that Happy Steve has such a kisser as you will never find on anyone but an insurance dealer.

We find His Excellency the Ambassador's office, and his nameplate is no small slab such as is on the door of Shifty Shan's room, because it has to have His Excellency's full title on it, which is His Excellency the Minister Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary of such-and-such, and moreover his full name, which is Omar-Al-Khareem El Wahlid Hussein Bin Salmani and some more too, and Happy Steve does not see how we can stroll out of the Iraqi Embassy with this object about our persons. In fact, it seems Happy Steve is rather displeased altogether, but with Shifty Shan in particular, and he says:

'I regard Shifty Shan's conduct in leaving us to carry out matters by ourselves as ungentlemanly in the extreme, and furthermore, I think he is nothing but a low-down sabbo, at that.'

Now sabbo is a most degrading term used to describe citizens who selflessly devote themselves to the common good of the population for a very unsatisfactory salary, like Shifty Shan, when they are not doing their sacred and bounden duty, like Shifty Shan. However, I think it is very improper of Happy Steve to refer to Shifty Shan in this manner, so I say to him, 'Steve, sabbo is not such a word as I like to hear being used about any citizen, because it is most undignified, and what is more,' I say, 'it is illiterate.' However, this only riles him up more, and he looks as if he is about to haul off and punch me in the snoot, so I step back, and nearly step on Little Chas. But by this time, Paul Reynish has the old tools out, and he is removing the sign as smoothly as I ever see a sign removed, and I wish to say that I see a great many signs removed in my time.

Well, at this point, everything is looking very hotly-totsy, and the only remaining snag which may upset things is that if the coppers give us the eye very closely when we come out, they may notice that we are carrying some property with us, and naturally they will wish to know if we have permission to borrow it. However, Penguin, whose mind is well known to be no Limburger when it comes to tricky problems, suggests that we bundle up Little Chas like he is injured and carry him out on the sign, as though it is a stretcher such as the quacks use to carry injured persons. Little Chas expresses no little indignation at this, and states that he does not wish to be bundled up in any manner, shape or form, but Penguin boffs him on the noggin with a Rag can that Penguin has brought along in case anybody wishes to give us any money for the sick elephants or whatever, so that Little Chas does not



swank occasion, and who offends the noses of many decent citizens in his time, particularly since he is so little that he never reaches higher than their noses, if that.

When we reach the Iraqi Embassy, we find a middling large mob outside with very large banners, and these people are yelling very loud, in language that is most impolite, and it seems that what they want is for the inhabitants of the Iraqi Embassy to leave, because their politics and their beliefs and suchlike are disquieting the local population more than somewhat. Personally, I have very little

something.

Shifty Shan remains outside, because, he says, his position does not allow him to engage in anything that is unlawful or not allowed, although he wishes us every success and furthermore, he says he sees a friend in the mob, and wishes to chew the fat with him. So we enter the joint and make our way up the stairs towards His Excellency the Ambassador's office, explaining to one and all that we are flogging insurance, though many parties appear very surprised indeed to be told that such a looking guy as Little Chas is in this profession; on the other hand, it is



FELIX

and Silly Things.

protest any further. Then we wrap up Little Chas in incense-scented toilet paper which seems to be very plentiful in the Iraqi Embassy, and put him on the sign so we can carry him, and what with the wrappings, and the large swelling that he has on his noggin from where Penguin slugs him, he looks very authentically injured, indeed, and we are sure that the coppers will let us pass without pass without asking any tough questions, maybe thinking that His Excellency the Ambassador was not so pleased with our insurance premiums.

However, just as we are proceeding to lift Little Chas on the sign, the door from which we have just removed it opens like a horse-trap at the start of the Derby and a short guy wearing so many robes that he is almost as bundled up as Little Chas, and whom I presume is His Excellency

inhabitants of the Iraqi Embassy to depart as quickly as possible. In fact, I do not give a hedgehog's deposits on Broadway for our chances at this moment, and if anybody desires to lay a little six to five on our survival, I will not give it to them, even if they offer me a thousand G's, since I consider it a very bad proposition, indeed.

But, just as I am preparing to hand in my dice and go meet the Big Guy upstairs, I see a pineapple come sailing in the window behind His Excellency the Ambassador, and it seems the other guys see it too, because they all drop to the floor as if they are shot, which surprises His Excellency the Ambassador greatly since he does not yet start to let off his rods. But this surprise is nothing compared to the surprise he gets when the pineapple goes boom, very loud, and

We do not go fifty yards before we hear that the mob is yelling extra loud, and on turning round we see that the Iraqi Embassy is burning very nicely, and flames are shooting very prettily from all the windows, because it appears someone manages to throw a great deal of petrol into the place and set it alight. None of the parties present recalls seeing a joint torched so professionally, although we are very fortunate in making a getaway when we do, since to be inside a place that is on fire in such a way is likely to be most uncomfortable, and also fatal.

I see that Happy Steve is royally pleased up at obtaining this nameplate, for his kisser is almost in a straight line, instead of with the corners drooping down so far that you fear they will fall off, as is usual. Moreover, Little Chas is smelling so sweet from being wrapped up in incense-scented toilet paper, that he is unrecognisable, and in fact we almost lose him, which pleasures up Happy Steve so much that I fear his kisser will bust.

Well, there is little more to tell, except that some days later I am sitting with Penguin in the Caterpillar Café, enjoying a dish of chicken tikka, since the chilli seems recently to be going downhill in this establishment, and not hearing any loud thuds whatsoever, when I see Happy Steve; and although I see many a sad-looking guy in my time, and most of the time it is Happy Steve himself, I wish to state that I never see him looking sadder, and indeed I think that maybe the corners of his mouth drop off altogether. This puzzles me, since I imagine that he will still be up on cloud nine, or ten, or maybe higher, on account of getting the nameplate from the Iraqi Embassy, and so I enquire of Penguin what causes this sudden depression.

'Well, I hear just now', says Penguin, 'that this morning he gets a very polite note from the office of the gendarmes, requesting that he return the sign to the Iraqi Embassy. Apparently,' says Penguin, 'one of the coppers guarding the joint survives the attack of the mob, and testifies that he sees a guy with a very sad kisser flogging insurance, and also smells something very strange, and the local gendarmes know there is only one time that you find a strange smell and a sad kisser side by side, which is when Little Chas and Happy Steve go borrowing property together. Naturally, Happy Steve cannot refuse such a request, especially since it is so polite, but the fact that he must return the sign discomfits him no little. However,' adds Penguin, 'this is nothing compared to the discomfort he feels when he discovers that the party who tosses the first pineapple, and starts the riot which nearly causes us to be fried like schnitzels inside the Iraqi Embassy, is no-one but Shifty Shan.'

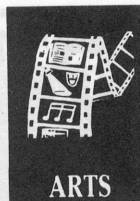


the Ambassador, though I do not enquire, comes bustling out yelling a blue streak. Normally I will be all for boffing him with the Rag can, if it is not too cracked by now, and making a quick getaway, but I see that he is holding a John Roscoe in each fist, and waving them in a most unpleasant manner. He is in a most excited state, and I judge that he is not too tickled that we try to borrow his nameplate, since he continues to holler at us, and Happy Steve and Penguin and Paul Reynish and I are also hollering, because we are afraid more than somewhat that he may start blasting with his rods and pepper us all full of holes, and in addition to all this excitement there is also a considerable comotion outside, because the mob are apparently tired of waiting and wish to help the

some pieces of it come and hit him in the back, making him fall down dead as a doornail, or maybe deader.

Of course, I do not know for sure that he is dead, but we do not hang around to see if he is going to be rejuvenated, or what, since he may remember us and start waving his John Roscoes again, so we give Little Chas the old hey hup and lift him, and almost lift him clean into orbit, since he is nothing but skin and bones and hair and toilet paper; and we lug him downstairs as fast as we can clip. As we are going out the door he hops off the nameplate and says he prefers to walk, but this does not matter any longer since the coppers are too busy keeping from getting trampled like beetles by the mob to notice that he is walking when he is supposed to be a patient.

Women



Well, there we are, sitting glumly, half comatose, at a poetry reading; Amanda and I are occasioned by a dapper, somewhat ethereal character. "Can I sit here?" he asks. "Sure", we say, and move over. He parks himself delicately, and kind of spreads out, with an unconscious elegance that makes my skin crawl. I watch and wait. "How much is the ale?" he asks. We don't know, probably quite expensive. He rummages in a senile leather rucksack, extracts a bottle and huddles; "I brought my own. Hide me, O.K.? Don't let them see me". I don't like his voice. It whines. Amanda, I notice, is gushing with protective sentiment. I'm not. Did we know where there was a phone? Did we know of any flats he could rent? Could we save his seat? We save his seat three times, or at least Amanda does. I'm ready to grab an Uzi. "Let's go now, Sweet" I say. "We can't go", she says, "We've got to watch that guy's bag until he comes back". "Did he ask us to watch his bag?" "Well, he left it there". She stares fretfully at the stylishly decrepit sack, it's bowels partially voided around our feet. "I hate that guy", I say. "Why are you being such a twat?" "How dare he sashay in here and expect us to take care of him?" "Oh come on, is it gonna hurt us to be nice?" "Yes, damn you, it is" I say...

... "Caroline, why are you lying on the dining room table?" "Sssh, mummy, I'm Snow White and I'm sleeping for years and years" "Why, Caroline?" "So that Prince Charming can ride up on his white horse and wake me with a kiss. I have to keep very still, mummy". "Caroline dear, I don't think Prince Charming is going to ride his horse into our dining room". "He might; you never know." "How about if I wake you with a kiss?" "Don't be silly, mummy. You're not a man. You can't rescue me". "Okay, darling, but try not to scratch the varnish"...

...It's odd, but every time I go to my local convenience store (paki shop for the uneducated), there is a woman, usually middle-aged, in front of me giving the shopkeeper an almighty time. First she has to taste the ham. She doesn't like it, and makes him open a fresh joint, but that one's too fatty. She asked for lean, didn't she? And what about coffee filters? Yes, she knows they're in the back of the store, but she forgot them, O.K.? So could he get them for her now? O.K., yes, that's it. No, maybe she needs some aspirin. And maybe some branflakes. And didn't she say half a pound of stilton. The keeper looks bewildered as he amiably does her bidding, while the lengthening queue of customers behind her tap their feet and cast glances, baleful to withering, as she fumbles within her purse. There's one somewhere but these new ones are so small. I ask, what is wrong with this woman, what does she expect from this man. Jews would call her a "kuetch". To me, she seems deeply, profoundly disappointed, soured, as though she never got what she wanted...

...Every weekday after five and before six p.m., certain car owners in our languid, suburban shangri-la, move their cars from one side of the lane to the other. Yes, lane; Cheam-wise, a road with a mere sapling poking beside a lamppost is a lane, be the sapling leafy or not. Then these budding gentry wait near their cars until it's legal to leave them. So I'm standing there with a couple of women. Lesbians, I think (even in the hallowed drives and closes here), talking weather, dogs, and hot pot. A sprightly middle-manager, late fifties, pulls into the last vacant space. A woman, Burghley idol, in floppy straw hat with ribbon nonchalantly idling over the back bounds up to him. "That's My space! Honestly, I was just about to pull my car in there! I always have that space! You have to let me!" "Now that is unmitigated, fucking gall", I say. "Ten to one he goes for it", Freda says. "Come on, nobody's that much of a prat" says Joan. Martin, years of domestic training behind him, shrugs and grins sheepishly, puts his car into gear and pulls out. Straw hat bubbles with glee and effervesces triumphantly to her jeep. "She'll never get it in there; her car's twice the size of his!" I say. "She'll beg prettily and get everyone else to move their cars; watch" said Freda. And that's just what she did. "Wow", said Joan. "If they ran a manipulation event in the Olympics, she'd definitely place"... "But I just can't cope" Sara was crying. "Look, Sara", said Jill, "you left Mark because you wanted to be independent. I don't mind you sleeping on my sofa for five months, but you've got to pay your own fucking 'phone bill!" "But I had that big dermatologist's bill. And then I ruined my only decent pair of shoes and had to buy another pair, an-" "Look, Sara, I just can't keep picking up your slack; why the hell should I? I've got enough hassle". "But don't you see? I just can't-" "I know, cope. Maybe you'd better go back to Mark" "What, and miss all the fun?" "... "Well, I still think you're me-" said Amanda. "You don't understand!" I growled, "Blokes like that give us other chaps a bad name! And you girls, you're so stupid, you go for that type of leech in a big way, that poor, soft, look-after-me type, and then, when he takes you for everything that you're worth, you're shocked, you're horrified, you blame our entire sex". "You're just jealous", she smirked. We can't live without them.

Raffles.

Matriarch

*The earth does not forget.
Raped but once, she will
yield and bear bastards
eternal. She will drown
her suckling babes in the
milk from her breasts; rape
her children, taking them
into her, now-chilling,
womb.*

*She will destroy You, and I?
I long for her, with all pain*

*With Night's silken fields and
dread-myths she conspires;
bringing about her own end
through you and yours.*

*Fetid shots and glimpses of-
fered, sweating shroud serv-
ed for your slumber, a velvet
cutlet to share with...*

*Night, mock-mourning,
affected and weeping,
plays widow.*

She wears black.

D A Spooner

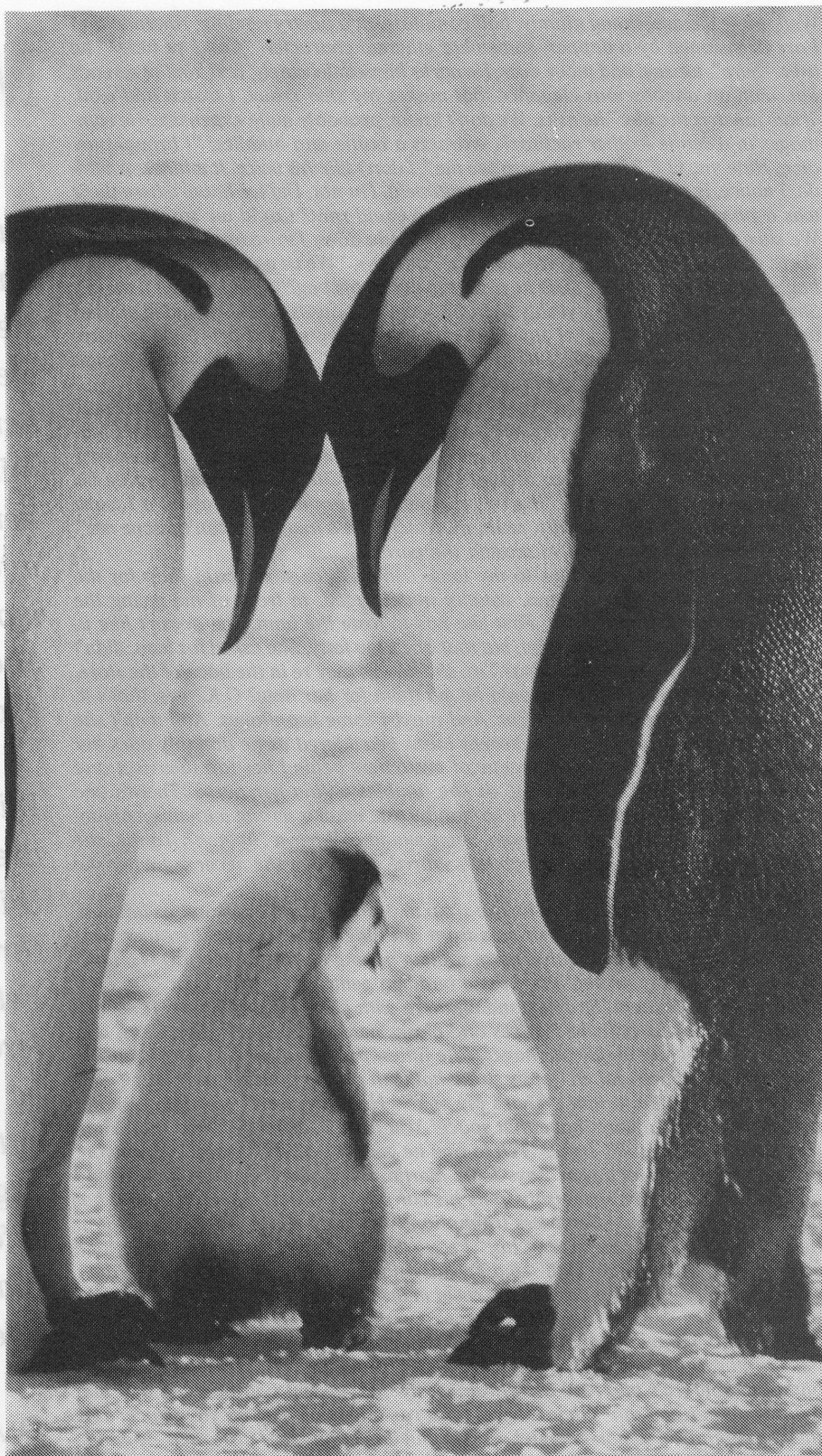


Antarctica

The continent surrounding the South Pole constitutes nearly a tenth of the world's land but is owned by no one. It is free of war and to date entirely lacking in manufacturing industry. It has no national government and its temporary inhabitants are all principally involved with investigating or supporting some aspect of science. Thanks to the Antarctic treaty of 1959, science is king. It froze territorial claims, banned military activity and established Antarctica as a nuclear free zone. But thirty years on, world demand for mineral resources has risen, fuelling speculation on Antarctica's mineral reserves and the political uncertainty regarding the future of the Antarctic Treaty.

The seventy million km² of rock and ice surrounding the southern pole, constitutes the highest, coldest, most remote and least explored continent in the world. Despite its extent, only a relatively small area about the size of Spain is exposed, free from permanent ice. The geological mapping, of this exposure, completed so far has been mainly at a scale of 1:500 000. Such mapping omits features less than half a kilometre across. These resolutions are insufficient to identify potential settings of mineralisation. Of the hundreds of metallic mineral occurrences reported on the Antarctic Peninsula none have undergone the intensive sampling and analysis required to describe their genesis and demonstrate their extent and importance. Many are simply spectacular surface oxide stains with little or no substance. At present they are only of academic interest. Discussion of their exploitation is untimely and would be considered a farce within the mining industry.

Despite this lack of evidence, reconstruction of the ancient super-continent of Gondwana, provokes comparisons with once adjacent terrains. This leads to parallels with mining districts in Australia, South America and South Africa. The popular media report finds of economic concentrations of valuable minerals (Times 23rd May 1989) and even scientific papers refer glibly to "ores" and "economic deposits". Abuse of these terms has rendered them meaningless in Antarctic literature. A single value of 0.09 parts per million gold does not imply the enviable grade of 0.09 grammes per tonne. "Economic minerals" in this context refer to minerals with a human resource potential which are economically extracted elsewhere in the world. Only too often the phrase is wrongly interpreted as an Antarctic mineral deposit which can be mined at a profit. Currently there is no ore in Antarctica. "Ore-minerals" have certainly

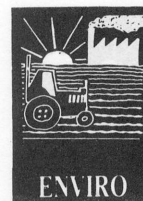


been found, in fact almost every industrial mineral, base and precious metal occurs. But it is not until the transport links are established, the deposit is extracted, refined and sold at a profit that the term "ore" can be applied, explains Dr Willan, economic geologist for the British Antarctic Survey. It seems reasonable to believe that Antarctic crust is as mineralized as other continents,

implying perhaps 900 significant deposits. However, in the absence of data these resources are completely hypothetical. At present there is more chance of finding such resources beneath the few hundred metres of East Anglian chalk than the two kilometres of Antarctic ice.

Existing geophysical surveys have proved inadequate for defining potential hydrocarbon traps. They do little more

With the deadline fast approaching for the second meeting in Madrid to sign the protocol, banning Antarctic mining for 50 years, Christopher Riley reviews the speculation and history of negotiations which have clouded the issue, and asks if there really is anything to fight over beneath the ice?



than provide a tantalizing glimpse of the seven major sedimentary basins which surround the continent. Of these seas the Weddell Sea is thought to contain the thickest successions of sediments. At over ten kilometres these offer the most potential for yielding hydrocarbons, explains Dr MacDonald, senior sedimentologist for the British Antarctic Survey. However, the sea is plagued by the world's most hazardous pack ice, making any extraction almost impossible. Access into the Ross Sea is far easier although the sedimentary sequences in this basin are only four kilometres thick and to date, only methane and ethane have been detected by the deep sea drilling project. Such results provide little support to the claims of the 45 billion barrels of oil that the continental shelves are estimated to contain.

Perhaps the most speculated sites of Antarctic mineral potential are its iron formations and coal bearing strata. The iron formations of Mac Robertson Land, Enderby Land, Wilkes Land and Dronning Maud Land are dwarfed by those of Western Australia and Brazil. Even the importance of the coal in the Transantarctic and Prince Charles Mountains has been exaggerated. Located hundreds of kilometres inland from ice bound seas it is thought that such resources could never compete with the abundance of more accessible, better studied, better quality deposits elsewhere in the world.

Indications of copper are common on the Antarctic Peninsula. There are numerous reports in early literature of spectacular bright green malachite and blue azurite stained outcrops. In fact such occurrences are the source of rash Antarctic place names such as "Coppermines Peninsula". Frequently the origin of such staining is little above the background levels of copper in the crust.

The Dufek massif (a layered igneous intrusion in the Pensacola Mountains) is often compared with the Bushveld Complex in Southern Africa and regarded as highly prospective for nickel, cobalt, chromium, platinum, vanadium and other platinum group elements (PGEs). The PGEs speculated from this tentative parallel have become a reality through media exaggeration. Only three percent of the Dufek intrusion is exposed and this has only been studied for a few weeks in the field. From a few unrepresentative hand samples it is suggested that the unexposed three kilometres may contain PGE deposits perhaps within 100 metres of the surface. The limited data available suggests that there are more differences than similarities between the two intrusions. Their differing ages, geochemistries and origins all reduce the legitimacy of comparisons. The rocks of the Shetland Islands seem just as likely to contain PGEs as the Dufek massive. The

only real test is by extensive grid drilling. But with speculation at such a high level and the chances of discovering the complex to be barren, equally as high, such a drilling programme cannot be justified.

John Hughes of RTZ explains that for Antarctic mining to become economically possible, the inflated market prices would render many other low grade deposits elsewhere in the world exploitable. This would postpone the need for Antarctic mining further. There is still plenty of unexplored crust left. Each new survey reveals new mineral potential which was previously unknown.

Despite this, the time will surely come when depletion of the Earth's easily accessible crust will necessitate Antarctic exploitation. If ever this position is reached, present rates of pollution will have rendered the world uninhabitable, global warming will have destroyed today's polar environments and Antarctic exploitation will be immaterial. The most immediate threat facing Antarctica is not the possibility of local mineral exploration, but the effects of global pollution. The industrial northern hemisphere which drives the demand for exploitation is responsible for the ozone depletion and the CO₂ increase which jeopardizes Antarctica's and hence the planet's future. Comparison of Antarctic aerial photographs, taken thirty five years apart, show that in places the snow has receded forty metres. Whether this is just a cyclic ebb and flow of the ice sheet, or a permanent man-induced change might not be discovered until it is too late.

Another perhaps less publicised threat to the continent is that of tourism. For a little over £11,000 a Canadian trekking company offers a 19 day expedition to climb Mount Vinson. Some 3,000 tourists come to Antarctica annually for skiing and mountain climbing. During the past 25 years 'adventure tourism' in Nepal has grown from 10,000 to 250,000 a year. Without proper controls on litter and sewage the Himalayan trekker-transmitted plague of discarded plastic bags and used toilet rolls will infect the South Pole as well.

Antarctic science has a global importance in describing, understanding, monitoring and predicting changes that effect the whole world. There is a general consensus that preservation of the Antarctic environment and mining are incompatible. The inevitable accidents, chronic pollution and habitat encroachment would destroy the wilderness and these scientific values. Antarctica has already suffered its first environmental disaster. Early in 1989 the Argentine supply ship *Bahia Paraíso* ran aground near Palmer Station. Thousands of gallons of fuel fouled beaches and killed wildlife.

But we should not be too quick to point the accusing finger. We are all at fault. It is the consumers that feed the industrial machine. The new emphasis on the environment as the ultimate resource demands a re-education of today's consumer society. All of us in the industrial world are already using too much energy. It is up to every individual to do justice to their planet.





A valuable resource to exploit or a priceless continent to preserve



Could you not live with a smaller house, with one or no car per family, with just one brand of detergent and half your plastic equipment? Governments refuse to invest in such policies for future generations who cannot yet vote. These suggestions might not sound that attractive, but then neither is the reality that our continued environmental abuse will create.

All the metallic and bulk minerals mined so far are still on the Earth's surface. They have not been destroyed and still exist, incorporated into discarded products. Much of our rubbish is made to last and will never decay when disposed of in a landfill site. British homes and industry generate 23million tonnes of rubbish a year. In 1988 the drinks, food and aerosol cans disposed of in Britain would have reached to the moon and back, yet we recycle only 1.5% of our domestic waste. In contrast the DDR, Austria, Switzerland and parts of the United States recycle over 10%. In the world of recycling even environmental and economic factors support the same goal. There is a 95% energy saving when aluminium is resmelted. Every tonne of glass recycled saves thirty gallons of oil, and half the energy needed is saved when making paper from waste rather than virgin pulp. Recycling of metalliferous waste dumps and scrap heaps is logistically easier, more efficient, cheaper and less destructive than mining



south of Cape Horn.

That is not to say that present technology will not permit Antarctic "development". "Frontier" exploration companies maintain that polar technology currently employed for Alaskan and Arctic exploitation could move south

tomorrow. The relevance of Arctic/Antarctic comparisons is however debatable and the performance of Arctic technology in the much harsher regime of the southern hemisphere is not guaranteed. Ironically pollution clean-up technology has not kept pace with

exploitation technology. The Exxon Valdez disaster exposed just how under-developed it is. The pathetic clean-up of the coast line consisted of high pressure hot water hosing and wiping the rocks with paper towels. It is envisaged that oil spilled at sea, where high winds and ice exist would probably be impossible to recover or even contain. With Alaskan drilling costs approaching \$40 million per kilometre and estimates of equivalent Antarctic costs nearly three times this figure, such budgets are not justified by today's markets, despite the Gulf crisis. International energy companies like Du Pont, the parent company of Conoco, prefer to spend their funds on alternative energy research. Unless alternatives are found, the first world's reliance on oil and its associated products will surely dictate future development of our fifth and final continent.

Despite such demands which may one day exist, few companies would take on the complex geopolitics. Sovereignty disputes, acquisition costs, and royalties remain at an unacceptable level.

The 15th consultative meeting of the Antarctic Treaty, in Paris in 1989, was dominated by a proposal put forward by Australia and France that Antarctica be declared a 'Wilderness Park'. Implicit in this proposal is a ban on all mining and strict regulation of all other human activity on the Continent.

This struck a mortal blow to the controversial 1988 Convention on the Regulation of Antarctic Minerals (CRAMRA). This convention was the culmination of ten years of negotiations. It assumes that at some stage in the future, mining in Antarctica might become a reality and allows for future exploitation under strict conditions and with the full agreement of all signatories. A veto by only one state being sufficient to block any mining application. Deciding what constitutes minerals exploration is central to their proposal. An international secretariat would police environmental regulations and vet proposed geophysical research to ensure that it is not prospecting in disguise.

A special consultative meeting, to accept or overturn CRAMRA in favour of the world park regime, was held in Chile in December. However, after three weeks the signatories had failed to find a formula which satisfied both camps.

The US, Britain and Japan, still supporting CRAMRA, argued that an agreement to regulate mining activities is better than a total ban. If commercial pressure for resources ever force mining, a ban contains nothing to control it. This is a situation which Mr Richard Laws, president of the Scientific Committee, regards as potentially disastrous CRAMRA at least imposes strict rules on such activity. Opponents including Australia and France maintain that without

CRAMRA, nations will not even look for minerals because land ownership would remain impossible. There are now twelve more like minded countries. This year, powerful groups in Washington have pressed the US state department negotiators to forget mining and back the idea of a world park.

Before April's Madrid meeting, and with support dwindling, the prospects for CRAMRA look grim and the implementation of the world park regime seemed likely. Indeed on the seventh day of the eight day conference in Madrid another stalemate was imminent. However, after Japan's defection from the pro-mining camp, at the eleventh hour, a compromise was reached. Since the Chile meeting Britain had shifted its position, pushing for a fifty year moratorium and Japan now asked for a moratorium on mining until such time as technology was sufficiently advanced to safeguard the environment. A blue-print was drawn up which would ban mining for at least 50 years. Treaty nations must now take the package back to their governments for further consideration before signing in Madrid on the 23rd of this month. Head of the American delegation, Curtis Bohlen said the plan represents significant concessions by all the major players. But he pointed out that the opportunity is still there for future generations to lift the ban if they choose.

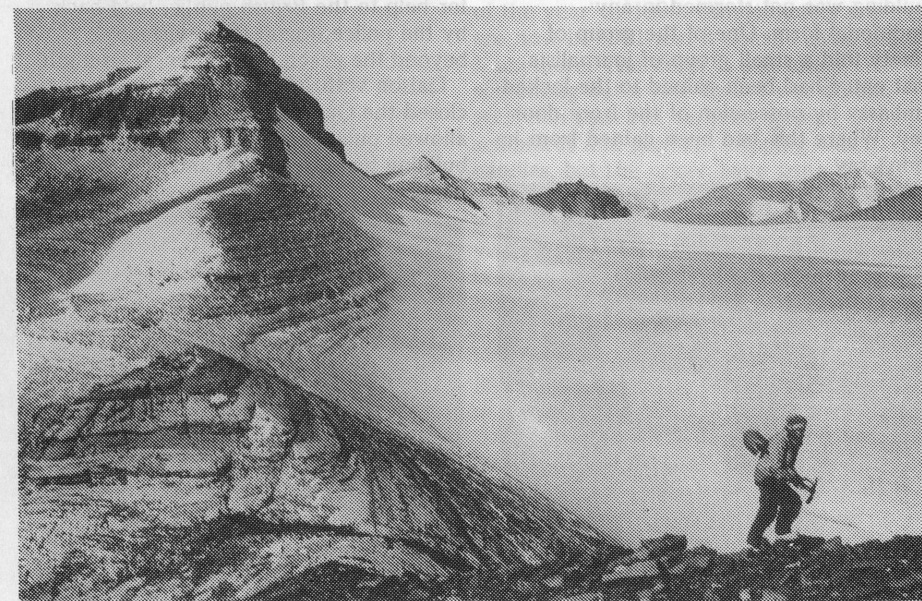
Even environmentalists are encouraged by the agreement, although it falls short of their objectives of having Antarctica declared a world park. What is clear is that the moratorium provides a strong deterrent to mining companies and will perhaps ensure the protection of Antarctica until at least 2040.

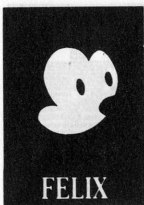
Despite claims by Mike King, professor of petroleum engineering at Imperial College, (Independent 19th November

1990) that the oil companies are queuing up for exploration licences, it seems that the opposite is true. Robert Horton, (BP Chairman) stated publicly that "We have no short or long term plans or ambitions to explore for oil, gas or minerals in the Antarctic", (Independent 23rd November 1990). Both RTZ and Shell remain totally impartial about the outcome of the Chile talks and would be happy to abide by the laws of a world park.

Whether a conservation park or not, extreme economic and political reasons can force mining in the most unlikely of places. The Siberian coal mining industry has not been a profit making venture since its birth. It is still heavily subsidized by the government in an attempt to synthesize employment in the region. The detrimental effects of mining PGE, (so important for controlling global industrial pollution) may be offset by its benefits of helping to preserve the Antarctic ice sheet. Alternatively, as Dr. Willan points out, future demands may be satisfied by diverting the 50% of the PGE annual world consumption from jewellery and speculative hoardings.

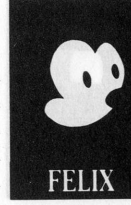
Although our current resources are sufficient to support our forever hungry species, what problems of supply will the next century bring? Antarctica may become an important frontier simply because it is the last frontier. The future of Antarctic mineral resources depends on a great many unknowns. What constitutes "ore" in the future will change with advances in exploitation, mining technology and demand. But until these are more adequately defined, forecasts remain as speculative as the Antarctic mineral resources themselves.





The personal observation of the happenings of Friday April 5th of this year...

The Day Iraq was Invaded in London



At around 9.00am on April 5th of this year fourteen Kurds made their way into the Iraqi embassy on Queensgate, opposite the Huxley building of Imperial College, bypassing the light police presence at the time. Though in general highly policed at that time of tension, the immediate area was only being guarded by two policemen, and only one of these was at the front door.



Prior to the invasion, a group of approximately ninety Kurdish demonstrators had assembled outside the embassy to protest about the treatment of the Kurdish people in their Iraqi homeland, a plight largely ignored by Western governments until recently. The building was not stormed in any traditional form. One of the group of ninety told a small group of journalists that entry had been gained to the locked embassy by possession of the front door key. Where this had been gained from he didn't say.



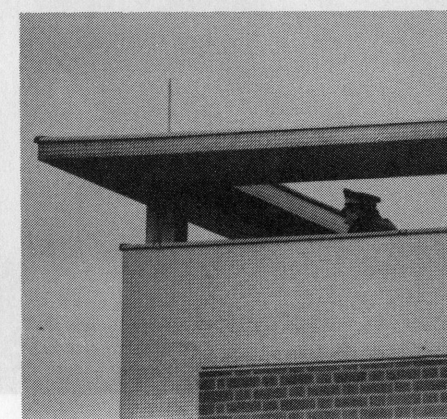
By 9.30am the police presence had gained considerable strength and the stretch of Queensgate enclosing the building had been sealed off, the rest of the demonstration having been moved up the road and out of the way. Prince Consort Road and Bremner Road had also been blocked, although at this point it was still possible to walk through College via both the Prince Consort Road and Queensgate entrances. People from neighbouring houses and the Crofton Hotel were told that they could not move their cars, much to their distress.

The protestors inside began their occupation in style by throwing burning leaflets out of the windows together with a fast incinerating picture of Saddam Hussein. Iraqi diplomatic documents littered a large stretch of Queensgate.

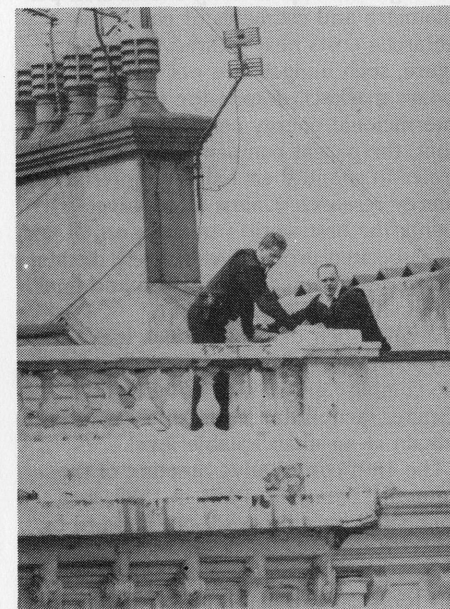


The Kurds appeared at the windows fleetingly and hung up a large banner asking that we 'STOP Saddam's genocide against the Kurdish People'. Various occupiers who began to shout out pleas for help to the British public, held back by the police, found them virtually beyond the reach of their vocal strength.

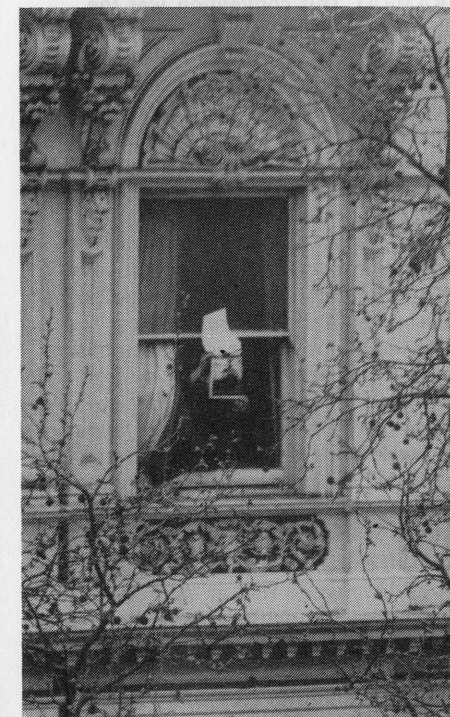
Liaison with Imperial College Security closed the Queensgate road entrance and allowed police entry to the Huxley building for observation and control purposes.



A Hostage Control Room was set up on level 3 of Blackett as it was suspected that one remaining Iraqi diplomat was still within the embassy. It later transpired that he had made his escape by the back entrance. At 11.30am policemen, clad in bullet proof vests, crawled onto both the embassy's roof and the top of Physics.



The three Kurds at the window spotted me and my camera in the building opposite and waved a leaflet for my benefit. A second uniformed officer appeared on the embassy roof.



11.55am, three police vans and a police bus passed the embassy on the college side of the road, as if displaying strength in the hope that the Kurds inside would give up peacefully and leave. The Kurds

remained and Home Office and Scotland Yard personnel appeared on the scene.



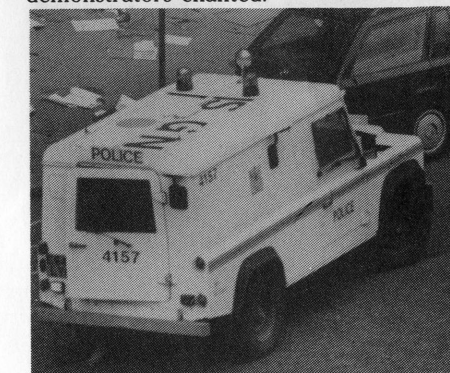
12.08pm, the police on top of the embassy checked the masonry as if an SAS style counter siege was being planned as with the Iranian embassy on the other side of College. The policemen were armed with pistols, their holsters clearly showing.

12.13pm, the police vehicles drove past the embassy again, packed full of riot police.

12.27pm, senior police officers appeared on the roof of a building four blocks north of the embassy.



12.34pm, Approximately thirty riot police entered the building, police dogs could be heard from the Landrover on the street, while, in the background, the demonstrators chanted.

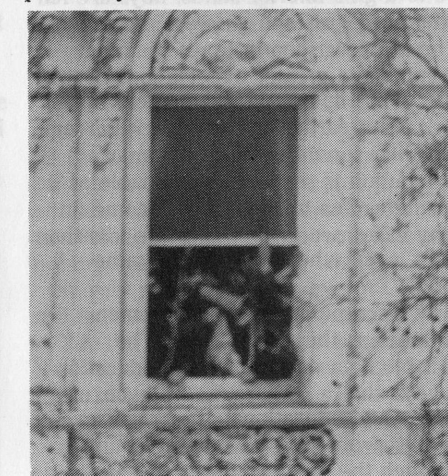


12.36pm, a team of five 'Blue Beret' police, their commanding officer and

another senior official gathered at the Embassy's front door. The men were armed with semi-automatic light rifles and machine guns. The Landrover, bored with the slow pace of the incident, manoeuvred around the road destroying several traffic cones and crossed the central reservation for no apparent reason. It crossed my mind that the driver was considering ramming the front door.



12.39pm, their voices weakening, the occupiers brought out a megaphone to project their final plea; 'We are human. We need your help. We want to leave peacefully, more than anyone else'.



12.51pm, the first Kurdish demonstrator was removed from the embassy courtesy of two riot police. He was frog-marched to one of the vans chanting, but showing no sign of resistance. One by one the other thirteen were lead out at roughly four minute intervals. None of them struggled, some were quiet, but others



shouted the slogans 'Down down with Saddam' and 'Viva Viva Kurdistan'.

1.48pm, the 'Blue Beret' force entered the building with the dog to roust the last man.

1.51pm, the last demonstrator was escorted out of the building and the 'Blue Berets' check the building next door. They left at 2.18pm, climbed back into their Landrover and drove off.

I left and took my films to Reuters, nearly selling a photo and found myself reading the last edition of the Evening Standard. On the front page was an awful picture of a policeman on the embassy roof taken from Sky Television.

Words and pictures
by Chris Stapleton



Holding Up Half the Sky



In the aftermath of the Gulf War, as the United States and its allies slip comfortably into their designated roles in President Bush's 'New World Order', another silent and deadly scenario is being waged in the Third World: it is the ongoing struggle against underdevelopment. In January 1990, the United Nations affirmed development as a human right. However, as Western aid is diverted to Eastern Europe, following fundamental changes in the political climate, there, the prospects of bridging the North-South divide seem ever remote and the issue of development, particularly the subject of women and development, remains one of much concern and debate.

An Essay on Women in Development by Natasha Shoaib:

Women are at the heart of development: they not only control much of the non-money economy (subsistence agriculture, bearing and raising children, domestic labour) but also play a vital part in the money economy (trading, the informal sector, wage employment). Women's contribution is central to development and costs of ignoring the needs of women are uncontrolled population growth, high infant mortality, a weakened economy, ineffective agriculture and a generally poorer quality of life. Improvement in the situation of women is closely linked to other objectives, namely those aimed at reducing poverty. In fact, improving the status of women is probably the most basic way of improving general living standards in a community—in short investing in women means investing in development itself.

Many women in developing countries are still trapped in a web of traditional values, with few choices other than marriage and bearing children. They tend to have large families because a woman's status and achievements are linked to her role as a mother and because children are regarded as an insurance policy in old age. However, implementation of family planning is favourable to the health of mothers and children, to the improvement of family life and to raising the cultural and technological status of women. In fact family planning is an essential prerequisite for achieving real equality between men and women.

Most people now agree that poverty and rapid population growth are closely linked and need to be tackled together. There is also growing concern over the issue of population growth and environmental damage: ever increasing numbers of poor people in developing countries have been forced, in order to survive, to use up resources which could sustain them in the future, and the effects of environmental degradation are felt



most acutely by women, for it is they who must walk further to search for firewood and unpolluted water. An estimated seventy percent of India's groundwater is polluted with toxic waste and sewage, and deforestation and irrigation projects have left an estimated 23,000 villagers without drinking water. In parts of Central America even breast milk was found to be poisoned by pesticides. The deterioration of the rural environment has led to urban growth, the consequences of which are an issue of considerable concern because the massive consumption of resources and production of waste in towns and cities has already caused major pollution and environmental problems. Urbanisation is partly due to the men leaving the countryside to find employment in the cities and has resulted in the growing number of female headed households—needless to say these households are amongst the poorest in the world.

Discrimination against women starts at a young age, for many it starts at childhood—parents with limited resources give more to their sons than to their daughters. Many studies have shown that, due to a girl's inferior status, boys are fed better than girls and girls are more likely to be malnourished in times of famine. Parents have greater expectations of their sons, even though their daughters start work at an earlier age and work harder than their sons. However a woman's contribution is seen as less valuable as it constitutes less to the family income (in many cases, women's wages are less than men's, even when they do the same work).

The discrimination against women continues as they grow older. The available data on literacy and education suggests that a wide range of levels of literacy and educational attainment exist amongst women in developing countries. Although the majority of women in Latin

America are literate, more than two thirds of the women in African countries are illiterate. Generally, fewer women than men are literate, and as literacy is closely associated with participation in some aspects of development, the gap between the sexes will suggest the extent to which men and women participate in the development process. In addition to basic literacy, the level of education attainment is also important, as very few women (compared to men) complete secondary school, which is a prerequisite to more financially rewarding work.

Very often, the work that women do goes unrecognised and women's participation in the economy is frequently under-reported in the usual statistical systems because of their involvement in the informal sector and because of their status as unpaid family workers. Recent surveys in a number of South American cities indicate that the labour force participation rates of women are considerably higher than the corresponding rates reported in national censuses. Most statistics suggest that women's roles are at best supplementary, when in fact, many women are heads of



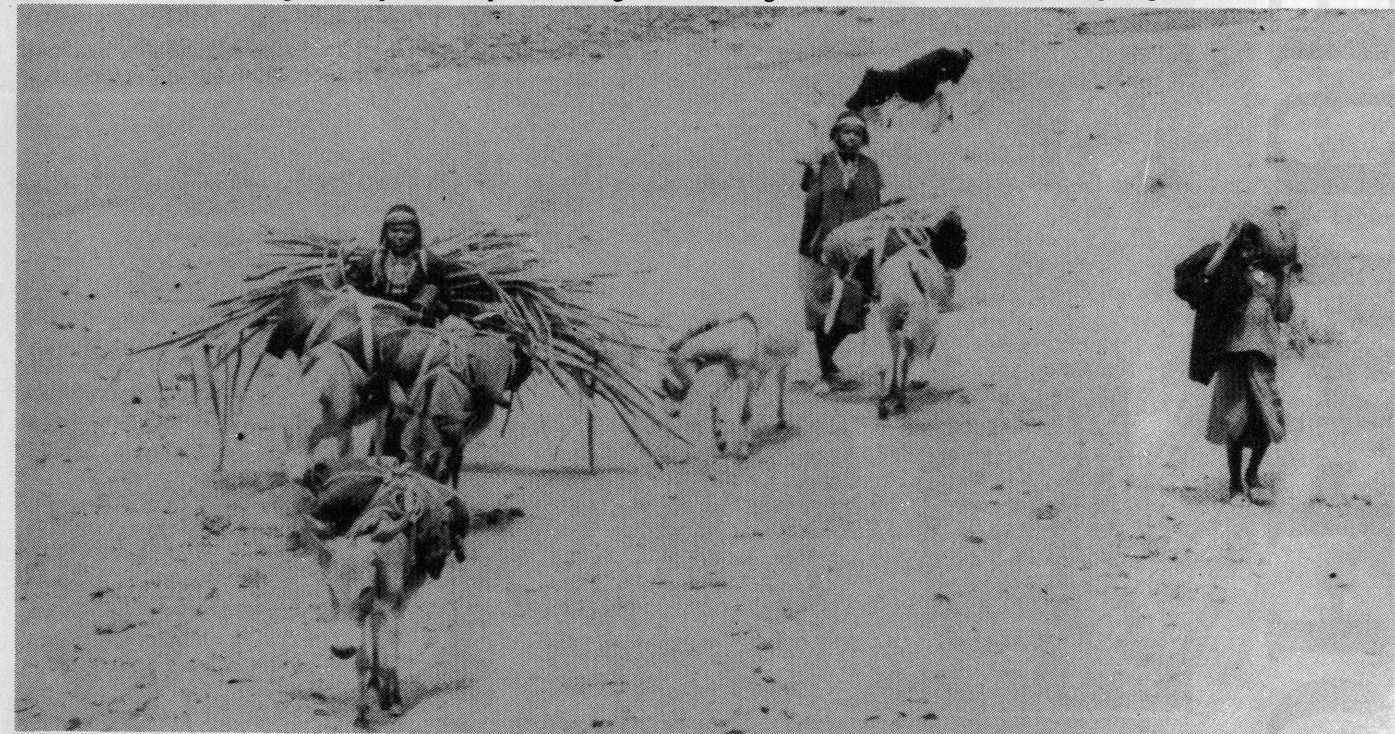
households, with full responsibility for their own and their children's survival. The overwhelming majority of women in developing countries live in rural areas and their contribution to agriculture is enormous: women are responsible for sixty to eighty per cent of the food grown in Africa; one survey of village women in Pakistan found them working sixty-three hours per week; in Rwanda women were found to work three times as much as men. Studies documenting rural women's 'invisibility' have increased, but there is still a shortage of vital information. National data collection systems do not yet accurately document women's contribution to development.

The development of quantitative and qualitative data on women will enable the 'fine tuning' of policy interventions currently being used, some of which have been shown to have a negative impact on

been encouraged by the IMF and the World Bank, the two main sources of funds. The role of the IMF is to help governments with financial difficulties manage their budget deficit and balance of payments by way of short term one or two years loans. In return the country concerned must implement corrective measures such as the devaluation of currency and cuts in public expenditure. The World Bank is primarily charged with improving a country's productive capacity and promoting growth and development through 'Structural Adjustment Loans', targeted at mobilising domestic resources, improving the allocation and use of resources, institutional strengthening, and, as mentioned above, reforming economic incentives. Structural adjustment involves, amongst other things, the realignment of prices through the exchange rate and an

increase the price of export crops have resulted, in many cases, in a shift from subsistence farming to cash crops and has meant that control of the crop has passed to men, as they (and not the women) are routinely given training, credit and technology. And what about those women and men who are unable, for whatever reason, to shift production to a more lucrative product? For them, the poverty inducing effects of adjustment could be more than just short term.

Why is it so important that women's needs are recognised and specifically included in development policies? Firstly, if the goal is to produce social and economic transformation, then the exclusion of one social group on the basis of sex will certainly sabotage those aims and there will be specific socio-economic repercussions for those who are excluded. Secondly, targeting women as a



women. Students of economic development have dealt a major blow to modernisation theory by demonstrating that the benefits of development do not accrue equally to men and women. This has been the basis for exploring the gender impact of macro-economic policy. Variations in the instruments of macro-economic policy (the exchange rate, fiscal and monetary policy etc) influence the costs and benefits of different economic activities. In recent years, with the debt crisis in many developing countries, the incentives for the production of tradable versus non-tradable goods have increased. Manufactured goods, internationally traded foodstuffs and close substitutes of imports are examples of tradables; construction and personal services are examples of non-tradables.

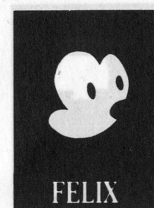
This reform of economic activities has

increased the price of tradable versus non-tradable goods, with the intention of changing production incentives. There is now growing concern over the short-term poverty inducing effects of structural adjustment. Removal of food price controls and an increase in the price of consumer goods is felt immediately on the demand side, whereas the increased incentive to produce takes more time to work. Thus any increase in income will only come about after a lag, and the initial fall in wages affects women more acutely.

Agriculture is typically targeted for structural adjustment programmes. In Mali ninety-one percent of all women are in agriculture; in Zaire the figure is ninety-four percent and in India seventy percent. Thus the issue of the impact of women is important. Policies that selectively

development priority will not end poverty, save the environment or ensure peace, but it will certainly make a crucial contribution to these ends.

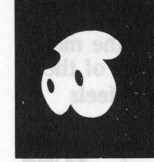
In this essay, I have tried to outline, very briefly, what I feel are some of the important issues in what is often referred to as 'Women in Development', namely, family planning, the environment, education, the importance of developing reliable indicators on the status of women, and gender and macro-economic policy. This list is by no means exhaustive, and it is my firm belief that growth and development can only be achieved with the full and equal participation of women. Finally, the more one studies women at the bottom of the hierarchy the more strongly one feels that no-one needs emancipation, equality and development more than they.



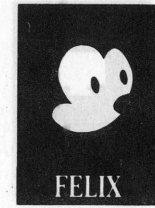
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STUDENT FASHION WEEK

FELIX



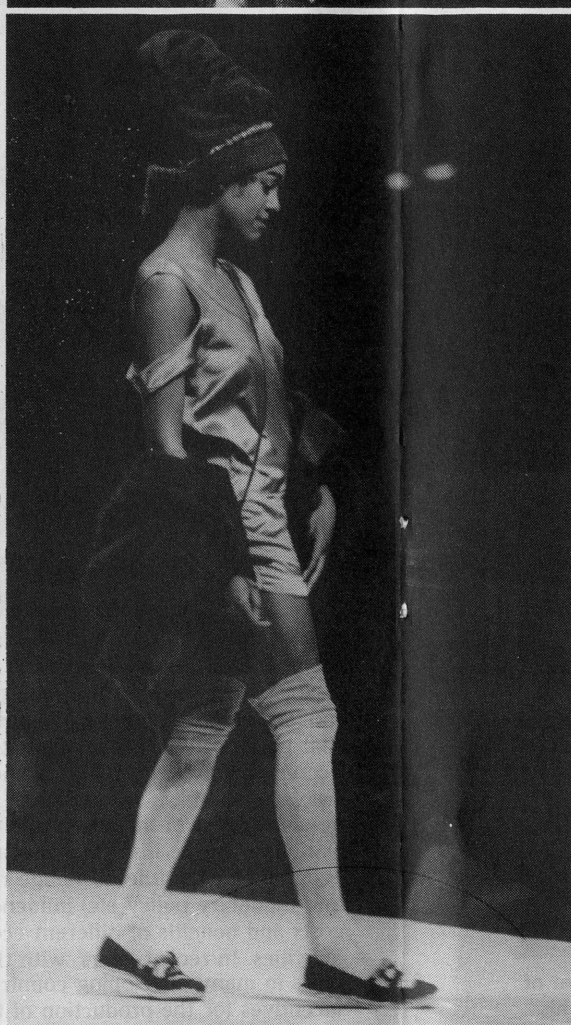
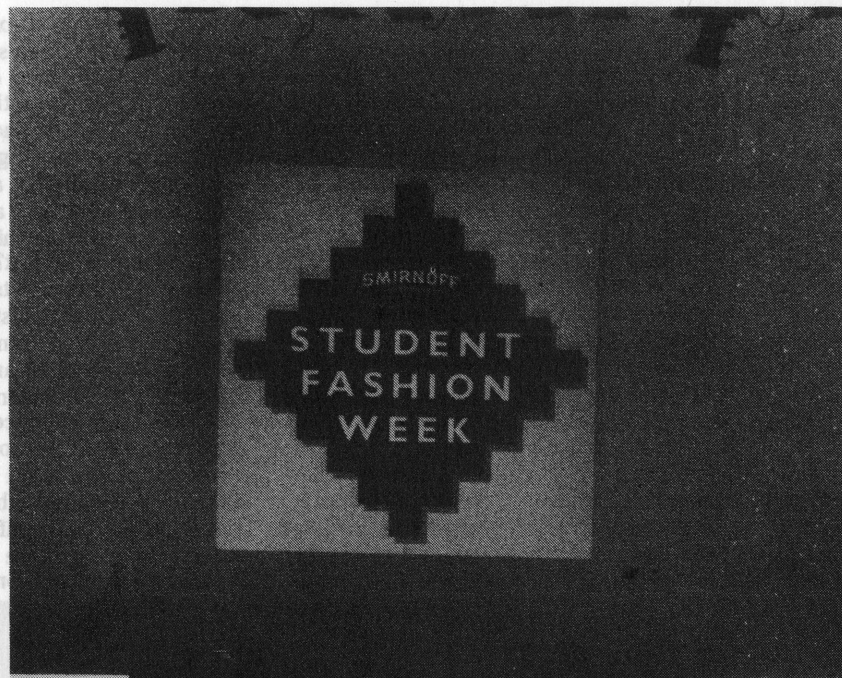
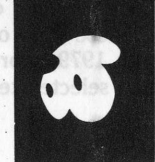
SMIRNOFF STUDENT FASHION WEEK



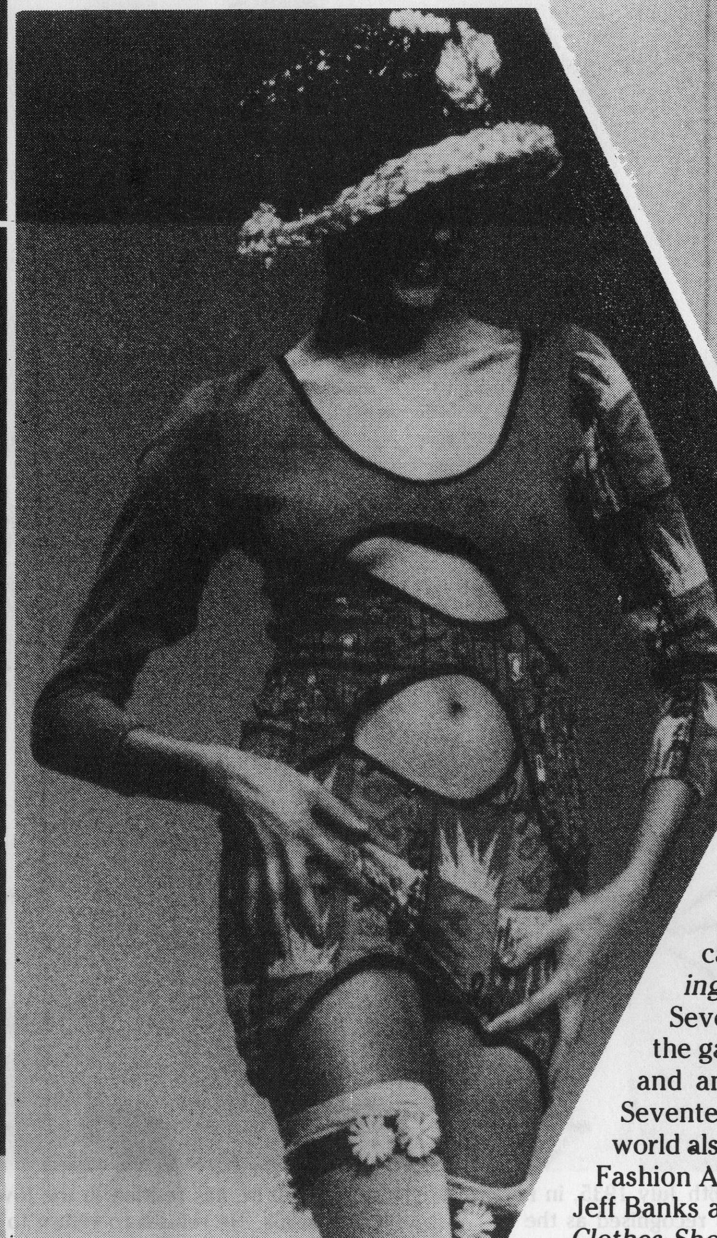
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NINE WEEKS SMIRNOFF

FELIX



Smirnoff Student Fashion Week 1991 was held at the Business Design Centre, Islington. Twelve fashion shows were staged over four days each by a different college. This gave the degree and diploma students an opportunity to display their creativity and skills not only to the public, but also to prospective employers and sponsors from the British fashion industry. A static exhibition area also contained displays by various students.



The Smirnoff Student Fashion award was held on Wednesday. The theme, *States of Man*, contained four different categories: *Beginning*, *Resourcing*, *Believing* and *Remembering*. Seventy semi-finalists took part in the gala show when category winners and an overall winner were chosen. Seventeen countries throughout the world also participated in the Smirnoff UK Fashion Awards. The show was hosted by Jeff Banks and televised by the BBC for the *Clothes Show*.

STUDENT FASHION WEEK



FEATURES

Trespassers on the

March saw the first visit of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's spiritual and political

"Dalai Lama...Dalai Lama..." the pilgrim repeated the words over and over again, stroking my arm with her blackened finger nails and fumbling with her prayer beads. 'Dalai Lama la mei', (I haven't any Dalai Lama pictures) I replied. The golden roofs of Huangzhong monastery shone in the afternoon light in the depression below.

In 1950 I would have been standing in Tibet, but today it was Qinghai province in the Peoples Republic of China. Since its forceful occupation over forty years ago, Tibet has been administered as an 'autonomous' region of China.

Tibet's recorded history began in 127 BC. During the next two millenium, shrouded by its Himalayan veil, Tibet acquired a romantic image which hides a darker past. Behind this ice curtain the majority of the population were all but slaves trapped by poverty and punitive taxation. Five percent of Tibetans owned most of the land, while the monasteries owned great estates covering a third of the country, consuming half of Tibet's total revenue and controlling tens of thousands of serfs. Every family in the land was expected to contribute one son to the monastic order and there was virtually no education for the rest of the population. Despite the far from ideal feudal theocracy of its past, the impending Chinese holocaust would cause unimaginable destruction and suffering.

Tibet's borders remained from the tenth century until the Communist Chinese invasion in 1949 to "liberate the country from feudal control and to 'return' it to Chinese sovereignty." Fearing invasion, Tibet sent a delegation to Britain and the USA. Both countries refused to recognise her as an independent nation, with no army of her own and precious few resources with which to repay them.

"one sixth of the population have been killed"

Since then, in the name of liberation, more than 1.2 million Tibetans, one sixth of the population, have been killed. Monks, previously accounting for up to one in five of the native Tibetans, are today few and far between. More than 7.5 million Chinese settlers have been transplanted into Tibet, thus making the six million indigenous people a minority in their own country. During the Cultural Revolution over 6,000 monasteries, temples and historic structures were looted and raised. Such looting of 'your own territory' calls into question the Han Chinese view of their 'conquest'.

In 1979, a program of renovation began and selected temples have been rebuilt in

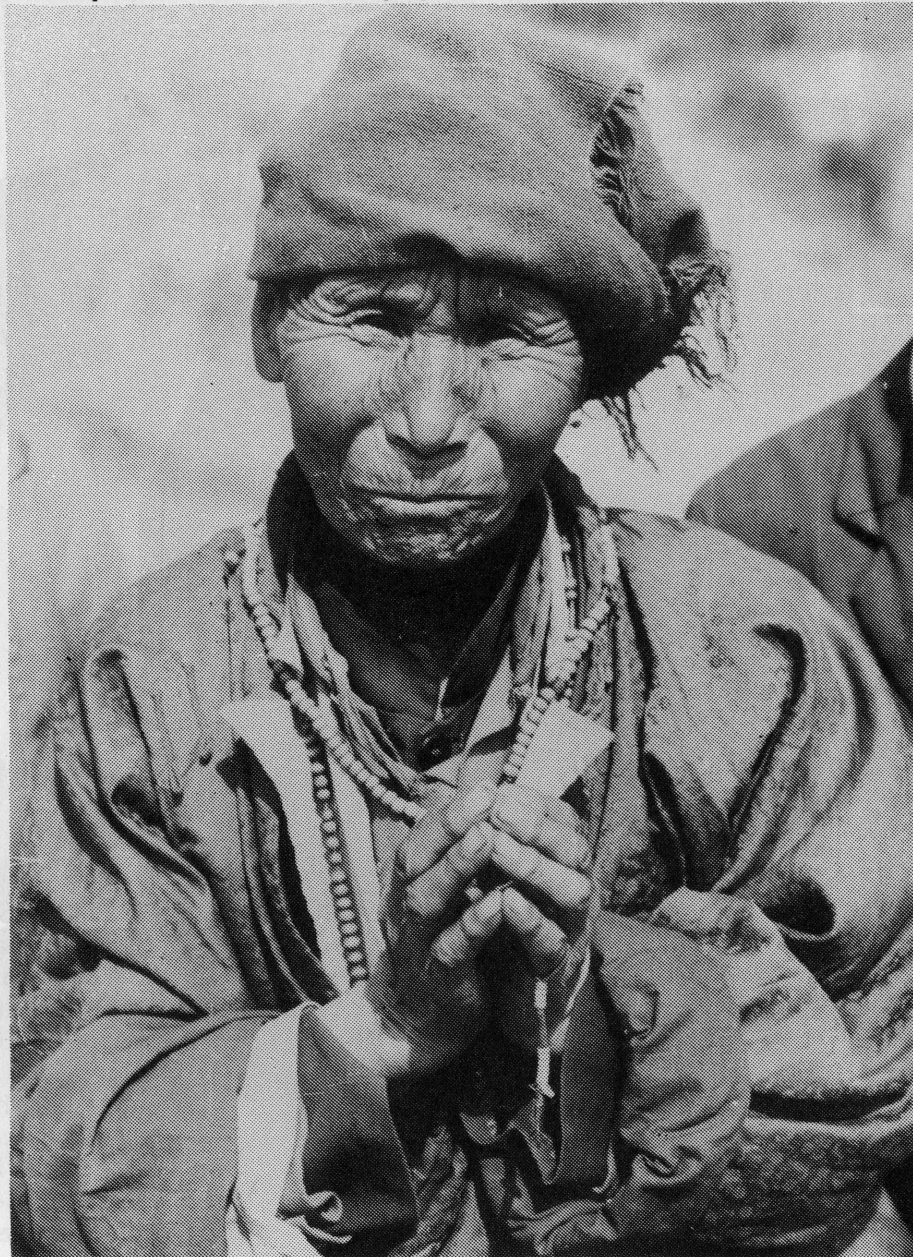
the name of tourism. Today though, study and teaching of Buddhism are forbidden and thousands of religious and political prisoners remain in prisons and forced labour camps.

Lord Ennals, the president of Britain's all-party group for Tibet, who invited the Dalai Lama to visit Britain, describes Tibet as: "A slave state in which people are shot, detained and tortured for their belief in freedom."

His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, is the spiritual andtemporal leader of the Tibetan people.

In 1950, at the age of 15, with China invading, His Holiness was called upon to assume full political power. Despite talks with Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese leaders in 1954, his efforts to bring peaceful solutions to the conflict were thwarted by an uncompromising Peking government. The stalemate came to a head in March 1959 when thousands of Tibetans demonstrating against Chinese occupation were killed.

Escaping at night and in disguise, the Dalai Lama, accompanied by some 87,000 Tibetan refugees, fled to northern India.

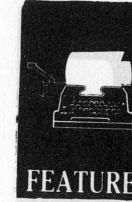


Born on the 6th July 1935, in northeast Tibet, he was recognised as the reincarnation of his predecessor at the age of two. With his older brother, he was bought to the Potala Palace in Lhasa to begin his education. This culminated in a final examination before an audience of 20,000 monk scholars, involving the debating of logic and metaphysics.

Since 1960 he has resided in the town of Dharamsala. He refuses to return to his homeland until the Chinese withdraw and recognise his claims, both to religious leadership and as head of the Tibetan Government in exile.

Dalai Lamas are the manifestations of the Bodhisattva of Compassion. For Tenzin Gyatso, with the cause of his

Roof of the World



FEATURES

leader, to Britain for three years. Christopher Riley spoke to him.

suffering so clearly identified, exercising this compassion, cannot have been easy. But the 14th Dalai Lama is adamant that the Sino-Tibetan problems will be solved peacefully. For his persistent compassion and opposition of violence he received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1989.

The Chinese maintain that their forty year occupation has removed any doubt of China's right to the "tribal area". They are now rewriting Tibet's history, but despite the duration of this occupation, nothing has happened to legitimize China's presence in Tibet. Would forty years of Iraqi occupation have made the Kuwait situation irreversible? Unlike

"Britain's position is not satisfactory"

Kuwait, there has been no international action to liberate Tibet. There is no oil to motivate the UN. The Dalai Lama alone represents the task force. Since 1967 he has travelled the world on lecture tours, visiting 41 nations, to bring the plight of his country to the attention of the world. March of this year saw his first visit to this country for three years. The British government, however, refused to meet him, at risk of jeopardising the delicate relationships with Peking - Hong Kong reverts to Chinese control in 1997.

On the fourth of his six day visit to Britain the Dalai Lama held a press conference. Sitting in front of the red, yellow and blue Tibetan national flag and framed by two Himalayan Snow Lions, bathed by a golden sun he was questioned about the parallels of Tibet with the situations in Kuwait and the Baltic States.

"two generations of occupation"

There are similarities between the Tibetan and Kuwait situations. Human rights violations and torture took place in both cases, but this is where the similarities end. In Kuwait the atrocities only remained for a few months. In Tibet they have existed for almost two generations. The motives for persecution in Kuwait were not religious. In Tibet we have seen the systematic dismantling and destruction of Buddhism. He felt the western attitudes, over the Baltic States, were healthy. 'It is good to make your views clear. The West, including Britain should be more critical of China. It is not necessary to be pro-Tibet but just pro-justice, pro-truth.'

Critical of the British government's weak stance on Tibet, he described their present views as 'not satisfactory.' Stressing the importance of standing up to China, he said it was important that British policy should not be based on

Chinese propaganda. Propaganda which has misled the British government to write-off Tibet as 'autonomous' - with the Chinese occupying a 'special position' in the region. 'The attitude of some countries towards China is, I feel a little over-cautious. If you concede too much, the other side becomes bolder and bolder.' We need not worry about the people of Hong Kong, he explained. 'China relies strongly on Hong Kong for economic support - this guarantees a better situation for Hong Kong Chinese.'

Returning to Kuwait, His Holiness was asked if Iraqi torturers could have been removed from Kuwait peacefully, or are there occasions when force is needed?

'Basically the proper method to solve the problems is non-violence. Violence and war are very unpredictable, with no guarantee of the desired consequences. It is better to avoid violence. Whether the method of violence is justified or not, we can only judge much latter. Violence is like a very strong pill. It may relieve pain from certain illness, but side effects cannot be predicted.' Side effects which have perhaps now manifest in the Kurdish backlash.

"it's not necessary to be pro-Tibet, but just pro-justice, pro-truth"

Not only have the Chinese imposed their most brutal and inhuman communist regime upon Tibet, but they are also forcing their appalling environmental record on the roof of the world. They have started mining in southern Tibet, the Dalai Lama said. 'Up to 60 lorries a day are transporting minerals out of the region.' The deforestation and industrialisation are being conducted without regard for the environment. Because of the high altitude, (a lot of the country is above 5000 m) once damage is done it takes much longer to repair. 'Environmental damage inflicted on Tibet has climatic consequences in the neighbouring states, Nepal, India, and China.'

'But what causes anxiety is the population transfer', he said. In the northeast of Tibet new Chinese towns have been built on pasture land, forcing nomads into the hills and leading to quarrelling and killing between Tibetans fighting for scarce grazing land.

Naively perhaps, the people of China still believe that their occupation of Tibet is "for the good of the Tibetan people." Even those Chinese who have first hand experience of Tibet are unable to see through the propaganda. Lu Tsun Sheng was sent to Lhasa for eight years during the 'Cultural Revolution'.

'The Tibetans were just savages, feeding their dead to the vultures and skinning people alive as a punishment,' he explained. 'We have brought them civilisation. They can now watch colour TV, they have electricity, roads, and generally a better standard of living. We have established China's largest hydrothermal energy project, and are actively mining metalliferous ore, and coal.'

"such progress has only benefited the Chinese economy"

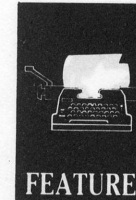
But is all this "development" really for the good of the Tibetan people? 'No one can deny that there has been no progress under Chinese occupation', His Holiness explained. 'There has been some progress - a new airport, hospitals, schools and some small scale industry.' But the destruction, which the Chinese never admit, totally outweighs the progress, he said. 'Such progress has only benefited the economy of the Chinese.'

His Holiness seems sure that the increasingly repressive nature in China is a sign of weakness. 'Unless they use force the situation becomes out of control. This creates a very negative image in the outside world and the Chinese government are concerned with China's image. But isolating China is not the answer. Pushing China into isolation is unwise; bringing China into mainstream is my belief.'





Portobello Pubs – A User's Guide



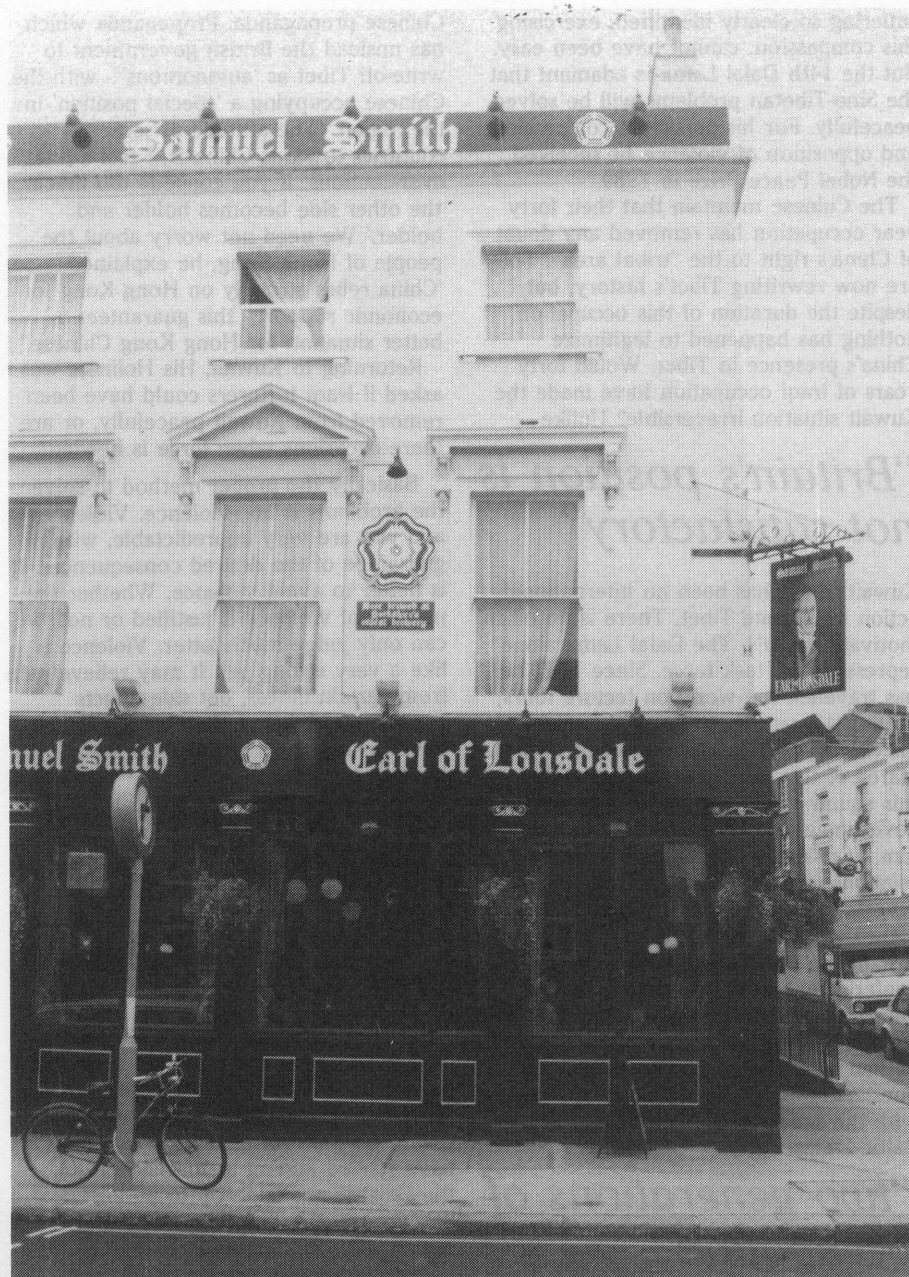
Cruising up to Notting Hill, to most, will conjure thoughts of its famous carnival, or the weekend market. But, keeping eyes peeled both left and right, many a beer can be taken in many a distinctive pub. Follow Phil's advice and don't lose your wallet...

Given the task of conjuring up an article for Felix at this slack time of year I have begun desperately to search through my limited repertoire of student experiences and anecdotes to find a subject to interest the discerning IC punter. I have decided to forego any macho posturing on my pseudo-athletic achievements or polemicism about the Gulf War in order to present a short users guide to the pubs on the Portobello Road.

At this point anybody who does admit to knowing me will have their toes curled up in the cringe position and be hurriedly skipping through the rest of the issue to find that map of the hairdressers in South Ken where we IC fashion creatures can get a £20 haircut for only £19. I shall leave them to it and begin the tour. A quick note however to any of you bearded real ale 'enthusiasts' out there, I suggest you join the queue at the salon. A holistic approach is what is called for, so, I won't be harping on about the relative merits of different pints of warm donkey's piss. Anyway when was the last time you were propositioned in a bar with the line. 'I couldn't help noticing you were supping a full bodied, yet still yeasty pint of Old Cats Flaps xxxxx' (insert Big Boy or Darling as required).

The first venue, 'The Sun in Splendour' is located at the southern tip of the road. This pub is an aberration, has nothing worth noting and if you closed your eyes you could be in any one of a hundred similar establishments across London. The same cannot be said of the other pubs on the road and you could be walking home without your wallet.

A 300 metre walk down the road brings us to the 'Portobello Gold'. As advertised by the bright pink pimp mobile with attendant Harley Davidsons squatting outside. The interior design was by somebody who really thought that if he drank enough Bacardi, whilst waiting for a number 52 bus in Cricklewood, then he would be in the Bahamas. Punters are offered a panoramic (yet beer stained) view of Montego Bay, complete with fake palm trees to accompany the equally



synthetic culinary offerings of what is essentially a wine bar masquerading as a restaurant. Salvation is at hand however as we now head for the 'Earl of Lonsdale'. This Sam Smith pub has suffered yuppie and Australian interdictions in the last year. A meat-market atmosphere still prevails however, with the well-heeled offspring of sixties rebels, turned chartered accountants, thronging around the expansive bar. They are what Mark Knopfler refers to as 'Portobello Belles' vying with each other to possess the tattiest cardigan and hollowest cheeks, whilst at the same time holding unconditional offers to 'good' Oxbridge colleges. A few stalwarts of the legions of the dispossessed begin to make an appearance in this pub. Their numbers rapidly diminished when the table football was taken away last year, and they now only really attend to watch England matches in the conservatory, the groans

of their collective failure to achieve orgasm, at each missed shot, shuddering through to the rest of the pub at 10 minute intervals.

The door of the next destination, 'The Portobello Star', a minute's walk away proclaims 'No food, No children, No dogs, No portable phones', they should also have mentioned no service, no room and nowhere to sit. The medieval door policy of this tiny bar serves to exclude snoopy tourists and suit wearers, distilling out a clientel which, judging by their sick expressions, have average life expectations of maybe two years. The barman seems to be mumbling something about keeping off the moors, or is it, 'we don't get your sort round 'ere' but we IC students can rest assured as we know you can't catch rickets from sitting on a bar stool.

We have reached the bottom of the hill and from now on I have decided to

change the names of the remaining pubs. I make no apologies, since the newly christened pubs have titles more suited to their characters and some Martin Amis readers may be enlightened in the process.

The first, a hundred metres down from the Star is 'Pickwicks' a new-Watneys pub with a drifting, listless complement of refugees from the other, more lively, venues on the road. If there has been one too many drug busts this week at The Black Cross the place fills out. Overall it is unremarkable except for the park benches outside which encourage incontinent canines and tourists to sit down and shed their loads. Looking at the crap the overburdened tourists have just been sold on the market, one marvels at the mimicry the dogs are capable of. Past the Electric Cinema and over the road is 'The Pub That's A Caff'. This schizotypic place has improved

remarkably in the last few months and now, happily for the owners, is in the position of being the trendiest and naturally the priciest pub on the road. Fashions will change. Last year, to be seen in The Pub That's A Caff was a more obvious admission to a lack of style than being caught stark bollock naked, running down Gloucester Road humming a Van Morrison song. During the unpopular period a twice weekly serving of 'World Music' was laid on by the then owner, a huge fat bastard who would sit in the corner sipping a diet coke. What he didn't realise is that people going out for a drink don't want to be confronted by the inevitable consequences of 25 years of bodily abuse and the residents of an area where white, middle class, liberals are in the minority don't give a tinkers toss about 'World Music'. The solution was simple, turn the volume, steal the 'cool as fuck' barman from the

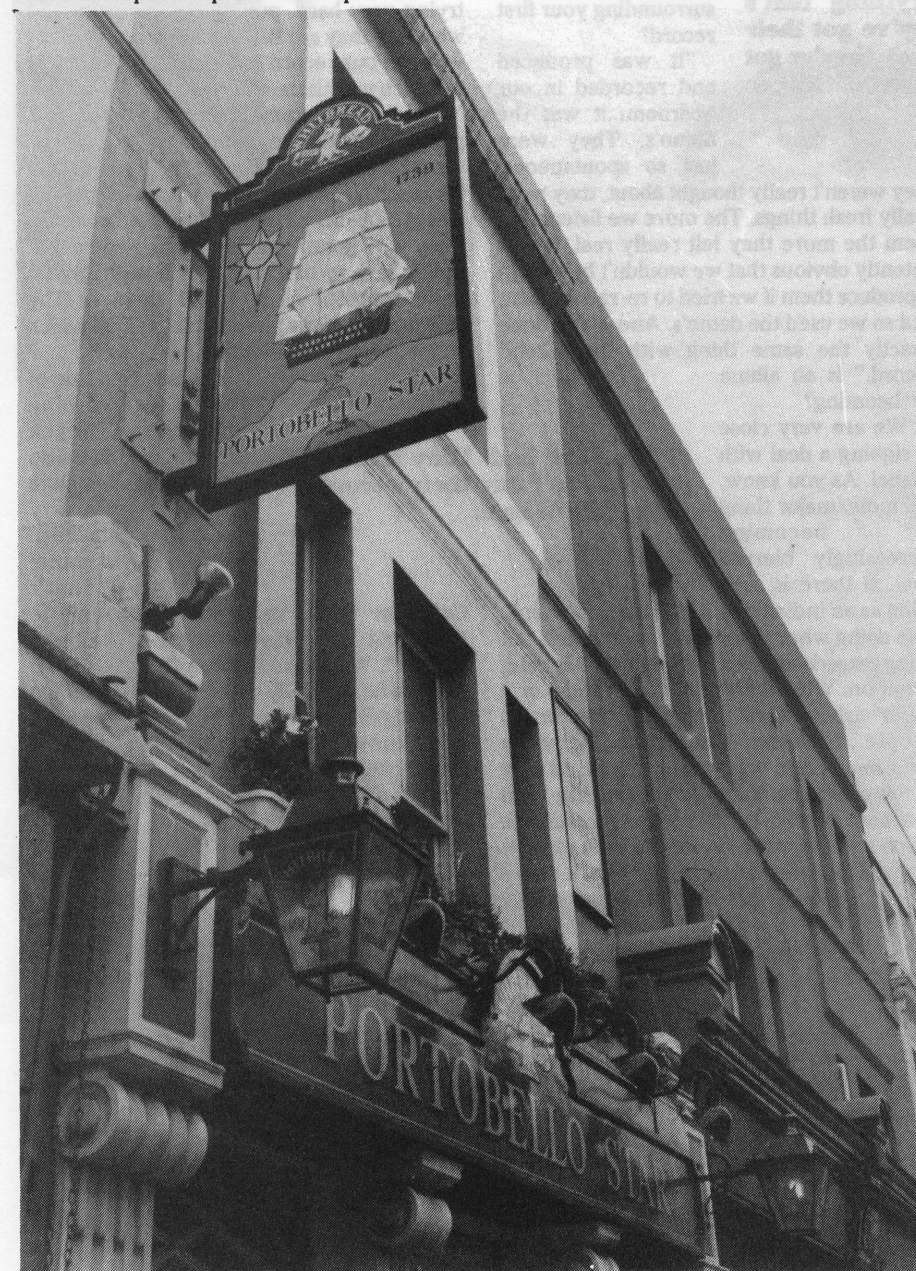
place down the road and drastically increase the prices. That is capitalism.

One hundred metres northwards one meets a pub which is as rough as a badger's arse. The 'Black Cross' can only be reached by negotiating a crowd of leather clad youths who seem to be sneezing in a most peculiar way. They walk up to you and exclaim, 'Hashoo!' without even blinking their eyes, pat their soon to be exterminated pit ball terriers on the head and then start mumbling about coke and other soft drinks. The efforts of these agents of the temporance society's should be ignored by we hard-living IC students and I advise immediate entry into the bar and the ordering of a pint of strong beer.

This pub is the centre of the West London trade in banned substances. The two beautiful blue pool tables at the back are the scene of more money changing hands than the Stock Exchange and the police know about it. They raid the place regularly. If you are six foot tall, have short hair and like to wear big, black boots don't walk into the Black Cross and expect to be greeted like the prodigal son. I always feel genuinely uneasy about going to the toilet as it involves passing through the 'dealing' area. A flashing glance could easily be followed up by a flashing knife. This is the only pub where I have seen somebody glassed. It is also the most interesting, dangerous, exciting pub on the road and has an atmosphere that has attracted filmmakers ('I hired a contract killer') and novelists, it being the central location in 'London Fields' by Martin Amis. On a Saturday the Black Cross is an apex of a miniature Bermuda Triangle for the locals that includes their market stalls and William Hill the bookies. A lot of money goes into this triangle but not much comes out.

The final pub on the road is, 'Neil's Place', which won Time Out's 'Style bar of the year' in 1990. Unfortunately we are now in 1991 and it doesn't quite cut it anymore. The decor is still like something out a Ken Russell wet dream, with rich tasselled curtains, gothic sculptures and gigantic dripping wax candles, but the prices have gone down. The lowering of prices is a certain indication of terminal decline. Only last year paying over seven pounds for three bottles of beer was normal. Now the same round costs only six. The clientele are all media people who drink Grolsch straight form the bottle, whilst the lads from the Black Cross are putting in a bit of overtime relieving their Porsche convertibles of tyres and stereo systems. Incidentally we call it 'Neil's Place' because Mr Tenant of The Pet Shop Boys was a fellow regular although I must admit he never actually spoke to us, or anybody else for that matter. Miserable bastard.

Phillip Gribbon.





John and Dominic interview music's latest flame.

The Catherine Wheel

Lauded by the press for their second EP, *Painful Thing*, Catherine Wheel are the guitar band others would love to be. On the eve of their triumphant gig supporting Blur at the Town and Country Club, they spoke to John and Dominic about 'other' guitar bands, stage nerves and the major deal they are about to sign. But not Bruce Dickinson.

Catherine Wheel are finding life pretty busy, splitting their time between supporting The Charlatans (Tim invited them after hearing their demo tape) and Blur, who are still riding on the success of *There's No Other Way*. Do you mind supporting these types of bands?

"No, it's good. At the moment it's a means to an end. We love all the bands we are playing with which is great. We are mates which is cool, but there's going to be a time, soon, where it's gotta stop." So what about the Ride comparisons and the Lush/Chapterhouse/Ride scene?

"It's very easy from a journalistic point of view to use Ride as the closest comparison. It's purely an initial thing anyway. The new stuff we have been rehearsing is gonna change that problem for us. In any case there's not that much of a comparison there... The whole scene is getting horribly cliquey at the moment. There's a thing with the London and Thames Valley bands which has got nothing to do with us, you know, it's getting really cliquey and they list each others songs as their favourite songs... But having said that we have put *Blur* at the top of our list of ten favourites in MM. It's great because the knives are beginning to come out and it's getting far more interesting. They all go to each others parties and each others gigs. Just one big club. They should be reported to the Monopolies Commission..." It was obvious from tonight's gig, even to the most cynical observer, that indeed *Ride* is a lazy yardstick with which to pigeon-hole Catherine Wheel. Over the last few months, through constant touring, the Wheelies have reached a supremely focused and fluid sound, far removed from any weak effort *Ride* could produce. If anything, they come from the same school as Terry Dickers. Catherine Wheel are a genuine exception to the guitar bands around today. Which leaves us with Moose.

"...The trouble is they're with *Lush* on the Howard Gough management team. I think

They are supposed to be an indie band. *Lush* are OK, *Lush* are a really good group, but Moose are coming across as the 'genuine article', but their management is trying to hard; they're in the press every week and they haven't even got a record out. They are really pushing hard to get lots of exposure. It's all bullshit. Too much too soon will ruin them? Yes, but we don't spurn press by any means. Bands like *Curve* are just pretending they are something that they are not. Toni Halliday lives with Alan Moulder, the guy

that produces Chapterhouse, *Ride* and all the bands on Creation. He even plays guitar on their records. That's not an indie band, that's a manufactured unit." What were the circumstances surrounding your first record?

"It was produced and recorded in our bedroom...it was the demo's. They were just so spontaneous,

they weren't really thought about, they were really fresh things. The more we listened to them the more they felt really real. It was patently obvious that we wouldn't be able to reproduce them if we tried to re-record them and so we used the demo's. And we've done exactly the same thing with the second record." Is an album forthcoming?

"We are very close to signing a deal with a label. As you know, the indie/major thing is becoming increasingly blurred now...If there is such thing as an indie ethic it's the way you think. Like doing what you want to do yourself, not being careerist about it but obviously wanting to get on. Whether we sign to an indie or a major label won't hopefully matter to people...It's the difference between compromise and being manipulated. As long as the record company is one you like, and you are allowed to make the records the group want to make rather than the records the record company want to make, it really doesn't matter." How do you feel on stage? "...I feel quite insane when I'm up there" "...I drink lots of lager but I end up burping my way through" "...I fart my way through (terrible bowels)" they reply. "We are not a hallucinogenic band or anything like that. Catherine Wheel say "Just say no... or

maybe, but think about it". The thing is we are all from fairly sturdy backgrounds anyway. I'm not saying we've lost the juvenile aspect, there's still a lot of that in us in a joking way, but when it comes down to being serious about what we do, we are. It's not joke music, it's quite serious music. I couldn't go out there out of my head and play what I play, I'd probably end up committing suicide at the end of the tour. It's hard work, it really is." This attitude sums up an ethic that the band possess. There's a working atmosphere that surrounds them, no doubt due to having a little more time on the planet than most of us pop kids. Ego hasn't got in the way of reality either, they are simply a finely honed pop band.

"...We are aware that our sound is quite fashionable at the moment but our music is an honest statement we are making". *Manic Street Preachers*, are they for real?

"No, not at all. It's a good scam, and they are trying very hard, putting the hours in as it were, but they are Welsh you know...The guy who put our record out and runs a venue in Norwich was there...he did it (cut his arm) in Norwich. Steve Lamacq from NME was well put out by it...They (*Manic St. Preachers*) were on the tour bus, and he suddenly got his razor blade out...Did you notice that the cuts got smaller as they went down his arm?... They are gonna be the band people are gonna love to hate and they'll probably do quite well out of it. I met them at The Marquee and they were suitably aloof, which I thought was quite funny."

The working title of the forthcoming album is "Black Metallic" which is also a scorching ten minute epic. "It got a wry quote from John Peel. He said (Brummie accent) "That's

Catherine Wheel using the studio time to their best advantage. Time not wasted I believe". We heard that anything over two minutes he generally detests, like the average *Wedding Present* song's about thirty seconds, you know." Catherine Wheel are a wonderfully focused, flowing sound. Catch them live and experience the vitality of pop, before they conquer the world.

Pierre Étoile

An interview by Dominic.



Trooping up to the Seven Sisters Road I got lost and then it started to rain. This however was not going to get in my way of getting to the place on time. Troopers come and troopers go, but only true troopers know how to know. With a piping hot cup of coffee on the way I prepared to talk to Damon, one half of Pierre Étoile, which means 'rock star' in French, and ex-one third of Galaxie 500. He's over from Noo Yawk to promote his latest sonical sound sculpture (my cliché, not his) which is why we are seated in the Rough Trade interview room and we just let the conversation flow.

So how did this all come about?

It's just a little side project that we (we being Damon and Naomi who is the other half of the band and also used to be in Galaxie 500) had done which was already scheduled for release before Galaxie 500 split up. We were getting ready to do an interview for the band and we came back from our last European tour and Dean said he didn't want to do an EP after all and he wanted a break. Looking back it was an ominous sign, but he was really keen that we should do it. I think he didn't want to hold us up. It's just a three track EP of quiet intimate songs in the spirit of solo records like Johnathan Richman and Alex Chilton.

Why did Galaxie 500 split?

Dean quit, for reasons only he knows. It's very unclear to us.

Even though the three were old

friends Dean isn't talking to them anymore and they have had no contact since the split.

Was it a sudden thing?

Yeah, it was straight out of the blue. He said it had just gotten to be too much work, just like a job.'

Prior to their split Galaxie 500 were receiving more critical success than at any time previously and they were especially popular in Germany and Damon thinks that this had a lot to do with it (being popular, not necessarily being big in Germany). In the past New York semi-legend Kramer had been the fourth member of Galaxie and would play on some of their records.

I asked if he had been involved with this new record.

Uh no, we produced it ourselves. We wanted it to not sound like the band so we did as many things different as we could, like I sang instead of Naomi so that it wouldn't sound like Galaxie. But Kramer was into it and understood why we did what we did.

This project is a one-off and Damon and Naomi have been looking for other people for a new band. Damon is enthusiastic:

Once we got over the shock of the band splitting up it was kinda exciting. It's going to be a very different sound. It's gotta be radically different though, or it'd just be like Galxie 500 all over again.

Damon is a teacher in English Literature and is going to have to get a job upon his return since now Galaxie are defunct there's no money from the band. He also prefers vinyl and thinks CDs are too clinical and that the covers of CDs are crap. He rates Can and The Soft Machine, and so do I so we must be right. We have a bit of muso chat about guitars, 11ths and 13ths and 'Decomposing Trees'.

What about covers?
Yeah, covering songs is great, because you get into the song and learning someone else's song is like having someone else play for you and we will do more in the future.

He's mates with Sonic Youth and I tell him how even though I'm a great fan of theirs I still managed to fall asleep at one of their shows. He thinks this is particularly amusing and says that there've been people falling asleep at their shows but that he understands. He still doesn't see how I managed to fall asleep. Pierre Étoile are gonna burn you outta sight kids and don't say you were not warned. Here's to their next project.

**AXZXXZXAKXZKKAXZXAZAXZX.
Farrrrrrrrroooooooooouuuuuuttttt!!!!**



The Rockingbirds

Going on the East London Line for the first time in my life, I was feeling in a particularly buoyant mood and I was not in the least disheartened to find that The Electric Prunes were not playing tonight and that The Venue was a vast black building which inside reminded me of some provincial 'dancehall' with the carpet stinking of stale beer. My fellow interviewer P McPatrick and I then proceeded to accost the most talked about (by me anyway) band in London today prior to soundchecking. The Rockingbirds play Country music in a pop manner not, as some idiot called them, 'not naff country-rock'.

Adjourning to the dressing room we let the bodaceously good vibes flow and cracked open a Jim Dunk beer.

'Hello, we're The Rockingbirds.'

The Rockingbirds formed at the beginning of last year, after all meeting in the Falcon pub in Camden, with the bassist and drummer from The Weather Prophets, the guitarist from Milk and three from Norwich (the city, not a band). We talk about Milk and we found out why The Weather Prophets split up, but we decide not to print that upon request from the band. (It's not really that interesting anyway.)

Influenced by Elvis, Ricky Nelson, Fat Mattress, Badfinger, Doug Sahm, all the usual Country-rock bands and a million others, the band are currently getting it together and have just reorded a single for July release on Heavenly Records. Entitled 'Good Day To You' it will be a stormer even if it's only half as good as the live version, which, frankly, storms. Having now got a fair sized crowd coming to their London shows they're starting to get a following outtown as well, which was compounded by getting the support slot on the Johnathan Richman tour.

So Rockingbirds, let's talk some more; do you think there's an audience for you with this noise scene that's going on?

'We make our own audiences, we don't expect a ready-made one, but with this noise-scene there's just a lack of alternatives. Sometimes the music press are interested in promoting crap bands, but let's face it most bands are crap aren't they?'

We agree.

'It's just that they have to sell music papers so they have to make out that there's something worth writing about. Obviously there were prime movers in the scene, like My Bloody Valentine, but I've never understood why people want to go home and form a band that sounds exactly the same. It's got to the point where you go into Virgin Records and you can't find anything you like because the racks are full of rubbish.'

We most definitely agree again since

there are far too many of these Chapterhouse, Slowdive types around for our liking. What about the other bands on your label?

'Everyone on Heavenly ploughs their own furrow, like The Manic Street Preachers and Flowered Up, oh yeah! and East Village'

Everyone starts laughing at this point as East Village write songs about the autumn and flowers, though the band say they're good geezers and were instrumental in getting them a deal.

We talk about Johnathan some more and they tell us how they still can't quite believe they've been supporting him. We talk about the crummy dressing room and they remark that they plan on painting up the dressing rooms when they go on tour.

Andy is the muso and talks about pentatonic majors and blues scales which means absolutely zilch to me and everyone laughs. He then tries to deny that he's a muso, but I don't know if I believe him. Alan writes all the lyrics and



The Byrds a-rockin'; we have no picture of The Rockingbirds

'We're not interested in appealing to the country-rock crowd, we just want to be played on Radio 1 and tour the world.'

What do you think about Satan's most evil creation—the Compact Disc?

'Well there's nothing you can do about it now. I much prefer LP's, but I'd quite like a CD player if anyone's got one going since that's the only way you can get a lot of music now. What I really think is a shame is the demise of the 7" single. It was such a great format.'

Luddites that we are, we dispute the merits of a CD player and rave about the 7" single, but talk turns to money.

'None, enough to put petrol in the Transit.'

What's it been like hanging out with Johnathan?

'Well he doesn't really hang out since he's got his own mates, but he stays around and has a chat after the show.'

is 'not the person to write political lyrics' since they are a pop band.

After the soundcheck we natter some more about people, places and rehearsing whilst tripping. They are too poor to afford drugs at the moment, but luckily some turn up from somewhere, where-I-don't-know etc...and the interview crumbles with sustained bouts of giggling and much debate over the musical merits of Fat Mattress. I learn that when they go on tour they want a travelling show with them, jugglers, NO! make that 'no fucking jugglers'—and fire-eaters, proper ones of course, Johnathan Richman comes in with his guitar and tells us anecdotes about the Velvet Underground—he's a friend of them all—and we are impressed. He is very funny but doesn't do interviews, the band play a-stompin' and a-stormin' set and pass out on the bus home.

The Gun Club

—The Venue 7.6.91

Jeffrey Lee Pierce looks fucked. Really fucked. In fact, the presence of his wastedness as he shambles on stage is mighty. For the benefit of the ignorant, the Gun Club are a legend; a fabled mash scorched into the benighted realms populated by Nick Cave and the Sisters of Mercy. Yes, Patricia Morrison was there, and this writer managed to get a few words from her. Interview, please.

Why are the Gun Club so great they justify the name 'legend'? Put simply, they lived their music. They also recorded the second best album of 1987. Their trashed-out-of-skull, self-emasculating retribution style of blackened blues took Nick Cave and rendered the world almost too small for both. Tonight, they are ghosts from a desirably undesirable past.

They do play a rather good set of angry, ineffectual Rock n' Roll, and at their most passionate, they were so compellingly groovy I just swang along, motivated by their sweet despair. It is indeed a shame that there were lacklustre moments to contrast this. This really should have been a colossal triumph; of sorts, it was, but a slovenly, 'going through-motions' quality let the performance down.

Perhaps ghosts is unfair. After all, apparitions have seldom been as cool as this. Kid Congo oozes sleazily. He waves to the audience and grins infectiously. Romi Mori is pretty cool, too, but jeez, Goth Goddess of all time, Patricia, is even cooler. A pity She's not on stage. She wears white and rides a horse in 'Dominion'. Shit. What a victim I am.

Sonic Euph.

Warlock Pinchers

—Morrissey Rides a Cockhorse 12"

It's surprising that a band made up of such obvious no-hopers can make single of the week in both major music rags. 'Morrissey' rides a fine line between a throw-away joke and straight forward, deserving invective. Let's face it, Morrissey always was a bit of a wanker, and these boys tell it like it is ("That cry-baby son of a bitch, no talent mother-fucker" etc). Ooh, he must be weeping into his tea. There's also a nice piss-take of Tiffany's *I Think We're Alone Now* which lasts a gratuitous 12 minutes or so, and shows that the *Warlock Pinchers* tread musical genres as delicately as a Pit-Bull in a playground.

John.

Siouxsie & the Banshees:

—Superstition

What a dreamy photo. And that's only the press/biog. Three years on from the exquisitely fuckable *Peepshow*, Mrs Budgie and the family Banshee return with another silkily-soporific masterpiece of almost cerebral subtlety. (AARRGHHH! CLICHE HORROR!!) still waters run deep, you know.

The album opens, suspiciously enough, with *Kiss them for me*; Siouxsie in such a magnificent dying swan mode, I am amazed they didn't close with this. Mind you, I could say the same about *The last beat of my heart* from *Peepshow*. The fact is, they're up to their old tricks again. This bloody record is so subtle it could almost be incidental, background music to fill out your scenes but subliminally, to infest your dreams. *Drifter*, another major offender in the infesting stakes, is classic banshees; There's not one obvious threat in this album, and it's frightening. Excuse me, my paranoia is reaching fever-pitch at the moment, but I'm expecting to be haunted tonight. Some pale, beautiful horror is going to follow me, at some distance, down a heavily-wooded road. Even as I speak, I can almost hear the owls in the trees above me. *It's in the trees...*

Now more than ever, their icy haughtiness is melting into some shimmering, silvery pool to welcome all potential drowners; *Fear* harks back to the sort of dry ice stomp of *Juju*, but basically what we now get as official banshee is gentle, but persistent fluidity. It's also much more danceable than *Peepshow*, and whether that detracts from the pigeonhole concept of their pseudo-religious following, is not important. It is simply a beautiful record; *Silver Waterfalls* and *Softly* are the epitomé of the new banshees, while *The Ghost in You* is *Rhapsody* revisited, dealing with the Tiannammen massacre and the general failure, at human level, of the practice of communism. In time-honoured fashion, we are told to keep alive the spirit of human freedom; funny, I'd always assumed that freedom was nothing more than the belief that one is free...

Right, closing paragraph. I've tried damnably hard to avoid using adjectives like 'bewitching', 'spookily' etc., and replace them with 'shimmering' and the like, but it's too demanding, and I'm a lazy bastard. Yep. *Superstition* is spookily bewitching, mesmerically creepy...a small black cat leaps onto my torso and, claws and all, proceeds to gently lick milky blood from my nipples. Fucking strange dream.

SONIC EUPH.



Carter USM

—Sheriff Fatman 7"

This is a re-release of Carter's second single involving granny farming, valium, amphetamines, Starship Enterprise Allowance Schemes and such like, but like all knowledgeable readers you knew that anyway. *Carter* see pop as an escape from the unfairness and banality of life. Undoubtedly success will alter their outlook on life, which will be a shame, but I can't wait to see Sarf London's ugliest on TOTP.

John.

Diamanda Galas

—Plague Mass LP

AIDS, it seems, is still around. It is still that obscure and most protracted form of suicide. However, it can no longer rely on ignorance, so it looks to the future and invests all its hope in complacency. Ignorance, after all, has found a new purpose. It's the same old purpose, and it renders ethical argument futile: The lessons of history are not missed on us, we are simply not interested. 'Plague Mass' is that futile ethical argument, and sadly, I am convinced that these screams will go largely unheard.

If I told you this woman was comparable only with the demented, vengeful harridans screaming at Robespierre as he was decapitated, you may not believe me. I was not in Paris in 1794, so how would I know? I don't, but I can, with equal readiness, think of Lucifer screeching his torment as he was cast down to the Judecca.

It is such images as these are invoked by this extraordinary music. To be honest, I knew what to expect; I phoned Mute Records to see if they would forward a copy for review, but I couldn't wait. I went out and bought it the day after - I begged this howling bitch to shriek-sing her paeans to pain, to cleanse me by slitting open my flesh and stripping me down to polished, white bone. There is much beauty in the simplistic. She leaves me breathless; Her bloody fists, Her bloody head, Her bloody anguish hopelessly pounding against impregnable walls. Do you want Her blood? I need it.

Sonic Euph.



Alaska, the Exxon Valdez Spill



Then and now

Alaska is a treasure trove of natural resources. The ancient Inuit, the Indians of the North, lived for thousands of years off Alaska's renewable resources; the seals, fish and whales of Alaskan waters. In modern times attention has focussed on the region's rich reserves of non-renewable resources; oil, gas, and mineral reserves. The extraction of these resources has proved controversial. Alaska is breathtakingly beautiful and is home to rich flora and fauna. The environment of Alaska has neither been comprehensively studied nor has any such area undergone similar development. Alaska is something of an environmental enigma. The effects of this lack of knowledge are twofold: a poor understanding of polar development has led to both insensitive development and unexploited opportunities.

The confusion and ignorance that lies beneath the surface of polar development was clearly seen when the 'Exxon Valdez' spilled her 11 million gallon oil cargo into Prince William Sound.

The Exxon Valdez

On March 24th 1989, the Exxon oil tanker, the Exxon Valdez, broke open on Bligh Reef and spilled 11.2 million gallons of crude oil into Prince William Sound. Thirty thousand fish from nine different species died in the initial stages of the spill as did over a thousand otters. There agreement ends.

Environmental Impact Assessment

Exxon was heavily criticised in the media during early March 1991 for an alleged whitewash surrounding the environmental impact of the oilspill on Prince William Sound. In July 1989 Exxon organised press conferences to show the world's media the apparently pristine beaches of the Sound. The before and after pictures of Block Island are taken from a press pack handed out at that time. There is strong evidence that those same beaches were re-oiled long after the media circus had moved on.

Independent empirical evidence is hard to come by. The initial impact reports were all written either by direct employees of Exxon, or people paid by them. These reports are subjective and non-empirical. The following conflicting statements appear in the publication 'Environmental recovery of Prince William Sound and the Gulf of Alaska', 'Longterm studies of the recovery process are incomplete and recovery timescales suggest some extrapolation', and in the same publication, 'we saw nothing to indicate Prince William Sound is particularly fragile. The marine

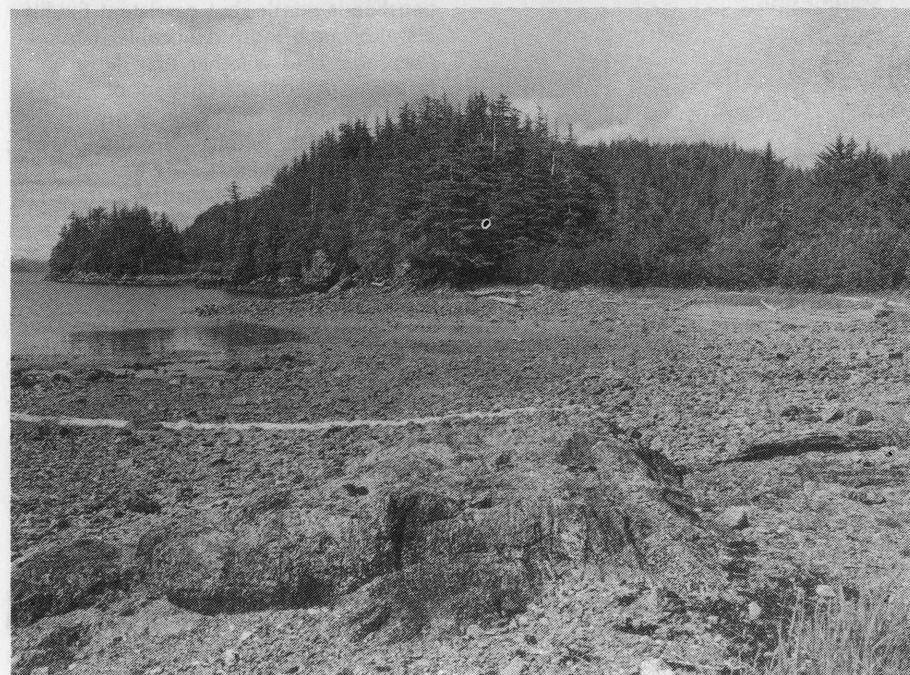
environment is a lot tougher and more resilient than most people give them credit for. All the evidence suggests Prince William Sound is a robust, resilient environment well on the way to recovery.' These environmental reports had no mention of Exxon and instead bore the emblem 'Printed on recycled paper'.

What is the truth

Even apparently quantitative analysis can be misleading. The histogram shows the pink salmon harvest from 1978 to 1990. The 1990 harvest is double that of the previous year. Salmon have a two yearly lifecycle therefore the first figures of any significance would be those for 1991, two years after the original spill. A recent

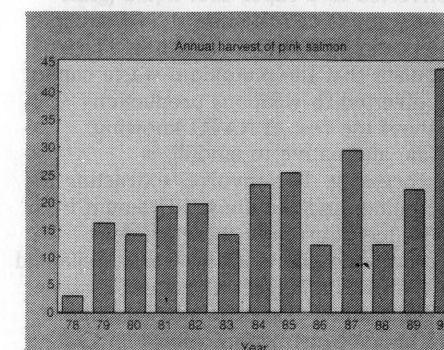


Block Island, April 1989



Block Island, June 1990

Channel 4 documentary revealed that even fish that did survive the original spill were polluted with oil. Valdez's canning factory was closed down by the local health inspectorate in July 1990 due to high levels of oil in fish.



Independent Reports

The only independent reports published to date examine the actual response to the oilspill. In Kelso's 'Alaskan response to the environment', published in the February 1991 edition of EST magazine, the response to the oil spill is criticised in three ways. The technical response to the oil spill, the beach washing technique, is heavily criticised, the report also concluded that there were insufficient resources and that the management of these resources was ineffective. Despite this criticism the United States government, according to New Scientist October 1989, has delayed ratification of an international treaty aimed at formalising who should be responsible for oil spills, both their clean up and cost.

Long Term

Significant amounts of oil are still being washed ashore in Prince William Sound. Fishermen describe the waters as 'dead'. There has never been an oil spill of these proportions in this type of environment before. Scientists both Exxon funded and independent must sit and wait before the long term effects of the spill can be fully assessed.

The Inuit and Alaska

According to the anthropologist James Watson the Inuit are 'one of the most sophisticated adaptations to the environment known to anthropology'. The Inuit of Alaska are descendants of the first human migrations, ten thousand years ago, across the prehistoric landbridge now washed by the Bering Sea. The Inuit are completely dependent on the renewable resources, especially marine mammals and fish. Until the late nineteenth century the Inuit lived in small semi-nomadic groups with strong social cohesion.

What Went Wrong?

During the early twentieth century the Inuit came into contact with 'the white man'. They became increasingly dependent on the commercial fur trade and abandoned their subsistence way of life. The fur trade collapsed in 1940 and the Inuit were starving. In the latter half of the twentieth century over-fishing and culling of marine animals has decimated the fauna of Alaskan waters. Even if the Inuit had still had the skills to return to their old way of life the resources were no longer there.

The Balance is Redressed

The advent of oil and gas exploration had focussed Inuit demands for self-determination. Their fight against the proposed MacKenzie pipeline was successful and acted as a cohesive force within the Inuit people. The two groups borne out of that fight COPE, Committee of Original Peoples Entitlement and the ITC, the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada continued the fight for Inuit independence. During their early years the groups concentrated on the settlement of land claims but growing

political awareness made Inuit organisations ever more determined to gain political independence for their people.

The Future

Inuit and Oil and Gas companies have learned to co-exist. In the same way the extraction of non-renewable resources must co-exist with the renewable resources of the Arctic. Although our knowledge of the Arctic is limited the way ahead is clear. A balance: neither blind exploitation of non-renewable resources nor preservation of Alaska's renewable resources to the exclusion of all else. Through compromise Alaska's future can be made secure and its magnificence, encapsulated in the ancient Inuit poem below, remain for generations well after our own.

*I arise from rest
With the beat of the raven's wings.
I arise
To meet the day.
My eyes turn from the night
To gaze at the dawn
Now whitening.*



Native Inuits



Nuclear Power. No Thanks?

When nuclear power was first introduced people said that electricity would be produced so cheaply that it wouldn't even be worth metering. Forty years on we are still paying the bills. If nuclear funding had been ploughed into renewable energy research from the beginning we might have achieved that enviable goal. Sadly though the weapons motives dictated a different path which, today, is still fraught with the debate which plagued it from Day 1.

With the inevitable connections between nuclear power and nuclear weapons "Joe public" believe that in order to be pro-nuclear power you have to be pro-nuclear weapons. However, support of the former does not dictate approval of the later. In Sweden 50% of the national electricity is produced by nuclear reactors, while they have no nuclear weapons. In Britain many people who work in the nuclear power are also in CND!

The basic principal of producing electricity is the same using any fuel, but with nuclear power the amount of fuel used to produce the energy through fission is much smaller. To produce the energy consumed by one person during their lifetime, would require 54 tonnes of coal, or 33 tonnes of oil, or 3kg of Uranium. The benefits are obvious. The difference of three orders of magnitude of mass is large enough to outway many of the disadvantages. Indeed standing downwind from a coal fired power station one is exposed to more radiation than living in the proximity of any nuclear power plant.

The allegations that incidences of leukaemia coincide with populations around nuclear power stations remain statistically unproved. The likelihood of a completely uniform distribution of anything is very low. Even "random" numbers are observed to "cluster." Of the thirty leukaemia clusters that have been identified in the UK, only 2-3 are next to power stations. According to Morgan Rue of BNF Ltd. there is apparently a higher correlation of leukaemia cases to ancient monuments. Living in Britain the radiation you are exposed to can be broken down as follows:

- 47 % Terrestrial Radon
- 14 % Terrestrial gamma from granites
- 12 % Eating (K40 in Hamburgers)
- 12 % Medical X-rays
- 10 % Cosmic radiation
- 4 % Thoron inside homes
- 0.4 % Fallout from weapons tests
- 0.4 % Miscellaneous...travel, luminous watches...
- 0.2 % Occupational (eg dental nurse)
- 0.1 % Nuclear discharge from power generation

Uranium is abundant and does not have many other uses as it is very brittle and dense. Despite the obvious attractions, political decisions in some countries have frozen the nuclear programme. In the United States, reactor construction has come to a halt, no new orders have been placed since 1978. In Sweden the termination of nuclear power generation by 2010 has been called for and in Switzerland and Germany there is a de facto moratorium.

However, on a global scale, nuclear power is a growing industry. In 1989, 16% of the world's electricity was produced by 426 nuclear reactors. There are currently 96 more reactors under construction which when completed would bring the total nuclear generating capacity to 397,178 MW. In 1989 12 reactors were added to the global grid and construction began on five reactors: two in Japan, two in South Korea and one in the USSR. Does this mean that nuclear power is becoming safer?

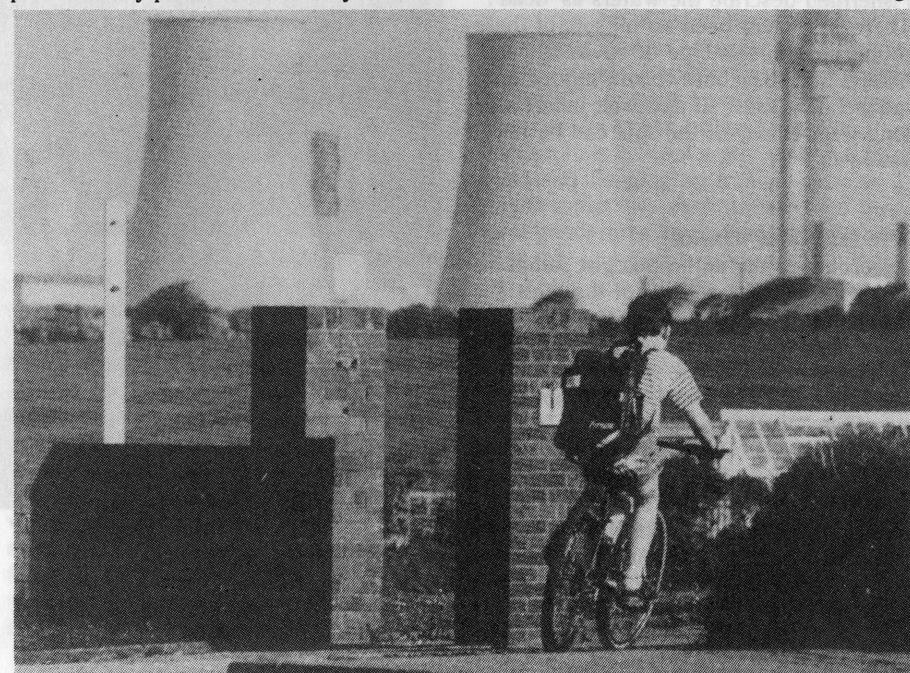
Whether incidents or accidents is a matter of definition. Whatever you want to call them, they are always serious and potentially deadly. Germany has one of the most exhaustive records of nuclear incidents. This is perhaps a function of their stringent laws which require details of every episode that effects safety. In 1988, 296 such incidents were documented. Causes were recorded as incorrect planning and construction, incorrect use of equipment, incorrect manufacture of equipment. Even if the reaction process could be made 100% safe there is still all the waste to be dealt with.

Like any other process, nuclear fission generates waste products. Although less volume than other methods, the plutonium by-product is toxically far more

of a problem. The liquid waste is stored in stainless steel containers which, after the liquid has cooled, are put into landfills. The volumes of waste can be reduced substantially when the liquid is converted to a super cool liquid (glass form), and it can then be stored under International Safety Guide-lines. These stipulate that the plutonium waste cannot be diverted to weapons production without the rest of NATO knowing.

The alternative to landfill, is reprocessing. This involves extracting the Plutonium and the unused Uranium from spent fuel. Currently there are four reprocessing plants in the world; Sellafield in the UK, La Hague in France, Tarapur in India and Tokai in Japan. Four more are under construction. Allegations of radioactive discharge from the Sellafield plant are dismissed by BNFL Ltd. Rue states that there is "less radioactive discharge than from coffee beans. In thirty years it has put half a tonne of plutonium into the Irish sea. This compares with the two million tonnes of naturally occurring alpha omitters already there. The mutant fish trawled in by fisherman are put down to sampling error. "Mutants are naturally occurring anyway", says Rue. "Around the discharge pipes fisherman bring back all the mutants they catch. Further away, they are thrown back to preserve the clean image of the industry."

Reprocessing still results in some waste which still needs storing; typically for 500 years. After this period it can be reclassified from high level to intermediate level; which is low enough to be manageable. Stored waste is already producing problems. The United States' Washington State Hansford Nuclear Reservation is the oldest site, with 177 steel concrete tanks containing



radioactive waste. Sixty-six of these are leaking, twenty-two are accumulating dangerous amounts of hydrogen and another 22 are potentially explosive. The star of the reservation is tank 101-SY which is sending up hydrogen bubbles through the hard crust. The dilemma is how to gain access to the tanks without creating an explosion and scattering radioactive material over a large area.

So can nuclear power with all its pitfalls and problems ever be made safe? In 1946 the then US Secretary of State Dean Acheson along with David Lithienthal and Bernard Baruch of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission called for the creation of a global agency to govern atomic power. The agency could ensure reactor safety, to implement and monitor waste storage facilities, while taking into account the concern of the year 2000 and beyond. The idea of International Waste storage facilities was developed further by Wolf Hafele in 1976. He believed that such facilities would be immune to national politics and so would not hold back development in science and technology of waste disposal methods. But even with improvements in design, efficient fuel cycles, and other technologies, would more countries consider nuclear power unless it is economically feasible?

In the UK where nuclear power has contributed to the national grid for over forty years, John Wakeham, (Energy Secretary) last year gave formal approval to the building of Britain's second pressurised water reactor at Hinkley point on the Somerset coast. The project at Hinkley point will cost £1,700m and will depend on the Government's review of its' nuclear programme, scheduled for 1994. The inquiry into Hinkley-C included an investigation of economic benefits of nuclear power alongside fossil fuels, but with the rates of return needed by private investigators, nuclear power looked unfavourable. This resulted in the removal of the ageing Magnox reactors, and the removal of the nuclear power stations from the privatisation of the electricity supply industry and scrapped the plans for Sizewell-C and Wylfa-B.

For the moment nuclear power is losing popularity in some countries, but since its origin in the 1950's the propaganda from both camps continues and the debate goes on.

STOIC PRESENT GOING FOR COPPERS

A fun new quiz show after
the news at 1pm on
Thursday

British Coal Challenge Ban



British Coal is renewing its efforts to develop a new opencast pit in NW Leicestershire. The proposals have been met by fierce opposition, Anna Teeman reports.

In August British Coal will open its appeal against Leicestershire County Council's decision to reject a planning application for a new opencast mine in North West Leicestershire.

The area concerned lies to the south of Coalville which has its own opencast pit, Coalfield North. The proposed site lies between the picturesque villages of Heather, Ravenstone, Packstone and Normanton-le-Heath. The villages' residents, many of whom are vehemently opposed to the proposal, are fighting British Coal through the organisation FOIL (Fight Opencast Mining in Leicestershire).

FOIL's opposition to opencast mining is based on both economic and environmental grounds. The environmental arguments aside, FOIL is incensed by the apparent economic stupidity of opencast mining. The proposed site, known by the Coal Board and coalfield west, would, in common with other opencast pits in Great Britain, produce high sulphur coal. The power generating companies, opencast mining's all powerful customer, foist penalties on such coal. In addition low sulphur coal must be imported into the country, at cost, for proper mixing.

FOIL see just the phrase 'opencast mining' as misleading. NW Leicestershire has a tradition of deep-mine coal mining. Up to 4,500 miners have been made redundant due to pit closures in recent years. Using the phrase 'opencast mining', argue FOIL 'sways people into acceptance'. They see the opencast extraction process as more akin to civil engineering than to mining. The employment benefits for the local community are minimal, say FOIL, completely opposite to the days when a whole village would be employed by a deep-mine.

FOIL are deeply concerned about the environmental impact of a large opencast pit on the local area. Residents are concerned about dust, noise, traffic and the aesthetic impact of an opencast pit.

The environmental section within the original British Coal planning application lists all possible environmental hazards but contains only vague assurances that no detrimental environmental impact will result. According to Mr A Crompton of British Coal Region Project Group, his company intend to present more quantitative information at the forthcoming appeal. Mr Crompton was extremely cagey about what such information might contain. British Coal are keen to keep their new environmental plans under wraps and away from the action groups until the appeal.

Even if British Coal do pull a sparkling new environmental plan out of the bag, local residents are unlikely to change their opinion of the Coal Board. British Coal has already simply chopped down 'Green Lane', a bridleway documented as containing hedgerows of enormous ecological significance, on the boundaries of the proposed site. As to increased noise British Coal's measurements of the crucial background noise were taken as a jumbo jet flew over and an articulated lorry rumbled past, say local residents. British Standards 4142, by which the Coal Board would have to abide if a new pit were opened, state that noise would not exceed the present level by over 10db. By not averaging out their readings, British Coal attempted to stay within that all important 10db range, foul play say residents. British Coal, in the original environmental statement say dust wouldn't be a problem, despite unequivocal proof that it pays a local nursery owner living near Coalfield North £3,00 per year to clean dust from his greenhouse windows.

British Coal are adamant that coal would be transported by rail; residents question this. Two children were killed last year by lorries from a nearby pit where all the coal went by rail.

The appeal is due to open in Leicestershire on August 6th 1991 is expected to last three weeks.

—FELIX— BOUND EDITIONS

Bound volumes of this year's FELIX, issue numbers 874 to 908, are available at a cost of £32. If you would like to order one of these memorable tomes please send a cheque made payable to the 'ICU Print Unit' with your full name and your departmental or home address for next year (including phone number), to the FELIX Office, Beit Quad. The copies will be available for collection from late summer, but orders, with cheques, must be received by the end of term.

PRINT UNIT summer work

Anybody requiring any print work over the summer must book jobs in by the end of term.

Any work booked in after June 21st will be taken on a first come, first served basis.

See Chris Stapleton in the FELIX Office soon or call on ext 3515

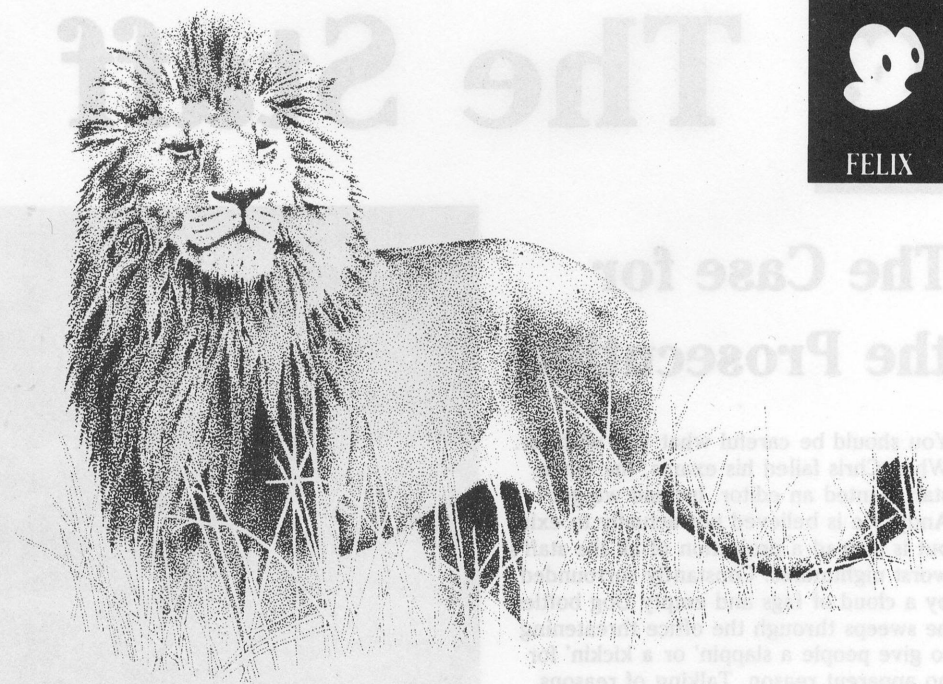
FELIX SUBSCRIPTIONS

***Leaving College?
Want to keep in touch?***

Order a year's subscription to FELIX to cover the 91/92 issues starting in the summer.

The cost? A mere £15. Send your cheque, made payable to the ICU Print Unit, the FELIX Office, Beit Quad, with your name, address and telephone number.

Felix



FELIX

The Felix office has a reputation for being the sanctuary of dispossessed, disgruntled and disillusioned science students seeking refuge from the peculiarities of the college and the people in it, and from the excessive tedium and pain that many of the courses inflict. This has generated a certain atmosphere within the office which though I often feel is not altogether healthy, does give the weekly output a certain objectivity. It also seriously gets up the nose of people like the Rector and associates whose job it is to sell the college to sixth formers, foreign governments and businesses by telling them what a orgasmically superb place it is, where the happy, oh so rapturously happy students only stop enjoying themselves when they fall asleep after a long (but happy) day spent studying their future vocation. I thoroughly enjoy irritating the powers of authority, I'm sure I'll have plenty of opportunity next year.

Felix is now the proud owner of a collating machine. This will speed up the grindingly painful late night process of manual collating - that is assembling each copy of Felix by hand, with the aid of a great deal of alcohol. This technological leap has its obvious benefits, but its downside is that the opportunity for people from outside Felix to make contact with the office is diminished.

In my second year at this place I was Felix's news editor, well, to be exact I was the entire news team - Felix has a perennial problem of too many chiefs and not enough Indians. As well as stoking my paranoia this has made me a 'news

person', meaning that I see Felix primarily as a newspaper. This has a number of intrinsic problems, the main one being that we need far more news reporters than we have at present. A secondary problem is that the front page is going to be news, not a photograph like this year. I have heard a number of points of view on this matter, generally opposed to mine, and I have decided to exert my authority and completely ignore them. A tertiary problem is what to do with our photographers now that they don't have a front page to fill.

By far the biggest problem facing next year's Felix is the same as has faced this year's, namely the lack of volunteers running it. Those who have worked on it this year have done an excellent job, but they all have degrees to get so it is highly unethical to push them to do more than they are doing already. The upshot of this is that complaints about the quality, contents or quantity of Felix are singularly pointless. This is not wilful dismissal of those complaints, but merely saying that the solution to the problem lies within the hands of the plaintiff. If you feel that the quality of English is poor, spelling is abysmal or that there is not enough news, *don't* stop complaining, but do come and do something constructive about it.

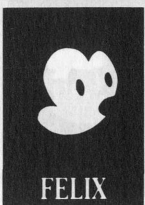
If Felix cannot depend on people to come into the office by their own initiative, a campaign of leafleting and posterage may be instigated. If this fails I may be compelled to resuscitate the custom of pressganging. So please, help! We desperately need more volunteers.

Although I hope that I will be able to work with Zoë, Jonathan and Steve of the Union executive elect next year I believe it is important that the Felix editor should feel no guilt at slamming a member of the executive if that editor thinks they deserve it. I have no evidence to suppose that any of these three disagree with me on this point, but just to emphasise it, Felix must never be allowed to become the lapdog of the Union executive. It would lose all credibility and what's more, it would become terribly, terribly dull. Speaking of lapdogs, it looks like there might be a general election during my year of office. I'm sure I get as irritated as any sane person with the backstabbing and shit throwing that accompanies this triennial orgy of senselessness, so I promise from the uttermost depths of my limbic system that Felix will not become the exclusive battleground of the college's representatives of bolshevism or bourgeoisie.

Finally I wish to extend my gratitude to Chris and Andy for keeping the flame alive for the past year - I hope to see them both again after the summer holiday. Undying thanks goes towards the trusty band of Felixites and Felixettes who are, in the main, the people responsible for each week's baby. Not forgetting, of course, the people whose word is law within the office, and who can cause the building to tremble and the mountains to shake, Andy the printer and Rose the typesetter operator.

I am looking forward to being editor next year.

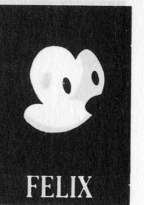
Freshers issue next year comes out on 30th September. Anybody wanting an entry should see me before the 31st August. If you would like work printed over the summer, see me as soon as possible.



The Staff on the

Editor,

After two terms of command under Andy 'the' Butcher the staff of Felix air their views and reveal the truth behind the man in charge.



The Case for the Prosecution

You should be careful what you wish for. When Chris failed his exams, the whole staff wanted an editor. Instead we got Andy. He is believed not actually to exist, but is instead a projection of all the staff's worst nightmares. Constantly surrounded by a cloud of fags and empty Dog bottles, he sweeps through the office threatening to give people a slappin' or a kickin' for no apparent reason. Talking of reasons, we still wonder why he actually stood for the post. After drawing a couple of cartoons, and doing a bit of collating, he suddenly found himself in charge of producing 4,000 copies of a magazine every week. The only explanation he has ever given is that it would be 'a larf'. My, how we larfed.

Things did not start well when most of the staff did not come back from holiday for the first issue. In a fit of madness, the features editor (who hasn't been seen for the whole of the summer term!) suggested a cover, and Andy's bum was printed 4,000 times, in red. In panic, the staff returned, and while they tried to bring the style back to normal, Andy proceeded to try and write the entire magazine himself. The odd cartoon, massive editorials and endless features on the Andy's second love (the first being himself), comics began to dominate the magazine. Staff were resigning in droves.

By the Valentine's Issue he had discovered the standard excuse 'I'm not a sabbatical and I've got exams' and disappeared for two weeks. The litho broke down in despair, along with the staff. The printer and print unit manager got drunk, and various staff members found themselves in overnight paste up sessions. To complete a perfect week, it started snowing. This may also have been Andy's fault.

After a particularly late night's collating he declared his intention to have FELIX finished by the time the pubs shut. He didn't specify on which day or in which time zone. In recent weeks it has become apparent that he meant Monday, although it's been a close thing recently.

The subtle distinction between reality and fantasy is non-existent in the byzantine labyrinths of Our Darling Editor's mind. The personal computer in the office has a city simulation game on it, and boy is he PISSED OFF if anybody releases earthquakes, floods, godzillas and air crashes on it when he's not looking. And as everybody knows, when Bagpuss plays computer games, all the mice on



the mouseorgan fall asleep. Whilst deadlines heroically slip by, and the madness unfolds, what is Andy doing? Is he in his room studiously revising? Is he catching up on his course work? Is he jollying on the staff? Is he typesetting, pasting, bromiding or writing editorials? Is Val Doonican a real hip guy? The answer is cruel but true.

Another favorite pastime is often played as collating sessions wear on. When everybody else wants to get finished and collapse into bed, Andy looks for a verbal fight. Collating is forgotten as tempers rise and contradictory statements fly. It doesn't matter what the subject or the angle, Andy always has the last word, of course (see Editor on staff!).

His latest psychological disorder stems from the Life Sci ball. Ever since he attended this event he has been claiming to be a celestial avatar of sex god. This is based on the fact that he believes that people spent the evening telling him how gorgeous he looked in his Tux. He was too drunk to realise they were in fact telling him how 'gargoyle'-ous he looked.

He has an overdraft larger than most third world debts, a waistline to match and turns into an amoeba at the sight of a spliff. As the saying goes 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak (and flabby)'.

The Felix staff's confidence in Andy 'the' Butcher was seconded only by the relief of the Union staff and sabbaticals; relief in knowing that their incompetence

would not be recognised given the sheer incompetence present in Mr Butcher's Gotham-warped mind. The faith of the Union Social Colours committee was also in evidence. 'Votes for...?', '...and those against?', 'that's a far greater number'.

Andrew very rarely takes things in the spirit in which they are intended. He will probably succumb to suicidal thoughts on reading this article. Every editor has been slagged off by his staff in the final issue of each year. The difference is, up until now, the staff haven't meant it.

And what of the future? Mr Butcher has expressed a desire to edit London Student - the rag of the University of London Union in a year or so. Interested parties are rubbing their hands in glee at this thought. We've been looking for an excuse to shut London Student down for years...

The immediate future for Andy is a return to the life sciences division. Well probably not, given that he has done less for his course than for Felix. Rumours that his examination pass will be delivered to him by Lord Lucan riding Shergar are said to be completely unfounded, but quite possible nonetheless.

And just before we finish, as Andy always complains about being criticized behind his back, this time it's in black and white, and read in 2750 Felices.

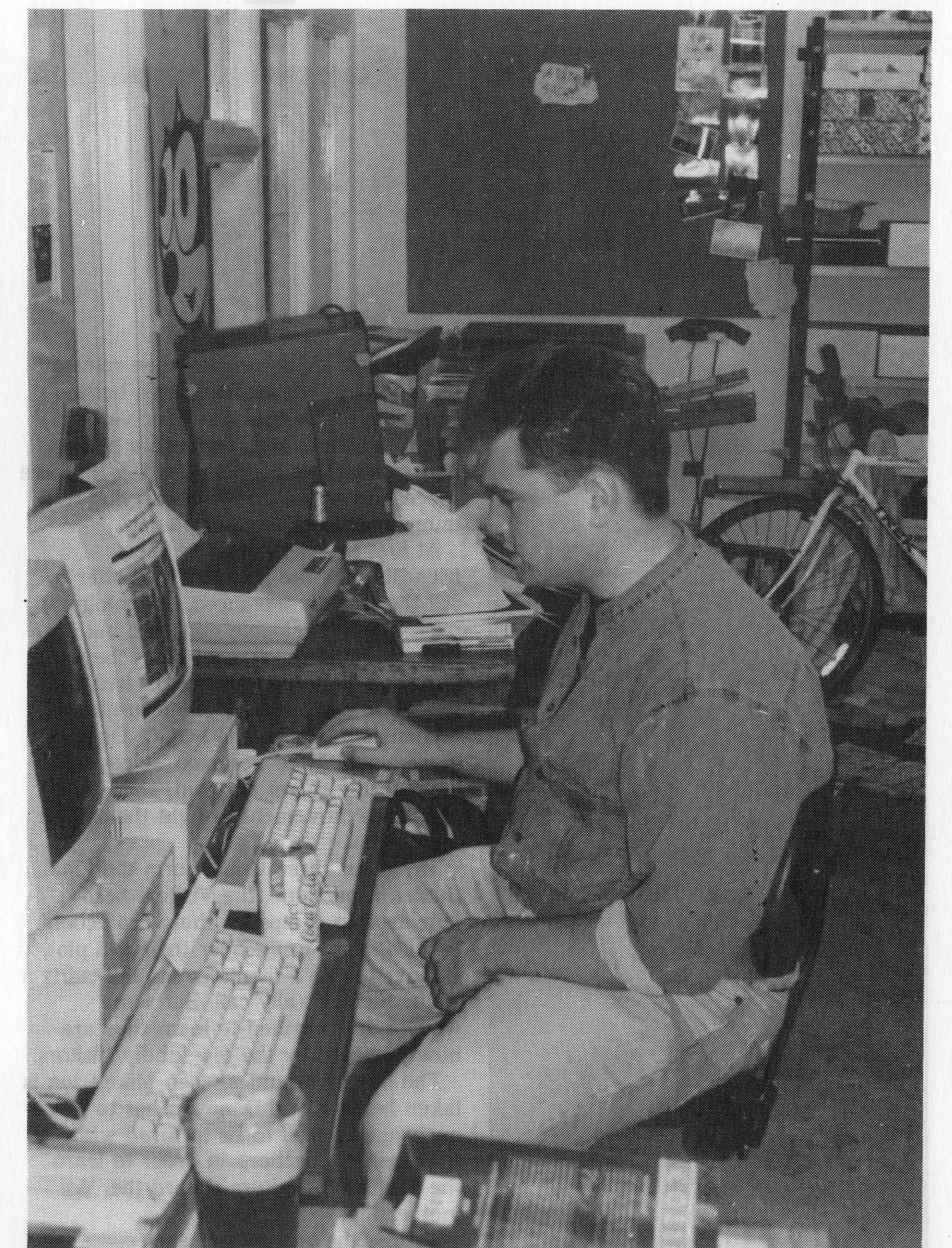
The hottest head, a temper vastly quicker than his paste-ups or editorials, more quirky than Bill Goodwin: Andrew Butcher, you're going down.

The Case for the Defence

Being the first non-sabbatical Felix editor since 1974 put Andy in a very difficult position. Editing Felix is a time consuming job, and mixing this with an attempt to save a degree that was already 'spiralling into oblivion' was a nearly impossible task. There was no way that he could be in the office enough to give the staff the sort of guidance they need (individually us staff are quite competent, but in groups we tend to assume a sheep-like quality, needing to be reminded to sleep, for example).

He was torn between his course and Felix, feeling an obligation to do both, and finding himself doing neither. Editing a magazine when you have only eight hours work a week is hard enough, but doing a full-blown science course takes things beyond the realms of possibility.

The problems really started about his



fourth and fifth issues. Various tensions around the office came to head, as Andy effectively had to take two weeks off to do his exams. As a result staff found themselves doing much more work which interfered with their course work. Some had to resign. This in its turn had the effect of starting to break up the 'family spirit' that is, too a large extent, the driving spirit behind Felix. Course pressures, and in one case, starting to edit another college's paper, led to the departure of many of the general purpose staff, leading to a team mainly concerned with their own sections. The magazine team had become more insular with few people willing to just do past-ups.

Andy found things more and more frustrating, and as he received less help, he began to lose interest in Felix. Things reached a head when virtually all of the

remaining staff went on strike on a Thursday night, with half of Felix still to be printed. Production of Felix had become virtually impossible.

While he really had started out with good intentions, the mountains he had to scale were nearly insurmountable. Despite this, for much of the time Felix was bigger than last year's. And he really is quite a good bloke. And he reads (fairly) good comics and ... um ... he bought me a drink once and err...

The moral of this tale is not that Andy is a completely useless editor, but rather that to have a non-sabbatical Felix editor is virtually impractical. Andy took on a shit job, with little idea of what he was getting into, and very little experience of the job. Is it any surprise that things went wrong? Thanks for trying Andy.



FELIX

Competition

WARNER
HOME
VIDEO

V

'V', the cult TV show, has been released on video by Warner Bros. This huge series covers no less than four videos, one of which is over two and a half hours long! This covers parts I & II where spaceships arrive on Earth carrying humanoids from another planet.

At first the aliens declare their friendship for the populace and offer to sell their highly advanced technology in exchange for valuable minerals, but soon their true nature reveals itself - they are disguised carnivores, intent on stealing the world's water supply and turning humans into slaves and FOOD! One cameraman, Mike Donovan, uncovers their deadly secret and joins the resistance movement to fight the sinister oppression.

The other three videos form the Final Battle. In part one, the Visitors herd humans into camps for their 'protection'. In an attempt to uncover their evil plot, Donovan raids a media event and starts a 'V for Victory' rally call. But some women are horrified to learn they are now pregnant by the few kindly Visitors.

The battle continues when Mike's son is taken hostage and Donovan has to exchange himself to be tortured with truth serum injections in order to learn the identity of traitors aboard the mothership.

To free the world from alien domination, rebels extract bacteria from an interplanetary off-spring, fatal to Visitors but harmless to humans. However, the invaders possess a device that could destroy the world. The rebels must disarm the bomb but the leader of the Visitors, maniacal with fury over reports of dying alien troopers, makes one last attempt to ensure the Visitors' master plan succeeds.

Felix has several sets of videos to give away, courtesy of Warner Bros. The most correct answers from the following questions wins! In the case of a tie, I choose.

**What does 'V' stand for?
What colour is a London Bus?**

Bring your answer to the Felix office by the end of Friday with your name, address and telephone number.



THE
FINAL
BATTLE

Win Win Win

Absolutely Nothing

4	20	26	20	26		20		22	6	5	1	1
20		10		13	26	3	8	14		13		5
5		18		13				19		19		9
16	26	9	8	21		24		17	26	6	9	14
			10		12	26	25		2			
13	26	20	7			26			5	11	22	14
5			5	12	26	18	5	10	11			19
25	26	18	23		5			22	14	20	12	
			10		10	11	8		26			
18	14	5	11	19		25		10	9	9	26	8
19		11		19				3		26		26
19		15		3	18	5	22	26		11		11
1	20	9	26	9		11		9	5	13	26	13

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
		P									B	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
						U						

Here's a little brain teaser to keep you going for a while. Above is a crossword with no clues.

If you haven't already guessed, each number corresponds to a letter, so all you have to do is find out which number represents which letter and hay – presto, it's done in a twinkling of an eye.

What, it's not that easy you say. You're just lucky we didn't get time to write our very own Cubeword; a nine by nine by nine crossword to really peel off any brain cells left after the exams! Anyway, we've generously given you three of the letter/number combinations to get you started, so off you go.

Come Rain or Shine MIDSUMMER '91 This Friday 21st!

Whatever the weather it's going to be a sizzling summer solstice.

A night full of exotic multi-cultural aromas, sights and sounds.

So, why not make-up a table of friends from your department?

Don't miss this opportunity to win a £200 travel voucher.

Get your tickets NOW!

BUFFET DINNER MENUS

Roast rib of Scotch beef
Cold poached Scotch salmon, dill
mayonnaise
Tossed salad leaves
Waldorf salad

Vegetarian: Mushroom and sour cream
roulade



Raspberries & cream

Fusilli Pesto-or Lasagne al forno
Mixed salad with Italian dressing
Mozarella, tomato and basil salad



Zabaglione

Lamb Korma-or Hot Madras vegetable
curry
Served with Patna rice
Pitta bread
Rathi and aubergine chutney



Shamali



midsummer 91

21st July

Dinner Tickets £7.50

News Review 90-91

Accommodation

Clayponds and Montpelier Hall are two names which have been linked throughout the year. In separate deals, so it is claimed, the College was to sell Montpelier for at least £7 million and finance the building of a new estate in South Ealing, Clayponds, for £11 million. The sale of Montpelier, however, was a fiasco. At first the students were told they would have to leave before Christmas, then the deal was delayed and they were given a reprieve. It was up to Felix, however, to tell them this.

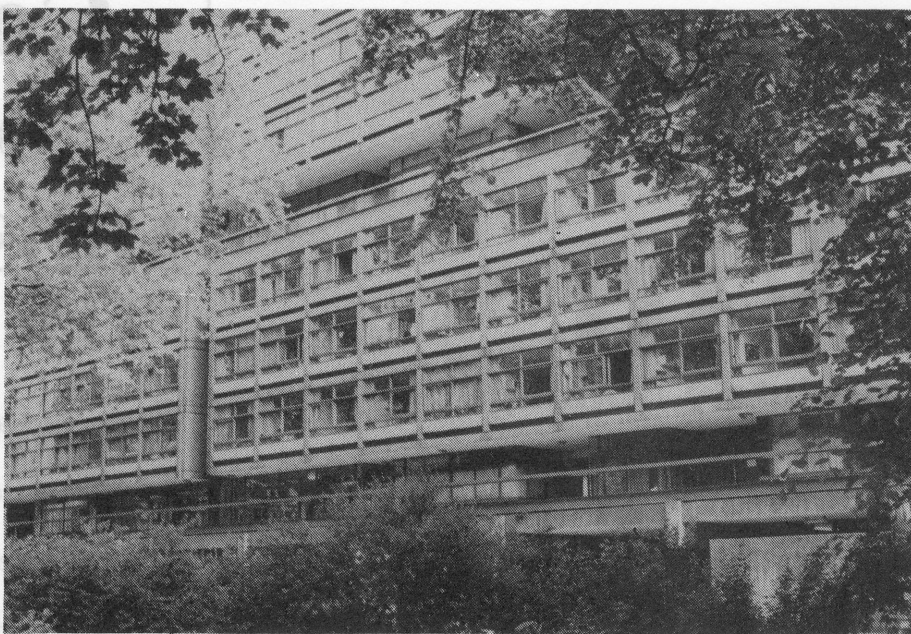
Clayponds went ahead, even though the College had, as yet, not received any money from Montpelier. This sale was wrecked when it was discovered in the deeds that the building could only be used for educational purposes. Sir Eric, in the Rector's question time recently, said that 'we've made a terrible mess of it', a feeling echoed by those who have been left in uncertainty over exactly how long they had left at Montpelier.

Now the first residents have moved into Clayponds, and very nice it is too. It just seems strange that College should be buying a whole new estate when the Accommodation Office is deeply in debt. Perhaps it is hoped that by raising a large amount in new rents, the £20.5 million accommodation deficit may be paid off. Hence the steep rent rises proposed for next year.

Dissatisfaction over levels of rent reached unprecedented levels when residents of many halls were asked to pay full rent over the Easter vacation or empty their rooms. This was done without the consultation of the wardens and was seen by many students as a way of making a fast buck.

As for next year, increases include a rise in deposits from £50 to £75 and a lengthening of the period of notice to a term. This will make it far more difficult to move out of a College room. Residents will also be asked to pay for 34 weeks instead of 31 in many halls. Consultation between Paul Shanley and Gordon Marshall over a proposed rent increase from £46 to £52 p/w has made the later lose face. Mr Marshall shall henceforth not be handling rents.

There is another problem with accommodation, that of ageing buildings. Southside should be condemned in a few years time, having been built 29 years ago, with an intended lifespan of 25 years. It is unlikely that the College will be allowed to build such a monstrosity again, which means that a large sum of money will be needed to finance a hall of the same size. Of course a smaller hall could be built, or the land used for other purposes, but the student population have a need for more purpose built accommodation near to College, not less.



Ongoing Sagas

The future of the careers service at Imperial is looking bleak with the planned disaffiliation from the University of London Careers Advisory Service (ULCAS). The Rector took what he said was a purely managerial decision to break contact with ULCAS, consulting only Mr Angus Fraser, College's Managing Director, and not the student representatives. There are fears that this move will reduce careers advice in non-scientific areas since the Rector is known to favour graduates moving into jobs of a technical nature.

Claimed benefits of disaffiliation include simplification of the management structure, but Russ Clarke, IC's chief careers advisor from ULCAS believes the service provided to students could suffer. Unsurprisingly, the move was initiated when the College was asked to pay more money for the service. They had been receiving ULCAS support at a reduced rate due to a quirk in university funding procedures. Funny how money considerations overrule that of students.

Queen Mary and Westfield College took drastic action to save money - it has decided to close at least one department and severely curtail others. Up to 400 jobs may be lost in the next five years as the hospital restructures in the process of becoming self-governing. The action group there expects the Government to close one London teaching hospital. This would have a severe effect, not only on patient care, but on training for the future.

The College announced a new science park to be built at Duffryn, South Wales. The first building is likely to be a £2 million technology center called 'Imperial House'. Research projects form a large part of Imperial's income, £39 million for

the 1989/90 period. Does all this money have to go back into research? One would have hoped that part could be used to pay off the massive accommodation debt. That kind of transaction is illegal under Government regulations, but as the Rector said about missing lectures; 'it's been done before'.

College Security

Theft has been a major problem all year, contributing to the news again and again. Unfortunately the Union building is still as insecure as it was this time last year and random thefts are increasing.

The biggest movers during the year have been bikes. Plugging D-locks has made no impression on students. The College in general is an area of rich pickings with departments being totally insecure. Many cheque books and cards have been stolen from offices and from the Union. On three occasions this year Benjamin Turner, ICU Deputy President, gave chase and successfully gained their collars. In the words of the local nick, it's more than they have had! Although I support students and staff being wary, it should not be their responsibility to protect the College.

Even the College Ambulance was broken into and £500 of emergency equipment stolen. Included in the items taken was Nitrous Oxide. Known more commonly as laughing gas it was probably intended for personal use. Another College vehicle, a mail van, left unattended for a few minutes, was stolen and driven to Peckham. It seemed that most of the post, apart from six registered packets, was untouched. The driver was chastised but security commented that the theft was 'one of those things'.

News Review 90-91

An attempt was made to reduce incidents occurring in Southside bar by introducing card checks at the door, although I still wonder why the checkers don't carry ID themselves! Perhaps some similar scheme should be attempted in the Union Bar which has had several fights, some involving persons not involved with IC. The Carnival, for example, led one man to punch out a window, lacerating his hand.

Geoff Reeves, Head of Security, resigned a year before retirement, since he did not feel that he had enough time to carry out the changes in security that were being mooted. 'Half-baked change', as he called it, seems to be rife in College.

During the year computer hacking was made a criminal act by the Computer Misuse Act 1990. This necessitated universities to take a serious view on hacking and the Board of Studies passed the following regulation: 'Computer misuse will be regarded as a serious offence and will be dealt with under the College Disciplinary Procedure...'

During the time of the Gulf War, or police action as they like to call it, rumours of stored nerve gas quickly drifted around College. A siren was installed in the Queen's Tower to scare the shit out of everybody and orders were issued to leave College premises, turn East and run like hell. It was also requested that no such information should be channelled to the media but someone spoke to the Evening Standard, say no more.

On the 18th January, Felix carried a report of the bombing of Tel Aviv, written at 1.30am. Huddling round the radio, bringing the news to students as it happened, we fulfilled the journalists' dream - to be first with the news.

Unfortunately we typeset the date wrongly and to some it appeared as if the occurrence happened a week earlier.

Morons in College

They came to earth in order to seek out Science Fiction Society (ICSF) and lay a simple power cable. This simple message belied their true mission: to drill a big hole in ICSF's door, walls and ceiling.

Another example of Estates' ineptitude is the state of the Union lift. This machine was out of order for nearly a year whilst a vital component was manufactured in the United States. Why it was not possible for the combined resources of Imperial College to repair one bit of metal one shall never know.

An indication of the priority given to students is the fact that although many minor repairs have been requested by this year's sabbaticals very little has been done to improve the fabric of the Union building, often leaving it insecure. This is indicative of the state of College repairs. In fact it has been rumoured that with respect to Evelyn Gardens, Joe Dines and Peter Hallworth will be holding up falling ceilings with their bare hands to save money.

Dr Gillon, Director of the College Health Service put his foot in it when he supported the prescription of beta-blockers to students to help them through money. Inevitably it will be the students who will have to pay the difference. This will further reduce the divide between Imperial College and Imperial College plc. Already the London School of Economics and University College have considered charging tuition fees. IC's own Management School has increased its course fees for the MBA in Management from £3,500 to £4,500.

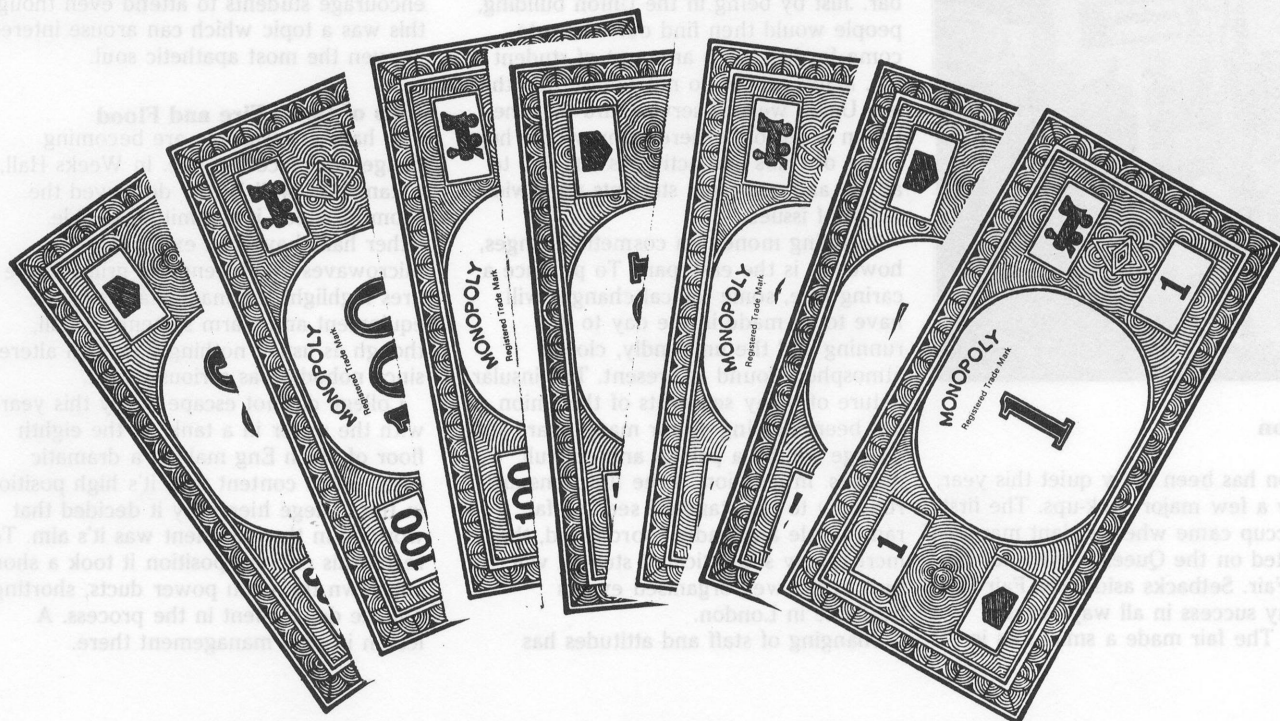
examinations. His comments about students being able to sit through examinations without extreme anxiety affecting their results highlights the negative effect of examinations on students in general. It is generally agreed that regularly assessed practical coursework is a far better indicator of a pupil's ability than a few hours of torturous abstract problem solving.

Imperial has decided that the blanket agreement for paying BOC for various gasses is not in their favour, and are looking at various other suppliers. Imperial provides 10% of the total academic market for gases, but pays the same rate as smaller consumers. Of course any agreement in which College paid out to support more needy colleges who do not have the same resources is not fair and should be scrapped. I would not have expected less from the clutching financiers of Sherfield.

Still in Sherfield, Tom Stevens, IC Business Manager, was given a graceful heave-ho. The man 'in the know', Angus Fraser, gave the damning 'no comment' and left us to guess whether this had any connection with Rob Northey's intended resignation. Mr Northey, IC's Refectory Manager, had little to say on the subject. The few reasons he gave being interrupted by the chuckled comment 'I'm not going to tell you'. One can only speculate, and we will. Why was he paid an extra months salary?

Money, I want Money.

On a larger scale, the University Funding Council have decided that they can not fund universities to the level universities think they need. In other words, universities must support more students to a better level of education with less



News Review 90-91

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As well as cutting funding to universities, the Government this year has introduced the Student Loan. This is intended to offset the depreciation of grants which have been frozen at last year's level. However, by the beginning of November only 200 students had applied. Was this due to the general apathy that haunts IC or due to a massed outcry against this twisted system? In tandem with the loans came the Access Fund, a Government safety net for impoverished students. Mr Cullen, who managed both schemes, tried valiantly to give away £259,400, receiving just 220 applications at first, rising to 560 after a campaign in Felix. Next year Mr Cullen hopes to have more to give out and thought that more students would apply. These grants aren't to offset the loss of housing benefit are they?



The Union

The Union has been fairly quiet this year, with only a few major cock-ups. The first major hiccup came when a giant marquee was erected on the Queen's Lawn for the Careers Fair. Setbacks aside, the Fair was a runaway success in all ways except financial. The fair made a small loss in

comparison with the substantial surplus it made last year, but this was due to a change in organisation and added facilities to the companies who attended.

An even bigger clanger was dropped to the tune of £5,500 due to maladministration both in the Union and the College over the 'big gig' which was due to be held in the Careers Fair's marquee the next weekend. On the day the marquee wasn't used, there wasn't a bar extension, the support band pulled out and publicity was poor. The ticket price spiraled down from the original £7, and ended up free. Even so, only 350 people attended to see the ever trendy Dr. and the Medics. Fortunately, the gigs later in the year were more successful and attracted a fair crowd.

The Snack-bar (aka the 'Lounge Bar' aka the Caterpillar Cafe) has been refitted again during the year, this time with some success. Although the conversion to dark blue carpet and pink walls cost around £8,000, the establishment broke even for the first time in four years. The change started well, with a new selection of baps (Chicken Tikka anyone?) and pastries. The latter, however, are overpriced and the finesse that went into the first menus seems to have fallen into the familiar 'there's chilli or some vegi mush'.

Further work planned for the summer that should make entering the toilets less of an ordeal and revamp the Union office, is the first stage of an attempt to make students feel part of the Union. The aim is to create a hub of activities to which a student may turn for entertainment. This would provide a reason for students to come to the Union building, eat some food in the Union Lounge-bar, watch a film courtesy of the Union's Film Society and socialise over a drink from the Union bar. Just by being in the Union building, people would then find out where to come for help with any part of student life. Many people do not realise that there is a Union welfare service and that the Union is not only there to provide a huge range of clubs and activities but also to advise and represent students on a wide range of issues.

Spending money on cosmetic changes, however, is the easy part. To produce a caring face, some radical changes will have to be made in the day to day running and the unfriendly, closed atmosphere found at present. The insular nature of many segments of the Union has been building up for many years and change will be a painful and difficult process. In addition, if the functions are run only to the standard seen so far, ramshackle and badly coordinated, the increasingly sophisticated student will turn to the well organised events available in London.

Changing of staff and attitudes has

started this year with new staff being appointed to over half the professional posts in the Union. This has already had an effect, with Mandy Hurford, the new Union Manager, instigating the successful changes seen in the Snack-bar. She is the driving force behind many of the changes mooted above.

The face of the Union certainly changed with the retirement of Jen Hardy-Smith who was at the centre of the Union for 17 years. With new faces in both the finance and administrative sections of the Union, there may be a better tolerance to change and reappraisal of the purpose of the Union.

Visitors to Mickey Mouse land

The College has been overwhelmed with visitors this year, including Margaret Thatcher who opened the new Centre for Population Biology at Silwood Park as her first official engagement since her resignation.

ConSoc invited many conservatives, such as Cecil Parkinson and Edwina Currie to speak to them and The Socialist Workers Student Society and ICU Labour Club did likewise, inviting Tony Benn and Jeremy Corbyn, another Labour MP. Why they don't ever want the 'other side' to talk to them I don't know.

Another event, which might have been of wide interest to students was the Schrodinger lecture which this year featured Professor Mandelbrot. The lecture was originally to be held in the Great Hall, as usual, but when this venue was oversubscribed it was relocated in the last week to the Westminster Central Hall. It is a pity that the extra capacity was not widely advertised as the larger venue was only half filled, and not many of those attending were students. College clearly could not be bothered to encourage students to attend even though this was a topic which can arouse interest in even the most apathetic soul.

Acts of God - Fire and Flood

The halls of residence are becoming dangerous places to live. In Weeks Hall, a kamikaze wall heater destroyed the room in which it committed suicide. Other halls have had exploding microwaves and incendiary grills. These fires highlight the inadequacies of the equipment and alarm systems in hall, though as usual, nothing has been altered since nobody was seriously hurt.

College did not escape injury this year, with the water in a tank on the eighth floor of Mech Eng making a dramatic escape. Not content with its high position in the College hierarchy it decided that working in the basement was its aim. To reach this envious position it took a short cut down the main power ducts, shorting out the department in the process. A lesson in staff management there.

News Review 90-91

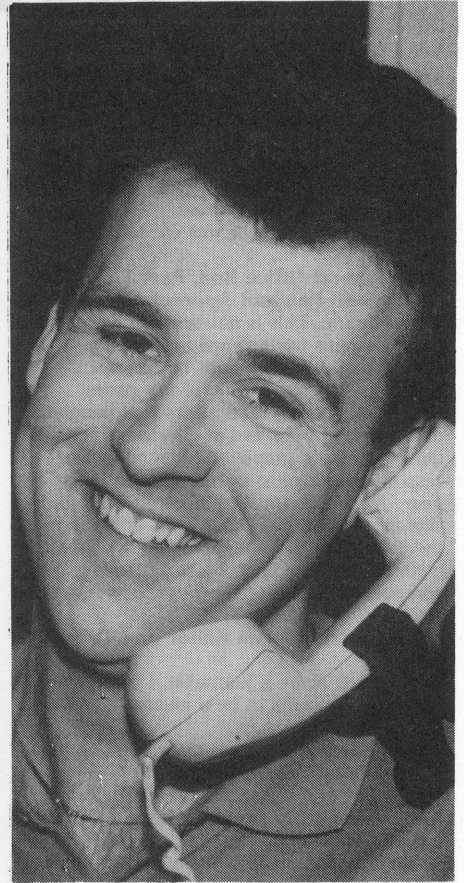
College Tyranny 9 to 6.

Proposals to change the college day have resurfaced throughout the year. A longer working day and staggered lunchtimes were firmly rejected by students at UGM, but the Rector, Sir Eric, continued to plug his cause throughout the year.

Students have complained that a lengthened College day, even if the number of contact hours remain constant, will create traveling problems and will interfere with hall meals. There is also the suspicion that departments will try to cram more work into the newly made space. Additionally a staggered lunch hour will make it almost impossible for many clubs and societies to operate in an effective and productive way.

The Rector brushed aside such objections saying '...after all, just occasionally, one can skip a class-get a friend to take some notes. Going to lectures is much to be desired-but one can make a few exceptions. It has beendone before...'

On the subject of work, the Rector, Sir Eric Ash, has been on record saying there is not enough maths on courses. Engineers say that the college might as well rename all courses 'applied mathematics' if any more is introduced.



Which would you trust with £13.5K ?

If you don't keep them under control they get all over the building

One of these deserves a good home

Affairs of the Rag

The most prominent feature of Rag this year was the squabble between Imperial and Cardiff Universities. The chief complaint of Cardiff was that collecting cans had been appropriated into Imperial's own collection. At first glance this seems to be a petty charge since all of the money would eventually go to charity. It emphasises, however, the sloppy way that cans were gathered at the end of the day. For some time after the event, rag cans were being found in odd corners of the Union building, some marked, some not. If Imperial is to keep it's position as a rallying point for London and countrywide rag organisations, it must manage events such as these in a more professional way.

Petty bickering aside, Rag has raised thousands of pounds this year, Monopoly and Tiddlywinking racking up £6,000. Pub crawls and the Beer Festival were popular, as was the Bar Quiz (yet again I must report without bias that Felix won hands down). The C&G Slave Auction raised over £700 but proved controversial, prompting an attack by STOIC (Student Television Of Imperial College) on the outdated and sexist views prevailing in College.

The Rag Fete did not fair so well. It had a poor turnout and raised little money, due to a lack of publicity and a move from it's normal venue, the Queen's

Lawn being abandoned due to College having removed the turf. Another example of a well planned and executed event due to mutual cooperation.

The Exec. Initiative proved that yet again the Union Executive are a tenacious breed. Dropped outside Stonehenge, the Exec. were to make their way back to college. Unfortunately for the organisers, their minibus was stolen by the Hon Sec, Murray Williamson who had decided to return in style, showing, for the first and last time, some initiative.

The Queens Tower's lions did not escape Rag stunts this year being suffused with a cheery red glow. King's College was suspected but the culprits are not known. The occasion produced an unforgettable quote from Mr Reeves, 'If we have to sandblast the lions much more we'll end up with a couple of bloody mice'.

Conclusion

There is a general trend emerging that all aspects of College and Union policy are being justified on financial grounds, rather

than on possible benefits to students. Change is often accompanied by the argument that 'it will bring more money into the system which will filter back to students'. In reality, any extra revenue gained stays within the section wherein it was created, propping up a research grant or subsidising one club's activities rather than benefiting students in general.

The Union now has it's own logo, but is stuck with it's old image. College has not seen fit to introduce anything new and my research is going quite nicely thankyou.

The next few years will see the Union and College fighting with the problems of accommodation. The College is already seeing a reduction in intake which may be directly accounted for by the high cost of living in London, exacerbated by the current mismanagement of College accommodation. How the issue of accommodation is tackled by the Union will strongly affect it's image and standing since the decisions made will affect many students, both in the short term and for many years to come.

The staff thought they were pretty clever: now it's my turn...

Editor on Staff

Toby (Former News Editor)

Toby had all the makings of a Felix Editor. He didn't sleep, worked far too hard for us, didn't do any course work, could do anything in the office, and is a borderline psychopath. Unfortunately he hadn't quite got the hang of it, because he decided he really ought to try and pass his degree, and left.

But the real problem was we all liked him.

Stef (General Office Bod, Part Time News Editor, and Penguin Appreciator)

Stef is insane. This is not because he identifies with penguins (right down to emulating their skill at chess), but because he has openly stated that he liked some of my issues.

Strangely enough it appears that penguins, despite being very bad at chess, are actually quite nifty little graphic designers, as Stef is responsible for most of the icons in Felix this year. They also apparently take to the things that need to be done in a Felix office in much the same way that they don't to sea-lions.

He is also very talented at destroying computerised cities.

Anna (Current News Editor and Token Woman)

Anna wants to be a journalist. I mean she really really wants to be a journalist. With all her heart.

Shame really.

(I don't really mean it. Honest.)

Adam (Generally Good Bloke and Former Arts Editor)

Adam T is as near to being a perfect student staff member as anyone I've ever met. Losing him due to his exams and appointment as editor of CUB (the student magazine at QMW where he now studies) was a huge body blow both to myself and to Felix.

He has worked ridiculously hard for Felix this year, despite not even being at Imperial and having to travel for an hour to get here. He can do just about anything that is needed of him: Paste-up, camera work, typesetting, not sleeping, write the nice bits about me in the 'Staff on Editor', and go on comic buying trips on Fridays after getting up really early to help me distribute (the fact that he was often sleeping on my floor having nothing to do with this). He also reads some really cool comics, and he bought me a drink once, and...

I'm sorry. I tried to think of something nasty. Honest.

Matt and Sumit (Current Arts Editor)

These two have been grouped together for the simple reason that they share the same brain. Under Adam T they worked as reviewers, and when he resigned they leapt into the gap with more gusto than a particularly suicidal lemming who has watched far too many bad American TV shows, and was under the influence of various recreational pharmaceuticals, mainly those of amphetamine descent. Which is roughly how they describe themselves when writing reviews.

Except for the bit about the bad TV shows.

Mike (Sex Starved Books Editor)

Mike is one of those people that I could have a real heyday with. I could be really nasty, totally rip him to pieces.

But it's much more fun to let him wonder what I could have written.

Sarah (Former Music Editor)

Sarah was one of the staff members from the old school (ie she's left). She originally decided to stand for the non-sabb editor, but in a flash

of neural activity far too impressive for a potential editor she realised that if she got the post she'd actually have to be seen in the day. This is not necessarily a bad thing for your average human, but Sarah belongs to that vague sub-species, the 'Goffs'. As such she had spent painstaking hours not going out in the day, avoiding exposure to any form of solar radiation, and generally working up a nice unhealthy pallor. So she decided to stay nocturnal (ie do the music pages).

She's also damn good at lot's of other stuff (like paste-up), but as she left without telling me what was getting her down, I'm not going to say that.

John (Current Music Editor)

I have a feeling that John is in fact an alien. He's far too good at being music editor to really be a physics fresher. He's also stolen one of earths women, and he's into indie music.

What makes it really suspicious is that he's actually nice to me.

And I've never seen him without his cap on.

Dom (Music Reviewer and Ed this issue)

Dom is the guy responsible for those really weird bits that appear in the music pages almost of their own accord. He is also a pro MC-5 fan, and full time hippie.

Roland (Former Features Editor, Current whereabouts unknown)

Roland was the man responsible for the cover of my first issue of Felix. I think that just about explains why he hasn't been seen in recent months.

Either the rest of the staff got him, or he's still in hiding.

Ian (Former Science Editor, Hanger-On)

Ian Hodge, or as he doesn't like to be called (but everyone does anyway), 'BODGE', originally decided to stand for non-sabbatical editor. However, he was persuaded by the rest of the staff that he really shouldn't stand, as the job was very strenuous, and what with the weak heart he didn't actually have, it wouldn't actually kill him, so he shouldn't do it.

After this he seemed to lose interest in doing any work for Felix.

Richard (Rumoured Photo Editor)

Who?

Jonty, Nige, Dave and James (Reviewers, News People, General Bods, Hacker)

These three are the kind of people we need far more of. They aren't concerned with just one section, but do whatever is needed at the time. They're all good blokes, and I love 'em to death.

This has nothing to do with the fact that they haven't really been about long enough, and thus actually do things that I ask them. (James is the exception: He has been around long enough, but still does what I ask him)

Chris Riley (Professional Tourist)

Chris has been everywhere in the world, and written articles for Felix about most of it. He is also the only PhD student at IC who has ever written anything for us more than once.

He also has the annoying habit of being happy all the time.

Kate and Louise (Err...)

Kate and Louise are not staff in the strict sense of the word. However, they have been very, er, accommodating to some of the other staff throughout most of the last two terms. At this

point my natural instinct for self preservation is screaming rather loudly into both of my ears at the same time, so I think I'll shut up.

Steve (Head Collator, Video Supplier, and Professional Mug)

Steve isn't so much a staff member as someone who's far too gullible for his own good. He's turned up to almost every collating session, normally with a VCR, TV, and assorted tapes following dutifully behind. He never leaves before it's all done, which means he normally ends up distributing. I could almost forgive him for all the hassle he gives me.

Almost.

Jeremy (Business Manager, Advertising, and Part-Time Computer Tyrant)

Jeremy is the living incarnation of Karl Marx's worst nightmare. He has done such an excellent job at organising the finances and advertising this year that he has become one of the best examples of why communism is doomed to failure. He is also one of the very few people in the office who is totally frank with me, which comes as a refreshing change compared to most of the other Machiavellian plotters around here.

Unfortunately he realised quite early on that as he isn't being paid he doesn't have to do anything I ask him to unless he really really wants to.

Rose and Andy (Typesetting, Printing, and Wonderful Human Beings)

I've grouped these two together not because they don't deserve separate sections, but because they deserve so much praise that I haven't got the space to say it all twice.

If Adam T is as near to a perfect student staff member as I've met, then Rose and Andy ARE the perfect paid staff. They are both excellent at their jobs, and no one in the office works harder than they do. I couldn't say too many good things about them. What makes it worse is that Andy is a hideously talented musician, with a brilliant band, and both of them are great people.

I cannot adequately express my thanks to them for the work they've done this year. I only hope that they both stay with Felix for a long time yet, as we would find it nearly impossible to find two other people who are as good at their jobs, and are willing to put up with people like me. I know this all sounds horribly gratuitous, but the worst thing is it's all true, and I mean every word. Thanks.

Chris (Former Editor Elect and Current Production Manager)

I've left Chris until last because I don't really know what to write. He's been a huge help to me throughout the entire year, both professionally and as a friend.

I can't say he hasn't annoyed me at times, or that he's always acted as I would have liked. But the basic fact is that without him there could not have been a regular Felix this year. Whenever I've had exams it has been Chris who's got the thing done while I've been trying to work. This issue would not have been produced without him, as he's handled nearly the whole thing (I've got exams on Thursday and Friday).

He really deserved to be Editor this year, and I thank him for all the help he's given me, and all the work he's done both for Felix and as Print Unit Manager.

He's also a really cool guy.

Cheers Chris.

Editorial



Well, here it is, the last issue of Felix for this academic year. Surprisingly enough that means that this will be my last editorial (isn't logic a wonderful thing), at least for a little while. However, before you all burst into tears at my passing, in the great tradition of editors everywhere, I've still got a few things left to say.

Most of these are things that have been lurking belligerently around in the area at the back of my brain where belligerent things like to lurk for quite some time, and there just hasn't been the chance to write them before. The rest are just feelings and opinions and summings up of my time as an editor. But let's deal with a lurker: first...

Non-Sabbatical Editorship, and other things I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy...

For this year I've been the first non-sabb editor in quite a while, and the main thing I'd like to say about it is that it sucks. If I'd had half the sense that evolution (or God, depending on your view of things) saw fit to bestow on the common earthworm, then I would have resigned after the first couple of weeks.

Basically the job of Felix Editor is far too big for someone who is unable to devote all their time towards it, regardless of how much help they have. Even with an extra member of staff, as we had this year, it just won't work. It is still the editor who is ultimately responsible and everyone, despite all their misgivings and sane feelings to the contrary, continues to look to him or her to make the decisions, organise the whole thing, and sometimes, unbelievably, for advice and encouragement (mad, aren't they?). So if the person concerned can't be in the office all the time, and even when they are often can't give Felix their full attention because they're worrying about their course, etc, the whole system breaks down.

I'm not saying that it was only the situation that has been to blame for many of the problems that Felix has had this year. As I've already mentioned in my piece on the staff, several people haven't acted in the way which I think would have been ideal (ho hum). On top of this I've been far from blameless myself, and several things that have gone wrong have had at least some grounding in me, and several have been entirely my own fault. However, I feel that even the most organised, hard-working, even-tempered and generally saint-like example of the perfect editor still would not be able to overcome the innate problems of being a non-sabb.

Basically it's just too much. In order to give Felix the attention it needs and deserves of its editor, you would have to sacrifice your course, and vice-versa. There isn't any way to find a middle road that will allow you to do both well. In future the Union should bear this in mind, and while I appreciate that there wasn't much else they could have done in the circumstances, they really shouldn't allow the same thing to happen twice. Felix needs an editor, and it needs one that can devote all their time to it, otherwise they won't be able to do justice to the job, to themselves, and, most importantly, to Felix itself.

Students of the College unite?

More shady lurking, I'm afraid, this time to do with our beloved Union, and the people in charge thereof. Several people have commented this year that I have on occasions been very soft on the Union, and generally haven't maintained the near-tradition of pitting Felix against 'them upstairs'. This is true.

No, I'm not about to admit to being a snivelling lackey of the Union by claiming that they haven't actually done anything wrong, or

that they are the most wonderful Union Officials ever. The reason why I'm not going to admit to it is because it's not true.

However, I do have an explanation. I came into this job not really knowing much about the internal workings of College or the Union. However, I did know that a lot of people seem to find a great deal of amusement in whiling away their time by moaning about the Union. I also realised quite quickly that College administration are continually trying to change things here, and often in a way that could be or in fact are bad for us students.

I also realised that the only student body with the power to try to stop this kind of thing happening are the Union. For example, the proposed extension of the College Day, and the ridiculous rent increases proposed for next year were both fought by the Union, and in both cases students ended up a lot better off.

It seems to me that most of the so-called 'problems' with the Union result from the fact that not enough people actually get involved. It's all well and good to sit on your backsides, admire your digital watches/stare at your pint, and slag off the Union, but nothing is going to change if more students don't start seeing the Union for what it is: A group of people who are there to represent OUR views to College, and to serve US.

As, typically enough, the average apathetic student seems to be unable to realise this for him/herself, I have been attempting to get this idea across via my editorials. Hence my lack of complaints about the Union. It would be no good me propounding their virtues and attempting to raise peoples awareness of 'them upstairs' if I then turn around and give them a good slagging for some minor annoyance or pathetic cock-up. I'm not saying they haven't made any, because they have. However, they have also worked very hard; almost as hard as the Felix staff, which is about the highest commendation I give to anybody.

Neither do I want to give the impression that Felix is the mouthpiece of the Union, because it isn't, and never has been (or will be). I just feel that both the Union and Felix are here to represent and serve students. I also feel that to encourage interaction with the Union benefits far more students than reducing the already low faith in a group of people who, for this year at least, have done a lot of work, and in an institution that is vital to us, and has the potential to do so much more than it does, if only people would take an interest.

Evil Tyrants, Nasty Plans, Accountants and Management Structures

Quite a short bit, just for a change, as the upper tiers of College have been covered in various other articles in this issue (I'm talking specifically of Shan's Bit - give it a read). Suffice it say that in my innocent idealism and naivety I used to believe that the big boys over at College had as their primary concern the quality of our education, and the continuing academic standards of our college.

I was wrong. I have attempted to show just what kind of things actually go on, and how much sneakiness, backstabbing, dubious accountancy, and plain old incompetence there is 'over there'. Unfortunately, I don't think I've even managed to scratch the surface.

I just hope that Adam can do better next year. There are a lot of things that go on over there that they'd rather we didn't know, but we'd probably be a lot better off if we did. At least then we might be able to have a say in our futures.

'Regrets, I've had a few...'

I don't regret having been Felix Editor.

However, in my own eyes I have not done justice to Felix, to my course, or to myself, and this I do regret. I know that I could have done a better job, and not all of the problems were to do with being a non-sabb. But that's just the breaks.

I would like to apologise to all the people that I've managed to annoy over the past few months, for whatever reason, especially those who haven't deserved it (ie the staff). There have been times when I've been surprised that they haven't murdered me...

...He's coming around the final bend (and he's in front of all the people behind him)...

So there you have it: My last editorial (well, not including this bit). I'm afraid I feel a bout of that horrible affliction that affects all Oscar winners and Editors in their last issue - The gratuitous thank yous...

Firstly, a massive thankyou to all the staff, both for all the hard work, and for putting up with me as well as you have. I'd like to thank all the contributors and collators: Without you guys and gals Felix would have been in even more trouble than he was when I got elected. Also huge hugs and kisses to all the people who've ever said to me 'Good editorial' or 'Nice issue this week' or 'The cartoon was funny' or anything like that, and all those people who are in college at very silly hours of the morning when I distribute Felix, and pick up a copy as soon as I put them down. Last but by no means least (don't you just love cliches?) all of you who have ever read a copy of Felix this year. Oh, and my Mum and Dad, my brothers and sister, James, John P, Eirik, Chris, Emily, Adam T (thanks for defending me), Richard, Jez, Keira, Eddie, Matt, Darren, Wendy, Tim, Jenny, Nigel, Anna, Lisa, Sam, Ian, Reni, Andy, John B, Kate, Louise, Stef, Penny (from Fisher?), David, Jeremy B, Steve, all my other friends, Alison, my teachers at school, my two dogs, Burger King, Ben, the Gosh Comics Shop, Bob Kane, the Coca Cola Corporation, Marlboro Cigarettes, Shan, Whoever makes Pro-Plus, James Cameron, The Russians for inventing Vodka, Whoever invented coffee (Mr Coffee?), The Zippo Corporation, the kitchen sink...

By no means has it all been sunshine, roses and happy bunnies, but given the chance I'd still do it all again. Despite all the hassles, stress, lack of sleep, increased cigarette intake and nasty things written about me I've really enjoyed it in a sick, warped and twisted kind of way (it was a larf).

And on the seventh day, He looked back on what He had created...

Or, Well, that's about it then...

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FELIX

The Felix Team:



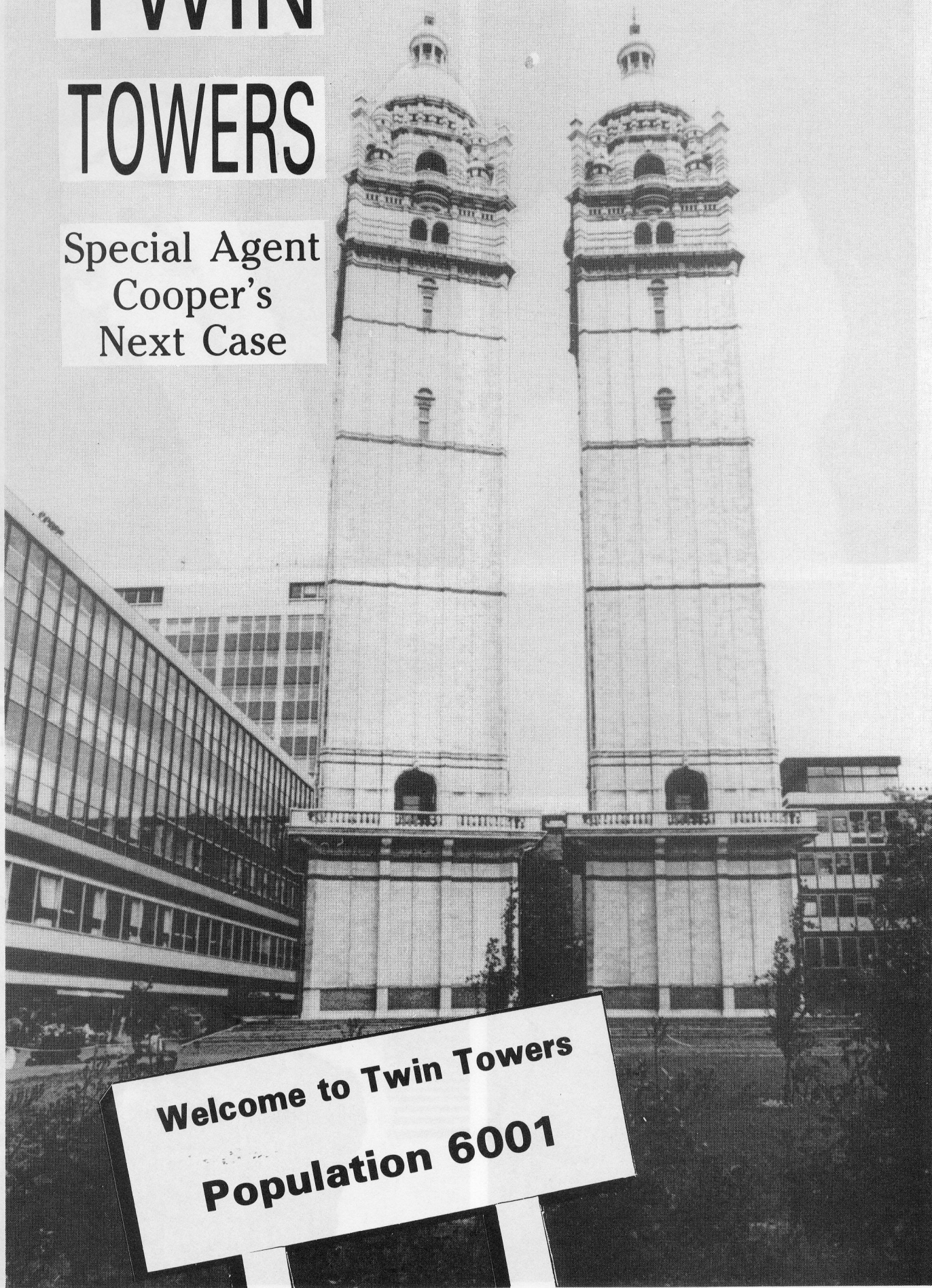
The Felix staff safely penned in for another summer.

From Top Left: **Dominic Al-Badri** (music/co-ed.), **John Furlong** (Music Editor), **Jeremy Burnell** (Business Manager, photos, paste-up, collation), **Toby Jones** (News Editor, reviews, paste-up, competitions), **Sumit Paul-Choudhury** (Arts Editor), **Stef Smith** (News Editor, paste-up, reviews, crosswords, collation), **Chris Riley** (features, news), **Anna Teeman** (News Editor, features), **Jonty Beavan** (paste-up, reviews), **Kaveh Guilanpour** (photos, Viewpoint). From Bottom Left: **David Spooner** (reviews, editing, books, collating), **Chris Stapleton** (Manager, paste-up, crosswords, collation, distribution, features, photos, printing), **Andy Thompson** (Printer), **Poddy** (music), **Ian Hodge** (Science Editor, paste-up, puzzles, distribution), **Rose Atkins** (Typesetter), **Louise Rafferty** (collation, distribution, coffee maker), **Sarah Harland** (Music Editor, paste-up, collation, distribution). AWOL: **Andy Butcher** (Editor), **Adam Tinworth** (Arts Editor, paste-up, collation, distribution), **Matt Hyde** (Arts Editor), **Michael Newman** (Books Editor, collation), **Kate Tapson** (collation), **Steve** (collation, distribution), **Adam Harrington** (news, Next Years Felix Editor), **Roland Flowerdew** (Features Editor), **James Grinter** (Computer Advisor), **Richard Evers** (Photo Editor), **Dan Homolka** (photos), **Liz Warren** (features, collation, reviews), **Luke Leighton** (photos), **Richard Crouch** (graphic artist, reviews), **Jason Lander** (features), **Colin Toombs** (features, reviews), **Liz H** (features), **Sydney Harbour-Bridge** (collation), **Jackie Scott** (collation), **Pinky and Perky** (reviews), **Seb** (reviews), **Brian Swinburne** (reviews), **Khurrrum** (Clubs and Socs Editor), **Frank Evers** (collation, distribution), and all the collators too numerous (most of the time) to remember. Thankyou and guten Nacht.

TWIN TOWERS

Special Agent
Cooper's
Next Case

Welcome to Twin Towers
Population 6001

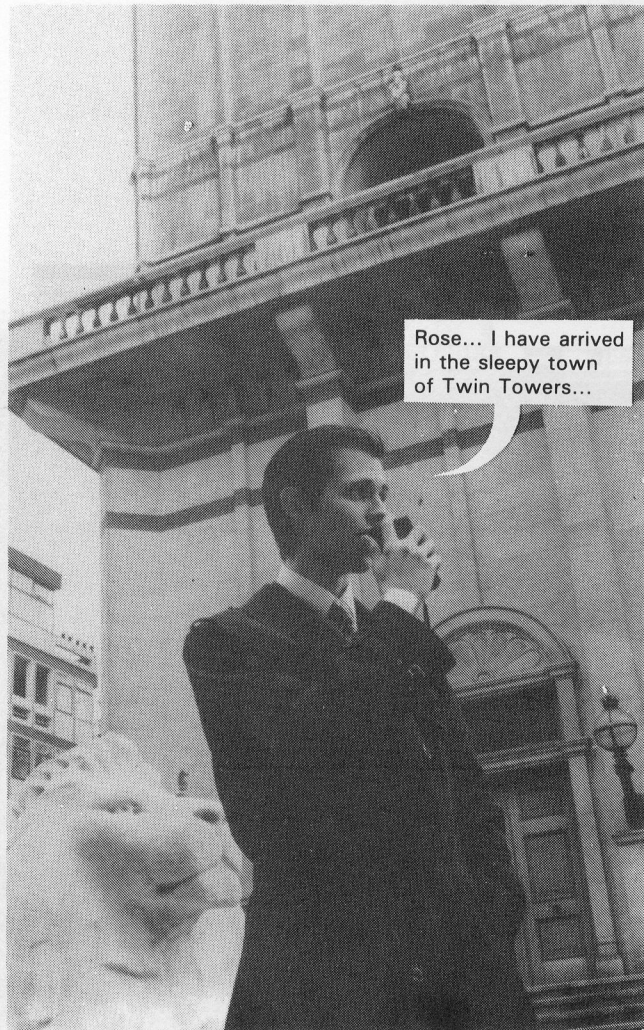




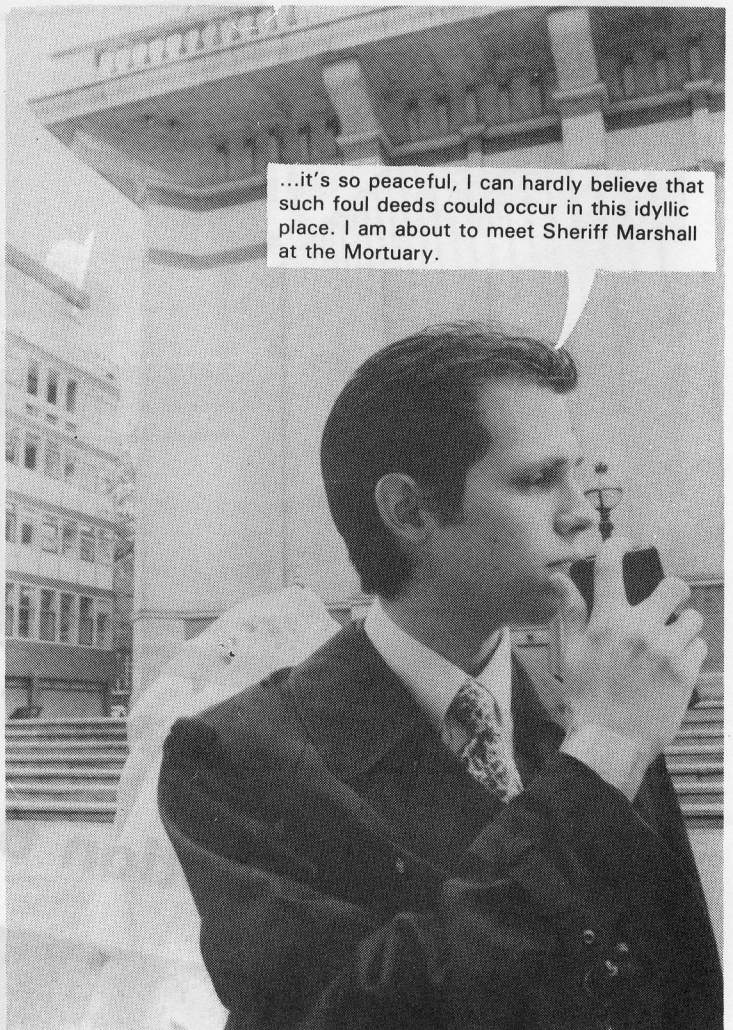
Rose... Something's rotten in the state of Twin Towers. Paula Llama, Fresher's Queen, has been brutally murdered.



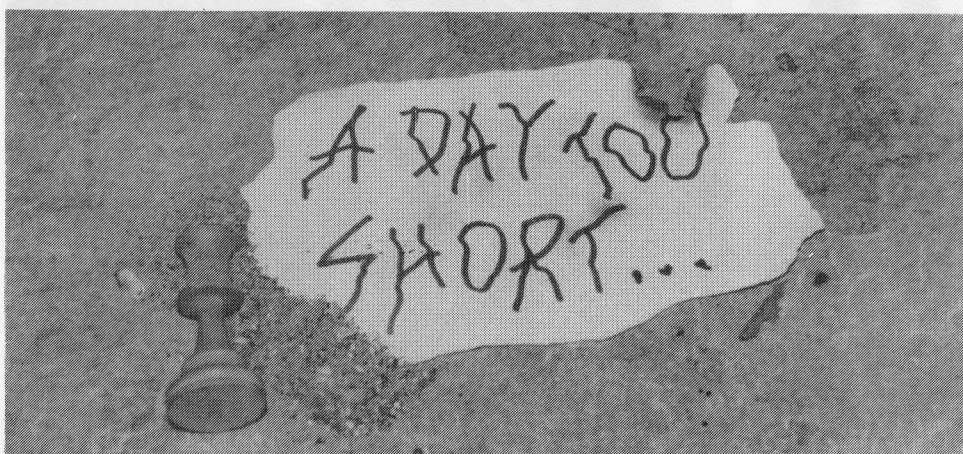
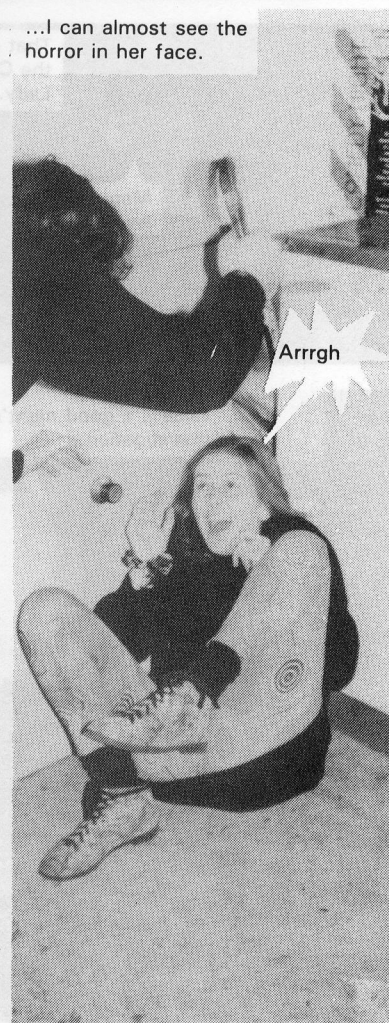
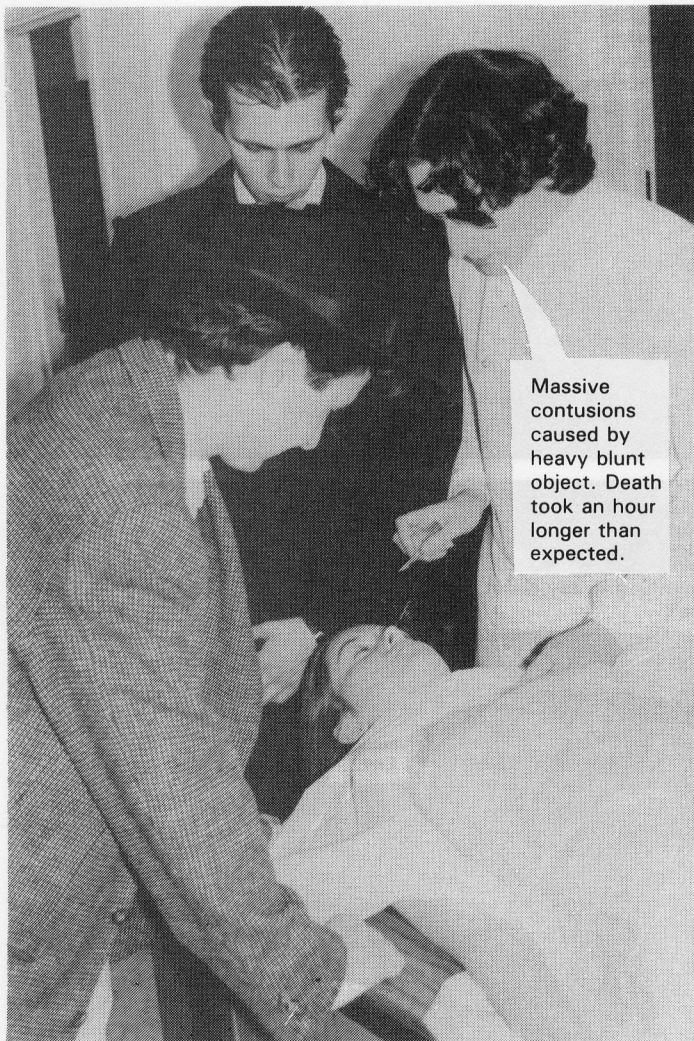
Holy Shit!
Better call
the FBI!

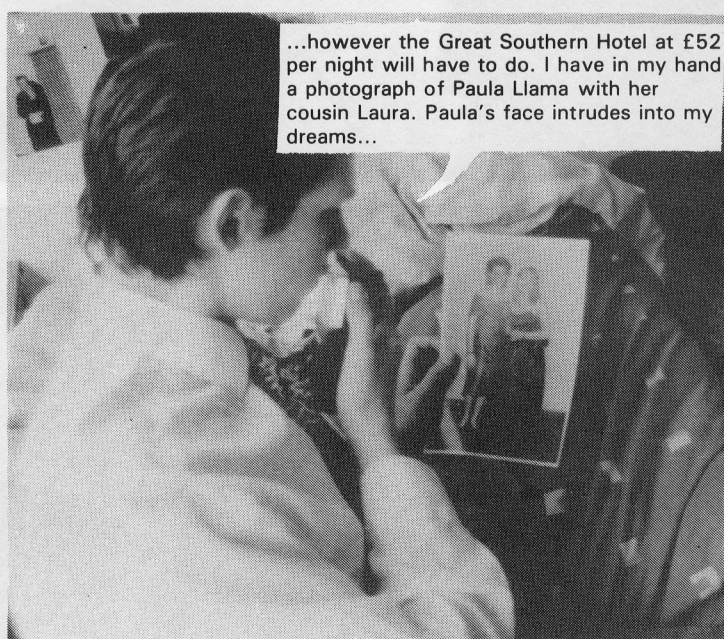
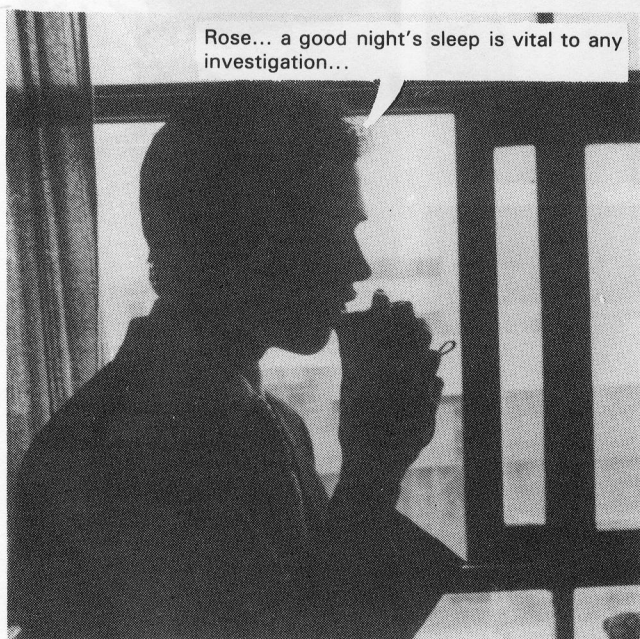
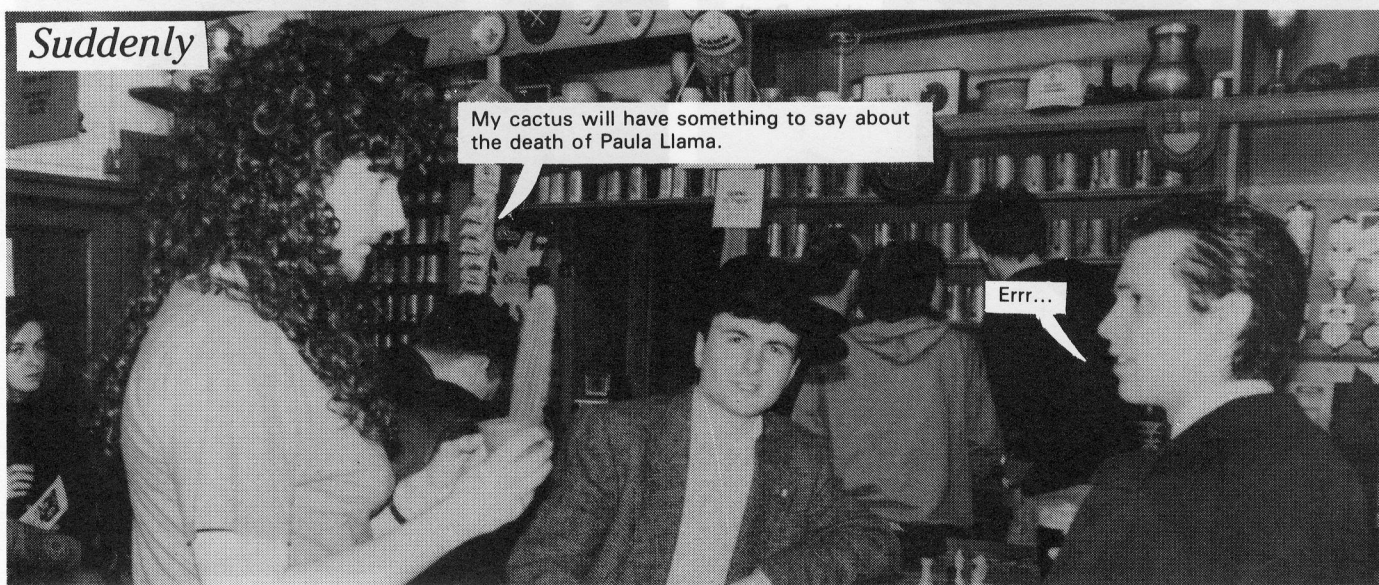
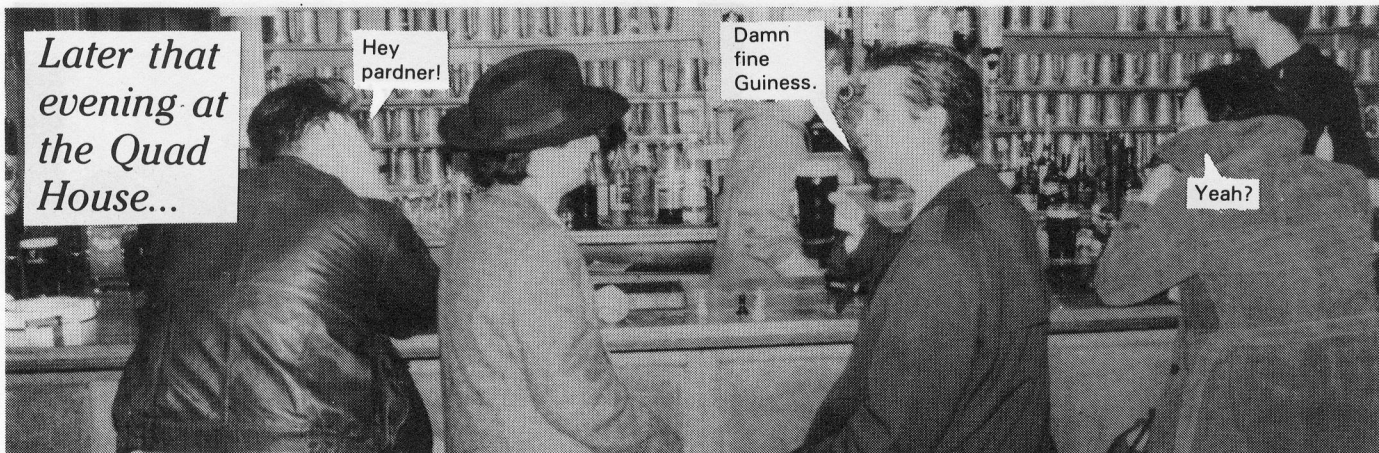


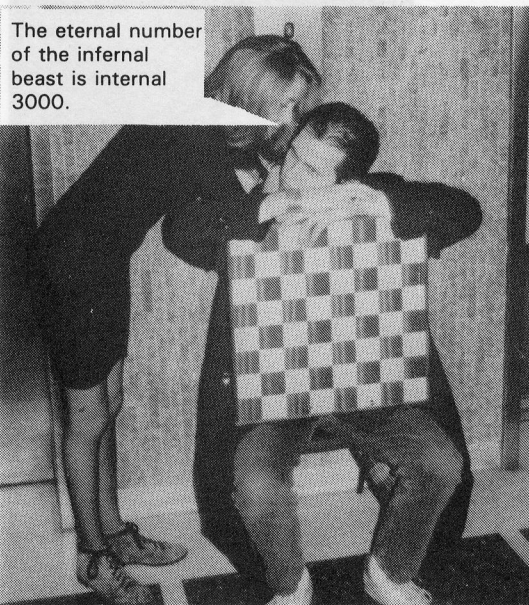
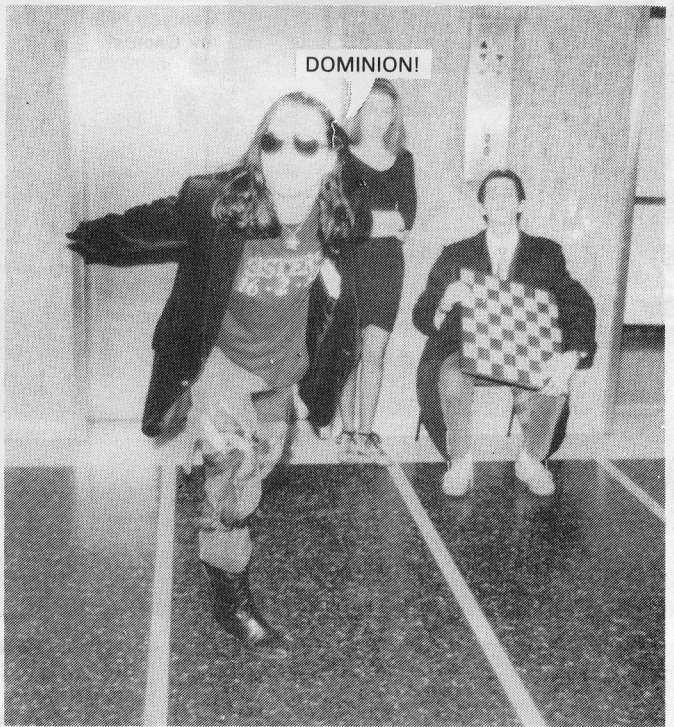
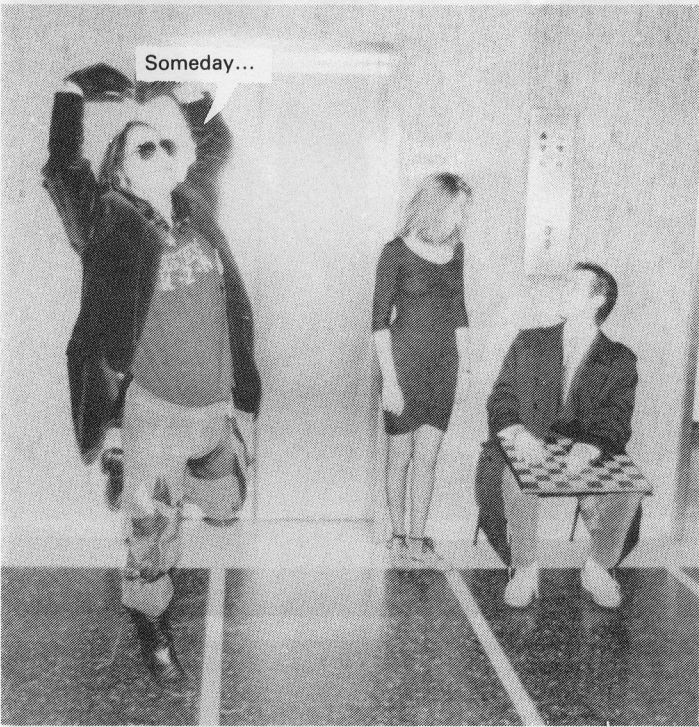
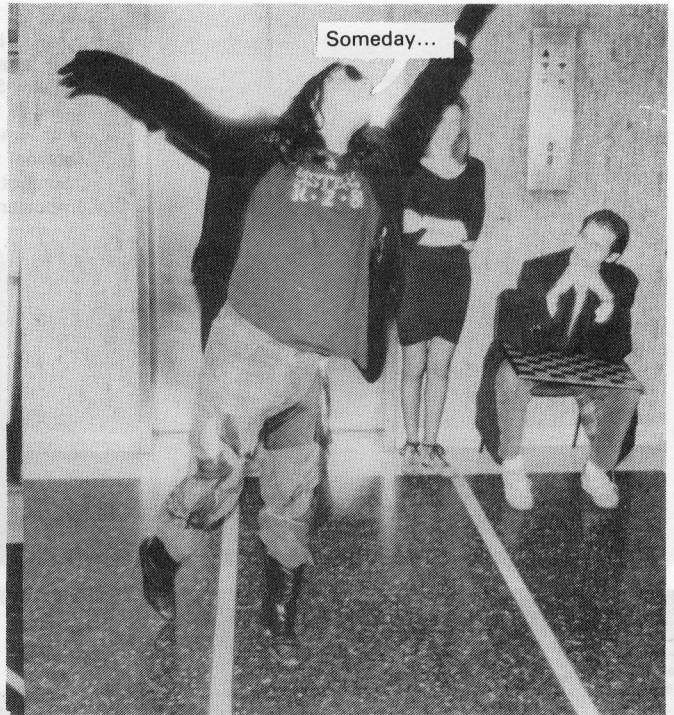
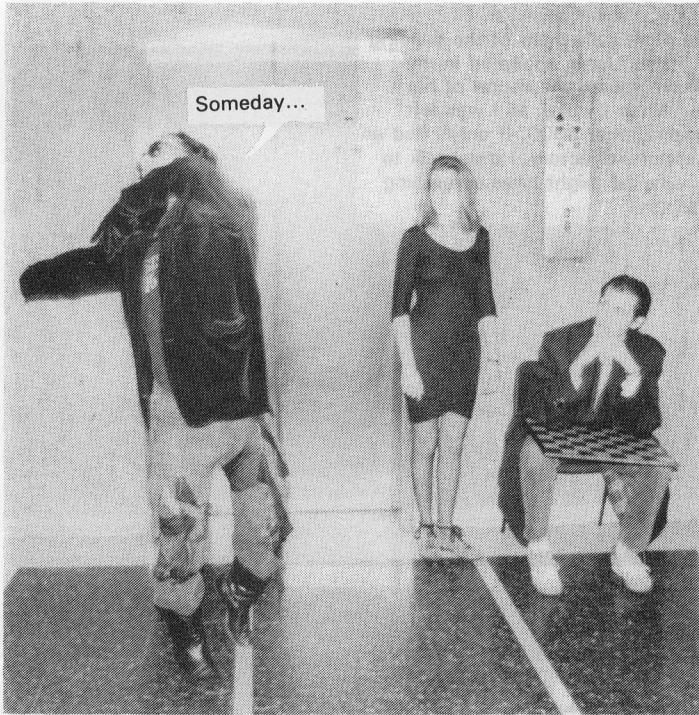
Rose... I have arrived
in the sleepy town
of Twin Towers...

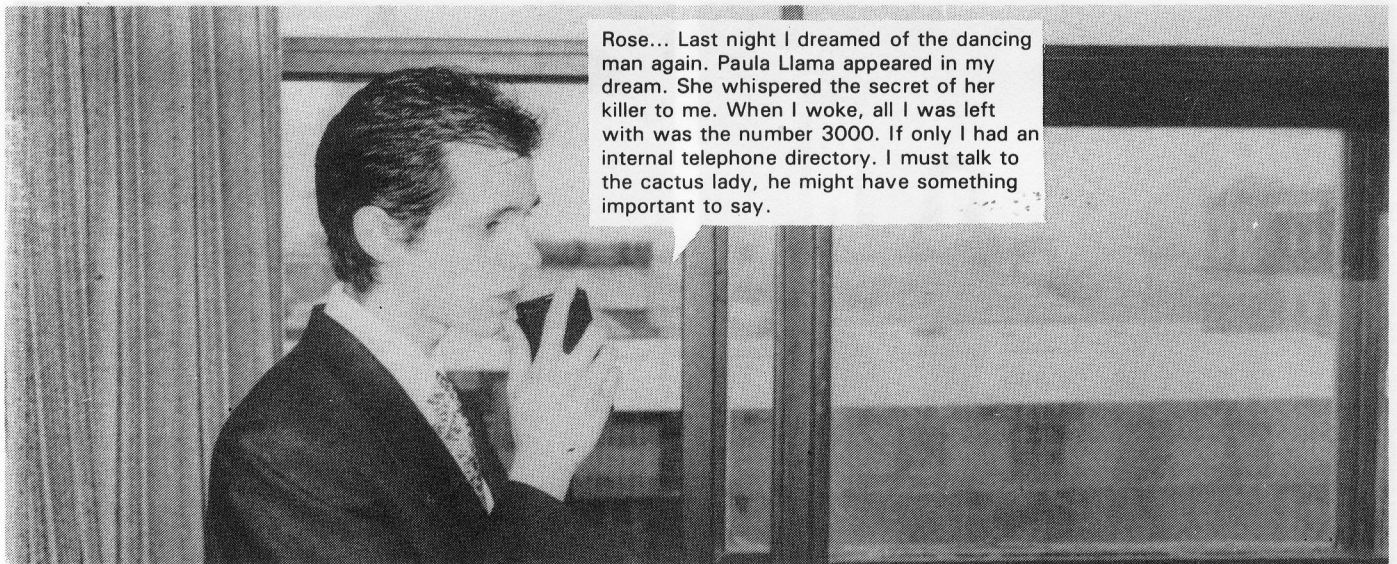


...it's so peaceful, I can hardly believe that
such foul deeds could occur in this idyllic
place. I am about to meet Sheriff Marshall
at the Mortuary.









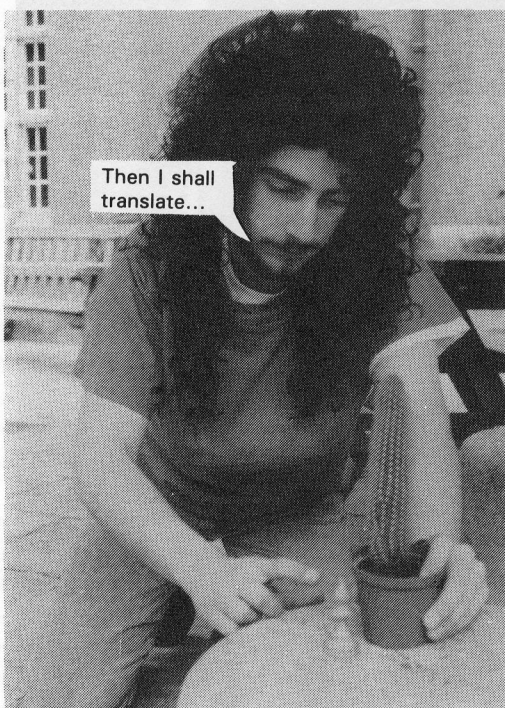
Rose... Last night I dreamed of the dancing man again. Paula Llama appeared in my dream. She whispered the secret of her killer to me. When I woke, all I was left with was the number 3000. If only I had an internal telephone directory. I must talk to the cactus lady, he might have something important to say.



Can you hear my Cactus?

Phallic Xerophytes!

I can.



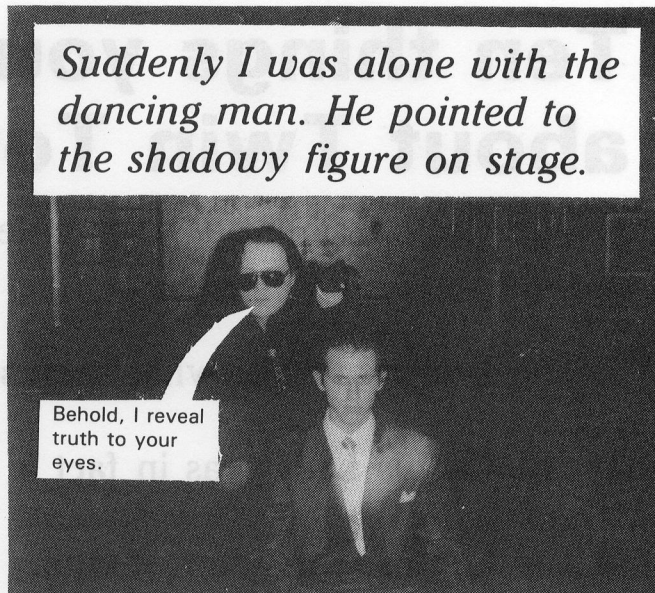
Then I shall translate...



Rose... The Cactus Lady told of a man connected to the number 3000. The Ash is not what it seems. She directed me to the town meeting this evening.

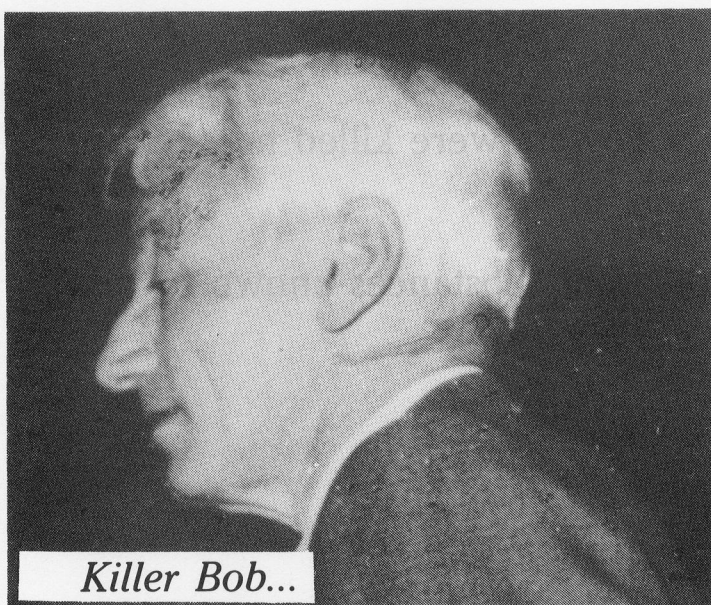


Some strange expectation, separating me...

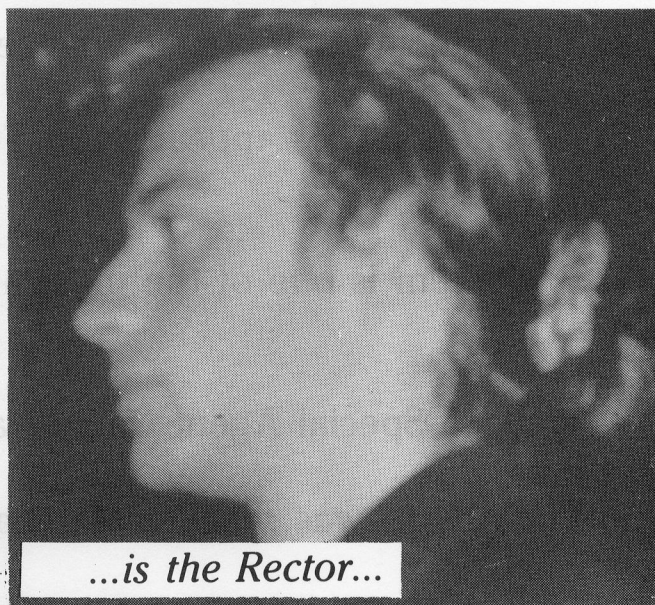


Suddenly I was alone with the dancing man. He pointed to the shadowy figure on stage.

Behold, I reveal truth to your eyes.



Killer Bob...



...is the Rector...



...is the murderer



And I am...

Ten things you didn't know about Twin Towers

- 1) The Rector's internal telephone number is 3000. This is nothing to do with Twin Towers.
- 2) The Ducks are not what they seem.
- 3) The Cactus Lady was in fact a transvestite alien arts student.
- 4) The Cactus was heterosexual.
- 5) The dancing man cannot dance.
- 6) All chess pieces appearing in Twin Towers were killed humanely before use.
- 7) Brylcreem is one of the most unpleasant substances known to man.
- 8) Well, to Special Agent Cooper anyway.
- 9) The Sheriff was really a Marshall.
- 10) Marshall Marshall sounds really silly.

The Cast

Special Agent Dale Cooper
Paula Llama
Sherriff Marshall
Cactus Lady
Dancing Man
Doctor Marten
The Rector
Killer Bob
Teddy Bear

Robert de Niro
Meryl Streep
Tom Cruise
Jeremy Irons
David Bowie
Richard Chamberlain
Fluck and Law
Bruce Lee
Arnold Schwarzenegger

Directed by Adam 'David Lynch' Tinworth
Great Southern Hotel provided by Andy 'Real Estate' Butcher
Special Effects by Stef, Latent Image Graphics
Hair Stylist and Make-up by Andy 'Blow dry' Butcher