



FELIX

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IC Union President 'hacked off' with student apathy

Educational suicide

Students will be deterred from taking up higher education if the Government's Student Loans proposal goes through, according to a survey published by the National Union of Students (NUS) this week. Ms Maeve Sherlock, NUS president, pointed out that the scheme was unpopular and would be no cheaper to the Treasury than the present grant system.

The report claims that 24% of pupils with semi-skilled parents would drop their plans for higher education if the loans were introduced, compared with an overall average of 16% for all 18 year olds. 5.5% of students with semi-skilled parents said that their parents could finance a college education, compared with 22% of the professional groups.

The NUS stressed that these results indicate that the Government's scheme would have a strongly deterrent effect on higher education, and a marked class bias. Ms Diana Warwick, general secretary of the Association of University Teachers, commented that the loans scheme would be 'making universities more middle class than they already are.' Statistics show that despite that 56% of 18 year olds come from manual or semi-skilled backgrounds only 18% of higher education students come from the same group.

The boycotting of banks involved in the loans proposal is going ahead, with the full approval of the NUS. Already 100 students from Loughborough have transferred their accounts to Lloyds bank, who are not involved in the scheme. In addition, thousands of students have written to the colluding banks to warn them that they will withdraw their accounts if the banks continue to co-operate with the government in the matter.



The Union General Meeting (UGM) held in the Junior Common Room last Thursday debated a number of motions pertaining to student loans. Mr Neil McCluskey I.C. Union president proposed a motion that IC Union should support the governments proposals on student loans and also their proposals to remove students from the welfare benefit system as from this September. He explained that the motion was put forward because he was 'totally hacked-off' with the apathy of I.C. students. The motion was overwhelmingly defeated, with the consensus of opinion that the point had been taken.

A further motion was passed asking the National Westminster bank to remove their name from their declaration of co-operation with the loans proposal. It also asked the ICU president to implement a scheme to facilitate the switching of bank accounts to another

bank, to inform the college authorities of their opposition and to remove all signs with the word 'NatWest' on them from the campus.

A late motion was passed enabling the Publications Board chairman, Mr Doug King, to 'look into' the funding of a scheme whereby stickers with the logo 'GnatWest - No Money? No Job? Then Fuck off', created by the comic 'Viz', could be used to cover up the NatWest advertisement on the back of IC Union cards.

The loans will be phased in from next September, and will eventually make up half the maintenance grant. The second reading of the Student loans bill took place last Tuesday. The government has used a one line clause to enable the implementation of the loans, so it is unlikely that it will be amended in any way.

Qualifications questioned

Physics department slurred

Anxiety in the City and Guilds reached new heights this week after the City and Guild London Institute (C&GLI) announced its intention to award the letters 'ACGI' (Associate of the City and Guilds Institute) to students not of Imperial College.

At the moment only those students who are taking City and Guilds courses in I.C. are eligible to have these letters on graduation, which is comparable to the letters 'ARCS' (Associate of the Royal College of Science) for those student graduating in courses in the Royal College of Science. Students fear that the uniqueness and value of the qualification will be lost.

Professor Patrick Holmes, Dean of the City and Guilds at I.C. expressed worries that there would be no way of knowing if the value of the qualification was the same through the different routes that non-I.C. students would take. He cited the recent report in which I.C.'s Engineering Department was voted the best in Europe, and graduates from this department would apparently have the same qualification as students from elsewhere if the C&GLI's proposals go through.

He finished by saying 'Of course, there is considerable concern'.

The Physics Department at Imperial College has been under attack in a report in the 'Times Higher Education Supplement' as too unproductive in relation to its size. The paper claims that a recent report by the Science Policy Research Unit (SPRU) shows that bigger departments do not necessarily produce more results, and the IC Physics Department is the biggest in the country.

The report claims that the size of the department is no index of its productivity, though the SPRU admits that they assessed 'productivity' only as the number of research papers published by members of that department, and is not concerned with teaching or any other factors.

Professor J.B. Pendry, Associate head of the Physics Department, countered by saying 'I disagree with it of course ... it's quality that counts; our claim to being a good department is not that we are the largest.... its the quality of people we have'. He stressed that though it was important to write papers, the report probably did not weight papers according to their importance. He claimed that his department was amongst the best; 'Our productivity is high. - we dont need to be the highest'. He added that Oxford University's Physics Department was the largest in the country, not Imperial College's, and that his department has both experimental and theoretical physicists. Theorists tend to publish more papers -

but this does not mean that they are more 'productive'.

Dr B.L. Morgan, Associate director of planning commented that SPRU figures are always controversial, and that their aspersions were 'not true on a number of levels'. He cited the Sunday Times employer's poll in which IC Physics Department came out as being popular with employers looking for graduates.

Healing old wounds

Dr Charles Phelps, Pro-rector of International Relations at Imperial College, was one of a number of representatives from the first British business mission to Argentina for seven years.

The mission was arranged by the 'Latin American Trade Advisory Group' under the auspices of the Department of Trade and Industry and the Foreign Office. It was completed earlier this month and it is hoped that trade links between the two countries will become stronger.

Guilds can fetish

The City and Guilds Union (C&GU) are continuing their aluminium and steel can recovery service. They have collection points (green rubbish bins with can-sized holes in the lid) in the Guilds office, Tizard hall and the Junior Common Room (JCR).

They hope to be able to keep up a regular supply so that outside recycling firms can make regular collections. A spokesperson from the union explained that the aluminium variety would be sent to Blue Peter, and the steel ones would go towards rag. If anyone would like to set up another collection point, the C&GU would like to get in contact with them.

Oriental oddities

Imperial College's Humanities department is to open an introductory course in Japanese, starting in the new year.

As places will be limited, the department ask all those interested to contact Mr David Cairncross (Int. 7022) of the Japan-Europe Industry Research Centre in Mech Eng 323, or the Humanities office (Int 7051), Mech Eng 313C as soon as possible.

UGM Sketch

The worms that turn

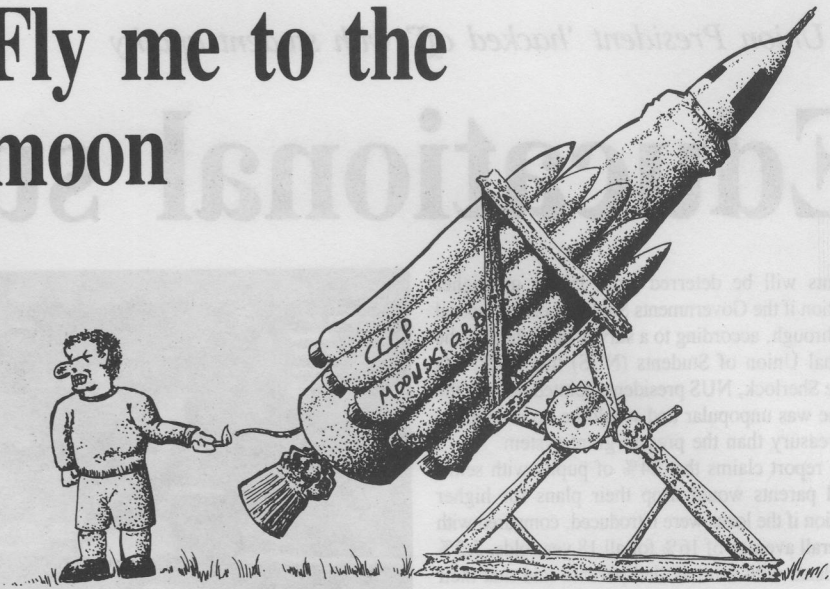
The riproaring, action packed, fun-filled frolicking Union General Meeting (UGM) last Thursday made Mr Paul Shanley the new UGM chairman. This confirms that he is well on the way towards winning the 'Howgate - Harbourbridge Megaprize for Unashamed Self-Publicity 1989' (HHMUSP).

There were more important matters, generally revolving around that hardy perennial of student matters, money. Our beloved Union President, Neil McCluskey, is going to expound and explain rents in the next Alternative Prospectus, with the expectation that recruitment for the year who read it will plummet below the 20% drop that occurred this year. This will display the truth in the old adage that crime doesn't pay - the truth will surely turn the University of London into a fusty old corporation entirely devoted to milking Alumni to fund obscure research projects, removing the minor irritant of students altogether.

The great and good Big Mac also said that students living in college accommodation cannot expect a fall in their rent when the poll tax (occasionally known as the 'Community Charge') is introduced. This is obviously because it would be sensible and ethical to do so. Unlike most establishments, Imperial doesn't pay rates, so cannot deduct rates from the rent. This makes sense; though why rents in College accommodation are so exorbitant even when rates are not passed onto the tenants can only be explained with a lot of arm waving and unintelligible statistics.

The Harlington Gravel saga continued with the announcement that the proceeds of converting a nice green rugby pitch into a life-like representation of the surface of the moon would probably be about £1.6

Fly me to the moon



In the choosing of the British cosmonaut to take part in the USSR's much publicised 'Juno' mission, Imperial College's Dr P.Q. Collins managed to reach the stage where six were left, out of the original 4000 applicants.

Dr Collins said that his near success in the mission was probably because his area of research was in the space industry and that he could speak some Russian. 'Basically I'm well qualified', he said.

He added that the personality tests came to the conclusion that he was a 'stable extrovert with below average tough-mindedness and emotionality' and apparently good at abstract and mechanical reasoning. He said the fact that he was fit was helpful too.

He said he realised the mission was more of a public relations exercise he added 'NASA's greatest success has been to make space boring - Juno has made it interesting'. He saw no reason why cosmonauts shouldn't be the target of high-finance advertising any more than Boris Becker is.

He went on to say that a 'Juno Mission Control Centre' may be built in the near future next to the entrance to Mechanical Engineering on Exhibition road. This will contain displays which should interest those coming to see the Science Museum, where there will be a notice directing tourists to the 'Mission Control'.

million. It was not said that this was because Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had bought it to film a remake of Jules Verne's 'From the Earth to the Moon'.

Next year's president, Mr Paul Shanley, HHMUSP, forwarded a motion in which all ICU policy that is more than three years old should be abandoned, and motions that need to live any longer should be resuscitated at three year intervals at UGMs in the normal way. The great and good ICU president was instructed to list all the motions that would be executed in this way. As the resulting list would make even a hardened Nazi jew-killer feel faint due to its length, the Big Mac consented on the condition he wouldn't have to do it. Which seems rather strange really.

A vote was taken to decide whether a paper ballot should be held on the subject whether there should be a two-thirds majority of voting students acceding to affiliation to the NUS before affiliation becomes a bye-law as a two-thirds majority is needed for disaffiliation and as a two-thirds majority is virtually impossible to obtain at a UGM this would make it impossible to join the NUS, or to leave it if already joined. Or something like that. The paper ballot failed to give the two-thirds majority needed to allow to make the change to the union bye-law so that the vote on affiliation needed a two-thirds majority to be passed. The idea behind these extraordinary contortions is that if the bye-law was changed (so a two-thirds majority is needed to join the NUS, not the simple 51% as presently needed) it would become much more difficult to join the NUS. As it now stands, at the next vote for NUS affiliation, it only takes 51% of voters to hand over IC Union's cherished

independence to the NUS. That the paper ballot failed was not particularly surprising, as it had already been said that it was virtually impossible to obtain a two-thirds majority at a UGM. Ours is not to reason why.

Jolly old loans, that whoopy-do initiative from our wise and beloved overlords, caused a number of motions. The most-unusual was probably the one in which Neil McCluskey appeared to throw in the towel, along with the Felix editor, Dave Smedley. There were piteous cries and tearing of hair amongst the assembled children, which apparently were piteous enough to melt their stony resolve, and amidst jubilation and reconciliation the two custodians of our bank balances admitted that they had only done because they were sulking.

An attack of righteous indignation fuelled the motion in which all icons of the pagan god 'Natwest', the son of Mammon according to ancient mythology, were to be removed from the temple. This was prophesied by the scriptures in which it said 'and so it shall come to pass that the Guardians of Pelf, Natwest and all his brothers will be consumed by their parent Mammon. And the scurrying masses of students will call on their champion Nemesis to calm their teeth-grinding indignation. And Nemesis will have no bloody effect at all so the scurrying masses who are held in thrall to Natwest and his brothers will run away to other countries'.

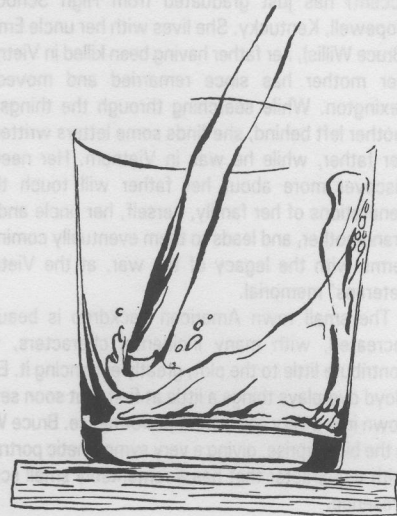
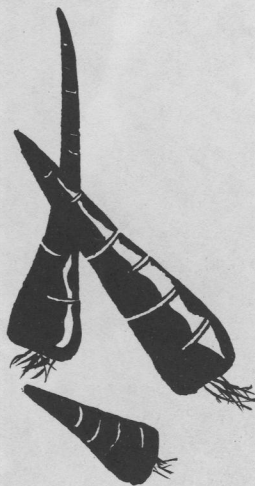
A close second to Paul Shanley in the self-publicity stakes, Doug King, thought it would be a jolly good idea to cover up the adverts for the unmentionable bank on the back of our Union cards with a 'Viz' sticker. I am so stunned by the scale and grandeur of this silliness I cannot satirise it further.

With a student loan, all manner of ingenious economies can be had. FELIX presents a Scratch 'n' Lick Christmas dinner as advised by Ms Edwina Chillie. Simply cut out the food and lick your way to satisfaction, without the bloated feeling.

Christmas on a loan



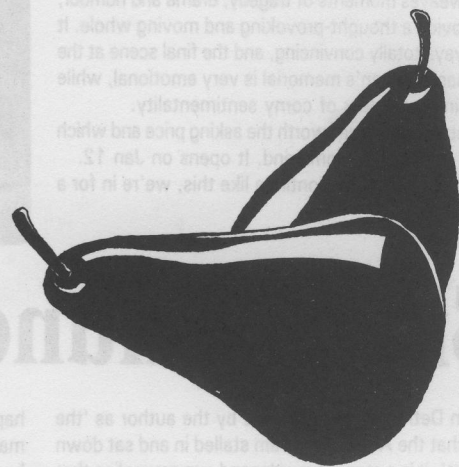
Vegetables. Such a constant reminder of those we know and love at Christmas.



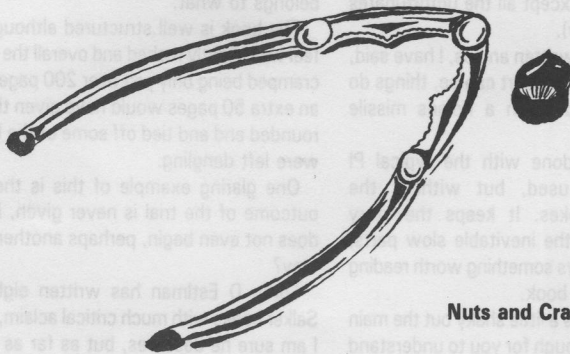
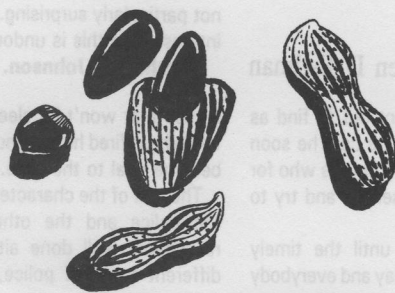
Water. I find water an excellent source of minerals and extra Government revenue. Drink it while you can still afford it.



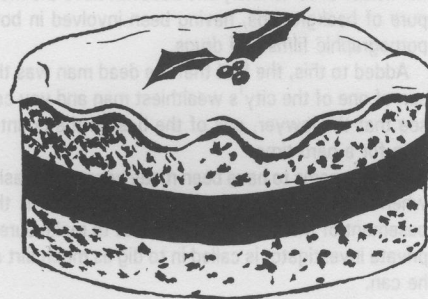
Beef. Our artist objects to the battery farming of poultry and, what's more, he can't draw Turkeys.



Fruit. Look, that is enough digging up of past ministers.



Nuts and Crackers. No comment.



Christmas Cake. Proof positive that we can have the cake without you eating it. *Edwina*

In Country

After the glut of Vietnam films a few years ago (*Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket* et al), *In Country* takes a somewhat different approach.

Samantha Hughes (Emily Lloyd, with an American accent) has just graduated from High School in Hopewell, Kentucky. She lives with her uncle Emmet (Bruce Willis), her father having been killed in Vietnam. Her mother has since remarried and moved to Lexington. While searching through the things her mother left behind, she finds some letters written by her father, while he was in Vietnam. Her need to discover more about her father will touch three generations of her family, herself, her uncle and her grandmother, and leads to them eventually coming to terms with the legacy of the war, at the Vietnam veterans' memorial.

The small town American backdrop is beautiful recreated, with many incidental characters, who contribute little to the plot, greatly enhancing it. Emily Lloyd overplays things a little at first, but soon settles down into a very competent performance. Bruce Willis is the big surprise, giving a very sympathetic portrayal, with a character that has a remarkably small screen presence.

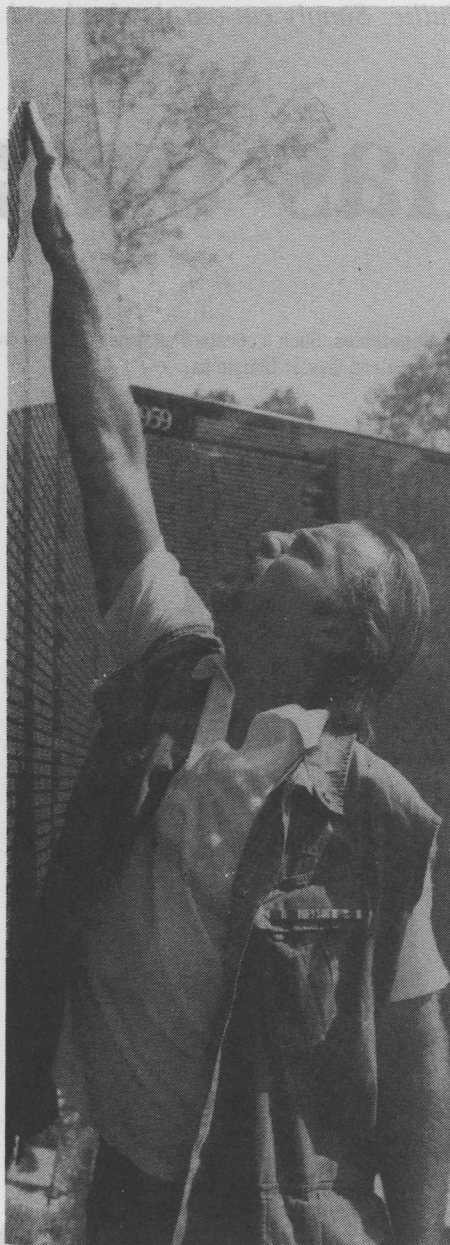
The photography is often superb. The Vietnam flashbacks are all shot at night, with present day scenes in bright daylight. Occasionally as characters mentally move back to Vietnam we do have present day shots in the dark—a clever and dramatically effective device.

The pace is always slow, suiting the mood of the film perfectly. Thoughtful and intelligent, it carefully interweaves moments of tragedy, drama and humour, to provide a thought-provoking and moving whole. It is always totally convincing, and the final scene at the Vietnam veteran's memorial is very emotional, while steering well clear of corny sentimentality.

A superb film, well worth the asking price and which I can genuinely recommend. It opens on Jan 12.

If 1990s releases continue like this, we're in for a good year.

Adam T.



The Chocolate War

The Chocolate War takes place in a Catholic school for boys called St Trinity's and concerns the annual fund raising chocolate sale. But do not be misled by the apparent innocence of the setting, this is a tale of power, avarice and sheer malevolence. The acting headmaster, Brother Leon, in a bid to further his career, decides to double both the price and sale quotas. In order to ensure success, he enlists the help of the local syndicate of bullies, named 'the Vigils', whose leader, Archie, readily accepts the challenge, as a means to increase his own power and recognition. At first the sale goes badly, hindered especially by the refusal of a particular boy (Jerry) to sell any chocolates. But Archie exploits his individuality, and identifying Jerry as a symbol of hate, unites the school against him.

The film is an intricate study of dictatorship in miniature, containing all the principal elements of its larger brothers: quotas, secret police, idealists, witch hunts etc. But present in this abstract, allegorical form, it perhaps allows us to see the issues with greater clarity. Brother Leon, driven blindly toward his goal, will stop at nothing to achieve it. His is a solipsistic world, inhabited only by him and his dream, people are mere counters on the board. Archie, the leader of the Vigils, is more conscious of others, but this realisation serves only as a means to a greater evil, in his cruel manipulation of Jerry. What is particularly chilling is the frank admission of evil, and total lack of compunction in releasing it. Both John Glover as Brother Leon, and Wally Ward as Archie give commendable menacing performances. Unfortunately their victim, Jerry (played by Lian Mitchell-Smith) is not quite so convincing. His is a role that demands a great deal of pathos, and what sympathy we feel for him, comes more from the malice of his tormentors, than from his own efforts.

This is a very emotive film, and one which is likely to make you sit and reflect. The music which accompanies it is excellent, but with names like Kate Bush, Peter Gabriel, and JS Bach (who he?), that is not particularly surprising. If the subject matter is of interest then this is undoubtedly a film to see.

Matthew G Johnson.

Silent Thunder

Loren D Estlman

Set in Detroit, a city described by the author as 'the city that the American dream stalled in and sat down to rust', it is a story of murder and gun smuggling that at points becomes hard to believe but is always gripping and compelling. Constance Thayer is accused of murdering her husband while he lay drunk and asleep on the floor. She is claiming it was self-defence as there had been a history of abuse, both physical and sexual such to drive anyone to commit justifiable homicide. Unfortunately she does not have the most pure of backgrounds, having been involved in both pornographic films and drugs.

Added to this, the fact that the dead man was the son of one of the city's wealthiest man and you can see that the lawyer, one of the best in the country is in for a hard time.

His job seems to have been made very much easier when the police discover a stash of arms in the basement of the couple's house, but to make sure a private investigator is called in to dig as much dirt as he can.

Amos Walker is a man with a thousand friends but a thousand and one enemies. He is a detective of the old school, dark raincoat pulled tight against the chill, hat dipped to cover mysterious eyes with sinister

happenings in dark dank allies. Sent out to find as many skeletons in the cupboard as he can, he soon becomes entangled in a net of shady figures who for some unknown reason become resentful and try to kill him.

The book then details events until the timely intervention of the police saves the day and everybody lives happily ever after, (except all the unfortunates that get killed on the way).

Overall the book is well written and as, I have said, as believable as a book of this sort can be, things do become a little stretched when a Polaris missile becomes involved!

The narrative is well done with the typical PI observations faithfully used, but without the fashionable puns and jokes. It keeps the story interesting even through the inevitable slow parts, meaning that there is always something worth reading through the whole of the book.

Character development is a little shaky but the main characters are detailed enough for you to understand their actions in relation with the rest of the book. Amos himself is actually quite well described although much of what you discover about his character is from his actions rather than the narrative. He is the sort of

person that won't let sleeping dogs lie and so even when he is fired he continues to search for clues that become vital to the case.

The rest of the characters, from the gun dealers to the police and the other incidental people, are reasonably well done although, with about three different types of police, it is hard to know who belongs to what.

The book is well structured although the ending I feel was slightly rushed and overall the book felt rather cramped being only just over 200 pages long. Perhaps an extra 50 pages would have given the book a more rounded end and tied off some of the loose ends that were left dangling.

One glaring example of this is the fact that the outcome of the trial is never given, in fact the trial does not even begin, perhaps another book is on the way?

Loren D Estlman has written eight other Amos Salker books with much critical acclaim, much of which I am sure he deserves, but as far as this book goes it is fairly good but not brilliant, wait for the paperback.

Ian Hodge.

The Dream Team



Take four inmates of a mental hospital. Abandon them in the city. Put their doctor in hospital with two bent cops attempting to kill him. You've got the Dream Team.

Putting an out-of-place person/group in a city and 'see how they cope' is a theme that has been used in many movies, from *Crocodile Dundee* to *Star Trek IV*. In this case, it works particularly well. Each of the four 'lunatics' is well defined, the characters enhanced by some delightful acting. Michael Keaton as Caulfield, uncontrollably violent author and Christopher Lloyd as Sikorsky, who's not sure what side of the Doctor/Patient relationship he is on, to a certain degree carry the film, but the supporting acting is well above average.

The plot is a bit woolly, but then that's not what the film is about. Instead, watch the relationship between

the inmates change, as they come to terms with their own, and their companions' problems, and start the long climb back to sanity.

There is also a liberal sprinkling of humour and action throughout the film, but it always seems perfectly natural. The one worry that this film does provoke in me though, is that much of the time we are being encouraged to laugh at people with a serious mental disability.

This is partially off-set by the sympathy with which they are treated the rest of the time, and some moralising about the use of drugs in psychiatric treatment, and the establishment's attitude to sufferers trying to reintegrate themselves into society.

Overall, a good comedy, well worth seeing, and certainly the best thing Keaton's done so far.

Adam T.

The cook, the thief, his wife & her lover

Superficially this film can be seen as a simple tale of love, lust and revenge: The Cook heads a high-flying restaurant, 'Le Hollandais' famous for its innovative cuisine. It is taken over by gangland boss, The Thief, whose spouse, His Wife, falls in lust with a reclusive intellectual, Her Lover. Lust leads to love, and from love to jealousy, to revenge and counter-revenge. From another viewpoint it could be seen as a clash of cultures, Philistine vs Athenian. One typified by the vulgar Englishman who aspires after style and class, but who cannot possess either. The other by the French cook, for whom desire is the source of life. Hunger and lust are the foundation of all that is beautiful and glorious. But The Thief is blind to this world of sensual pleasure, and he despises the base impulses which ensnare him. To one the delights of sex resemble those of eating, to the other they are more like shitting.

However the strength of this film does not lie either in the story or any particular moral that one might like to draw from it, but rather in the way that it is told. Greenaway, who both wrote and directed, masterfully exploits his medium, perhaps even surpassing it, he stimulates all five senses, rather than the mere two which fate has allowed him. The smells of the food (and other things) seem to pervade the film. His theatrical use of colour is also important. Each setting is characterised by a tint, whose change often signals a transition of mood in the characters.

The acting is also of a very high standard, Michael Gambon, and Helen Mirren as Thief and Wife, are particularly notable. It is pleasant to see a beautifully sensual role going to a more mature actress than perhaps Hollywood would have considered. She is certainly no disappointment. Costumes by Jean-Paul Gaultier and music by Michael Nyman, add the final touches to this already beautiful work.

The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover is a sensual extravaganza. I should however point out that it does contain some rather gory moments that some people might find disturbing. But with that aside, I can thoroughly recommend it. Its images will remain with you for years.

Matthew G Johnson.

How to analyse handwriting

Monica O'Hara

My first reaction on seeing this book and reading the first few pages was that it seemed very simplistic, much more so than any other book of this type I have read before. Having done a little graphology before, I expected quite a detailed book such that anyone with the time and patience could perform a detailed analysis of a sample of handwriting. Instead the book is very basic, concentrating on the letters 'i', 't' and the personal pronoun 'I' with a passing mention to the style spacing size and pressure of the sample.

Once you begin to use the book the simplistic nature of the contents reveal themselves by the fact that very few personality traits are revealed except the all important SEX characteristics. A whole chapter is given over to sexuality and lust, perhaps this shows her priorities?

There are some summary tables through the book allowing a hasty analysis of a sample, although it is best not to do it to friends or family for not only do you think you know them too well but also any bad signs in the sample will make you feel awkward as to whether or not to tell them.

Unusually for a book on this subject she does include a couple of chapters of doodles and in particular trees. This is a novel and interesting idea, and is perhaps one of the book's better parts. It does seem strange, almost contrived that the roots of the tree mean the past, and conversely the foliage the present. This, along with other obvious points (such as fast, hurried writing means a fast active personality) often lead to scepticism.

Finally, there are the chapters that are devoted to

self glorification, 'oh look what famous people I have met', with character analysis that anyone in the street could make from the way the people act and talk.

After saying this, as a general introduction into a subject that you must take seriously it is quite good in places (afterall many employees use graphology with other methods for interview pre-selection). It is a bit expensive and, at only one 150 pages, not particularly good value for money.

If you feel that you would like to find out more about an interesting subject then try the library first and later on if you want to, find a good book and perhaps start climbing the ladder of WI meetings to the heady heights that Ms O'Hara has.

Ian Hodge.

The Rose and the Ring



The (theatre) is a newly formed touring company committed to 'exploring the fantastic in literature'. Their production of an adaptation of Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* was a stylish debut.

Best described as an adult fairy tale, *The Rose and the Ring* centres on two imaginary kingdoms, where two evil kings, Valoroso and Padella, have usurped the thrones from their rightful owners, Giglio and Rosalba. Rosalba, a destitute waif, turns up at Valoroso's court and becomes a chambermaid to Angelica, Valoroso's spoilt daughter who is adored by all. All is smooth until the arrival of Padella's son, Bulbo to woo Angelica. Then the magic ring and the magic rose, which make their bearers irresistible, fall into others' hands...

Needless to say everything comes right in the end. Giglio and Rosalba gain their kingdoms and the spoilt Angelica and Bulbo learn valuable lessons in humility. But this is not a morality play. The (theatre) approach the play robustly. In a banquet scene, we see the cast miming the advancing drunkenness of the court. In Giglio's speech to the troops who have come to drag him away, he apes Shakespeare and Churchill to win them onto his side.

The cast are uniformly strong and have a good sense of comic timing. Billie Reynolds is especially good as the horrendous Countess Gruffanuff, who tricks Giglio into agreeing to marry her, aided by a great deal of strategic padding. Allie Burns as the Fairy Blackstick carries out the difficult job of maintaining the thread of the story.

Duncan Watt's set is elegant and sparse (and needs to be in the confined spaces of this theatre) and is used to good effect, three pieces of furniture masquerading in a multiplicity of roles. The costumes also complement the style of the production in their simplicity. While it is apparent that this show has been mounted on a limited budget, this seems to have spurred the inventiveness of the design and is a source of pleasure rather than dismay.

The Rose and the Ring is suitable for children, but would be wasted on them: the satire and subtlety of many of the lines will entertain even the most embittered adult. If you're sad that you can't go along and boo and hiss at a traditional pantomime, then go and see this play, a real Christmas treat.

The Rose and the Ring is on at the Latchmere Theatre until 23rd December at 8pm Monday to Saturday. The Latchmere Theatre is on the corner of Latchmere Road and Battersea Park Road and can be reached by Clapham Junction BR or buses 44 or 170 from Vauxhall tube. Tickets cost £4.50, plus £1 membership of the theatre club (although they have reciprocal membership with other fringe theatres).

Liz W.

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Glad Rag Dolls

Opening the programme for this production, by Robideez and transferred from the Edinburgh festival, is a frightening experience. Over twenty songs in one play? Are they actually going to have time to say anything? Thankfully, they do. The musical interludes are short, but well integrated into the structure of the play. The mixture of old pieces, and specially composed pieces works, and help enhance the atmosphere.

The cast of three make good use of the limited space available, tricking our imagination into seeing anything from a flat in soho to a seedy nightclub stage.

Against this backdrop a story involving a transvestite, and transexual, and a bag lady unfolds. We learn of their past and future. Two have risen from the gutter, one has fallen into it.

The unusual nature of the characters is handled well. They never come across as stereotypes, except when they are mocking themselves. The spoken dialogue is naturalistic, and the scenes in which

characters, unseen and unheard, converse with the actors are surprisingly effective. Remarkably, the play is never judgemental, but merely presents us with a situation, and lets us judge. It is rare to be both entertained and left thinking by a play.

The end of the play is optimistic, without being a corny 'happy ending'. Well worth a visit.

Glad Rag Dolls is playing at The Man in the Moon theatre club on the Kings Road, about 20 minutes to half an hours walk from College and runs until December 23. A concessionary ticket is £4.

Adam T.

A note about theatre clubs

There are many theatre clubs in London, which face an uncertain future, as the laws relating to them are ambiguous. To see a play in one you must be a member, and membership may have to be taken out sometime in advance in some cases. Check with the theatre in question. The Bush (FELIX Issue 851) is also a theatre club.

The Snow Queen



Ahh, Christmas. The panto season is on us once more. The pantomime dance, the principle boy, the ugly sisters, that's what you expect isn't it? Not in this one.

The Snow Queen has an all-female cast and crew, and only two, briefly appearing, male characters. This panto has always been female dominated, and it has only taken a minor bit of tweaking to make it completely female. The dame (Bryony Lavery) is now a somewhat bolshie actress who complains about 'the management' and discusses her motivation playing a rose. Believe me, it's funnier than it sounds. Indeed, the entire play is done firmly tongue-in-cheek and is clearly targetted towards the adult audience. This is made abundantly obvious by the lesbian theme that threads its way through the play. Gerda goes to search for Kay because of her 'love' for her. The Snow Queen's reward is a kiss. Even the robber girl wants to 'play' and 'sleep' with Gerda. It's never overt, though, and will only offend the most fanatical homophobe.

The stage design is effective, and mixes well with the lighting, which transforms it from a snowy waste, to a riverside garden. There is a sprinkling of music which adds little to the play. Nicola Kathrens (Gerda) does a fine job of portraying the mannerisms of a young girl, and Sarah Kerney is splendidly evil as Wolf, eclipsing even the Snow Queen (Donna Champion) herself. The simultaneous dialogue of the grandmothers is beautifully executed and very funny, as is the dame's Scandinavian accent as the Reindeer. There are one or two throwaway political lines, but thankfully no male bashing.

Definitely one of the better Christmas shows, from which the lesbian overtones fit naturally, and one which is well worth a visit.

You can see *The Snow Queen* at the Drill Hall Arts Centre, 16 Chenie St, WC1. Performances Tue-Sat at 8pm. It runs until Jan 6 and a concessionary ticket costs £4.

Adam T.

Screamin' Jay Hawkins



'I don't sing them I destroy them!' is what Jalacy Hawkins said of his stage performances. He started out in 1953, singing ballads and blues in a small way until he hit the headlines in '56 with *I Put a Spell on You*, the song that made him famous as *Screamin' Jay Hawkins*. He grunts, screams and bubbles his way through this heavily rhythmic, necromantic track. The words, sung in a gravelly baritone, are all about threatening his girl with voodoo spells to prevent her leaving him. The song created an uproar at the time and was kept off the charts, despite sales of over a million copies.

The following years showed a drift towards highly theatrical horror rock and songs such as *Alligator Wine* and *Frenzy*. The stage acts became increasingly animated with coffins and halloween-style rubber spiders and snakes, garish and fake, strewn all over the stage, and a pet skull called Henry who smoked

cigars and set off sheets of flame from pieces of flash-paper in the Screamer's palm.

With the sixties came hard times, and Hawkins spent the best part of fifteen years out in the wilderness before re-emerging in a film in '78 which set him off on a tour of America, Australia and Europe, with performances only marginally more restrained than in the past. 1979 and '83 saw two new albums. *Screamin' the Blues* was a smooth collection of old songs, and *Real Life* showed characteristically original lyrics with a return to blues ballads in a gentler, almost nostalgic style betraying some hints of age and reason.

The more recent years have seen Jay Hawkins involved with director Jim Jarmusch. *Stranger than Paradise*, Jarmusch's bleakly funny tale of wandering Hungarian immigrants looking for paradise in America features *I Put a Spell on You* as the title song. Tom

Waits' similar whiskey-soaked voice provided the music for *Down By Law*, the next Jarmusch film, but Hawkins returns in *Mystery Train*, the third major Jarmusch film, which opened in London in November. The soundtrack is again due to Tom Waits, and Hawkins plays the receptionist of a seedy hotel in Memphis where two young Japanese tourists in search of paradise and a good time are shipwrecked.

Screamin' Jay is now touring with the full weight of his sixty years behind him. He was at the Town & Country Club on Halloween (photo), with the usual mechanical spiders crawling around on his piano, the skull Henry producing clouds of smoke and flashes of flame and ear-splitting shrieks rending the air around his spellbound audience. He will probably be back: don't miss him.

James Connolly.

Bob Mould

Hüsker Dü were a widely acclaimed American noise band and Bob Mould used to play electric guitar with *Hüsker Dü*. He's begun his first tour of Britain as a solo act—he's all on his own apart from the backing band.

Mould arrives on stage to confront a slightly bemused audience who are trying to come to terms with a strange set from the support band. Said support, *House of Freaks* seemed to have lost some of their members on the way to the gig being bereft of everything except a singer who owned a guitar and a drummer. These two contrived to perform for over half an hour leaving no impression other than confusion.

At first sight Bob Mould certainly doesn't look as though he will reassure the audience, he looks even more awkward than they do. He plays guitar like a man being electrocuted by a flymo, spasmodically

jerking this way and that. However, the material itself shows a remarkable breadth of vision. It is rather like watching an artist splashing paint on a canvas in an apparently haphazard manner, yet managing to create a rich and coherent whole.

There are rough edges: some of the songs aren't quite *there*, they either harp on a particular riff for too long or, alternatively, seem to have little structure. All the same, the main impression is one of highly charged creativity which builds towards a climax that is *Whichever Way the Wind Blows* the searing last song of the main set. We think the concert is over as Mould lies on his back at the end of this song, a cascade of feedback reverberating around him. But no! After the smoke has cleared he returns to play a short, but very sweet, acoustic set. Again the audience is confused.

Joseph Andrews.

Xmas mix

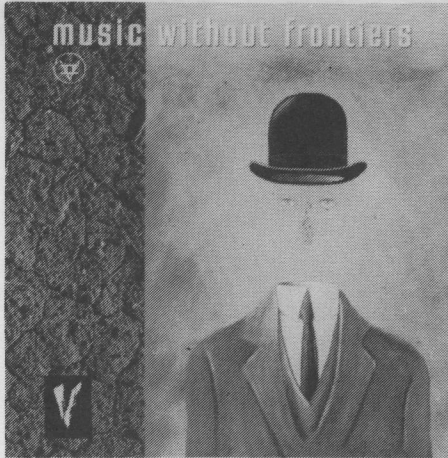
Those wacky people at Food Recordings have decided to give us all a really zany Xmas present this year. Not a *Jive Bunny* megamix of the labels premier hit singles but three bands covering each other.

So we get current media darlings *Jesus Jones* taking the axe to the *Crazyhead* song *I Don't Want That Kind of Love* with surprisingly sophisticated results. *Jones* is obviously starting to take this music business thing a little bit seriously. *Crazyhead* get the chance to do a real demolition job on the *Diesel Park West* track *Like Princes Do*. It works so well they should consider adopting it in their live set. *Diesel Park West* meanwhile can only prettify the classic *Jesus Jones* single *Info Freako* and in doing so they lose its brutal sarcastic wit which provides the only disappointment of this festive free for all.

CDL.

Various

Electronic and New music



Some Music is Private Music is a sampler of 'new music'. It is not exactly New Age, (i.e. random arpeggios and birdsong) but sophisticated ethereal background muzak for the frustrated thirty somethings and young fogeys who have outgrown the venerable (or should that be venereal) rockers currently feathering their retirement nests in America's stadia. FM rock it isn't but with the exception of *Shankar's* psychedelic curry house music *Parambh*, the 13 pieces have sufficient similarity to make this a pleasurable 70 minutes.

Tangerine Dream, *Andy Summers* and *Eddie Jobson* provide mainstream credibility and their contributions are much as one would expect, although Summers the soloist lacks the inventiveness of his *Police* days. Elsewhere, sax symbols *Michael Brecker* and *David Sanborn* guest on *Michael Colina's Joy Dancing*.

As a sampler it is cheap and good value and although little here will make you rush out and buy the entire back catalogue of this label it is still a cut above the technopap that *Jean Michel Jarre* churns out. It also works much better than the new sampler by Virgin Music's Venture label, *Music Without Frontiers Vol 2*.

Again long and exceptionally low price (the artists apparently donated songs and waived royalties to keep the cost down), it is such a diverse mixture of styles that it is difficult to listen to in a single sitting. Jazzy fusion, Adult Orientated Chanteuses (this means that they are trying to be sophisticated, not that there are nude photos of them or that they sing about sex) tend to clash with the more avant garde musical pieces by such composers as *Michael Nyman* and *Ennio Morricone*.

One of the principal problems of this compilation is that the standard is not as high as included on the first sampler. Few of the tracks are good enough to make you want to listen to the whole on their strengths alone. Contributions by *Mike Gibbs* and *Itchy Fingers* are pleasant enough but there is no natural flow through into the downright strange *Llano* by *Cassell Webb*. Of the middle seven tracks only the ambient *Snow* by *Electric Circus* stands out but the final side picks up with New Age folk by *Michael O'Suilleabhain* and the peices by *Nyman* and *Morricone* showing the difference between serious composition and experiment.

It would be nice to recommend this but in all honesty *Music Without Frontiers 1* or *Private Music* are better samplers. A- for effort but only C for attainment.

CDL.

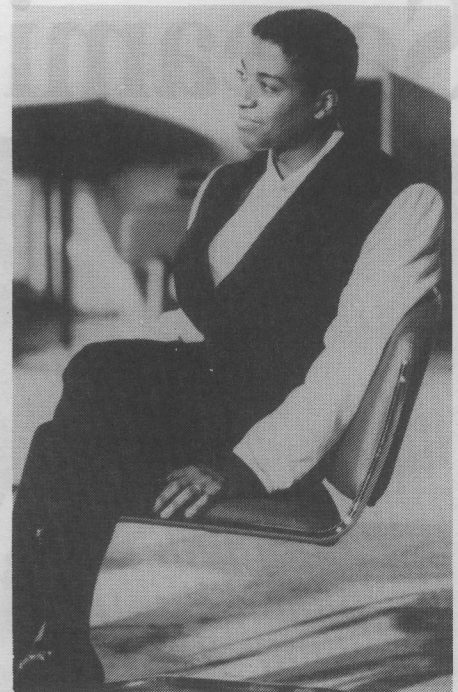
Various

Singles

Apparently the script for *Roadhouse* required a Blues band with a blind guitarist. In the wildly eclectic world of Rock 'n' Roll these are not exactly ten a penny. You can get fat black, Mississippi bluesmen called King in twelve packs from any record emporium but young white Canadian guitarists deficient in the sight area are a rare commodity, this year at least. This leads me to believe that Jeff Healey's uncle or some other close relation wrote the script for *Roadhouse*.

When the Night Comes Falling from the Sky is a Bob Dylan song covered by the *Jeff Healey Group* for the film. It is a cut above standard twelve bar Blues. Tight and full of balls it has more energy than Dylan's shuffling original and Healey treats us to some wicked sixth string tickling. This should keep Healey's fans content until he records the follow up to *See the Light*, which has now gone double platinum in his native land (probably 250 copies sold).

In a completely different groove (good Rock speak there), *Sydney Youngblood* has a new 12" out, (not his wanger) called *Sit and Wait*. Were I in the disco looking to pull; dressed in my white suit with my chest wig neatly stuck on and my medallion gleaming, I would probably do exactly what the title says until *Scratch 'n' Sniff Megamixer Pete Waterman* put on some decent music. I'd rather squeeze my blackheads

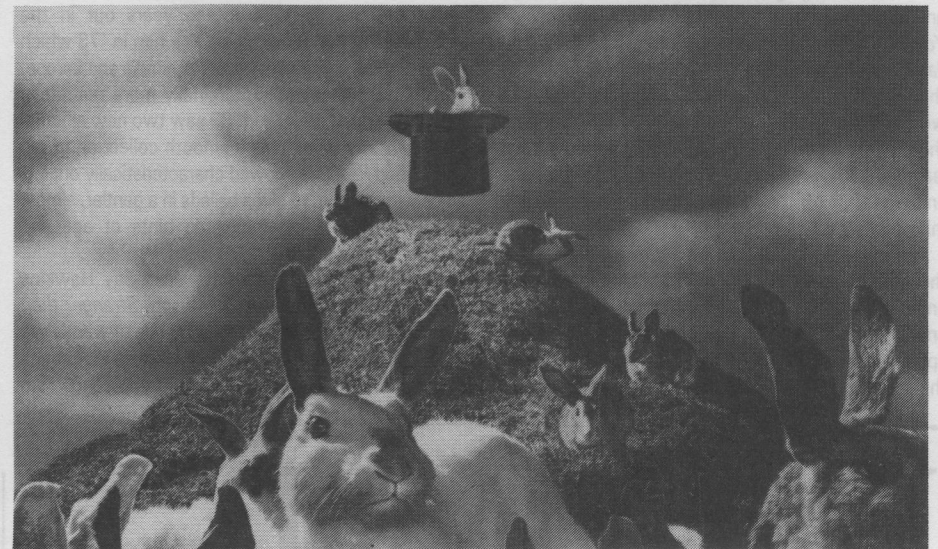


than dance to this mindless tosh. Bobby Brown must be laughing his cock off if this is the best that the opposition can come up with.

CDL.

Rush

Presto



For years *Rush* have been something of an enigma. Largely ignored by the popular media (TV & Radio) they have been happy to ignore the attentions of music journalists after countless misquotes and poor press. Despite this they have endeared themselves to a large part of our generation and retained the staunch support of this audience whilst growing from science fiction and mythological hippies into elder statesmen of adult orientated rock. They have been called the world's biggest underground band partly because of their refusal, or inability to tailor their music to the singles market.

Presto is their thirteenth studio LP in 15 years and marks no great departure from their style of late. Keyboards are used less as a focus and more as a backdrop to the guitar-bass-drums arrangements but they are still evident throughout. Neil Peart's writing theme seems to be deception and hidden things be they magical as in the title track, political (*Red Tide*), or emotional (*Scars*) but his lyrics are typically cryptic and either incredibly intelligent or toally pretentious

according to your degree of cynicism.

The album opens with *Show Don't Tell* and *Chain Lightning* which are both typical classy *Rush* songs. The music is nervous, never settling into a mundane verse-chorus-solo sequence but darting between rhythms and tempos as Lee and Lifeson pass the lead. When the style does relax on *The Pass* and the strangely titled *Anagram (For Mongo)* it does so melodically but never approaches the anthemic stadia rock of *Bon Jovi*. Producer Rupert Hines adds backing vocals on the obvious single *Superconductor* but the best is saved to the end of each side. Both *Presto* and *Available Light* are songs of the highest calibre that have a timeless quality which will make them instant favourites for the faithful.

Presto is unlikely to win *Rush* new fame and fortune but it will not lose them any old fans for whom the problem is now having to wait at least twelve months before there is any possibility of a tour.

CDL.

Carl Kent-Smith and Susan Appleby interviewed the Prims in November. Stick with them, says Carl, they've got even more to give us in the 90's.

Interview—The Primitives

The coldest day I can remember since the hot summer erased my cold day memory cells. Inside the Town & Country Club it's nearly as cold, with a harsh sound check doing little to warm the atmosphere. Our wit is tempered by a debate into everything; sex, drugs and the Prims worth. I feel like a minority amongst my company, still starry eyed about the whole thing, excited, overawed and wanting to be here. Wanting to be cool, but faced with meeting and talking to a band I've admired for so long. You could say I was a little nervous. Would they be difficult, doing the big start thing? I was desperate not to be disappointed, and...I wasn't.

T = Tracy (vocals)

P = Paul (guitar, vocals)

A = Andy (bass)

Do you all still live in Coventry?

T: Paul and I do, and Tig, the drummer also, but Andy's still in Sheffield.

What's the nucleus of the Prims, these days, who are the original members?

P: Well, there was Pete Tweeder, he plays drums in the band third on the bill tonight, *See See Rider*. Stever, Stever Dulahugun, he's doing various things around the Midlands. He's working with a guy called Martin Baker.

After Crash, and you got a lot of exposure on Top of the Pops, was it worse then?

T: Yeah, there was a bit more then, with posters plastered around every corner, on every street, so people were quite aware of us...they'd stop and stare and stuff.

Are you still getting lots of comments about your hair, you must be pretty sick of it by now?

T: It's a bit of a pain in the arse really.

So what were you up to between Lovely and Sick of it All coming out?

P: We did loads of tours abroad. We did go to America for two weeks, but we did mostly Europe. We were recording the album over that period of time, when we weren't in the public eye or whatever. It wasn't like a solid recording session, but a week here and a week there. That's the way we work, we don't like doing it all the time.

The second album wasn't difficult to produce in any way?

P: Not really. We had a lot more say in it, and we knew what we wanted when we went and started it.

T: We had a more relaxed atmosphere as well. Just the producer and the band, and we weren't being interfered with by other people.

What was it like pulling all the material together? The first album seemed more like you had everything ready, a collection of singles and the B-sides. Pure seems a bit different, did you write it in one go, or while you were in the studio...?

P: No, we never write songs in the studio, that's when you're desperate. They just happened as they always have done, sometimes two songs in a week. It just all came together.

Paul, you seem to do most of the writing, do you write the lyrics as well?

P: Yeah, I just sit down with a guitar at home and write a song, and give the rest of the band a cassette. But the actual finished product is like a band effort, everyone puts input into it.

I've noticed that Pure seems a lot deeper subject-wise and in the song structures. Are we ever going to see a return to the good time thrash stuff of Stop Killing Me and Really Stupid?

T: We want to get away from that 2 minute sickly sort of pop song.

P: We probably like bits of that still, but we want to bury that a bit now. Although Stop Killing Me is alright.

Spacehead, you're not too keen on that I gather?

P: Yeah, the newer stuff, we wanna kick all the sugar out basically.

Is this going to be your approach to the 90's? A lot of people would say that you're rooted in the 80s, specifically all the bands that came out in 1986.

T: I think we're constantly changing really. Most of the new material isn't commercial, but then again it could be. We're just sort of moving on really.

Are you not ever forced to take a more commercial part? Possibly if the singles aren't doing so well, do you not get outside suggestions, especially major label suggestions?

T: In the beginning yes. Obviously with the success of Crash they thought that everything else would follow like that. But there's so much variety within the Primitives that it just didn't happen. They're more aware now that they might get a single that does really well, and the next one might not.

So, do you think you've got the stamina and the necessary longevity to go on for a few years, and carry on right into the 90s.

P: We're not struggling at the moment. We've got loads of new songs happening and things.

How do you feel about the way the music press is treating you at the moment? Ever since you made it into the charts they've completely turned against you.

P: Well, not completely, but we've always had our enemies and suffered backlashes all along the line

What bands are you listening to at the moment, I would've thought they'd be slightly different to what you listened to before you recorded Lovely? Are these band influences?

P: Not really. We're not really influenced by anyone these days. You listen to stuff, but when you start out you tend to copy bands more because you're finding your feet. But the stuff we listen to doesn't really influence us anymore.

What about for your own enjoyment, what do you listen to at home?

T: A lot of old stuff really. I still listen to T-Rex, Teardrop Explodes, it's really varied. I like some acid house music as well.

All your record sleeves, and most of the Lazy releases have a pretty definite image, and you can always identify them as Prims releases. The designers, Flat Earth, who are they?

P: I think Wayne, our manager, found the guy who is Flat Earth.

T: He's been with us from the beginning really. We sort of work with him to get what we want.

Was the transition from indie label to major pretty seamless, or did you encounter any problems?

P: there was a lot of confusion at the start really. A lot of people trying to have their say in things. It soon got sorted out though.

Did it hold up what you wanted to do at any stage?

P: Not really, no.

Drugs seem to be portrayed as fairly trendy in the media at the moment, and I noticed that in Melody Maker it seemed to suggest you were out of your heads on ecstasy in the last video...

T: Was it true?

P: Yes, I'm afraid so.

T: Tut, tut, smack our wrists.

Did you ever expect to be this successful?

P: Not really. Not at the start. Everything went up in little steps. TOTP and all that lot was just like the next step. When it got to that point.

T: We've got a lot of determination and a lot of new stuff and we're happy and we're going to carry on into the 90s.

What about future plans, is it going to be another long wait until we see you play again?

P: We want to record an EP in January. If we do do that, then we'll do like a really quick tour of the UK. It'll be like small clubs, just a really buzzy kind of tour.

T: Intimate little holes.

P: No, no (laughs).

Are the Primitives sexy?

T: Yes. Would you say we were (to Paul)

Fairly erotic

T: Everybody's sexy aren't they? If you're a band I think you can be extra sexy.

How do you make yourselves extra sexy then?

T: It's hard to say really.

A: I wear black stockings.

What, all the time?

A: Well, yeah.

P: I don't wear anything when I'm in the bath.

Have you done your Christmas shopping yet?

T: No. No, we're not going to have time to either, 'cos next weekend we go to Spain and then we go to America for a couple of weeks, so we won't really have time.

Well, with no more burning questions to ask, thanks also for the interview. Hope the gig's good tonight.

T&P: Thankyou.

The Calumny Column

by Caroline Toynee

● News of sexual perversions reaches my ears from male-dominated Holbein House. A stock of transsexual magazines were found by an observant cleaner on the Third floor of house 61. The cleaner also complained about a blockage in one of the toilets in house 63. The source of the problem was dredged sopping wet out of the U-bend—two ladies bras. Without wishing to point the finger of suspicion, I can reveal that the culprit may well be posing as a re-app. More on this chap next term.

● A very old tale indeed from two years ago. A resident of Linstead Hall thought it would be a jolly wheeze to bug people's rooms and spy on them from his Southside room using his binoculars. Ho, ho, ho, what a laugh. He obtained the various bits of surveillance equipment from STOIC—of which he was a member. One of his victims was ex-Conservative Society chairman Nicky Fox, hee, hee, hee. Now the offender's name can be revealed. It is a present STOIC member, Neil Humphreys. Who's laughing now?

● Cock-up of the week is from Andy Bannister, gorgeous, pouting member of the Geology 3rd year. Mr Bannister has been working too hard lately which accounts for his discovery that there is oil in Peckham Rye.

● FELIX borrowed a dictaphone from the Union Office last week for use in a highly covert interview. It was sent to us with some very interesting contents. The cassette tape left in the machine contained confidential details of a bar-brawl in late October. The tape goes on to name the offenders and recommendations for their punishment. Being an upstanding organ, FELIX will not print any of the details contained thereon. Furthermore, we have returned the tape to its supplier, Mr Dave Williams. Most frightening of all was the B-side of the cassette—this had last year's Hon Sec, Ian Morris singing a collection of songs from his latest album!

● Time to reveal the vodka scam. Seasoned drinkers have been rushed into Southside in recent weeks to sample a promotion of Poznozce. This column can now reveal that all the glasses used were left sitting on a tray of vodka to give a slight flavour of vodka. Why? Because Poznozce is the same stuff that the Government has been trying to flog you—London Tap, with a hint of filtered Tobasco sauce for the burn. The cunning plan, at 50p per shot, is estimated to have raised £80 for Rag.

● How long will Linstead Warden Jan Bradley last? Rumours are flying around that Ms Bradley will be resigning from her post in the very near future. A case of did she jump or was she pushed.

● Union Academic Affairs Officer, Athos Ritzbiscuit is said to be deep in the sticky brown stuff following the issue of FELIX a fortnight ago. A letter written by the Christian Union was apparently signed by ten of its members. It now transpires that nine of the signatures were false. So crafty was Mr Ritzbiscuit in the letter, that he signed himself halfway through the list of names. The hapless AAO is being reminded that he has broken the eleventh commandment—'Thou shalt not forge other people's names and then tell porkies about it'. Beware of any low-flying thunderbolts, folks.



● Last year's Editor Bill Goodwin, has been involved in some heavy legal wrangling at the high court lately. Mr Goodwin, answering a charge of contempt of court for his part in the leaking of sensitive company information, is lucky to have such a loyal bunch of friends. So concerned about Bill's well-being are they, that a sweepstake has been organised in the FELIX Office. The pot currently stands at £40, most of which came from present staff. So far, the Guilds Office have been the cruelest, hoping Bill gets sent down for 2 years or more.

● The Union Internal Services Officer was propositioned recently. Walking home to his fashionable Archway flat, Christ Stapleton (for it is he) was stopped by a handsome young gentleman. Seeing Chris's leather clad body, the youth stated, 'Excuse me, I find you very attractive, can I come home with you?' Mr Stapleton's reply has not been recorded but he was sighted running at top speed through Highgate Cemetery.

● A complaint was made to Union Deputy President, Dave Williams, by self-made woman Nicky Fox on a matter of security. La Fox complained about the lack (i.e. none) of rape alarms in the ladies changing rooms. It is three weeks since Mr Williams was approached, but so far nothing has been done. Doubtless Mr Williams is considering the matter with his usual efficiency.

● Scandal reaches my ears of one Bharterdu Vyas. He resigned from India Society when they wouldn't elect him as Chairman and formed Asian Society. Despite protestations from his previous club, due to an overlap in membership, Asian Society is now thriving with some 150 members. It is a pity that the same can't be said for the club's finances. Asian Soc's first event of the year involved hiring a band for £300 and handing out a large number of free tickets. Asian Society is now in debt to the tune of...£300.

● My good friend Peter Leeson, Superintendent of Evelyn Gardens has been mentioned lately. Mr Leeson has been under mounting pressure to leave from the Gardens wardens. Now I hear he may be involved in the maintenance services forthcoming Easter reshuffle.

● Beit Quad was evacuated on Wednesday when a fire alarm refused to be silenced. Despite hunting high and low, both Deputy President Dave Williams and the extremely competent body of College security, couldn't locate the switch to disable the alarm. The control panel was eventually found, hidden under the bags and coats of the ladies football team. Nice to know that if a real fire breaks out, we'll all be in safe hands.

Charlie English went to Berlin two weeks ago to see the new Berlin...

Tear down the wall!

Saturday; an early morning snowfall and below-zero temperatures don't deter people in their thousands from chipping away at the Berlin Wall. Freezing hands wield hammers, chisels, screwdrivers and even umbrellas against The Wall in an attempt to get hold of what must be amongst the most prized souvenirs in Europe.

The authorities on both sides seem uncertain as to what to do. East German border guards patrol on top of the Wall at the Brandenburg Gate, unarmed, watching perplexedly as people as far as they can see are gradually destroying the thing on which they stand. West German police, after clamping down on wall-chipping last week, now only half-heartedly try to stop it. The result is a now gap-toothed barrier as people scrape and tap away the poor quality cement and concrete removing slivers from the joints between the prefabricated blocks. The little flakes that are removed are rumoured to be worth up to \$5000 in the States, so for many in Berlin what two weeks ago might have been a statement for freedom has now become a lucrative business.

Meanwhile the East Germans themselves wander around cautiously tasting capitalism like a first sip of beer after a long period without—'I don't really need it but...'. Temptation often wins in the end. A queue for a 'Sex Show' stretches into the street; easterners walk past parked cars reading out brand names 'Volvo...Mercedes...BMW...' and clutching stereo radio cassettes. Cigarette manufacturers haven't been slow to spot the opportunity, revelling in the vast new potential market of denim clad Marlboro men. Girls are employed to hand out cigarettes and leaflets to amazed East Germans as if they were at a sponsored event; 'Come together—learn to live as friends—Peter Stuyvesant.' 'The West is Best' proclaims a huge Marlboro banner over a railway bridge.

But the glory of the moment is not lost by the



cynicism of advertising. Walking alongside The Wall people peer through the ever widening cracks as if they will see something monstrous on the other side, as if the wooden watch towers to look over into the East do not exist. A group huddle round a tiny gap, straining to see an East German border guard, exchanging addresses, even buying pieces of wall for Deutschmarks. The intermittent flow of 'Trabbies' is interrupted for a moment by a breakdown: at once ten West Germans gather round to help sort out the problem, anxious to see the engine.

In the American sector, near Checkpoint Charlie, a couple of guys are breaking off large slabs with a sledge-hammer and handing it away to people. Here Germans are almost outnumbered by American forces personnel, some still in uniform, come for their bit; 'I

been here two and half years, I'd like a piece'. Some speculate how much longer they will be in West Germany: graffiti proclaims 'Checkpoint Charlie, made redundant 9 Nov 1989'. Untrue, but typically optimistic.

It has to be appropriate for this embodiment of the Cold War to be eaten away slowly by thousands of hands each taking away their own little fragments. This probably isn't the end of the East-West divide, perhaps not even the end of the divided Berlin, and maybe these people's motives are not entirely unselfish; yet there cannot be a more telling symbol of popular opinion than the image of thousands of people, from all over the free world, spontaneously and simultaneously tapping away at The Wall. Chip, chip, chip...

Competition

You could win a chunk of the Berlin Wall. Complete the wordsearch below and hand it in to the FELIX Office. The winner will be the first out of the hat from the first five entries handed into the Office by 5.30pm Thursday.

BERLIN
WALL
GORBACHEV
FELIX
PORNOGRAPHY
CAPER
CRAP
MYLAN
LESTER

AND
BIGUN
CREAM
CRACKERS
BILLY
JAIL
CHRISTMAS
ELF

B	E	R	L	I	N	U	G	I	B	E	R	P
C	R	A	C	K	E	R	S	F	E	D	E	O
S	W	S	R	W	E	R	E	T	S	E	L	R
X	A	T	A	C	R	E	A	M	H	M	Z	N
C	L	M	P	Y	C	T	N	B	Y	C	W	O
F	L	Y	T	L	G	S	B	I	L	L	Y	G
W	I	L	E	S	U	E	L	F	S	W	Y	R
J	A	A	O	X	I	L	E	F	U	D	N	A
M	J	N	J	T	V	R	E	P	A	C	T	P
Q	H	I	B	R	A	N	H	L	X	J	K	H
P	O	R	G	O	R	B	A	C	H	E	V	Y

The Delator Column

Going underground

By Paul Shanley

In my first column, 10 weeks ago, I expressed my angst over automatic ticket barriers on the underground. The feedback was good—most people seem to share my view that these gates should be scrapped. The whole issue of 'progress' by London Regional Transport is a much wider one.

Action is being taken to improve facilities for passengers. I can't help feeling that London Underground have got their priorities wrong. There are two areas they are concentrating on. The first is in marketing. New style trains are coming into operation, more aesthetically pleasing than their predecessors. Stations, mainly central ones, are being given new licks of paint. This is obviously necessary to financially secure LRT in the long term and to create an environment for travellers that is, at worst, tolerable. But it is by no means a priority.

In terms of change, there are numerous tasks that must be placed above cosmetic refurbishment on the list of priorities. This leads me to the second area that LRT are ploughing money into; the closure of certain stations that require essential maintenance. Mansion House has just been closed for an estimated 15 months. The escalators are being refurbished and the safety level of the station as a whole is being brought up to scratch.

The changes taking place at Mansion House are welcome. LRT, in a bid not to inconvenience its customers (they are no longer passengers) only closes a number of stations at any one time. If such alterations are necessary, for safety reasons, it seems silly to close down some unsafe stations and leave others open. The real solution is to close down all dangerous stops so that the Underground will pass safety checks in a few years time. The worst stations appear to be those on the older lines such as the Bakerloo and the Northern ('Misery') line.

A TV programme recently highlighted this. *A day in the life of...* went to Angel station (Yes, it's The Misery Line again, folks). Angel remains open, despite frequent breakdowns of the lift. The programme saw a couple being told that the lift was broken and that they would have to use the stairs—all of them. The woman was 81. Her husband was 85. It is stations like Angel that have to remain closed until lifts can be in operation 100% of the time.

In the interim, London Underground must liaise with its other arm, London Buses and provide shuttle buses to cope. This will inconvenience passengers considerably. But if a station is unsafe, isn't it better to close and repair it than to leave the station open and wait for an accident to happen?

Last month Transport Secretary Cecil Parkinson unveiled plans for an extension to the Jubilee line running into Docklands. This is analogous to a small business expanding too rapidly. By diversifying, one ends up with a sub-standard operation. The solution is to consolidate one's resources first, before expansion. LRT is being hasty in branching out without bringing its existing service up to an acceptable level, as I shall demonstrate. There are solid political reasons for this argument. More party points can be scored by moving into yuppie-infested Docklands than less well off areas such as Vauxhall and Lambeth.



There are other areas which LRT must improve. Not at the expense of safety—this must be the highest priority—but before cosmetic considerations are looked at.

Fire equipment must be renewed and maintained. Adjacent to this is the need to familiarise all staff with fire-fighting procedure. Recent reports suggest that this area has been neglected. Again, the worst offenders appear to be the oldest stations such as those on the extremities of the Northern Line.

More tubes must be put into passenger service. This is because of the wider problem of an increase in underground usage. The system has now reached a ceiling. One of the good policies that the late GLC implemented was promoting public transport. The problem now is that at peak hours demand has outstripped supply.

Part of the problem here is the increase in congestion on the roads. My belief is that this is partly due to the introduction of one-man operated buses. One need look no further for evidence to support this than the tube and bus strikes over the summer. On the days where a tube-only strike was in effect, the roads were bedlam. Conversely, when the buses were non-operational, driving into work was a breeze.

When commuters are questioned on what part of the system concerns them most, the majority mention their own personal safety. Easy access to emergency stop buttons may help. Extra staff vigilance, particularly late at night would be an asset. The answer, though, has to be an extra police presence

on the tubes. The London Transport police needs to undergo a massive expansion. Its current staffing level is 400 officers, 32 of whom have been seconded from the Met represents only a token presence. Londoners will only feel safe on their public transport system if, for example, lines such as the Northern have a minimum of three officers per train.

One often hears of how rough the New York Subway is. Having travelled on it, I have to say I felt more at ease than coming home on the Northern Line in my native South London.

Of course minor refurbishments are needed. We need better PA systems, cleaner train indicators, less litter, brighter ticket halls but these can wait.

Okay, but who's going to pay for all this? Well LRT spent a total of £206M last year on investment. It also received a Government subsidy of £212M. This could subsidise some of the cost. There is also the question of their advertisement budget—do we really need adverts telling us to use the tube—when we have to anyway? Realistically the public coffers are going to have to bear a significant brunt of the cost. London has the oldest underground railway in the world. In order for it to be the best, either the Exchequer or the London boroughs will have to delve into their pockets.

In conclusion, the overriding aim has to be for a safe public transport system. Once this is achieved, the mechanics of the system should be honed. Only then should cosmetics be looked at. At present LRT is operating the Stock, Aitken and Waterman principle: The packaging may be great but the contents are crap.

Daytime TV twaddle

I've been videoing a lot of daytime television lately. The programmers who claim standards will decline when de-regulation comes into force need look no further than their own back yard.

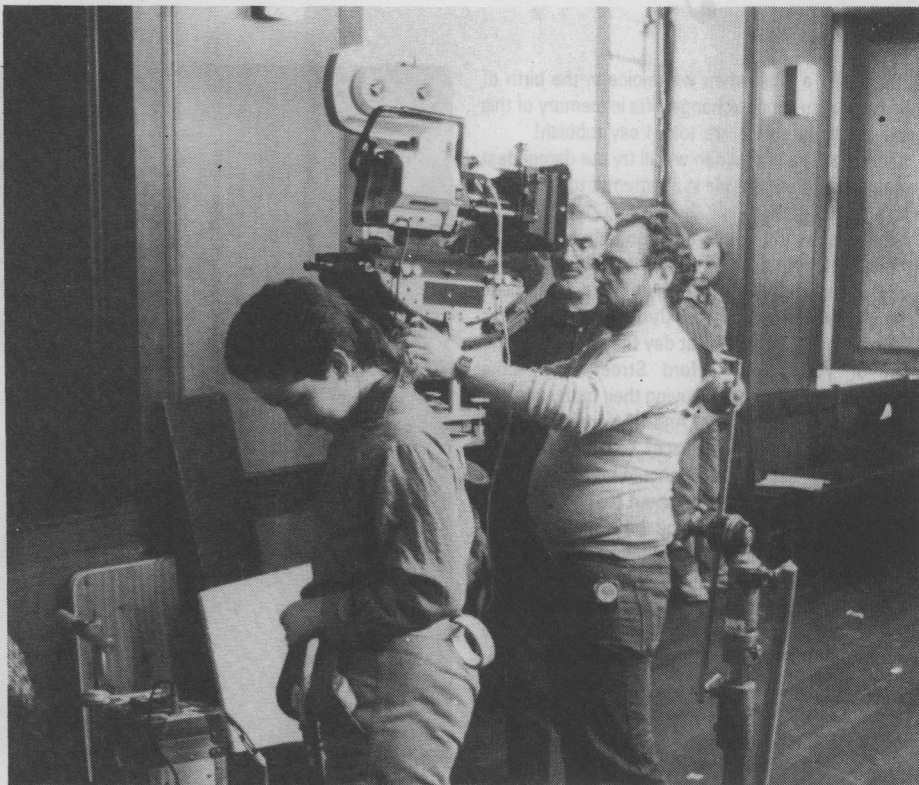
The day usually gets off to a start with a game show. The ITV regions excell at this sort of programming. From the channel that brought you *Name that Tune* and *That's My Dog* comes *Keynotes*. Presented by a redundant DJ—as nearly all these shows are—our first glimpse is of the contestants. From then on, it's downhill all the way.

The idea of *Keynotes* appears to be to guess the next word in a song. The contestants are clearly hand picked from Mensa's finest judging by the challenging questions. (*I want to be a part of it, New York, New *****). Last week's programme featured Jim, looking remarkably like the token 'lovable cockney character' one sees in every sitcom Thames produces. Jim was clearly getting carried away with it all. So much so, in fact, that he kept clapping his hands throughout the whole show—even when he got an answer wrong.

This pales into insignificance, however, on flipping channels. Every morning, that guardian of morals, is there to promote everything that is good—*Kilroy!* Robert Kilroy-Silk interviewing technique has apparently been gleaned from the Daily Mirror School of Journalism. In comes the camera for the close-up of the victim's face, dim the house lights, speak in a soft melancholy tone—watch those tears start flooding. The main feature of *Kilroy!* that sets it apart from the other crap talk shows is the resident nutter. It is a little-known fact that a researcher is employed to scour the tube for headcases in order to reach a quota of five per week.

During remembrance week, Kilroy-Silk interviewed a studio full of war widows demanding a higher pension. With the whole audience in agreement, our Robert must have been thinking of ways to pad the programme out to an hour. To his rescue, up jumped a fruitcake.

'I wouldn't give any of you a penny. Your husbands



knew they might die—it's your own fault'. A verbal melée promptly broke out. One old dear, fighting back the tears, wished Mr Fruitcake was dead.

The same nutter appeared a week later disguised as an 80 year-old army vet. The subject was vandalism. The old boy told a moving story of how his garden was continually ruined by 'young thugs of subnormal intelligence'. His story started to go sour on telling of how he'd frightened them off with his shotgun.

'And they got away did they?' asked Kilroy through

feigned concern. 'Well, one of them did', replied the nutter, 'but I blew the other one away'.

What sort of producer would allow this form of entertainment? Yes, you've guessed. The producer of *Kilroy!* is one Mrs Kilroy-Silk.

Warnings of naff television will doubtless go unheeded. Sky and BSB may bring programming budgets down to pocket money; deregulation will probably bring standards plummeting. But in terms of really good, bad television, BBC and ITV will be scooping the awards for years to come.

Calculating

There has been a lot of talk lately of the national curriculum. This catch-all syllabus, which is being introduced into all state-funded schools, is subject to much debate.

Many aspects of it are worrying. The need for teachers to be good administrators instead of able tutors is one that springs to mind.

Having read the maths section of the curriculum, I have to say that one tiny detail horrified me. Children from the age of six upwards are being taught how to use calculators.

Calculators and computers work very well. They allow complex sums to be carried out quickly and with ease. What they were not designed for was replacing traditional mental arithmetic.

The rot started four or five years ago when some bright spark realised that Britain had gone metric. As the base of this new system is ten, it was no longer necessary to continue with duodecimal practises. Times tables only went up to ten. If you wanted to work out 11 x 11 or 12 x 12, you had to write it down.

Presumably the same high flyer at the DES is responsible for this new situation. Mental arithmetic is not an asset or a useful tool—it is essential. Children must, of course, be taught how to use calculators and the like, but it should be a second priority. The overriding one is to learn the methods of how sums are computed.

One day the batteries will run dry. Unfortunately, so will the brain power of this generation's kids.

Giveaway

Roll up, roll up! Join in with the latest Government giveaway!

From the party that brought you:

- Japanese neé British Gas plc (name changed in aid of foreign investors; tell Syd).
- H₂O (the only share offer guaranteed to be floated, because everything floats in British water, even the fish), and
- British Telecom ('Melvyn? It's your mother. Can you pay my phone bill? I can't afford it, because I'm a war widow'), comes Christmas. Yes, your very own festive season is soon to be privatised. The various yuletide activities will be delegated to separate companies:
- Christmas trees courtesy of Amazon Rain Forest Destruction Ltd.
- Christmas Television courtesy of Kilroy & Wife plc (in association with R Mellie of Fulchester).
- Santa Claus will be played by Ronald McDonald.

The only Xmas tradition to remain is the part of Ebenezer Scrooge. Her position is unavailable.

Have a good Christmas and get prepared for next term—it's going to be a good one.

Every bloody year it's the same, a time to dread as the family reappears...

Why I hate Christmas

Christmas is a time when we rejoice in the birth of little baby Jesus and exchange gifts in memory of this great event, or so we are told. I say rubbish!

Christmas is a time when we all try our damndest to get as drunk as possible in an attempt to ignore the whole sordid affair.

What makes the whole thing so unbearable? Old people, that's what. Every year they trapse round in those shoes that 'will last them out,' and those dentures which will clatter throughout Christmas dinner. Even before the great day they will waddle in front of you down Oxford Street, like some amorphous jelly, intent on buying their bath salts and socks before you get there. And why are you slaving through the cold in the first place? To buy their bloody pen and paper set (again). It should be added at this point that the one good thing about old people is that they always forget what you have bought them previously. My grandmother usually forgets by the Queen's Message.

This leads on to the great day itself. Having reached a suitably inebriated state, it is usual to be greeted by an old person's kiss. It is a little known fact that grandparents take 60 years or more to perfect the wet kipper effect required, and you really shouldn't be too ungrateful for this gesture of goodwill. Instead you should casually stroll to the bathroom at a suitable opportunity, or attempt to persuade the dog to lick the offending area, the dog, after all, has more sense of etiquette and a full set of teeth. Do not, however, expect the worst to be over. Dinner is only around the corner.

This raises a lot of unanswered questions. Do you attempt to get the grandparents drunk at this stage? There are dangers in both directions. If you slip them an extra sherry they will probably babble on for hours about the cost of bread, oranges in stockings and how the winters were always much colder. If you don't, they will babble on for hours about how nice it was to see Charlie and Fergie back together again and how the Sun says it won't last. Either way, you cannot win. The only sound advice is if in doubt, get them plastered. A granny in the armchair is worth two in full vent.

Now we reach that tenuous subject of hot air. It is a well known fact that Brussell sprouts are an essential part of Christmas dinner. It is a very sad fact, therefore, that they are packed full of pump worthy victuals. Yes, one mouth-full and the Grandparents will probably be able to accompany the National Anthem at the end of the Queen's Message. The answer to this problem is simple. Old people always have badly fitting dentures. They spend long evenings grinding away at them ready for this great day, to give the most ill-fitting effect. The end result of their endeavours is invariably a sound akin to the machine which steam cleans the tracks on the underground. They do this to annoy you. They know this will be the last time you invite them round for a long while and they want to make the most of it. The ploy is double-edged, however. Few people know that old people CANNOT EAT NUTS OR ANYTHING WITH SEEDS IN. They get under their plate. To avoid the aforementioned sprout problem, simply sprinkle nuts onto the offending items on their plate. This should work. It carries the danger of THE WORST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN AT CHRISTMAS DINNER, however.



The worst thing that can happen at Christmas dinner, is that an old person discovers a seed or piece of nut under the denture plate. They will initially squirm, as you can look on in glee, and raise the denture sound level by a few decibels. If this does not work, you should leave the table instantly. If you do not you will be treated to the sight of granny getting her dentures out. With a sound like the birth of a small whale from a common field mouse a lump of pink and white matter will emerge, dripping saliva everywhere. Any hopes of saving the rest of the turkey for Boxing Day will drift away forever.

Now is your chance to rush away from the table, raid the drinks cabinet and look back at what you have received this year. Amongst the bottles of Brut and Old Spice for the blokes and Marks and Spencers Gift Sets/Cheap Boots Perfume (especially Charlie) for the women, there lie the endless streams of socks and handkerchiefs. However much you stress to people that you do not need any more of these offending articles, they still find their way in. Very few people know that once you go beyond the age of 60 you lose the ability to purchase anything other than socks, ties, handkerchiefs and of course gift tokens. Old people only live next to crap shops. That is why they always send record vouchers for WH Smiths and Woolworths, and gift tokens for Marks and Spencers (because they sell socks and....) If your Grandparents

could make the trip, they would probably get vouchers for the Mother Gradenski's Polish reject shop in Gdansk, just for the sheer inconvenience.

Try it, it's true. Work in a shop over Christmas and see if you can refuse to sell an old person a pair of socks. Soon you will find yourself approaching the old dears and asking 'What size socks would madam like to purchase?' This is why socks come in such large size ranges. When granny can hardly remember what day it is, she hardly has much hope of remembering your shoe size, does she? One last point. Old people, if at all possible, will always go for the terry socks, which you have avoided and grown out of so long ago. ('But they're very warm and sensible, deary.')

The only hope you have of salvation is to cancel the whole event. This is actually very easy. When you go to collect the grandparents say something like 'What a lovely speech the Queen made this year, and what a nice pair of socks you bought me.' With their inherent bad memory, they will instantly assume they have forgotten the whole day. If this fails, say, 'And didn't you drink a lot this year? We had to carry you home.' As they gaze forlornly at their offerings of socks and handkerchiefs, simply add 'and you haven't even opened your presents yet,' and hastily rip the gift tags off. No more will your Christmas be one of geriatric doom. Go home and get drunk and enjoy yourself instead.

The story continues...

Christmas Carol II

*'God rest ye merry gentlemen,
Let nothing thee dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day...'*

'Ah...Christmas,' said Scrooge to the world in general, 'a time of peace and goodwill to all men. Happiness and Joy'. He waved cheerily to the ensemble of carol singers in the street below and, his heart light with the thought of what was to come, he closed the window and began to change for bed.

It had been exactly a year since that fateful night. The night when his old colleague Marley and the three spirits of Christmas had opened his eyes to the evil of his ways. He was a changed man.

Well did he remember the horrors of that night and waking the following morning with a new joy. He recalled giving a whole shilling to a passing urchin, urging him to buy the biggest turkey he could find as a present for dear Bob Cratchit. The fact that the urchin had promptly run off with the money and not returned did not seem to matter.

Cratchit, loyal Bob Cratchit: Scrooge had given him Christmas Eve off. Thinking about it, Cratchit had also been off the week before. Indeed, Scrooge had not seen him in the office since mid November, apart from when he collected his now generous pay. Perhaps it is as well that I no longer crave money, he thought, for I have very little money left to crave.

Scrooge wrapped himself in his nightgown, fitted his nightcap upon his head and clambered into his warm welcoming bed. He settled down amid his sheets and blankets and closed his eyes. Within the twinkling of an eye, he was asleep.

'Ebenezer... Ebenezer Scrooge.' The voice was cold and musty, like old books. Its very sound chilled the bones. Scrooge awoke, shivering.

'Who.. Who is it?'

'It is I, your partner Jacob Marley'. The spectre floated into view. A smile crossed his deathly white lips. His chains clanked as he moved. 'I am back, Ebenezer'

'Marley! Gracious! What brings you here? Am I not a transformed man?'

'I am here upon a second, more important mission. You recall that three hundred and sixty five days yore, the spirits of Christmas and I visited you.'

'Yes, vividly, and I will be forever grateful.'

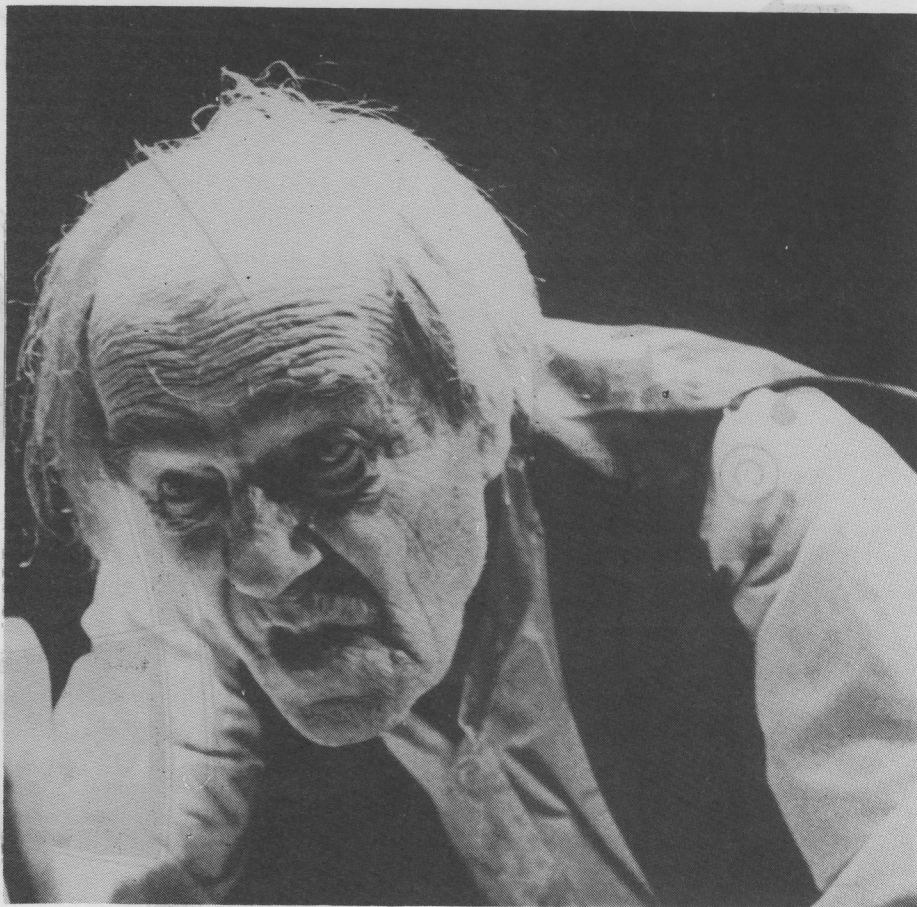
'Tis Good. But, now we have had a little time to think upon it... We were wondering... if you would...,' the shade seemed momentarily lost for words, 'if you would... return to your old ways.'

Scrooge was flabbergasted. 'My old ways!,' he exclaimed, 'Pah! Never! Never in a million years!'

Marley shrugged his transparent shoulders. 'I was afraid this might happen, I knew they should have been more careful,' he mumbled and with an expansive gesture and a rattle of ironmongery, he was gone.

Scrooge hid his head beneath his blankets. What was to become of him? He mused. Why had Jacob changed his ethereal mind? Why were the spirits so damned inconsistent? Why? He lay back and slowly closed his eyes, around him the room filled with a shimmering fog.

His eyes snapped open. A crowd had gathered at the end of his bed. Scrooge looked from figure to figure. Several of the apparitions had strangely familiar faces. Two had no faces at all. There was a stirring



and from the centre of the gathering stepped a large, jovial man. He cleared his throat.

'Remember us,' he said, 'Spirit of Christmas Present at your service. My acquaintances Past and Yet-To-Come, I believe you have already met.' He pointed to two of the shadows moving behind him. 'The Others? Well, the fellow with the blood stained axe and the dead virgin is the Spirit of Christmas Prehistoric. Poor soul. He doesn't get out much these days. Oh, and the little fellow with the hood, that's Yet-To-Come's younger brother, A- Little-Bit-After-That.'

On cue, A-Little-Bit slowly manoeuvred his way through the assembled ghouls, then in a single smooth, sudden motion he grabbed Scrooge by his bony wrists and dragged him through his own bedroom wall...

Scrooge fell and fell, his body turning and twisting as he felt the decades fly past. He screwed up his eyes in terror just before he landed with a thump on cold, hard ground.

Too fearful to open his eyes, too terrified to breathe, Ebenezer Scrooge listened. He heard a screeching.

'Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, J-J-J-Jingle Bells

Jingle all the way

Oh what fun it is to ride

In a one-one-one horse open sleigh...'

A nauseatingly cheerful voice interrupted 'and that was Kylie and Jason in Stock, Aitken and Waterman's Jingle Bells-The Remix. Welcome to Safefare Supermarket during this, the last Christmas of 1989. Please buy everything you can...'

Scrooge shook his head and reluctantly opened his eyes. All around him he saw gold, shining streamers of gold, and, in among them, crowds of people,

wandering aimlessly in all directions, their eyes blank and staring. Above him he saw, inscribed in letters half the height of a man, the words 'MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS.'

There was a rustle and, from behind needle clad bows of one of a dozen dead pine trees, popped A-Little-Bit. He beckoned Scrooge towards him. From the depths of his cowl he spoke, in a voice from the edge of time. 'Ere we are then, son. Christmas Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Nine. This, me old mate, is what Christmas will become.'

With that, he grabbed Scrooge's wizened arm and dragged him into the lumbering mass of humanity. They travelled swiftly, Scrooge had seldom more than a glimpse of what was happening around him. But what a glimpse it was...

He saw scantily dressed young women, selling bottles of scent to balding, sweating middle aged men. He saw children fighting over tiny mauve toy horses. He saw a dozen fat white-bearded men, all clothed in red and all shouting 'Ho! Ho! Ho!'

And the sounds, the shouted conversations: 'Your mother would hate it... It'll never last 'till New Year... I WANT a Barbie Doll.'

Scrooge stared blankly at the milling crowds. Never had he seen so many people suffering together. This was Christmas... Christmas...

He awoke with the daylight streaming in on him through the bedroom window. It was Christmas Day. In the nearby houses, people were already awake, celebrating the birth of Christ. Scrooge threw off his bedclothes and, storming to the window, slammed it open. He took a deep breath, and at the top of his voice bawled 'Christmas! HUBBUG!'

FELIX Christmas Gift

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FELIX investigates the semiconductor IRC at Imperial

Interdisciplinary research centres at IC

This Week

It is a sort of Government ministerial mantra that industry and academia should work more closely together and it was at least partially with this in mind that the Interdisciplinary Research Centres (IRCs) were formed. These are large, university-based 'centres of excellence' where researchers from a wide range of backgrounds can work together on commercially viable projects. They will do no fundamental 'blue-skys' research.

The Government hopes that these centres will be able to make more efficient use of the available public money and attract industrial sponsorship. Ministers even claim that the centres could become self supporting.

In the two years since the IRCs were first mooted seventeen have been set up, three of them at Imperial College. IC's IRCs specialise in process control, population biology, and semiconductor materials. They have even been deemed important enough to warrant a visit from the Prime Minister. The largest of the three, and the oldest, is the IRC for Semiconductor Materials. Its director is Professor Bruce Joyce.

Professor Joyce's group is based in Imperial's Physics and Chemistry departments although it includes researchers working at University College, Queen Mary College and at what has been described as 'a small outpost' in Oxford. It has a budget of £13 million and a staff of around thirty academics.

The IRC proudly claims to be truly interdisciplinary involving physicists, chemists, material scientists and electronic engineers in both theoretical and experimental work. Their aim is to produce commercially viable semiconductor devices a few atoms wide, accurately and with the lowest possible level of impurities.

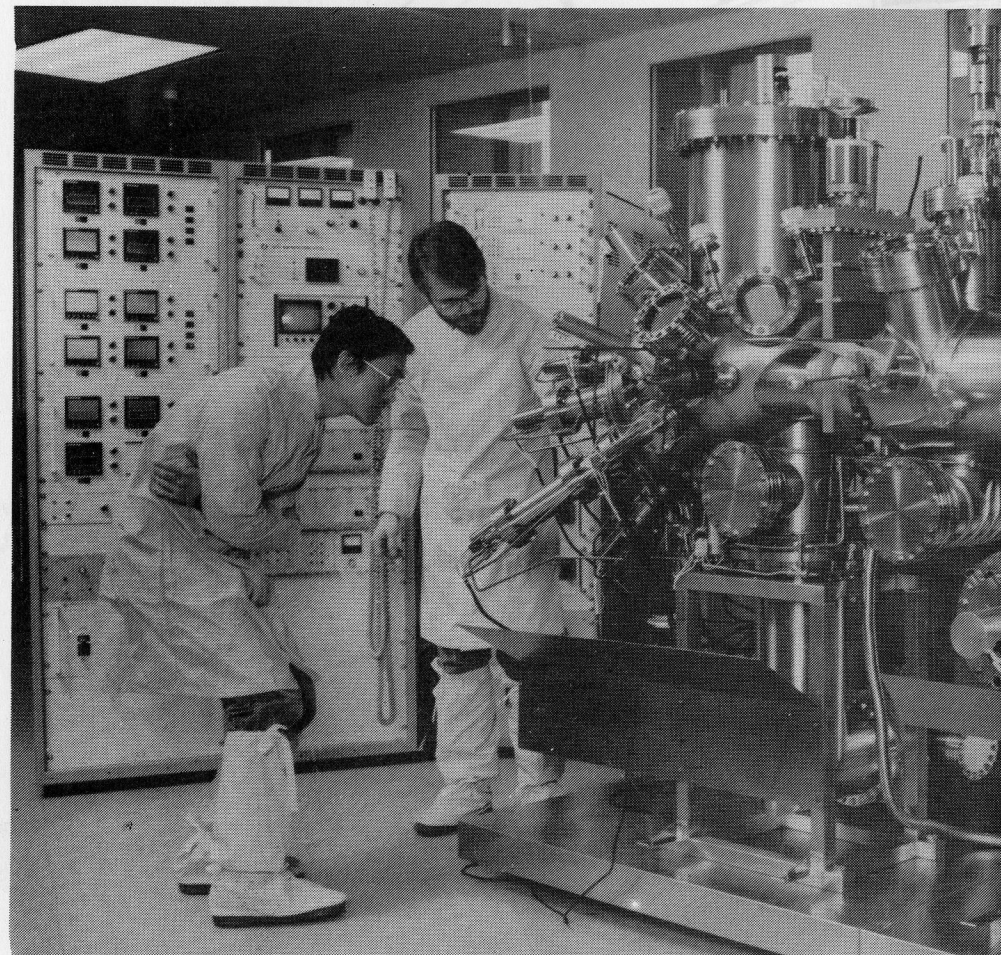
Semiconductor materials such as Silicon (Si) and Gallium Arsenide (GaAs) have been used for decades in everything from the simplest transistor to the most complicated 'silicon chip'. Semiconductor research is sellable and, the IRC hopes, an attractive investment.

The most important technique used by Professor Joyce's Group is Molecular Beam Epitaxy (MBE), a method for growing layers of material as little as one atom in thickness on the surface of a slice of semiconductor crystal. It relies for its effectiveness on the volatility of single atoms of semiconductor.

Unless tightly held in place, such as in a crystal lattice, these atoms can easily be dislodged. So when such an atom strikes the target it will normally rebound. It will only stick if it lands in exactly the right place to form part of a crystal.

If there is a steady stream of atoms hitting the target many will rebound but a few will stick and a layer of new material will slowly form. By changing the source of atoms, layers of different materials can be built up, one on top of another.

In reality MBE is much more complicated. The process can only work under very clean conditions at very low pressures, so all the essential apparatus must be contained within an ultra-high vacuum chamber. The beams of atoms are produced by heating samples of material in small ovens and allowing atoms to diffuse out. Under such low pressures, an individual



atom can easily travel the half metre or so from the oven to the target without colliding with another particle.

Usually, a number of separate ovens are used, each providing a beam of different material and with mechanical shutters to control the flow. In the midst of all this, the target is heated and steadily rotated to ensure an even coating.

Atoms which miss or rebound have to be caught. This is achieved by cooling the walls of the chamber with liquid nitrogen: at these temperatures, atoms which strike the walls stick.

Producing a thin, even layer of atoms is a delicate balancing act. A beam of electrons reflected off the sample's surface can be used to examine its structure and the temperatures of the ovens and the sample adjusted to give the best results. Typically, a single MBE machine costs between £0.5 million and £1 million to build and can lay down material at a rate of one new atomic layer a second. The IRC researchers plan to install two or three new MBE machines.

Much IRC research will revolve around achieving the best performance from MBE and the alternative gas-based Metallo Organic Chemical Vapour Deposition (MOCVD). The IRC staff will have a wide range of detailed and sophisticated techniques at their disposal ranging from high definition scanning tunnelling microscopy to computer modelling.

In a normal semiconductor most electrons are tightly bound to the atoms; however, due to impurities

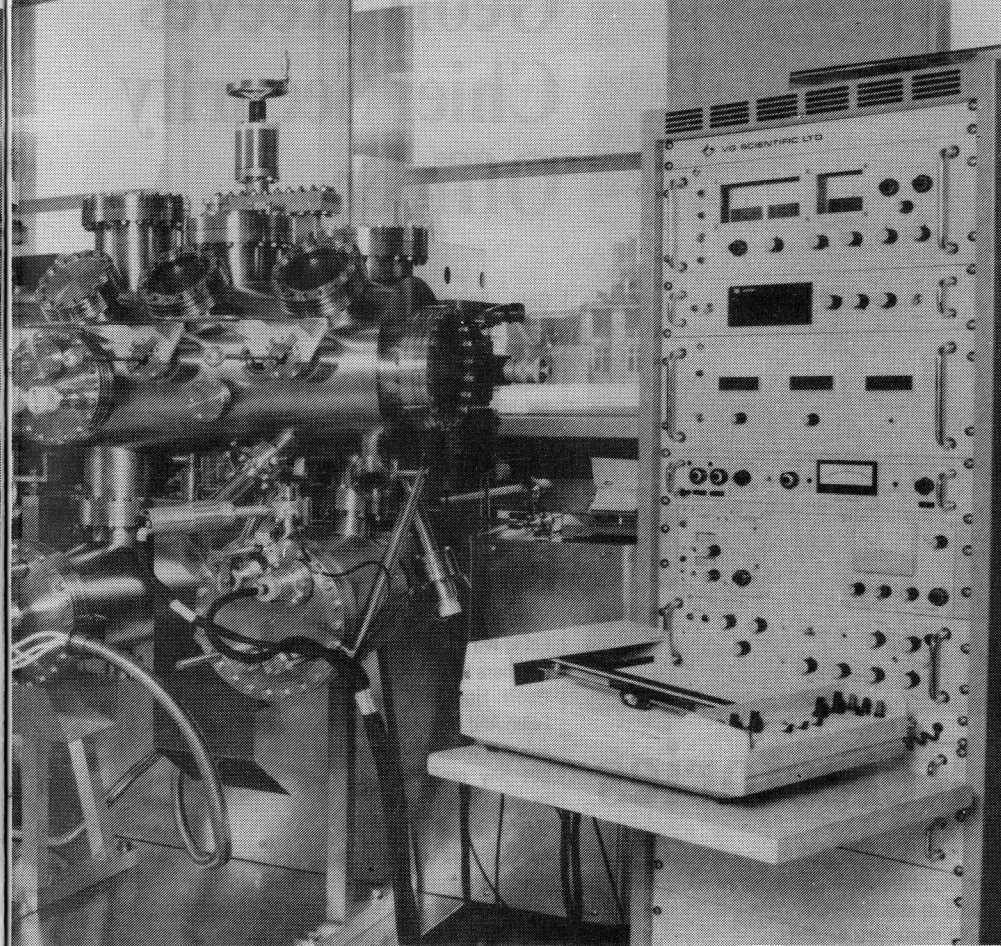
in the material or excess energy from the surroundings, a few will always escape. If the semiconductor is large enough, these can travel freely in all directions, allowing a current to flow. In effect, the solid contains a three-dimensional 'gas' of electrons.

This gas is not a perfect conductor: impurities and flaws in the crystal and atomic vibrations can deflect and slow the electrons. Devices made from impure semiconductor are intrinsically slower than those made from purer material.

MBE has enabled researchers to build slices of pure semiconductor just a few atoms wide. Under these conditions the electrons are constrained to move in a plane. This too is an electron gas, a two dimensional electron gas (2DEG) with its own special properties.

By building a layer of a pure semiconductor on top of impure electron-rich material, it is possible to confine the 2DEG to the cleaner region where the electrons can move more freely. A 2DEG based device, such as the High Electron Mobility Transistor (HEMT), will respond faster than its simpler counterpart but at a price. There is a limit on the amount of excess energy the electrons can have and, as energy is heavily dependant on temperature, a maximum temperature beyond which the device will not work. Practical HEMTs have a working temperature near 4 Kelvin.

Semiconductor sandwiches can be used to produce miniature tuned lasers. There is a comparatively large difference between the energies of bound electrons



and those of the free electrons so when an electron is 'captured' energy will be released in the form of a photon. For a large slab of material, this energy difference is fixed and, as the frequency of light is related to the photon energy, the released photons will have a certain energy.

As the thickness of the slab decreases, a number of distinct discrete energy 'levels' form. Electrons jumping between different levels can produce photons of different but constant frequencies. The slab will become a tuned laser almost too narrow to be seen by an electron microscope.

Using other techniques it is possible to further constrict the electron gas to make the electrons flow rapidly along one dimensional 'Quantum Wires' or hold them fixed in 'Quantum Dots' to build up complicated multi-layered circuits on the scale of atoms.

Most IRC research will have an eventual commercial end product but Professor Joyce does not believe that finding applications is its primary aim. He argues that only the sponsoring companies have the experience necessary for this. He sees the IRC as collaborating with rather than working for industry. Government pressure to make the work more immediately commercial will be strongly resisted.

No-one is claiming that the £13 million provided will support all the IRC's work and the group will have to look for other sources of funding. British Industry may help, the electronics company Phillips is already donating an MBE machine. Some cash may come from the various European Community projects but

the area of most interest must be Japan.

Unlike the UK, the Japanese have invested enormously in research in recent years. Everyone in Japan who can do research is already doing so and companies who want more work are looking outside. Professor Joyce hopes that they will look to the IRC.

The Japanese may not need too much encouragement. In 1992, the much vaunted European single market will become an economic reality and it will become more difficult for companies outside Europe to compete. Of course, if Japan becomes a major investor in British research, it will not be outside any more.

The concept of an IRC is only about two years old and it has already come in for some criticism. The recent 'Fleming Report' was critical of the way the centres were set up although, according to Professor Joyce, it was 'quite favourably disposed' to the IRCs themselves. Nobel laureate Dennis Noble of the Save British Science campaign is openly hostile. He believes that IRC research is over-controlled and that extending the idea further could damage British Science.

The Semiconductor IRC is under a year old and has at least another three years before it is due to be assessed. If it survives the assessment it will receive Government funding for another four years but from then on it will have to be self supporting or fade away. It may not be until the mid 1990s that we finally discover whether or not the IRC experiment has been a success.

● **The major** industrialised countries will have to reduce carbon dioxide emissions by three-quarters by the year 2030 according to a recent report. The report, from the California-based International Project for Sustainable Earth Paths, proposes a system of carbon dioxide 'budgets'—limits on the amount of the gas which any one country is allowed to produce.

The researchers propose a global budget of 300 billion tonnes, split equally between industrialised and developing countries. Each country will have a quota based on its population. The scheme deliberately hits the wealthier industrialised countries hard while allowing the developing world 25 years before it has to make serious reductions.

It is estimated that the industrialised nations will have to reduce their emissions by 20% by 2005, 50% by 2015 and 75% by 2030. The figures assume that the tropical rain forests can only survive an increase of 0.1°C per decade, if the rise is any higher the forests, responsible for recycling and removing much of the World's carbon dioxide, will start to die out.

● **Like the infamous** watched pot, a Quantum Mechanical system will do absolutely nothing if examined closely enough. This apparent contradiction, known as the Quantum Zeno Paradox, has been known of in theory for decades. Now researchers at the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) in Boulder, Colorado claim to have experimental evidence.

The NIST team examined several thousand beryllium ions held in a magnetic trap and subjected them to a 256 millisecond burst of a radio frequency field. This should have raised all the ions from their lowest possible energy to the second lowest. The number of ions in the lower level was counted by subjecting them to a brief flash of precisely tuned laser light. This excited all the atoms in the lowest state up into the third lowest. This third energy level is very unstable and the ions rapidly release the extra energy as flashes of light. The number of lowest energy state ions could then be found by simply counting the flashes.

The researchers found that if they looked only after the full 256 ms, all the ions were at energy level 2. But when they 'sneaked a glimpse' at 128 ms, then after the full time only half the ions had made it to level 2. The single look had effectively reset the system. In classical physics the experiment and the experimenter are completely separate but in QM there is no such thing as an impartial observer.

● **An international team** of geneticists have found the defective gene that causes Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy, the thickening of one wall of the heart. The team has also found an associated genetic marker inherited with the gene which can be used to warn potential sufferers.

● **Artificial seeding** of clouds may account for up to 15% of rainfall in the USSR, Soviet meteorologists have claimed. Seeding, the technique of spraying clouds with a chemical reagent around which water can condense, has been known about for years and there are a number of current research programmes. Some experts are sceptical about the Soviet claims saying that the increase could only be around 5%.

● **Job Offer.** Anyone who fancies writing this column next term should contact Dave Smedley at the FELIX Office.

We wanted to know how gullible people in College were, so we rang them up to find out. What would you do if somebody told you, you'd won a Christmas hamper in a raffle you didn't know about, and what would you want in it? Of course there was also the question of the Christmas Caper... (All the 'lucky' winners have actually won a bottle of wine courtesy of FELIX.)



Geoff Reeves Chief Security Officer

Geoff: Security.
 Felix: Hello yes, could I speak to Mr G Reeves please?
 Geoff: That's me.
 Felix: Hello, I've got some rather good news for you actually. You have won...via the HUB office...a Christmas hamper.
 Geoff: I have?
 Felix: Yes, I'm phoning from personnel. We are running a special payroll raffle in conjunction with the HUB office. And you've won a Christmas hamper worth £35 which is the 2nd prize.
 Geoff: Good grief! How did I do that? I didn't go in for a raffle.
 Felix: No it's actually just done through the payroll numbers apparently, so I've been told.
 Geoff: Hee! Hee! Ha! Ho! Ho!
 Felix: And I've been given the job to phone you up and ask you what you would like in the hamper. Have you got any preferences? It's actually being ordered through Harrods.
 Geoff: From Harrods?!?
 Felix: Yes, so I mean you've probably got quite a broad range of things. Other people seem to have gone for wines and spirits. I don't know if you have any preferences there at all.
 Geoff: Yes, yes a jolly good idea, ha ha, ho ho.
 Felix: Brandy, scotch, whatever?
 Geoff: Port.
 Felix: Port?
 Geoff: Port, yes and brandy, erm....crystallised fruits...
 Felix: (controlled laughter and long pause) Yes.
 Geoff: All the things I never normally get like homemade chocolates?
 Felix: Homemade chocolates, yes I think they do quite a nice range.
 Geoff: And then if there's anything left...wine.
 Felix: OK, so wine made up with the remainder?
 Geoff: Well that will probably take care of it I would think.
 Felix: I would think so at Harrods, yes.
 Geoff: Yes, I'll probably get **two** chocolates!! Ho! Ho!
 Felix: I don't know. For £35 I would think you'd have quite a range.
 Geoff: Yes quite extraordinary. How did this idea come about?
 Felix: I'm not really sure actually. To be honest I'm a temp and I've just been given the job to phone people.
 The thing is the arrangement for collecting the hamper might be from the Christmas Caper. Will you be there?
 Geoff: Er, I can't come along I'm afraid, but it can be left in my room, no problem.
 Felix: Well we can come to some other arrangement on that. OK? Thanks, bye.
 Geoff: Bye.

Rob Northey—Refectories

Felix. Hello is that Mr R Northey?
 Rob Northey: Speaking
 Felix: I've got some rather good news for you. You've won a Christmas hamper worth £35 via the HUB Office.
 Rob: Oh God! what do I have to do for it?
 Felix: It's been done through the payroll slips and your number was the lucky number.
 Rob: Jolly good.
 Felix: The thing is we actually need a list to submit to Harrods to tell them what you actually require, so...
 Rob: Oh, I tell you what, if you send a list down to my secretary and she'll sort it out.
 Felix: OK we might have to phone you back on that. We haven't got an actual list, it's just a matter of taking down what you would prefer. I mean Harrods is quite a big shop. Have you got any particular, for example, favourite champagne? We could stretch to that in the £35.
 Rob: I don't want any food because I'm away. I'm out of the country for Christmas.
 Felix: Right so wine and spirits would probably be best for you.
 Rob: Wine and spirits would be the nicest thing.
 Felix: Anything in particular?
 Rob: No I'll leave it all to you.
 Felix: OK. It makes it rather difficult actually because I'm just a temp and I need to...
 Rob: Chortle, chortle.
 Felix: ...get a list from you. So what shall we say then? Moet and Chandon champagne? Do you drink champagne for example?
 Rob: Yes, yes we drink champagne.
 Felix: OK champagne, and, for example, whisky, err...
 Rob: Whisky or brandy don't mind which.
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Felix: OK, I suppose if you're away you won't want any kind of relishes.
 Rob: No thank you (laughs).
 Felix: Cigarettes for example?
 Rob: No, no I'm going to buy duty frees on those. Make it up with some wine.
 Felix: Right OK.
 Rob: But don't buy the Liebfraumilch.
 Felix: err....
 Rob: Don't buy me Liebfraumilch or something like that.
 Felix: No Liebfraumilch, OK.
 Rob: Dry whites or nice reds.
 Felix: Preferably French I suppose.
 Rob: Yes. Yes.
 Felix: We'll have to stick to that then.
 Rob: How did they do this then, sort of...
 Felix: I'm not sure, as I say I'm just a temp for a couple of days...
 Rob: How many people have won?
 Felix: We've got three. The hampers are worth different amounts. Yours happens to be the medium one.
 Rob: Oh, well. Thank you very much indeed.
 Felix: The thing is that you might have to collect this from the Christmas Caper. Because it's being run in conjunction with HUB.
 Rob: Chortle, chortle. I'm not here then. I'm away that weekend.
 Felix: Oh that's quite fortunate, ha ha.
 Rob: Unfortunately I've got to go to my parents for Christmas before I go away, so...
 Felix: Oh never mind.
 Rob: So I shan't be here unfortunately.

Reggie Blennerhassett Union Finance Officer



Felix: Hello I'm phoning from the HUB office. Apparently you've won £35 worth of Christmas hamper.

Reggie: Really?

Felix: Yes, it's a raffle that they run in conjunction with the pay office.

Reggie: Oh thank you very much.

Felix: What would you like in it, because we've got to make a list for Harrods.

Reggie: OK.

Felix: Today if that's possible.

Reggie: Oh I see, OK my god...

Felix: It's £35, so drink for instance, what would you like for that?

Reggie: Erm...oh dear...God dum diddy dum diddy dum dum dum dum...err, oh god...shucks...erm. ah ah.

Felix: Would you rather I started on the food side?

Reggie: Yes, do.

Felix: Yes?

Reggie: They do some quite nice preserves don't they in Harrods?

Felix: Yes.

Reggie: Some of those. That would be nice that would.

Felix: Yes.

Reggie: Maybe some...oh god...some paté or something.

Felix: Yes. Have you thought of any drink yet? Brandy, scotch or something like that?

Reggie: For drink? Erm...brandy, actually that would be right...well done.

Felix: If there's any money left over, what in the way of wine?

Reggie: Yes, maybe a bottle of red wine or whatever, you know.

Felix: OK. You'll probably have to collect it at the Christmas caper. That's the HUB organised thing.

Reggie: Oh, right.

Felix: You'll be around then?

Reggie: I don't know, when is it?

Felix: Next Sunday.

Reggie: I may be out. If not I'll send my apologies.

Felix: OK.

Reggie: I'll see what I can do.

John Harrison— Warden of Wilson House

John: Hello, John Harrison.

Felix: Is that Dr Harrison?

John: Well this is Mr Harrison, but which one? Computing or MRE?

Felix: It's the warden of Wilson House, I think.

John: That's me.

Felix: I'm ringing from personnel. You'll be pleased to know that you've won a prize in a raffle we've been organising with the HUB office. They've taken all the numbers on the payroll and they've worked them all out and done a lucky dip. Several people have won a prize. You've won a £35 Christmas hamper. The thing is, I've rung to find out what you want in it. We have to order it and I have to find out today what you want in it.

John: Goodness me. This is very good but just let me make sure this is the right one. This is John Harrison of Mineral Resources Engineering.

Felix: That's right.

John: That's certainly me.

Felix: J.P. isn't it?

John: That's right. Well, this is outrageous. I don't know what to say. Ho ho! Right carry on, tell me what I've got to do.

Felix: Well, basically just tell me what you want in the hamper. You can have anything you want. We're ordering it from Harrods, so they stock pretty well anything.

John: Do they not have a standard one for that particular value?

Felix: They don't really have a standard one as such. They make them up. You can have anything you want. Food, wine...

John: Erm... This is incredible. I don't know. I honestly don't know. Just a mixture of things for Christmas will do. Food and wine I would have thought.

Felix: You see the thing is that I have got to give a list in and it's a bit difficult for me because if I don't give them a list they'll only make me ring back.

John: I've got no idea what the sort of prices are.

Felix: Well about what you pay in the shops. Harrods isn't that expensive.

John: No that's right. When do I need to tell you.

Felix: I need to know now, that's the thing.

John: Are you sure you're not pulling my leg?

Felix: No.

John: Ho, ha, ho.

Felix: Do you want, bottles of whisky, wine, that's the sort of thing people have gone for.

John: Yes, but I wouldn't be interested in whisky. Certainly a bottle of red wine and a bottle of white wine. Just the job.

Felix: Any particular sort?

John: No. French or German. We'll have some Christmas pudding and some Christmas cake.

Felix: You've got plenty left yet.

John: Erm...A duck.

Felix: A duck?

John: Yes, yes D.U.C.K.

Felix: OK, Do you want a big one? We could go for one big enough to take up the rest of the money if you like.

John: Well no there'll only be me and one other eating it. It needs to be, I would have thought, 3lbs in weight.

Felix: Yes, a sort of medium sort of size.

John: That takes it down to err...let me think. That's about twenty quids worth. So another fifteen. What sort of things do you have for Christmas. Some mixed nuts.

Felix: Mixed nuts. OK. You can stick anything in if you like we can stick crackers in.

John: Oh, no no no. You can't eat those. Ha ha ha. Erm...some sort of sweets in there as well. Some chocolate sweets.

Felix: That should be a long enough list anyway. OK.

John: How have they done this draw?

Felix: Well the HUB office basically just said that they were going to do it. The thing is, will you be coming to the Christmas caper? Because they're giving them out there.

John: Well, I will now. Ho ho ho.

Felix: OK.

John: I'll have to get my ticket won't I?

Felix: We'll let you know by Wednesday about it.

John: Right, amazing. Thank you very much. Bye.

Felix: Bye.



FELIX would never suggest that anarchy should be promoted at Imperial College.

The anarchy page

Under no circumstances should anyone attempt any of the following examples of anarchy without the supervision of an adult.

● **Mustard and Cress** Remember when you grew the aforementioned on blotting paper at school? The carpet of the average student room makes just as good a basis for growth. Now you can spell out a friendly message on somebody's Axminster while they are away for the weekend. If you cannot gain access to their room, simply blow the seeds under the door and follow up with a pint of water.

● **Microwaves** The great thing about microwaves is their tendency to blow food up. Eggs are a fine example of microwave ballistics. Pop your egg into the oven, set it to high for 60 seconds and retreat rapidly.

● **Toilet humour** No end of fun can be had from Thomas Crapper's old toy. For a bubble bath your neighbours will never forget, why not pour an entire bottle of washing up liquid into the cistern of your toilet? Do this very carefully and make sure you are not around when somebody flushes 'Mr Bubbly.'

Truly fantastic results need organised anarchy. Few people know that if you flush every toilet on a staircase in Linstead or Southside, the bottom one will overflow quite dramatically. The plumbing is badly designed and the pressure from five simultaneous flushes is capable of a truly uplifting experience for anyone on the bottom receptacle.

● **Chain letters** An idea which has never been tried, but which could do with a go is that of a chain letter in the internal mail system. Write ten letters to people who are almost certain to co-operate with the instruction to pass on another ten copies to friends. All mail should be sent through the internal mail, in sealed internal mail envelopes (more anarchy!). We estimate that the internal mail system would grind to a halt within a week of starting the letter.

● **College memos** People in College are terminally naive. Photocopy the Imperial College memo header below onto a blank sheet of paper and try out your very own pointless task for somebody to do. A possible example is:

To: Malcolm Aldridge
From: Eric Ash

Malcolm, could you provide me with a revised estimate for rents in 1990/91, with a sale of Montpelier Hall taken into account?
Eric

● **Cashpoints** What a pain it is when the only cashpoint for miles around is out of order. Here is a way to create your very own 'Out of order' cashpoint. Take one piece of plastic, for instance a phonecard. Cut the card to the exact size of your cashpoint card. Attach an opened sachet of salad cream to the card and insert it into a machine. As the magnetic head attempts to read the card's strip it will deposit cream into the innards of the machine. Now you will at least know where the dodgy cashpoints are.

● **Computers** When you use the mainframes at College, you are required to sign a piece of paper promising not to play silly buggers with the machine. This is only a promise, and a true anarchist doesn't believe in promises. To crash the Cyber mainframe you should send a job requiring a calculation on the maximum size of an array. This will be given a job number and stacked in the queue. Because the machine is rather stupid it will take this job as the one thing in its tiny world and ditch everything else, including all the files in use at the time. End result: your job gets done, everybody else's work is lost to the great beyond. This is especially useful if you're doing badly and everyone else seems to be succeeding.

● **Chemical magic** Ether has a very low flash point. So low, in fact, that a blast of very hot water can set it alight. Why not pour a copious quantity down the sink in a lab? If you use the right lab, the ether will flow down the pipe to other sinks. One shot of hot water and—whammo!

● **Telephones** The College's internal telephone system is extremely advanced. Wherever there is a place for technology, there is a chance for an anarchist to screw it up. The facilities available on some phones are beyond belief. If you know somebody with a phone in their room, you should be able to set an alarm call on it for 6am without them noticing. Just dial 26 and then the 24 hour clock time you require, eg 260600. You can stack the calls up to three deep. For a chance to block most of the network, why not phone somebody via almost every system in College? For instance dial into the Southside exchange—94—then out—0—then through Evelyn Gardens—97—and back—0— and say the Union Office. With one call (9409703500) you have blocked two major networks in the College exchange. Simple really.

For best effect, why not make somebody's phone ring elsewhere? Just press the recall button 'R' and 14 followed by the number you wish to receive the calls from now on, eg R14 3000.

Imperial College
Administration

Memo to :

Date :

Ladies Football

Friday, 5.30pm: Dribblers hit Southside, suitably attired for a weekend of drunken debauchery in sunny Birmingham! Complete with kidnap victim Janet and random Michelle from Canterbury.

10.30pm: All All slammed, and first piss up saw Trisha fall on her face after being denied the use of the piss bucket! Diana and Wendy ran amok in service station by snogging every man in sight!

12.30am: Rolled out of minibus to let Trisha have a chunder while Debbie squeezed her zits in front of a 'Sharon' applying her make up. Diana and Emma disappeared with 'team snogs' for the night.

Saturday 9.00am: Kidnap victim and random returned to train station. Greasy breakfast in the 'Bullring'.

11.30am: Everyone up, visited local milkshake (?) bar. 11.35am: Left bar for Nottingham, without a map. chips and lager on the way, as well as numerous piss stops.

3.00pm: Arrived in boistrous mood for hocball/Fotkey match. A fair result of 2-2 ensuing.

5.29pm: Waited in Nottingham Uni for bar to open. 5.30pm: Tequilla 'Slammers' all round before leaving for Aston.

8.00pm: Attacked union with singing, snogging and penalty drinks. Some resorted to bum-biting as snogging wasn't enough for them!

2.00am: Desperately tried to find some Tampax for a nameless member of the tour party.

2.30am: Gave up and returned to camp with 'team snog'.

8.30am: Woke up to find red bedsheets and no toilet left!

9.00am: Search for minibus was successful but it wouldn't start.

1.00pm: Returned to Orion, packed up our resident Casanova—Pinkie—drank more lager taps and went to Kings for the Sunday league match.

2.35pm: Half time—Kings were irate as driver/captain Debbie actually scored a goal! Dribblers debated whether to have a team chunder or not.

4.10pm: Kings happy as they won 3-1. Dribblers got pissed and started singing, outrageously out of key, as usual.

6.00pm: Show Southside bar staff—Miss Kiwi—how to make a milkshake—snake-bite and black, vodka and advocaat.

Look out Benidorm, it's your turn next year!!!

Ladies Hockey

Bristol II—2

IC II—0

IC ladies 2nds, still with a glimmer of a chance of glory going through to the knockout stages of the UAU, had a difficult trip to Bristol to face a well prepared and over-confident team.

Bristol started the game on the offensive, only to find the expert coaching of Sydney Harbour-Bridge coming into play, with a very strong IC threesome at the back denying them every opportunity to score. All their short corners were blocked well by Diana Hill and Jane Bunch, and an excellent penalty flick save by Alison Franklin denied them the lead, until a scrap in the 'D' allowed them to tap the ball in to make it 1-0 to Bristol.

In the half-time interval, coach Syd motivated the tired and sweated bodies, and some good perseverance from flu-ridden Diana and Oana Carlin with a cut knee allowed us to start the second half. Some excellent wobbling by Jackie Scott came to nothing as our attack came into contact with their star 1st XI player at the back.

Bristol's three fresh pairs of legs were too much for our defence and not even Hazel King and Anna Gray with their decisive tackling could keep them from scoring a second goal. We were unlucky up front not to have got more decisions our way as the umpire was outrageously crap! He did redeem himself though, by

awarding us a short-corner, but it was sadly squandered.

A good all-round team performance shocked their team and coach into thinking that IC ladies now have a team to be reckoned with. Even IC ladies 1sts are worried about the 2nds now.

Rifle & Pistol

On Saturday December 2, three members of the Pistol team, Tony Menzies, Tim Griffiths and James Hurr. Took on a team of seven from Cambridge Revolver and Pistol Club, shooting Uit Standard (.22).

Despite Cambridge's tactic of refrigerating their range, Imperial won by a fairly comfortable margin.

We spent the rest of the evening in the pub and returned to London, arriving at midnight.

IC	Cambridge top 3
495/600	457/600
492/600	454/600
483/600	445/600

A return match is planned for January. The Rifle team is currently involved in the inter-university postal league and expects to do well. Shoulder to shoulder matches against UCL and Reading should take place next term. Anyone interested, beginner or expert, should contact us at the Sports Centre, any lunchtime, 12.30-2.00pm



RESULTS

Pos = Position
P = Played
W = Won
D = Drew
L = Lost
F = For
A = Against
Pts = Points

UAU = University Athletics Union
LL = London League

MENS HOCKEY 1st XI

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	3	5	2	2	1	8	3
LL	1	1	0	0	4	1	2
Other	8	2	2	24	10	16	6

UAU playoff against Bristol 1st XI (away)

MENS HOCKEY 2nd XI

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	1	5	5	0	0	11	2
LL	2	0	1	1	1	5	1
Other	8	4	3	1	18	8	11

MENS HOCKEY 3rd XI

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	1	5	5	0	0	26	0
LL	2	1	0	1	1	6	2
Other	5	3	1	1	22	5	7

LADIES HOCKEY 1st XI

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	4	5	1	2	2	3	10
LL	6	2	2	2	12	9	6
Other	4	3	0	1	12	5	6

Cup 1st round, won 8-0 against Kings 2nd XI

LADIES HOCKEY 2nd XI

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	3	5	3	1	1	4	4
League	3	3	0	0	14	0	6
Other	4	2	0	2	6	5	4

Lost playoff with Bristol 2nd XI 0-2
Lost cup to Charing Cross 1st XI 0-4

MENS FOOTBALL 1st TEAM

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	1	1	3	7	12	3

MENS FOOTBALL 2nd TEAM

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	2	0	3	10	9	4

MENS FOOTBALL 3rd TEAM

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	2	2	1	9	6	6

LADIES FOOTBALL—THE DRIBBLERS

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
LL	3	0	0	3	2	11	0
Other	3	1	0	2	4	14	3

MENS RUGBY 1st XV

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	5	0	0	175	20	10

MENS RUGBY 2nd XV

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	4	0	1	100	20	8

MENS RUGBY 3rd XV

Pos	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
UAU	5	5	0	0	8	3	10

(4 whitewashes)

Men's Hockey

IC II-1

St Barts I-1

In a top of the league tussle against the team that hadn't dropped a point yet, a strong IC 2nd team, bolstered by a random from the 1st team (Mark Random), were unlucky not to win, in a game where there were several lost balls.

IC started well, but a quarter chance from a half shot by Colin Wright, back in the team from a serious drinking disorder, was put wide by Dave Millard. However, mickey-mouse defending by IC led to their goal, as everyone was more interested in plane spotting than tackling the opposition! We fought back well with several chances but it was Mark who finally broke through with a good run, outpacing the unmarked police car behind him, and lobbing the ball 30ft in the air, just over the Bart's keeper, to make it 1-1.

The second half started with the switching of people to their more natural roles—Steve Burton to centre-forward and Dave Millard to umpire! We fought well and, despite a goal from Dom Howard being disallowed and Andrew Talby having a case of PE only to find he'd hit the post, we couldn't break through. And nor could Barts as the 7 short corners in a row, given to them by umpire Dave were wasted.

A 1-1 draw was a good result for IC 2nds and IC 1sts who will have to play them for the UL title at the end of the season.

Sailing

A quick summary of the last few results:

The conditions at Queen Mary Reservoir were almost ideal for IC's match against Kent, the team put in a strong performance, beating the mediocre team 4-nil.

A trip to Cardiff at the end of November saw the fledgling second team in (unsuccessful) action again, but the first team managed to pull off a fine win against Bristol ladies, though Cardiff University proved too strong for us.

The beginning of December found the team stopped by the police less than a hundred yards of their journey to Southampton, which spurred them on to a 2-1 win over the University of London team, followed by an exhilarating match against Southampton, in which IC deserved to do better than their 2-0 loss.

Football

IC II-(2) 2

RFH-(0) 1

IC 2nds bounced back to winning ways after having lost their two previous games. A determined first half performance was rewarded with goals from N Leonard and A Anwar, who was making his return from injury. IC could have gone in with a goal or two more, but shots from J Fordham and a thundrous effort from E Coates were well saved.

IC found themselves under more pressure after the interval, but soaked it up well and still managed several efforts at the opponents goal, the most notable being an overhead kick from R Martinez, who



showed all the agility of a very agile thing to create the chance.

Incidentally, Royal Free Hospital scored midway through the second half from their only clear cut attempt at goal.

Cross Country

The latest adventure for the intrepid members of the Cross-Country Club took place on the all too familiar, battle scared Parliament Hill. This time it was under the auspices of the University of London with the IC team determined to show that they were true Harriers and carry off the team prize. All the stalwarts of the London Colleges League were entered and there was little to fear. It was widely hoped that the fresh faced Alex Gaskill would follow up several striking efforts by flying into the top three but he crash-landed to 6th with the outstanding Paul Northrop taking the individual first prize with another savage demonstration of pain acceptance. David Ngugi loped through to 8th place in a typical fashion and Stefan Ledu made his way to 11th, Lol stormed to 12th and Jimmy rounded out the team in 19th position. Perhaps the most surprising performance was the placing of Steve Berry in 29th; what an athlete. IC thus rescued their ULU team title and would also have had a 2nd place if a better attendance had completed the 2nd team. With the next race after Christmas there is

plenty of time for the injury interrupted careers to be restarted and for the strict dominance of the London scene to continue.

Table tennis

Three events to report on this term:

1. In the IC Closed Table Tennis Championships, Ng Keng beat Kjell Rosvoll 21-10, 21-16 in the final; Ian Matthews and Francois Decobert were the beaten semi-finalists. An exhibition match was played between Mohammed Uneeb and an England International player before this event which resulted in a 1-1 draw.

2. Mohammed Uneeb distinguished himself and the club by coming third in the UAU individual championships held in Manchester 25-26 November. He narrowly lost his semi-final to a Loughborough competitor 21-18, 22-20, after winning seven other matches to reach this stage.

The total entry was 150 players, including several England ranked players.

3. The TT Club will be acquiring a robot to use to improve the quality of training sessions. If you want to take advantage of this opportunity and are not already a club member, contact Mohammed Uneeb on ext 6261 to join.

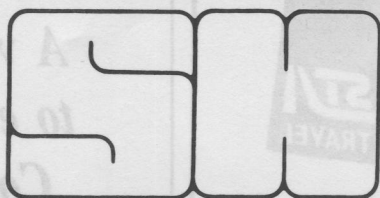
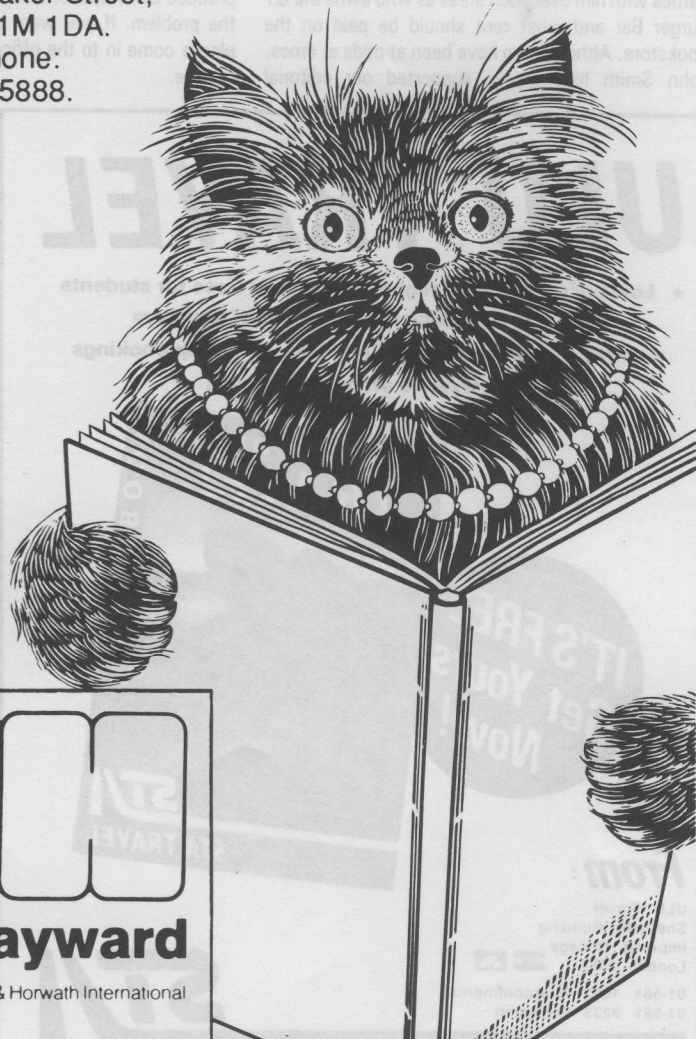
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Rupert Merson at Stoy
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F·e·l·i·x

This has been a hectic week. At times it has looked like this issue would not come out. The printing press has been a pain in the backside, and I never want to see it again.

Dinner

Many thanks to everybody who came to the FELIX dinner on Friday. It was great event and anybody who did not go missed out on a very drunken evening. Thanks also to everybody in the Snack Bar, who did an admirable job on the catering front.

Lights

More thanks! Two heros from estates came into the office on Monday and fixed our lights. Many thanks to them and Dave Williams for organising it. Merry Christmas.

Goodbye

College Secretary, John Smith is leaving College this Christmas. His retirement marks the end of an era. Over the years, FELIX and the Union have fought battles with him over such areas as who owns the QT Burger Bar and what rent should be paid on the Bookstore. Although we have been at odds at times, John Smith has always supported our editorial

freedom, for this he has my heartfelt thanks. . The cat wishes the mouse the best of luck in his retirement and many happy years to come.

Loans

I have been accused of not doing anything about loans. I have not written to my MP. The reason for this is not a simple one. My MP always insists on passing me on to another. I am on the border of an electoral area and nobody seems to know where I vote. So every time I send a letter I get sweet FA. I get the strong feeling that it would get binned anyway. As for the people on Council who are feeling so righteous about writing their letters—wouldn't it have been more personal if you had written your own letter instead of copying Joe Fernley's letter word for word?

I agree with the sentiment of changing bank accounts as well. The problem is that Lloyds et al are now undecided on whether to join in with the other banks as well. Admit it, the banks are bound to conspire with the Government when they are being offered £12 a time to administer overdrafts which they already run. The hope of defeating the bill is failing as people realise that a one line bill cannot be easily amended. The bill currently says there will be loans. The regulations will be passed in a separate bill. The last time that such regulatory legislation was thrown out was in 1968, when the House of Lords caused such a furore they have not dared to repeat the action since. I hate to say it, but I believe we will have to persuade people to make the system awkward to administer.

For the record I wrote to my MP last year and went on two of the marches. This year I am trying to produce a newspaper which lets people know about the problem. If you want students to know more, please come in to the office to talk about writing a feature.

Credits

The staff have been fantastic this term. I am not going to embarrass them all by writing reams of thanks, but.. Thanks to Adam Harrington for sterling work on the news; Toby Jones and Adam Tinworth for Reviews; Ian Hodge for paste up and books; Stef for the business; Chris Stapleton for sorting out the photographic section, producing features and being an all round star; Liz Warren for, features, pasting up and producing 'instant features'; Jason Lander for science, cynicism and coffee consumption; Sydney Harbour-Bridge and Jackie Scott for collating too many times to mention; Andy Thompson and Rose Atkins for being the most dedicated people I have ever had the pleasure to work with; Chris Leahy and Neil Lavitt for listening to some awful records along with the good ones, and still surviving to write a review; Susan Appleby and IC Radio for interviews and general help; Simon Haslam for being an all round help; Andy Bannister for bringing a little sanity back into the office; next year's president, Paul Shanley for Delator and wit (get well soon Shan); Bill Goodwin for being somebody with advice I could ignore; every who has written anything this term or helped collate (they're too numerous to name here); all the clubs who sent somebody too collate or wrote a bit for the clubs section; Dave Millard and all the teams for sport; Emmanuel Saridakis for not writing too many letters this year (I've binned your article on abortion, it was crap); all the photographers, most of whose names I can never remember (sorry!) and the anonymous sources who shall remain forever so.

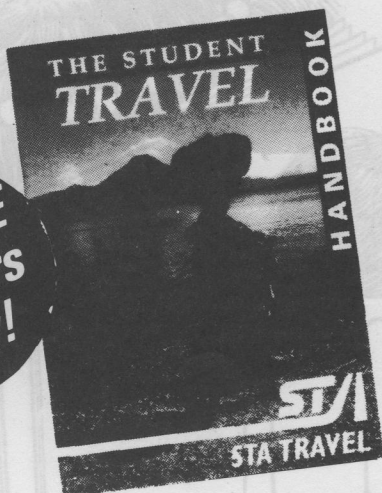
Sorry to anyone I have forgotten and Merry Christmas to you all.

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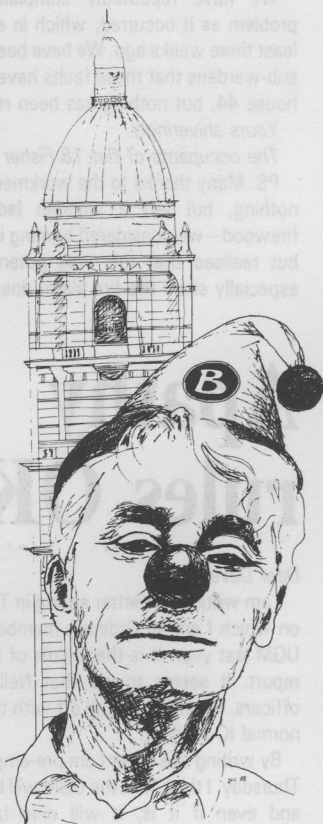
Thankyou

Sylvester & John Smith hope that all those who have been so kind and generous in so many ways in seeing them off on retirement will accept this notice as thanks, albeit inadequate.

A very happy Christmas to everyone and may the College flourish in the nineties!

THE BARON of

CHEAPSKATE



'Ho ho ho, Derek!' said Mad Dash festively, as she pinned up another length of tinsel. Her husband, Derek Dash, sighed. It was hard enough being Baron of Cheapskate without having to be jolly as well. Now he was going to have to dress up in a silly red and white suit and a glued-on, curly beard. All the tiny citizens would tug at it and spill jelly over him. It was most unpleasant.

'I'm going for a walk,' he said gloomily, shaking off the piles of baubles and crackers which had fallen on him. 'But Derek, you've got so much to do for the Christmas Party!' cried Mad Dash in an anguished voice. She couldn't understand why Derek wasn't as enthusiastic as she was about the party. After all, he always seemed to have so much fun with the tiny citizens...

Meanwhile, in the PHALLIX Office in a dingy corner of Bite Polygon, Rave Smuggly was opening his post. The biggest item was a huge box of orange paper chains. 'I didn't order a huge box of orange paper chains,' he said, sounding puzzled. 'In fact, I didn't order any paper chains at all.'

'Just a minute, there's a note', said Rose Petal, the PHALLIX typesetter operator. 'Dear Rave, thought you might like some decorations for your office. Merry Christmas, love Prof Dicks, Head of the Doctor and Nurse citizens,' she read. 'I recognise that shade of orange,' said Inky Thompson, the PHALLIX printer. 'Oh look, if you look really closely you can see naughty pictures on the chains!'

But before they could discuss the paper chains any further, a tiny citizen came hurtling through the PHALLIX office door on its tricycle. 'It might have opened it first,' thought Rave sourly, surveying the wreckage. But without saying a word, the tiny citizen handed Rose a small piece of paper and pedalled away very quickly.

'Come to the Mad Dash Christmas Bash,' said the message on the paper. 'Come one, come all—come young, come old—if you like jelly and screaming,

sticky-fingered tiny citizens you'll have a whale of a time!' Rave, Rose and Inky looked at each other in horror. 'I'd better put it in PHALLIX,' said Rave, 'or we'll all get dragged along.'

John Secretary took a final, sad look around his office in Surefield Castle and switched out the light for the last time. On his way down the corridor he passed the office of House of Frazer, the new Manager of Cheapskate, who was taking over Secretary's job. Through the cracks around Frazer's door, John Secretary could just make out the glow of the flashing neon sign which had been installed in the window. 'Cheapskate—probably the best school in the world—unbeatable value,' it said. Suddenly a pounding disco beat started up. 'La la la...Cheapskate, Cheapskate, Cheapskate. the one for meee! Now I'm happy as can beee! Derek the Baron is number one! We're all having lots of fun!' crooned the singers.

'Oh hello Secretary are you off, then?' asked Derek, who had just stepped out of the lift. 'That's the new Song for Cheapskate—good isn't it?' He said, shaking off a piece of tinsel which was stubbornly entangled in his hair. 'Houseof had it mixed by Stock, Aitken & Thingybob I think. It's going quite well in the charts, too. Anyway, I was just off to talk to him about the new Cheapskate theme park we're planning. Houseof thinks it'll be terribly profitable.' He stopped, and his voice took on a softer tone. 'Well, we will miss you,' he said insincerely. 'Keep in touch, eh?' Then he walked off, humming the 'Song for Cheapskate'.

Secretary sighed and shook his head. then he turned and left Cheapskate forever.

- Will anyone survive the Christmas Bash?
- Will John Secretary buy any shares in Cheapskate plc?
- Will there ever be another episode of...
THE BARON OF CHEAPSKATE!

The Christmas Caper

So, you think it's all over on December 15th? Lectures and labs may have finished, but the fun goes on...

On Sunday December 17th at 2.30pm, Father Christmas will roar into Sheffield on a magical sled, no reindeer necessary, and the best kid's party in town will be underway.

The Imperial College Christmas Caper is an afternoon of Christmas food and fun with a uniquely scientific flavour. There is a Science Games Grotto to test the imagination and skill of young and old, with all IC departments engaged in various forms of madness joined by the Science Museum Launch Pad, St Mary's and Olave House.

You can make your own Christmas presents in the craft workshop—capture your handprint in plaster or your silhouette on paper and give to all your friends (to sell for huge sums when you're famous); or design and print your own personalised Christmas cards on an Apple Mac.

For entertainment, John Smith will make his last spectacular official appearance as MC; Dramsoc should be sufficiently recovered from *Woyzeck* to engage in a Christmas pantomime; Geoff Parsons and his RSM cohorts will present a Merry Miners Entertainment; and various other erstwhile serious types will be wandering around in silly costumes (watch out for Jim Gibb of Physics making his debut as Father Christmas and Martin Douglas of Mines modelling the latest in haute couture for Christmas elves).



Christmas food in abundance and the draw for the Christmas Caper raffle (first prize a Z88 computer) will top off the day.

Proceeds of the Caper go to St Mary's Open Clinic Playspace, which supports homeless and 'bed and breakfast' families. We also ask that gifts be brought by children to be given to Playspace and St Mary's Children's Ward.

THE DETAILS

Imperial College Christmas Caper
 Sunday 17th December
 2.30pm - 5.30pm
 Tickets £2 adults £1 under 14s
 under 5s free
 Available from Departmental
 Superintendents or
 HUB, Sheffield 355, ext 3021

Paddington bares reply

Dear Dave,
re: FELIX issue 851

There was much said against our Dean in this issue. We feel that what precipitated the attack is a lack of understanding as to the way of life at St Mary's. In order to explain and justify actions that have taken place and to prevent similar problems occurring in the future, you must have more information from us about Mary's and you should communicate this information to the student body through FELIX.

Information

The Medical School is very conscious of its role within the hospital and always bears in mind the image it portrays to the general public. Concern for this image is exhibited by staff and students, particularly clinical students who are an integral part of the health care system. Being part of a team is therefore important to patient welfare, and the attitude of the students is one of being part of the institution, as opposed to working against it. This attitude continues beyond the confines of the ward and, in issues concerning the public image of the Medical School, the Union and the Medical School administration work together. Applying this to the events surrounding FELIX issue 850, displaying pornographic material in a hospital environment would have caused public offence, and would have damaged the relationship between St Mary's and the community that it serves. We therefore fully support the Dean's efforts in trying to uphold public respect for the Medical School.

Communication

Clearly many things are done differently in Paddington as opposed to South Kensington we should not miss the opportunity to inform people about how St Mary's is run, and what it is doing. We talked some time ago about having a regular contribution to FELIX from St Mary's. We feel that this would do much to prevent problems occurring in the future. Also, by having something relevant to Mary's life in FELIX, more people at Paddington would start reading the publication. This would help people at St Mary's to start to understand the way of life at South Kensington.

With best wishes,
Rhydian Hapgood, President SMHMS SU.
Andrew Klava, Vice President (Ext).
Simon Smith, Vice President (Int).

Up yours Alumnus Office

Dear Dave,

Do you think that the 'Welcome Back' Alumnus poster is supposed to look like a two fingered salute from a distance?

Yours sincerely,
Ralph Greenwell.

Holier than thou?

Dear FELIX,

As I am not a member of IC Christian Union, I cannot argue from exactly their standpoint, but as a Christian, I feel sure they will agree with at least some of what I have to say.

It seems to me that Rupert Sheldon (the 'Satanist' FELIX 1st Dec) is the one that does not understand what sex or sexuality is. I believe that since God created us all, our sexuality is an integral part of our everyday lives, and no one can really live without it.

However, I am talking about sex as an expression of love and affection, and not the act of sexual intercourse. Sexual intercourse is a 'uniting of flesh', and as such should only be indulged in when the two people concerned are totally committed to each other, ie, have taken the vows of marriage. Sexual intercourse outside of marriage can be a very damaging experience emotionally, aside from the risks of pregnancy, STDs etc.

As for God not loving him because he doesn't know God, try this example: if a rich Japanese businessman (whom Rupert had never seen before) decided that he would pay off every IC student's bank overdraft, would that not be a sign of the businessman's love and care for IC students, even though none of us knew him? I think the parallels are obvious.

'Men and women concerned about their personal rights should stand up and say YES to God's forgiveness, and His promise of eternal life, by admitting their mistakes and turning to Christ.

Yours sincerely,
Neil Dinmore, Mech Eng 2.

PS. My opinion on the 'offending' issue of FELIX, is that the article was very good, but that the pictures on the cover were completely unnecessary.

Fisher's fucking freezing

Dear Sweetie-pie,

How's things with you? 'Cos it's bloody freezing down here in flat 18 Fisher Hall. Regarding the articles in last week's FELIX on living standards in the salubrious residences of Evelyn Gardens! Having overcome the initial problem of entering the flat, fighting our way through a jungle of rubbish, (which was eventually removed after complaining for several days), the fun begins:-

The one and only radiator does not work, leaving the whole flat to be heated by two mini convection heaters situated so high up that levitation seems to be the only answer!

Meals cooked in open pans on the cooker hobs have the occasional added ingredient of plaster falling from the hole in the ceiling above the cooker. Fortunately the shower water that also fell from the aforementioned hole has ceased; a result of the shower above being locked, not fixed, thus limiting

the number of showers in operation even further for the residents of Fisher Hall.

The fan, the only possible source of ventilation in the bathroom, has been broken since we arrived, contravening health laws.

Likewise, fire regulations are not being enforced, as the fire alarm failing to operate during a fire test at least four weeks ago is still out of order.

We have repeatedly complained about each problem as it occurred; which in each case was at least three weeks ago. We have been informed by the sub-wardens that these faults have been reported to house 44, but nothing has been repaired.

Yours shiveringly,
The occupants of flat 18 Fisher Hall.

PS. Many thanks to the workmen, who, today did nothing, but left a wooden ladder suitable for firewood—we considered burning it to gain warmth, but realised that this was potentially dangerous, especially since the fire alarm does not work.

Apathy rules OK?

Dear Dave

I am writing this letter sitting in Tuesday's Council on which I am an Ordinary member as elected at a UGM last year. It is the middle of Neil McCluskey's report. It seems to me that Neil, amongst other officers, is getting pissed off with the attitude of the normal IC student.

By writing this letter I am pre-empting the UGM on Thursday. I think that the UGM will not be quorate, and even if it is, it will only be because of a contentious motion. Perhaps to get people to attend, a UGM might have to decide on its future in each UGM?

As you are a student you are entitled to join any ICU club or society. Most of these clubs rely on other officers of the Union to promote their interests. It is therefore in the interest of any club or society member to turn up at UGMs and question the officers and sabbaticals. Even if you are not a club or society member, the Union is acting on your behalf when representing you to College and external bodies. The fact that you are reading this letter means you have a FELIX and are therefore using some ICU facility.

It is about time that some of the ordinary students of IC bothered to get interested, to show up at UGMs and to ask their representatives what is going on. Without the officers of the Union, and therefore without your representation, clubs, societies, bars, bookshops etc. your time as a student at IC will be crap to say the least.

Either turn up, get interested or let apathy rule IC and lose your club and your rights.

Yours,
Joe Fernley
Elec Eng 2

There go your job prospects...

Dear Editor,

Having not had the opportunity to read the original article on Pornography (I am one of those Mary's medics seen by Professor Richards as being incapable of deciding for myself what is or isn't suitable reading material) I found M G Johnson's letter (issue 851) anything but well reasoned. Ignoring his somewhat pedantic argument on the definition and aims of pornography, I quote the definition given by CAP (Campaign Against Pornography). Pornography is 'any depiction of women or parts of women's bodies which objectifies them, dehumanises them, portrays them in a sexually humiliating and degrading manner and subjects them to sexual violence with the message that women enjoy this'.

You may hold that 'models' have a choice: Firstly it is to be questioned how much of a real choice they actually have—if you are faced with the alternatives of a poorly paid job and the chance of earning vast sums (MGJ says £200 as a one off payment) the

pressures to become involved in the 'meat market' are enormous. Secondly, if the women involved are seen to have a choice, and taken that they do, then that choice is exercised by them on behalf of all women. They define the way society perceives women and women's bodies making it impossible to 'ignore it if you don't like it' as he suggests.

If MGJ really believes pornography portrays women as 'sensual beings' then I suggest he has never been subjected to pornographic material. One is left with an impression of women as passive sexual objects, willing participants in sexual violence, enjoying rape, saying 'no' when they mean 'yes', as bodies without minds, feelings or personality. In short 'tits & bums'.

Liz Warren has not conducted sufficient research; the links between pornography and sexual violence against women and children cannot easily be dismissed. Recent studies show this more conclusively than those linking smoking and cancer.

If my letter is beginning to sound like feminist

propoganda then let me redress the balance. Pornography is not solely a degrading treatment of women. Surely men too are exploited by the porn industry. To suggest that men are controlled and motivated by their sexuality and are subject to uncontrollable sexual drives is to say that men are little better than animals. Some argue pornography provides some men with a release which would otherwise be turned against women. I argue that sexual violence should not be 'treated' with pornographic material which encourages the very attitudes towards women which result in the problem in the first place.

A stand against pornography is not an example of 'Anglo-Saxon prudery', and does not deny women and men their sexuality; it is saying that people should be able to define their own sexuality and not be subjected to images in magazines which define how they will be seen and how they should act.

J C Woodhouse.

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BEANS CLUB

arranged personally
Contact P. Shanley
c/o Maths 3

Liz Warren gives an account on what to do when the parents get too much.

London over Christmas

If you are in London over Christmas or you have to escape from the parents by new year, why not try some of the ideas below.

For the strong willed there is the old traditional favorite of going to Trafalgar Square to see the new year (and indeed the new decade) in. Although this is probably worth doing once in your life it can be very unpleasant. You will almost certainly find yourself in the middle of a large, mostly good-natured crowd, but crowds have a mind of their own and can be extremely dangerous when, after all the excitement of midnight has gone, the surge to leave the square begins. It's best to go in a big group, but you have to link arms very firmly to avoid getting split up. Watch out for groups of 'steamers' who attempt to break groups up and pick pocket them. As the end of the decade, this is probably not the year to try Trafalgar Square.

fairground rides, and in Carnaby Street, where there will be shows, music and carols until December 22nd. Carnaby Street also promises an alternative Christmas Grotto.

For more leisurely entertainment indoors, BBC seems to have the pick of the films, with *Crocodile Dundee* on Christmas Day and *The Name of the Rose* on Boxing Day. The latter is not to be missed if you haven't seen it yet. Videos which have just been released which are worth getting out are *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (the animation is very clever), *Rainman* and *Twins*. Venturing out to the cinema, the best bets are *Back to the Future II*, a sequel which is as good as the original, *Wilt*, *Dead Poets' Society* (a real weepie) and *The Dream Team* (see reviews). If you haven't seen *Batman* yet, go and see it. Jack Nicholson steals the film, but it's also a good no-

cost you two pounds to get in.

For taking in some culture, most of the museums are open around Christmas, although not on Bank Holidays. The Museum of the Moving Image at the South Bank is a 'fun' museum with lots of interesting things for anyone who has even a passing interest in films. At the Royal Academy on Picadilly, *The Art of Photography 1839-1989* is highly recommended and continues until December 23rd.

An alternative to Trafalgar Square is to find a nice pub and see through midnight: you'll end up hugging and kissing people you've never seen before and will never see again! Recommended, if crowded, pubs are the *Punch and Judy* in Covent Garden, any of the pubs on the river near Hammersmith Bridge, especially *The Dove* (although it's very small), downstairs at *The King's Head* on Wardour Street and any *Firkin Pub*.



A more civilised alternative is to go to a pantomime and prove that you're still a kid at heart and like booing and hissing with the six year olds. There are traditional pantos, such as *Cinderella* (Duchess Theatre £9), *Babes in the Wood* (Beck Theatre) or *Dick Whittington and His Cat* (Shaw Theatre £5.5-£8 with Bill Oddie). There is a ballet version of *Cinderella* at the Royal Opera House if you fancy a cultured version. For the alternative panto, try the Drill Hall Arts Centre's lesbian version of *The Snow Queen*, the Latchmere Theatre's adaptation of *The Rose and The Ring* (see Reviews for both) or the cult version of *Return to the Forbidden Planet* at the Cambridge Theatre.

There will be street events at Covent Garden on the East Piazza until December 24th, which should include

nonsense adventure film that doesn't strain the brain too much. Whether you think it's worth all the hype is up to you.

After you've overindulged in the turkey and Christmas pudding, why not go for a walk in one of the parks. You can feed the remains of dinner to the ducks in St James Park, wander along the Grand Union Canal which runs from Little Venice to Camden through Regents Park or visit Richmond Park and make believe that you're not in the city at all. While you're in Regents Park, you might like to visit London Zoo, although there aren't any bears there at the moment. Another fun day out is to go to the races at Kempton Park on Boxing Day. You can catch a train from Waterloo to Kempton Park BR Station, and it will

You could try a day trip to France to stock up on the Christmas booze. It's about ten pounds return by Sealink from Folkstone to Boulogne, and you'll have to get to Folkstone first. Or why not go the whole hog, forget Christmas altogether and book yourself a nice holiday to a sunny Caribbean paradise.

BEANS CLUB

Intimate dinners for four
arranged personally
Contact P. Shanley
c/o Maths 3

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE—IF YOU HAVE ANY CHANGES FOR NEXT TERM TELL US!

WEDNESDAY

- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Outside Southside for sailing.
- Keep Fit**.....12.30pm
Southside Gym with Vicky.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
Senior Common Room, Union Building.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....1.00pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Intermediate Rock'n'Roll**.....2.15pm
SCR. Dance Club.
- Ten Pin Bowling**.....2.20pm
Meet outside Chem Eng/Aero.
- Wutan Tai Chi Chuan**.....3.00pm
Union Lounge. Instructor Hong Chun Lai. Martial art for all ages and sexes.
- Beginner's Rock 'n' Roll**.....3.15pm
SCR.
- Jazz Dance**.....3.30pm
Union Gym.
- Ladies Only Water Polo**.....6.30pm
IC Sports Centre. Enthusiastic new members welcome—any ability.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Experts class.
- FREE DISCO**.....9.00pm
In the Union Lounge Nightclub until 1am.

THURSDAY

- Christian Union Meeting**.....8.15am
Chaplaincy.

- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- IC Fencing Club**.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- Methodist Society Speaker Meeting**...12.30pm
Chemistry 231. Everyone welcome.
- ICSF Library Meeting**.....1.00pm
ICSF Library (below Beit). Members can borrow from 1700 books.
- YHA**.....12.30
Southside Upper Lounge. Sign up for weekend break. Everyone welcome.
- Death Penalty Debate**.....1.00pm
Huxley 314. IC Amnesty International with IC Debating Society and Tim Janman MP.
- Balloon Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and check us out, sign up for a weekend in the sky.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym with Alice.
- Wine Tasting**.....6.00pm
Union Dining Hall. Extra special—come and pass the port in our port tasting.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- FilmSoc present 'Scrooged!'**.....7.30pm
Mech Eng 220. 50p members, £1.50 others.
- Karate Practice**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Next to Southside Bar.

- ICCAG Soup Run**.....9.00pm
Meet Week's Hall Basement Kitchen. Deliver food to London's down and outs.

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and get high.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.35pm
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by IC Islamic Society.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Keep Fit**.....6.00pm
Southside Gym with Janet.
- Christian Union Meeting**.....6.00pm
Room 308 Computing.
- Balloon Club Weekend**.....6.30pm
Flying in Gloucester. Meet outside balloon garage.
- Swimming Training**.....6.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Fencing Club Meeting**.....6.40pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Water Polo Session**.....7.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside.
- LIVE BAND**.....9.00pm
'Energy Orchard' play in the Union Lounge. Tickets £2 from Union Office. Late bar & disco.

CITY & GUILDS COLLEGE UNION

38th

DINNER & DANCE

9th FEBRUARY, 1990

cocktail reception ★ 4 course dinner

★ wine ★ port ★ coffee & petits

fours ★ band ★ magician

£75 DOUBLE TICKET

WALDORF HOTEL

Tickets from Guilds Office on sale 9am, Tuesday 5th December

BE ON TIME—THEY SELL OUT VERY QUICKLY

Ents—Energy Orchard, Friday

Don't go home for Christmas. Well not yet anyway. At least stay until this Friday (15th), when you can see *The Energy Orchard* live on stage at the Christmas extravaganza in the Union Lounge. This fine band play a mixture of hard-rocking songs and slow lilting tunes telling stories of love, hate and Belfast. Playing North London pubs two years ago, *Energy Orchard* were recognised for the talents they have and soon had gigs at major London venues, including The Marquee and Imperial College.

After much media interest and attention from record

RCC bonanza

Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to introduce the great Recreational Clubs Committee bonanza. The failure of anyone to admit their existence means that I am able to announce vacancies for Chairpeople of the following clubs:

Air Cooled Volkswagen; Bridge, Chess; Waterski.

These clubs have Union grants and assets available to support their operation. If you wish to take on the duties of caretaker Chairperson contact me. I can give you details of what is on offer. The best time to find me is at the RCC Treasurer's Meeting, in the Union Office, 12.30 to 1.00pm every Wednesday.

All I will ask is that you write an article for Felix to

Dance club balls

Imperial College Dance Club has done very well this term. We have exceeded our full quota of 140 members already and hope new members will join next term.

The lessons will continue as timetabled this term with a few exceptions. The Jazz class has been cancelled as there was not enough interest. The second beginners' Rock 'n' Roll class, started due to popular demand, has been brought forward to 2.15pm on Wednesday. A new 'Total Beginner's Ballroom Class' will start next term for those of you who want a crash course for your balls! This is being held at 6.00pm on Tuesdays in the JCR. Please note that the Rock 'n' Roll and Latin American classes will not start until week three (Jan 22nd) as our instructor, Vicki Cunniffe, is taking two teams to compete in America. The Ballroom lessons, however, will run as from

company spies, they finally signed a huge deal with MCA and are on the brink of releasing their debut album. After the New Year the band are off to America for a tour of just about every corner of every state. Watch out for the lead singer's death defying speaker stack jump. Be there! Tickets are £2 in advance. From the Union Office. Disco and late bar. See you at the Christmas extravaganza, doors open at 9pm.

Rufus Isaacs, Ents Publicity.

introduce yourself to potential members and to invite them to attend a start-up meeting. Funds for additional publicity may be provided by the RCC. If you can hold committee post elections and collect subscriptions from 16 people, the club grant will be released. So then, budding recreationalists, get organised and collar me.

Finally, if you think you are running any of the above clubs, you better have a good reason for ignoring the procedures that the Union has for helping its members. See me soon or you may lose control of your club.

Tim King, RCC Chairman.

January 8th. For those of you who don't already know the full timetable please see the What's On section in each FELIX edition, or consult the Dance Club noticeboard (Sherfield Walkway).

In addition to the lessons we have run two major events. The first was the BBC Children in Need 24-hour sponsored dance, where we raised over £5000. The second event was the London Ball held on December 2nd which was attended by of 250 people. Before the year is out we plan to host a Barn Dance and our Annual Dinner Dance. Everyone is welcome.

Finally, I would like to thank everyone who has helped out, with particular thanks to the instructors Vicki and Christine.

Have a happy Christmas and hope to see you all next term.

Environment friendly

What does 'conservation' bring to mind? Green wellies and Range Rovers? Wrong!! Tim Boote from the British Trust of Conservation Volunteers (BTCV) dispelled that myth at last Thursdays' Environmental Society lecture, as he described their work.

BTCV is the largest practical conservation group in the UK. They differ from the usual image of conservationists because they involve everybody, i.e. if you are old enough to walk or young enough to wield a spade and you care about your surroundings then you're welcome to join in. Projects vary nationwide—everything from drystone walling, to building footpaths and bridges—there is a very successful urban conservation scheme. This involves creating local habitats and gardens on any available bit of waste ground, tucked away behind office blocks and tenements including Tower Hamlets and Cambridge Circus (on Charing Cross Road), where urban nature areas were created, not to mention old cemeteries such as Highgate which have unique wooded and

grassland habitats to manage.

The best thing about many of these projects is that they involve children and both racial and sexual minorities, not just white middle-class people, who usually have the monopoly on environmental issues. Expertise isn't necessary either, you're taught everything you need to know for the day, there and then.

The fun doesn't just stop at weekday and weekend one day projects, BTCV run a whole series of working holidays all around the country involving every aspect of conservation and management, and plenty of coffee breaks!

So, if you feel like getting muddy, learning the intricacies of woodland and wildlife management, how to use various tools, or fancy trying your hand at a bit of drystone walling or you want to improve your local environment, then get involved with BTCV.

For more details contact:

Tim Boote—01-278 4293.

Small Ads

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- **St Mary's** Hospital Medical School presents 'Gut Girls' from 12-14th December. Starts at 7.30pm. Prices £2.50-£3.00.
- **Real Ale** Society Christmas Party. Thursday 14th December. 7.30 Union Crush Bar. 3 winter ales and traditional cider. £5 all you can drink (£6 non-members). Be there and get drunk.
- **Spot Soc** goes to Electrowerkz paintball. Tuesday 12th December, 6pm, Southside. Be there or be splotted!
- **Choir Concert**, 8pm Great Hall, 8th December.

ACCOMMODATION

- **Room** to let in large house. Available for one month from January 20th, maybe longer. Contact Graham on 622 3290 evenings.

FOR SALE & WANTED

- **Hi Fi** for sale—Morantz amp, receiver & speakers, pioneer t/t, Shure cartridge, JVC cassette. Mature. Good condition. £20 ono. 01-609 7051
- **For sale**, Nad amp, dual turntable, KEF coda speakers, 12" TV (B&W), Yamaha classical guitar. Any offers please contact Farshad (int 4351).
- **Wanted**—set of 10" pram wheels. Financial incentive will be available. Contact Guy Mayer through Mech Eng 2 pigeonholes.
- **Cox** wanted for a casual rowing VIII. Training once a week. Call Ed Hewitt at 937 4827 or write to Mech Eng 1.

PERSONAL

- **Thanks** to all the hosts who made the Cocktail Party such a success. Love Murray & Ralph.
- **But** if you didn't turn up, we hope your next shit is a hedgehog. Hate from Murray & Ralph.
- **Especially** if you gate crashed (you know who you are!).
- **Caving Club**—if you want to see your sing in one piece again, pay £20 to Rag by the end of term...or else...B.U.M.P.
- **Jane's** not happy
In fact she's grim
'Cos she went sailing
And went for a swim.
- **Scrooge** was conned!
- **Carol** is short
Carol is sweet
but, dear oh dear
What smelly feet
- **Wanted:** Presentable young man to take attractive first year to C&G Ball. Will pay share. Interview will be required. Apply Miss W (Life Sci pigeonholes).

Cartoonists

Do you fancy drawing a cartoon strip for FELIX? We are hoping to produce a comic as a supplement to FELIX soon. If you would like to contribute, contact Dave Smedley in the FELIX Office. Why not work on an idea over the holiday?