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Issue 873
Friday 22nd June



ICU Social Colours

Malcolm Aldridge
Joseph Andrews
Susan Appleby
Rose Atkins
Pat Baker
Michelle Began
Reggie Blennerhassett
Pete Bowen
Terry Briley
Jeremy Burnell
Hal Calamvokis
Dr Chris Champion
Dr John Cosgrove
Rory Curtis
Steve Farrant
Joe Fernley
John Finley
Robin Fisher
Ian Frith
Dr John Galley
Alistair Goodall
Pierre Grosogeat
Mike Graveston

Amanda Green
Chris Greenwood
Rhydian Hapgood
Richard Hardiman
Dr John Harrison
Jen Hardy-Smith
Simon Heaps
Zoe Hellinger
Simon Holden
Chris Horne
Rufus Isaacs
Adrian Johnson
Gwyn Jones
Doug King
Tim King
Andy Klava
Spenser Lane
Nick Lay
Mylan Lester
Graeme Littler
Andy Lovatt
Carol Luscombe
Nick Marley

Tanya Maule
Lesley Mayers
Stephen McCabe
Vernon McClure
Neil McCluskey
Laurie McNamee
Peter Mee
Steve Meyfroidt
Dr Don Monro
Ramin Nakisa
Fiona Nicholas
Dave Osborne
Chris Owen
David Peacock
Yve Posner
Chris Pote
Ian Richards
Hamish Rose
Rob Rowe
Dr Bob Schroter
Jackie Scott
Emma Skitt
David Smedley

John St-Hill
Nick Stafford
Dr David Stuckey
Vijay Thakur
Andy Thompson
Benjamin Turner
Louise van der Straeten
Wouter van Hulsten
Dr Ken Weale
Dave Williams
Nicola Williams
Murray Williamson
Bob Westaway
Yvonne Woods
Tom Yates
Ken Young
Paula Young

Full Athletic Colours

Chris Cox
Peter Cripwell
Cathy Drake
Rhys Wyn Evans
Russell Green
Nick Hills
Simon Holden
James Hurr
J.F. Lucas
Helen Mackintosh
Dave Matthews
Tony Menzies
Lawrence Morgan
Paul Northrop
Jörg Pollock
Mark Rayfield
Maurice Ricou
Debbie Tucker
Patrick Welche
Philip Wickens

Half Athletic Colours

Carl Boone
Simon Brindle
Gully Burns
Chris Burton
Simon Cain
Diane Chadwick-Jones
Richard Court
Gordon Davies
Pete Drew
Simon Evans
Dom Faulkner
Felix Francis
Brian Greensmith
Tim Griffiths
Jeurgem Haeberle
Rob Hambleton
Julian Jones
David Knight
Boon Wee Kuah
Mark Landon
Marcus Peter
Marcus Pittaro
Lisa Preedy
Peter Reilly
Thomas Sommer
Sam Spence
Simon Taylor
James Whitelaw
Malena Zubcov

Outstanding Service Awards

Hal Calamvokis
Joe Fernley
Alistair Goodall
Wouter van Hulsten
Stephen McCabe
David Peacock
Yve Posner
David Smedley
Andy Thompson
Tom Yates

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Student dies after falling from top floor.

Southside tragedy

A student living in Tizard Hall died after falling from the top floor of Southside in the early hours of Saturday 9th June.

The student, Shourjo Madhab, had been drinking and was seen climbing along the back of the building just before the accident. He landed, apparently on his back, on a second floor gallery over 70ft below. There were no suspicious circumstances.

Despite the efforts of friends and passers-by who gave him emergency first-aid, Mr Madhab died in Westminster hospital two hours later. He is said to have lost consciousness within seconds of falling.

One half of a double door leading on to the gallery had to be broken down to allow the stretcher bearing Mr Madhab to leave. The security guards on duty had been unable to unlock it although Chief Security Officer Geoff Reeves claims they had a key. The key may have jammed.

Mr Madhab had been among some 20 Tizard Hall residents who had gone out for a meal the previous evening after which he and three friends returned to his room to talk. It was then that, despite his friends protests, Mr Madhab started 'window-walking'. He had been out and back in once and was standing on the window ledge when he tried to pull himself up by his arms. He is believed to have lost his grip. His friends, one of whom tried to give Mr Madhab mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, were said to be suffering from shock.

The coroners inquest into the death began on Wednesday 13th June and the body was cremated the following Friday. The ashes will be flown to India.



Tizard Hall Warden, John Hassard, described Mr Madhab, a 19 year old first year mathematics undergraduate, as one of the most popular people in hall. Dr Hassard said that Mr Madhab had been warned about window walking before, but said that he was 'very headstrong and very strong-willed.' He added that he was 'much loved and will be much missed.'

Mr Madhab was said to be a brilliant student and a gifted mathematician. He came from a cultured and

supportive Indian family, living in the Philippines where his father was the director of a United Nation's agency.

Ian Gillet, College Safety Officer, told FELIX that the College were still considering the implications of the accident. He said that some windows could be padlocked shut and coated with a reflective film to keep the rooms cool. He feels, however, that students should have a 'certain amount of responsibility' for their actions.

Obituary

Shourjo Madhab (13.5.71—9.6.90)

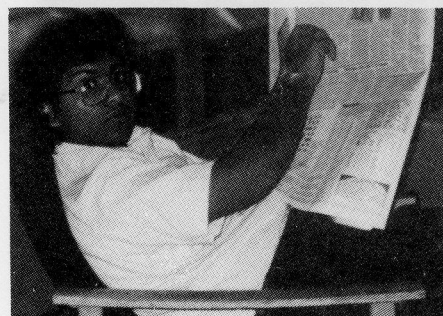
John Hassard

Shourjo Madhab fell while climbing the ninth storey of Southside. He died in Westminster Hospital never having regained consciousness.

Shourjo was in Maths. 1; he had just completed his dissertation on 'The Farkas Lemma and Duality'. His supervisor, Dr. O. Pretzel, called it highly original, and Shourjo a first class student. Just ten minutes before he died, he had a profound discussion of some Mathematics with a friend: he was committed, had a brilliant and incisive mind, and loved the beauty and insight that Maths revealed. In Hall, Shourjo was one of the dozen or so

indispensable people, who made the Hall work. He made things happen. He was gregarious, organised and sympathetic; he knew everybody and was close to many. Next year he was to be a Tizard Hall reapp: he was a natural choice, and he was looking forward to it.

We all have a great sense of loss - the loss of a friend, a brilliant and incisive mind, a warm and colourful character. Shourjo leaves loving and extraordinary parents and a large but close circle of friends. We'll all miss him.



Council cash Rose goes

Representatives from Imperial College and Imperial College Union met with local Conservative councillors on Thursday 14th June. The meeting, which lasted two hours, covered a wide range of issues including the need for a new hall of residence, better sports facilities, local improvements and problems with the College day nursery.

The College was represented by Caroline Fox of Registry and John Finley, the warden of Beit Hall and an unsuccessful candidate in the local elections. Imperial College Union was represented by President Neil McCluskey and Tom Yates, one of the organisers of the Imperial College local election campaign. They met with Knightsbridge councillors Robert Michaels and Robert Moreland. Mr McCluskey and Ms Fox are now putting together a joint plan to be submitted to the council.

Councillor Michaels also asked about the arts at IC. According to Mr Yates, this came as a surprise to everyone: he claimed to have been 'gobsmacked' but believes that it may be possible for the College Orchestra to obtain a grant to invite a professional string quartet to give lessons. He is looking for similar proposals from other art orientated societies.

The meeting fulfilled a promise made during the local elections, the first to be fought by Imperial College candidates. The Conservative candidates had told the organisers of the IC campaign that if the Conservatives won, as they did, they would try to represent the College better.



Lesley Rose, who has responsibility for Residence bills, is to leave Imperial College. She formally handed in her notice on Thursday 14th June. Mrs Rose, who had previously worked in the Student Accommodation Office, told FELIX that she was leaving for good simply because she had found 'a better job to go to.'

Typical

The annual President's Dinner, held on Friday 8th June, ended in drunken debauchery according to reports reaching the FELIX office.

FELIX staff fighting their way past the pools of vomit the following morning report seeing a gaunt and sickly looking man collapsed in a corner of the office. He was later identified as former editor Bill Goodwin. Current FELIX editor Dave Smedley was not heard from until 5 O'Clock the following day. A spokesman for the FELIX staff described the affair as 'bloody typical.'

Union theft

Around £50 cash and a Gucci watch were among valuables stolen from the Union gym changing rooms on Monday 11th June. The robbery took place between 8 and 10pm. The thief was not caught.

Another opportunist thief, who is believed to have been stealing from Imperial College earlier this year, has been arrested after trying to rob students at City University. It was the second time that the man had been caught at the University. On the first time cheque books belonging to IC students were recovered but the man escaped before the police arrived.

He was arrested after being recognised when he returned to the site for a second time last Thursday. He subsequently admitted a dozen offences. IC Chief Security Officer, Geoff Reeves, told FELIX 'we've got him bang to rights.'

Pownall taken ill

Roger Pownall, the College Bars' Manager, was rushed to hospital last Thursday morning suffering from heart trouble. Mr Pownall is 36 and, prior to the incident, had been very active. The news has shocked his many friends at college.

Mr Pownall first felt ill while resting in his flat. He phoned for an ambulance and was admitted to hospital by 10 am with his heart beating at twice the normal rate. Rob Northey, Catering and Conferences manager who is Mr Pownall's boss, visited him last Thursday night. 'Roger was alright,' Mr Northey said, 'he was bored with having to read his newspaper six times.'

The hospital requested that Mr Pownall stay in the Coronary Unit while tests were carried out and he was discharged the following day. He has gone to the West Midlands to recover and is expected back next week.

Chem Eng pay up

The Chemical Engineering department has finally paid the £150 it owed to the college for damage done at February's Chemical Engineering annual dinner. Professor Wakeham, the head of department, said that the delay was due to problems getting the Chemical Engineering Society and the City and Guilds Union to pay their share.

Barbecue curse

The curse of the Barbecue continues. Wu Shu Kwan Kung Fu Society, a collection of people who enjoy smashing bricks with their bare hands, asked the Union for any spare bricks left over from the barbecue. They later returned them on the grounds that they were indestructible.

Ego bursts

People throughout the Union were not surprised at all when FELIX Editor Dave Smedley was taken ill early on Monday morning suffering from a grossly inflated ego. This condition, known as Hackney's Syndrome, leads to an insane desire to produce the biggest FELIX in recorded history. It has caused great suffering to his nearest and dearest and to the News Editor who, sitting here the night before the bloody thing is due to be finished, fervently wishes that the condition was terminal.

McCluskey Fails

Imperial College Union President Neil McCluskey has failed in his attempt to become a member of the College Management and Planning Group (MPG).

The MPG deals with all aspects of College finances and was responsible for the controversial decision to cut back the College Careers Service. It reports directly to the Rector and has no student representation. Mr McCluskey presented a proposal to make ICU president a member of MPG at a meeting of Governing Body held on Tuesday 12th June. This proposal was rejected.

Serpentine danger

Warning signs have been erected around the Serpentine in Hyde Park after traces of potentially toxic blue-green algae were found. The algae has been known to cause rashes, diarrhoea, vomiting and fever and the public have been warned not to swim in the lake. The increased algal growth has been blamed on the recent hot weather.

Mass, International Resque + Carter T.U.S.M.

—Oxford venue 8.6.90

Mass were thrash, had two fans and sounded like lots of other bands, though not as good. A safe option for an enjoyable first support band. It's a shame, but as long as they play like a first support band they will progress no further.

International Resque were confused. They were a scally band who got wise and decided they needed a new sound. They collected a host of 'successful indie' records and copied the style of each one in turn including sounds of Ned's Atomic Dustbin, Snuff, Mega City 4, Mudhoney and whatever else it seemed they could lay their hands on. They even kept their Bez for posterity, who danced aimlessly with a 'DANCE' placard clutched before him. Good as a support band but they had nothing new to offer.

Whereas Carter hit the stage and changed everything: the crowd suddenly livened up. They started with *Rubbish* the single and bounded through their standard set, although spiced up with covers of Pet Shop Boys *Rent* and the non-album tracks *RSPC Everything* and the alcoholics song *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere*.

The footballs flew, as is becoming commonplace with Carter sets; the crowd leapt, danced and stagedived as is also common at Carter gigs.

After the cataclysmic *Perfect Day to Drop Bomb* they left, though soon they were shouted back into an encore, including *Alternative Alf Garnett* and Generation X's *King Rocker*. They left again and the police were going to come and arrest us all, so they teased. The lights came on but still the shouts did not abate. Some people left, but those who had the patience to hang around were rewarded with another encore 'because the police liked them'. They finally drained us with a song which shouts 'everybody's happy now' and dies to the screams of 'don't pay the poll tax, don't pay the poll tax.' What fun.

DEL

Mind Over Four

—The Goddess LP

Have this band nicked every idea from another group? Well perhaps not on the A side anyway. Set in the traditional mould of heavy metal, with hard beats and incomprehensible lyrics, this band goes too far. The album starts well with *Prayer For The Dying*, a lively song with good vocals and music. It's a shame they don't last until the end of the song. Next, the title track is better - heavier but more mumbled. Then the album goes downhill, with two tracks that sound slightly raw, with words that mean nothing and convey even less. *Post* however, picks the A side off the floor with clearer singing and competent music.

The B side makes it all worthwhile, probably because here the band sound like much more well known groups. In fact the first two songs reminded me of *Powerslave* sung badly. The apex of the record must be *Autumn's Here* which starts slowly before crashing into heavy bass guitar. This is what they're good at. The euphoria doesn't last, as we are subjected to *Hell's Bravest Song* with some awful singing. Luckily the group recover with *Airplanes*; slow and heavy, it's obviously their forté.

After a few playings, I started to get into this album. This wasn't difficult as, at 34 minutes for ten songs, it's really quite short. Reading the lyrics on the sleeve (you can't understand them otherwise), I found that they consisted of half formed sentences concerned mainly with the death of friends and mortality. A promising band dragged down by meaningless lyrics.

Toby Jones.



Carter The Unstoppable B52's Sex Machine

—Rubbish 12"

—Cosmic Thing LP

Carter are both excellent on record and a manically brilliant live band, so when they take a live favorite *Rubbish* and put it onto vinyl it seems disappointingly tame. Carter have better songs, so this should have remained a live classic. But if you haven't heard it live, it's fab.

The Pet Shop Boys *Rent* is ritually livened up on the B side followed by *Alternative Alf Garnett*, an ironic singalong classic; each verse finds something different about today's fucked up society and ends with a joyous 'if you're happy and you know it clap your hands'.

A perfect taste of Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine.

DEL



The *B52s*, after only one major chart success have produced a commercial album to catch and hold the interest given by the single *Love Shack*. Where their previous albums were much more limited in their appeal, with only a few good tracks, this album has hit commercial reality and necessity on the head to give an ever successful 'reliable' album. The album is very much in the same frame of mind as *Love Shack*, mindless fun, but a few tracks, as ever, stand out above the rest.

The Number One *Love Shack*, is a classic, a *Tainted Love* for the nineties. *Roam*, the present single, is a catchy tune: you will find yourself singing along without hardly noticing it. *Channel Z* is full of classic *B52s* madness, zest and energy. The album is brought to a gentle close with a near-indulgent instrumental track, *Follow Your Bliss*.

A surefire success, buy it and enjoy it all.

DEL.

Madonna

-I'm Breathless LP



A change in style for Madonna? Ha, understatement of the decade.

This album, set in the 1930s around the movie *Dick Tracy*, should never have been released as an independent Madonna album; though Madonna injects all the tracks with her talent and vitality, it still sounds like the soundtrack to *Annie!* The further one progresses with the album, the more one gets the feeling that the whole thing has been produced

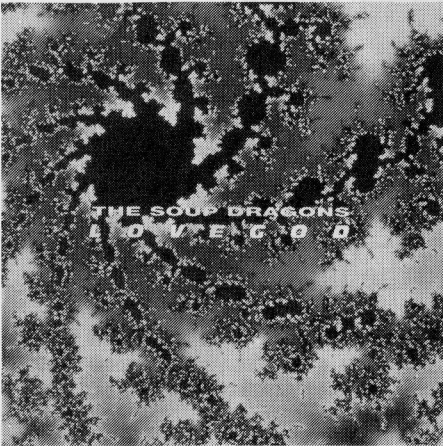
tongue-in-cheek and it is a big joke; but it can't be can it?

A lot of it sinks into basic 1930s female vocalist tracks but some cannot go without mention for their novelty value. The first such track, *Hanky Panky*, is as the title suggests about kinky sex, but it takes some listening to to believe she really is singing 'hanky panky, I like a bit of spanky' and 'tie my hands behind my back and ooh I'm in ecstasy!' *I'm Going Bananas* is Madonna doing exactly that, but in a very energetic calypso way. *Something to Remember* is a classic Madonna love track which she sings with true felt emotion. If only it wasn't in the middle of the album... *Now I'm Following You (Parts I and II)* is a brilliant waltz around the dancefloor with Madonna; on the second attempt she adds a dance beat to help it along and if it didn't have the awful samples from the film's bits, it could be a classic dance track. Well a novel one anyway.

Vogue sits uncomfortably on the end, totally out of place. It may be a good dance track, but thank God the whole album didn't turn out like that.

The album is good if you like Madonna, or the film *Dick Tracy* when it is released. It's very confusing to know how to take it: seriously?

DEL.



Soup Dragons

-Love God LP

Lovegod is the second LP by the *Soup Dragons*, *Sean Dickinson & Tribe*, preceded by the excellent lifted single *Mother Universe*. As with *Mother Universe*, the whole album shows a total change in direction, to a mellow, beat based sound. Though excellent material, unfortunately, fated to pass the same way as the single: 'the single? we never heard of it!', you may say. Exactly my point.

Each track follows the same basic format of ebbing vocals and guitars over a backing bass and drum (machine—might as well be) beat. Each track leaves an impression, but leaves nothing stronger, nothing demanding or attention seeking; sometimes a line will infiltrate for its classic value alone, overall each track in turn washes nicely but effortlessly by.

On the basis of simplicity, dominating attitudes oscillate somewhere between two extremes, from the raunchy expressiveness of *Drive the Pain* or *Kiss the Gun*, to the mesmeric mellowness of *Softly* or *Sweetmeat*; appreciation rises and falls between differing moods.

On a good day, buy the record, catch a crest of the *Soupies* and enjoy riding on it.

DEL.

I Like Danny's Hair

-Trapdoor 22.5.90

The hair was everywhere, but who was Danny? Perhaps he was the obscene 5ft inflatable killer whale or the giant pink rabbit

They threatened to be brilliant. The raw guitars devoured the subtle synths and the erotic whale aroused some obvious pleasure in the singer. A pounding version of a *Doors* classic became monumental, but from then onwards the songs just got cornier and the technology took over.

Shamelessly, they sang about 'Fatso' and 'Printing' ('he's not a Yankee, he's a printer?'). As the synths devoured the subtle guitars, the Billy Idol lookalike's greatest challenge became to start the drum machine and sequencer in synch, and so, after achieving success, he dropped his trousers for the delighted audience.

They destroyed *Greased Lightning* in a torrent of blips and echoes, whilst on some tracks the whole band were redundant. So the maniacs pranced over the stage or tried asphyxiation by wearing rubber gloves as hats. Who needs 'live' music when you've got a digital sampling sequencer?

Great for a cabaret—good all-round non-family entertainment at it's most sordid—but where's the music gone?

SJH.

Inspirational Carpets

-Live LP

Scally sensation? Cool as F***?? I was dying to find out, when prejudice and good taste stopped me in my tracks.

After pulling out the record sleeve to find, to my horror, the picture on the right, could you expect me to continue with the review?

DEL

MORRISSEY



"HULMERIST"

Morrissey

-Hulmerist VIDEO

If you hold any interest in Morrissey you'll enjoy the videos: an overall reflection on Morrissey, his Manchester humour and devoted fans.

The promo videos are interspersed with clips of his free Wolverhampton gig from '88; unless of course you were there yourself, when the video would be more of a visual memento interspersed with the promo videos.

Morrissey whilst in The Smiths was a devout non-believer in video, so a certain naiveté is evident, though overcome with some strong imagery.

Last of the Famous International Playboys, though an excellent song, is his first and most disappointing video. *Sister I'm a poet* is shot from live footage and emphasises Morrissey's idolised image as fans swarm the stage to touch, kiss or hold him. *Every Day is Like Sunday* has some brutally attacking shots; 'Cruelty without Beauty' scrawled on a subtle postcard digs deep. *Interesting Drug* with its schoolboys in high heels, shocks but gives no real impression. *Suedehead* is a tribute to James Dean, showing Morrissey has used the videos to express what he wants to see. *Ouija Board, Ouija Board* is a manic video around a sinister but brilliantly expressed song, starring Joan Simms of Carry On fame. Finally *November spawned a monster* is a totally underrated track with an excellent video. Set in Death Valley, Morrissey takes the sparsity and void around him and wraps himself in it to show his angst, captured with some striking camera shots.

If you enjoy Morrissey, this is a collection he really seems to enjoy.

DEL



The Summer of Love '90 is destined to be good. So, what will you be doing all summer? Why not spend your time off, getting back to nature and being at one with the earth on some of the festivals going on around the country all summer?

Festival Fun '90

Glastonbury Festival of Contemporary Performing Arts

June 22-24

Gone upmarket this year, taking the prices with it up to £38 (tickets in advance only). Still likely to be very popular, though. Music from *The Cure*, *Sinéad O'Conner*, *James*, *Aswad*, *Blue Aeroplanes*, *Del Amitri* and much more.

Plus circus, cabaret and theatre from all over the world. High police presence, so expect to be searched. Definitely the place to be for a good time.

Information: 0898 400888

Brighton Urban Free Festival

June 29-July 1

Brighton in the summer is brilliant, so why not spend time enjoying the music, theatre and cabaret, with music from *Mandrogora*, *The Levellers*, *McRenotts*, *2 hrs* and *Viva Couldron*. No camping, but....

Information: 0273 620125.

Knebworth Festival

June 30

Big commercial one-dayer. More details in the music press.

St Paul's Carnival, Bristol

July 2-7

Saturday is the day to be there for all kinds of fun.

Information: 0272-421 870/441.

Stoney Cross Peace Picnic

July 6-8

Stoney Cross in the New Forest, is often the scene of local police and fire resistance, though usually unsuccessful. A good time for all.

Amphi '90

July 14

Cheap (£2) one-dayer, with possible camping facilities, music with 17 local bands. Set in the Amphitheatre, Furness Abbey near Barrow in Furness.

Information: 0229 8320383.

Womad Music Day

July 15

Worldly music at Frocester Manor, near Stroud. Concessions.

Information: 0453 822342.

Berlin Wall

July 21

For the more worldly tourers. Roger Waters (*Pink Floyd*) and company will perform *The Wall* to an estimated crowd of 250,000 where the wall used to be.

Cosmic, if you can afford it. Proceeds to Benefit For International Disaster Relief.

Cambridge Folk Festival

July 27-29

One of the largest folk festivals, so if you're into big folk names and real ale, head for Cherry Hinton Hall. Tickets are £35 (£28 before July 17) and include camping. Concessions.

Edinburgh Fringe Festival

August 12-September 1

500 performers a day, wild street parties and Fringe Sunday when everything is free. Be a glutton...

Croredy Folk Festival

August 17-19

Recommended, with modern music from *All About Eve*, *Steeleye Span* and *Climax Blues*, plus lots more.

Information: PO Box 37, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Pontardawe International Music Festival

August 17-19

Free camping, Welsh fun at about £20.

Information: 0792 865 324.

Monsters of Rock, Donnington

August 18

Whitesnake, *Aerosmith*, etc. As ever....£20 + 50p booking fee from Aimcarve Ltd. PO Box 123, Walsall.

Ribbleshead Free Festival

Aug 24-27

Large free festival at Settle viaduct in Yorkshire.

Reading Rock Festival

August 24-26

Wide range of music, reliably good, though has lost festival roots. £35 with camping.

Information: 0932 566777.

CND Free Festival

August 25

Unsure (it's up to Lambeth Council) but probably Clapham Common with *The Cure*, *Wonderstuff*, *The Mission*, *All About Eve* and more. Get there early.

Notting Hill Carnival

August 26-27

A million people in the most colourful carnival in Britain. Be there for the Big One.

Rough Tor Free Festival

August 31-September 2

Camelford, Cornwall. Mind the water.

Magic Mushroom Festival

October 5-7

You've had all summer to suss hash, now try legal magic mushrooms (when fresh). Probably mid-Wales, to be confirmed.

Festivals and the law

Police interest is high in travellers' festivals and the events listed above. There is often some form of conflict with the police, and a basic knowledge of your rights is essential; you never know what will happen. Though unlikely, anyone may be searched or have their vehicle checked. It is said that appearance will not prejudice a policeman's decisions, but experience shows that this is not always the case and this may lead to harassment.

If the police suspect you of a crime they may search you.

In the street, the police can only search outer clothing (eg coats), but if they suspect you of possession of anything incriminating, such as drugs, they may take you to a more private place to conduct a more thorough search.

If you are arrested

Make a note of the name and number of the arresting officer and ask why you are being arrested. You have the right to remain silent; **USE IT**. If you are asked for your name and address it is always advisable to give them. Above all, be tactful. You also have the right to inform someone of your arrest; RELEASE can provide emergency legal help at any time (Tel: 071-603 8654).

You may only be held for 24 hours without being charged; or 36 hours for a 'serious arrestable offence,' eg murder, rape etc.

If you are released, you may get legal advice to sue the police for wrongful arrest.

If you see someone being arrested

Try to find out their name and the name and number of the arresting officer, if possible take a photo. Then contact the Travellers Aid Trust on 0722-73-662.

If you are charged

Get professional legal advice.

In the face of incontestable evidence, it is best to plead guilty. This will minimise the time taken and may reduce the size of the fine.

If in doubt, plead not guilty and see how the case progresses. Cases can still be dropped at a later stage.



LYNX

FUR—Once the ultimate fashion accessory, now considered to be what it is; the cruel death of a large number of animals. LYNX, the anti fur trading organisation, started its campaign in 1985, whilst the fur trade was at a peak. Five years on, after some 'very powerful and critically acclaimed, advertising campaigns,' sales figures for fur goods in the United Kingdom have declined by over 75%.

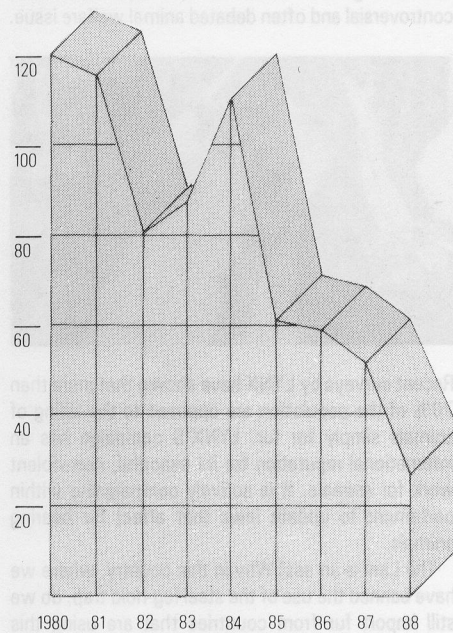
How do you like your fur, madam? Gassed or trapped?

The Department of Trade and Industry has registered a decline in fur sale from £80 million in 1984 to £11 million in the first half of 1989. The outlook for fur trading companies looks bleak. There is no longer a huge demand for mink coats and other fur goods. This year, Harrods was forced to close its long running fur department; the last survivor in the House of Fraser group. Selfridges, the only other major department store selling furs in London, has yet to determine its policy on selling fur, although the store has effectively served notice to quit upon its current fur concession, Jindo.

Another main fur retailer has also left the U.K. The Hudson Bay Company, which once auctioned the skins of millions of animals, has transferred operations to Helsinki, bringing an end to more than 300 years of fur trading and trapping in the UK. 40% of Europe's fur is traded through the Hudson Bay Company, although in recent years there has been a reduction of the business. It has sold all of its Canadian trading posts and its Toronto auction house. The company has held a Royal Charter since the reign of King Charles II, and it is rumoured that a large proportion of its shares are still owned by the Royal family.

One of the largest fur factories in the U.K. is set to close, after supplying fur manufacturers with skins for the last 38 years. The reason cited for the closure of the Hawkyard mink factory in Yorkshire was a WorldWide over-production of mink skins. The true reason is a lack of demand, which continues to fall as the younger generations become more naturally aware.

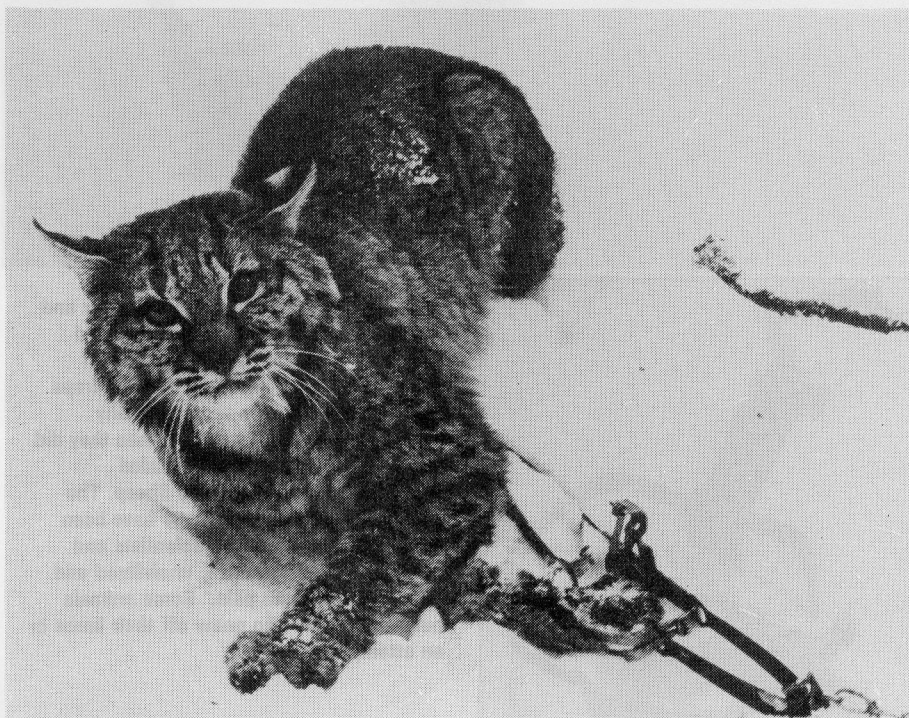
£ MILLION SALES OF FUR GOODS MANUFACTURED IN UK



Contrary to popular belief, 92% of all fur comes from factory-farming methods, where mink and fox are reared in hundreds of tiny wire cages. Mink are normally kept in pairs in cages typically 30x9x15 inches. These farms produce pelts which are relatively cheap, with high consistency and quality, and a large variety of colours. Variety comes from selective breeding, which often results in distressing genetic side effects. The animals are slaughtered before they are a year old. Methods include gassing, commonly with car exhaust fumes; lethal injection or electrocution. Foxes are killed by the use of mouth (clamp or rod) and anus (rod) electrodes connected to a portable 12v battery via a step up transformer producing approximately 200v. This can lead to prolonged deaths if the battery is not in perfect condition. To facilitate in the pelting process, the skins are usually removed whilst the animal is still warm which prevents bleeding.

Over a ton of protein enriched food goes into the production of every full length coat. Half of the Finnish herring catch goes into feeding animals on fur farms, even though the catch could be better used to help cure the starvation that is apparent throughout the World at this time.

Mink farms should legally be surrounded by a secure boundary fence to prevent the escape of potentially destructive non-native species. Many farms are insecure and Mink have been photographed after escaping into the wild. Feral Mink, previously a non-native species, escaped from fur farms and have now become well established in mainland Britain. The eradication of the Feral Mink was eventually given up by the MAFF (Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food) in 1970 as it became apparent just how widespread they had become.



This creature is obviously in severe pain, but so what? The skin will be used to a good cause, that of the fashion trade, a status symbol for the rich, luxury garments bought at a heavy price in animal pain and suffering.

In addition to the closure of most of the major fur outlets, a large number of small stores have fallen: Sacks and Brendler in East Anglia (after 40 years), Glyn and Leinhart in Sheffield, and Faulkes Furs in Birmingham (after 62 years).

The reason for these massive closures: LYNX, the leading organisation against the fur trade. Their advertising campaign has been strong and dramatic, even offensive, but this is exactly what the general public is supposed to think. Posters appear in red and black, to show the sick and bloody truth of the fur trade. The once glamorous market is now dead. Many people reading this article will have seen LYNX'S famous 'Dumb Animals' commercial of the fashion show during which a fur coat disgorges blood over a horrified audience. This and all the other LYNX advertising has made fur perhaps the most controversial and often debated animal welfare issue.



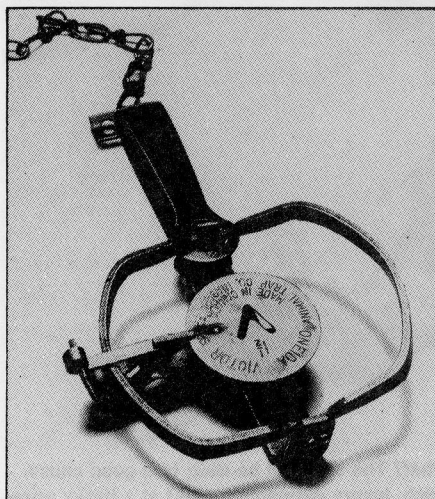
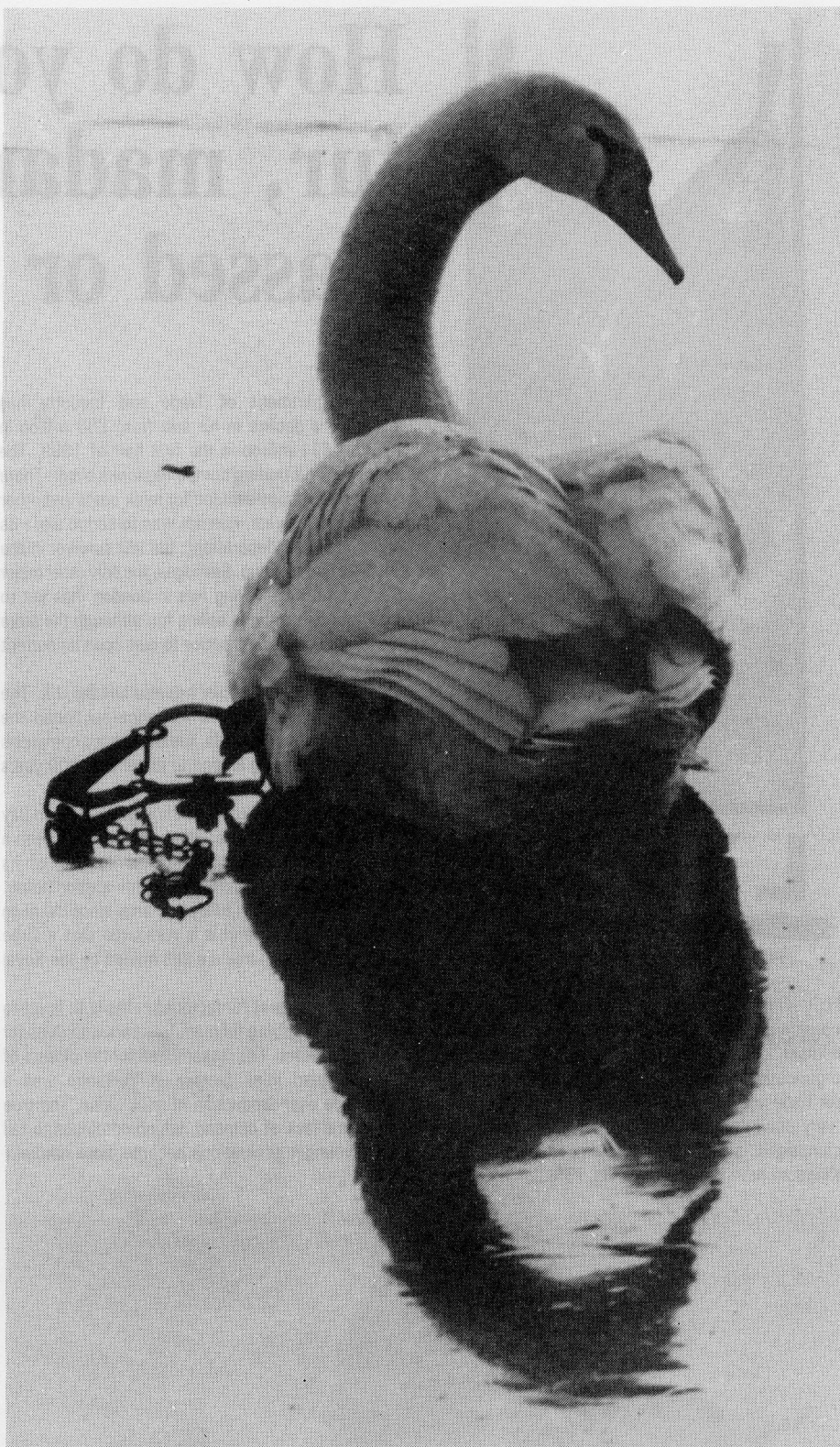
Recent surveys by LYNX have shown that more than 70% of the population are opposed to the killing of animals simply for fur. LYNX'S campaign has an international reputation for its peaceful, non-violent work for animals. It is actively campaigning within parliament to update laws that affect fur bearing animals.

The Law is an ass! Why in this country, where we have banned the use of the steel leg-hold trap, do we still import fur from countries that are using this barbaric device? In 1982, no fewer than 28,000 Lynx were trapped for the fur trade in Canada alone. As the larger cats are becoming scarce, the hunt turns its attention to the smaller species, the Ocelot, Margay, Lynx, and Geoffroy's Cat. In 1984 the skins of more than 13,000 Geoffroy's Cats were imported into France from Bolivia, while West Germany imported 16,890 Leopard skins from China. Fortunately, West Germany has proposed protection for these smaller cats in the future.

Last Summer, LYNX investigators visited the Swalesmoor Mink Factory just outside Halifax. They discovered appalling conditions and lax security. Dead Mink were left lying in cages. The fur trade is trying to prevent such evidence from ever being revealed. The LYNX investigators, along with key personnel have now received writs of trespass. LYNX is being sued for financial damages, although no damage was done to the property, and now faces substantial legal costs. A report has been sent to the Ministry of Agriculture, who licence all mink factories in the U.K., and their response is awaited.

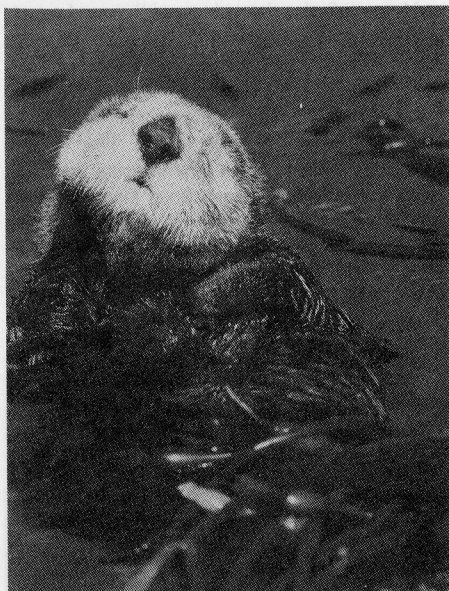
In North America, the Coyote, a wild creature, is hunted for its pelt. Bullets are not used to kill the animals, because this damages the fur so there are two main practices of killing once the creature has been trapped: repeated bludgeoning of the head, and a practice called 'suffocation', where the trapper stands on the animal's vital organs, usually for 14-15 minutes, until the animal is dead.

Last year alone, more than 300,000 coyotes were among the 20 million wild animals trapped for their fur. A full length coyote skin coat can be bought in London for between £4,500 and £7,000. Even in Britain, an estimated 100,000 red foxes are illegally trapped or snared for their fur.



Traps are indiscriminate. Swans, Deer and domestic pets are regularly caught and discarded as 'trash' by the hunters. In America, it was discovered that the traps caught more than ten times as many 'unwanted' animals and birds than they did Coyotes. These creatures included Bobcats, Golden Eagles and Sheep. The steel jaws used in these traps have been condemned by American scientists and neurologists as 'primitive, uncivilised and inflicting maximum pain.' Some animals have been known to gnaw off their limbs in an attempt to escape.

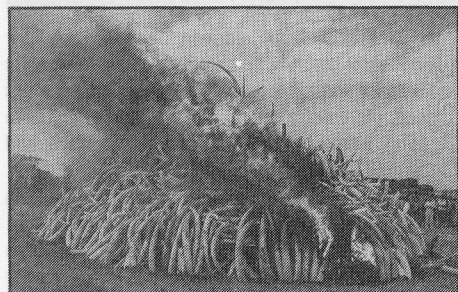
An old story of what can happen is that of the sea otter, hunted and killed for its very smooth fur. It has been said that there are approximately 800 million hairs in each pelt. Its troubles were at a peak when the Chinese Mandarins were introduced to this richest of pelts by Russian hunters. This led to entire herds being wiped out, the population of Otters falling from 150,000 in 1740 to just over 1000 in 1911. A treaty was then signed by representatives from the United States, Great Britain (for Canada), Russia, and Japan. The Otters were given complete protection, and thankfully, their numbers have now recovered somewhat. Sadly, it now faces other threats from entanglement in fishermen's nets, and oil spills.



LYNX is even opposing the wearing of fake fur, saying that glamourising fur in any way is wrong. Their attitude is that furs are beautiful—but only on their rightful owners, the fur-bearing animals. After high-lighting the fact that OXFAM had been selling second hand furs, LYNX has persuaded them not to accept donations of fur, and all stocks of fur were withdrawn on March 1st this year.

Many of those women who own a fur coat, now refuse to wear them. Models are paid extra for the social stigma of wearing Mink coats, and many refuse even to wear one. This effect is not international as yet, and only The Netherlands has been affected as much as Britain, although fur is at last struggling to stay in fashion in the United States, which accounts for about a third of the \$6 Billion market. LYNX has opened an office in Los Angeles, and is planning to start a similar publicity campaign in Western Europe, using its 'Rich Bitch. Poor Bitch' posters.

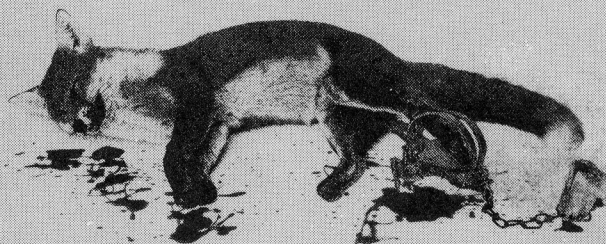
In Kenya, hundreds of thousands of pounds of illegal wildlife products are being destroyed. Recently, a bonfire was lit to destroy over three tons of ivory,



whilst in Brazil, thousands of furs from illegally killed endangered species were incinerated. This removes the items from circulation, with the view that the items have no monetary value anyway. LYNX will be holding its own ceremonial bonfire of fur coats later in the year.



Rich bitch.



Poor bitch.

If you don't want millions of animals tortured and killed in leg-hold traps don't buy a fur coat.

LYNX

Visit the LYNX Shop at 79 Long Acre, London
Or write to: P.O. Box 300, Nottingham

Among the anti-fur trade's supporters are Paul & Linda McCartney, Richard Adams, Richard Briers, Liza Minnelli, Elton John, Kate O'Mara, David Bailey, Neil Kinnock, David Owen, Hayley Mills, Andrew Bowden MP, Ron Davies MP, Tony Banks MP, The Princess Catherine Aga Khan, Richard Ryder, Phil Cool, Big Fun, and the Bishops of Salisbury, Edinburgh and Bangor. Several Lord Mayors have expressed support for the ending of the use of fur on ceremonial robes. These include the Mayors from Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Bradford, Cardiff, Swansea, and the Lord Provost of Inverclyde.

If you would like to become a member of LYNX and support the campaign to end the cruelties of the fur trade, please contact LYNX for further details, by writing to : LYNX, P.O.Box 300, Nottingham, NG1 5HN (telephone 0602 413052), or go along to their shop at 79, Long Acre, Covent Garden. You will also receive a quarterly news letter and 10% discount on all merchandise orders, of which there is a very large and fashionable selection. There are student membership rates available, so take your Union card along with you.

Jason Lander ploughs through this year's news.

A cynic's guide to Imperial College 1989/90

This has been the year that saw the introduction of the Poll tax and student loans and the abolition of student housing benefit. It saw the FELIX editor describing the Rector as a 'conniving git' and a union election being won by a cartoon. In short, a lot has happened.

The storm which swept across Southern England in late January caused £10,000 worth of damage to the College. Winds in excess of 100 miles per hour, tore branches from trees and ripped slates from roofs. In one incident, a lump of lead six foot by two, blown off the Union Building, landed near the Albert Hall. In the country as a whole, the storm claimed more than twenty lives.



In October, a student suffering from malaria was kept waiting for medical assistance for over three hours following a breakdown in communications within the College Health Service. It took almost an hour to contact Tessa Addenbrooke, the doctor on duty and a further three hours before she turned up. By this time, the student had already been taken to hospital. Dr Addenbrooke had initially decided that the case was not serious enough to warrant her attention.

The student recovered quickly and was released from hospital within a few days. The affair was, according to Ranaan Gillan, the Director of the College Health Service, a very definite 'cock up.'

The issue of health reared its sickly head again at the end of the spring term when FELIX ran a story headlined 'Day Nursery is a Health Hazard.' The story alleged that the children in the College run nursery were being kept in damp, mouldy and dangerous

accommodation. The College denied everything then promptly made a number of improvements.

Anyone entering the FELIX office in mid November was likely to be dragged across the room and forced to look at pictures of 'Ample Annie.' This, and other 'interesting' research material went to make the infamous pornography issue, another stage in Dave Smedley's campaign to become the most offensive FELIX editor in history.

As far as Professor Richards, the Dean of St. Mary's was concerned, he had been 100% successful. Professor Richards rounded up every copy of FELIX sent to the Paddington site and consigned the lot to the bin, earning himself the title of Mary's

Whitehouse. Other would be members of the moral majority were equally annoyed. One, when told that the cover was deliberately printed so that the pictures were faint, is alleged to have replied 'Yes, but if you look really close...'

Places like this attract a certain type of tourist. Over the year, Imperial College received a number of visits from the great and the good. Margaret Thatcher also popped in, as did her South Korean counterpart, Roh Tae Woo while the Royals were represented by Princess Anne. There are also reports of a flying tour by an obscure and irrelevant scotsman believed to be the Education Secretary.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

It has been a bad year for theft. The criminal element have visited, among others, the Radio Ham Society, the Rugby club, the Union Office, the Union Bar

(twice), the sports centre and assorted halls of residence, relieving them of tens of thousand pounds worth of cash, cheques and equipment. One enterprising criminal obtained a television by falsely claiming it as a raffle prize.

Security has been lax. On one night in mid February, two students in the guise of the 'Pink Panther Society', set out to prove how insecure the Union Building was. The students, Doug King and Mylan Lester, broke into various rooms within the building and plastered them with posters proclaiming their presence. The two were subsequently interviewed by the constabulary but not charged.

Another group to find themselves entangled with

the law were the Afro-Caribbean society (Afroc). Their disco held in the JCR, was stopped early after reports of violence and 'professional' drug peddling. After this fiasco, the college decided to ban the society from holding further events on college premises and informed the Students Union of this fact. Unfortunately, the Union did not get round to telling Afroc until ten days before their next planned event. The event, a Jazz night, had to be cancelled, a cancellation which cost the Union £1200 in publicity and bands' fees. Afroc chairman, David Cornwall, threatened the Union officer responsible for the delay, Deputy President Dave Williams, with legal action.

Imperial College has a reputation for drunken and boorish behaviour, a reputation which the Chemical Engineering Department and the Southwell drinking club, the Diggers, both tried to live up to.

Students AND staff at the Chemical Engineering

Departmental Dinner behaved in what was described as a 'compromising manner' in front of their guest speaker. A spokeswoman for the Chemical Engineering Society told FELIX 'I didn't enjoy the evening as much as last year.' The later Diggers do culminated in someone urinating over the table and a £100 bill for broken crockery.

Earlier in the year, a student was taken to hospital following a fight in the Union bar. The three students involved were taken before the College Disciplinary Committee but escaped criminal prosecution. The Union now has a policy of calling in the Police in the event of a disturbance.

One person who did not avoid the courts was former FELIX editor Bill Goodwin. Bill started a new career as a cause celebre after he refused to reveal a source. He subsequently featured in court cases as high up as the House of Lords, the BBC Nine o'Clock News, a number of newspaper editorials and the 'Megalomedia' cartoon strip in the Guardian. This did not, however, stop him being found guilty and fined £5000.

THE CONNING GITS

Professor Eric Ash, the Rector of Imperial College, received two prestigious accolades during the year. In January, HRH the Queen tapped him on the shoulder with an offensive weapon magically transforming him into Sir Eric. Earlier, in October, FELIX Editor Dave Smedley awarded him the FELIX 'conniving git' award over his reaction to events in China. He went on to win it another twice more.

The Tiananmen Square massacre last year shocked many people, not least IC's large Chinese community. These students found themselves badly out of pocket after spending over £2000 on contacting relatives and sending messages of support. IC Union agreed to help finance this and was eventually presented with a bill for £470. The soon-to-be Sir Eric sent just £200. Neil McCluskey, ICU president, had expected the Rector to provide the difference and it was felt in some quarters that Professor Ash had been pandering to the Chinese regime. The College is always reluctant to lose overseas student fees.

In November, Sir Eric was joined in Sheffield by the College's new Managing Director, Angus Fraser. Mr Fraser, who had worked extensively in industry before coming to IC, took over from retiring College Secretary John Smith and quickly undertook a shake up of the College Bureaucracy which left some people very shaken indeed.

There was much conniving in the epic saga of the Bookstore. The Bookstore, which used to be owned jointly by the Student's Union and the College, was transferred wholly to the Union during the Summer and left in the hands of Dave Peacock, the Union Manager. The first FELIX of the year (18th August) carried the report of his discovery that, because of a huge out-of-date book stockpile, the Bookstore was £75 000 further in the red than had previously been thought.

The following week, Dave received another nasty surprise when, after the Union had refurbished the shop, the college quadrupled the rent. It took a month of negotiations to persuade them to back down. In the following six months, the Bookstore made a profit of

£36000, all of which went back to the Union.

The next target for 'rationalisation' was the Careers Advisory Service (CAS). Sir Eric has described the CAS as 'overfunded and over-resourced' and, in recent years, its budget had been slashed. One member of staff had already had to stop finding jobs for students and start finding a job for herself. Another was in danger of following her, leaving the CAS with just one full time member of staff. Sir Eric had planned that the service would be run by postgraduates working part time. Unfortunately for the good knight, the FELIX conniving affairs correspondent heard about his plans and promptly printed them on the front page.

ICU stepped in, agreeing to pay for a part time careers advisor and a compromise was reached. The service will now employ two full time staff members with postgraduate assistants. Russ Clark, College Careers Officer, said 'we're not entirely happy with the situation but we'll have to live with it.'

College and Union clashed again over the Harlington sports ground. To raise money, the sports ground itself is being steadily dug up for gravel extraction, the extra cash going into a trust fund. In December, the trust administrators had agreed that the trust money should go towards new sporting facilities including an astroturf pitch.

It was at this point that Sir Eric and Angus Fraser arrived with an alternative plan. The money was to be taken from the Union and spent on a new hall of

residence. Unfortunately, the Rector's plan was rejected by everyone from the Union President to the grounds trustees. Sir Eric retaliated by suggesting that there should be a referendum to let the students decide. This never happened and there is still no sign of the astroturf - no score draw.

Private sector scheming thrived at Imperial Biotechnology (IBT). IBT, formerly part of the college, was sold to an Australian firm last year. In January, the new owners decided that the enterprise was too costly and threatened to cut seven staff. The IC trade unions did not take kindly to this, and took industrial action.

Students and hall wardens too found themselves at odds with the conniving classes. A little under two years ago, it was decided to set up an extra security lodge at one of the entrances to the Southside Halls. Eighteen months later, it was decided that this was too expensive. Three months after this, it was decided it wasn't. Southside is promised its security lodge 'soon'. Meanwhile, the thefts continued.

That is not to say that, when they tried, the college could not keep people out of the halls. Among the people locked out of Southside this year was the warden, Dr John Hassard. Dr Hassard fell victim to an ingenious security scheme in which the locks on the hall are changed yearly. The scheme would have worked if someone had not handed out the wrong keys.





NO PLACE LIKE HOME

The cost of living in London, always high, continued its steady climb towards exorbitant. Students living in Halls of Residence and College administered head tenancies next year face unexpected rent rises while those living in private accommodation will lose their right to housing benefit.

One of the main planks of Neil McCluskey's 1989 Election Campaign was that, under him, Hall rents would not rise. As election promises go, this one should have been easy to keep. Under an agreement reached between the College and Christine Taig, one of Neil's predecessors, Hall rents were to stay at their 89/90 levels over 90/91. This SHOULD have happened whether Neil had been elected or not. The emphasis there is on 'should', the College, claiming that they were short of cash, reneged on the agreement. Rents will go up by just under 5%, which was slightly above the then rate of inflation.

A 5% rise is nothing when compared with what the residents of Hamlet Gardens head tenancy will be facing. Senior Assistant Finance Officer, Malcolm Aldridge claimed that rents there would have increase by 20% to balance the books. These figures were disputed by Matthew Bridgewater, student manager of the tenancy, who argued the true figure was closer to 10%.

Even allowing for Malcolm's arithmetic

inconsistencies, the books were in sore need of balancing. The Summer Letting Scheme made a huge loss and it is rumoured that the Olave house may be lumbered on the account, despite claims by the college that it would be separately financed. The hall, which was brought by the College at a time when interest rates were low and house prices were rising, rapidly became a liability when the 'economic miracle' miraculously disappeared. Undeterred, the College has launched an appeal fund, part of which will be used to build yet another hall.

With the halls becoming more and more expensive to keep, the College is having to resort to strong-arm tactics to force recalcitrant students to pay their bills. Quite simply, debtors will not be allowed to continue their degrees: no cash, no course.

It is not just students in College-run accommodation who will have to pay significantly more. This was the year in which rates were abolished and the poll tax introduced. From September, the vast majority of students will be unable to claim Housing Benefit, effectively doubling their rents. Despite this, most private sector landlords will be charging more next year. It is tempting to say that the students who spent one night in their own cardboard city on the college walkway were training for next year. In truth, they were raising money for London's genuinely homeless.

THE GENTLE ART OF POLITICS

Imperial College Union could be described as having all the political conviction of the SDP, but even it had to act when the government started to introduce Student Loans. The idea of replacing grants with a system of low interest loans was first mooted by the then Education Secretary Kenneth Baker. Baker gave the task of working out how such a scheme could be run to the chartered accountancy firm, Price Waterhouse, and it was their report which was used as the basis for the Student Loans Bill.

This year's ICU anti-loans campaign started early in the October. The Union, while keeping its usual disdainful distance from the National Union of Students, became involved in a number of NUS marches and the lobbying of MPs. Price Waterhouse, for their sins, were banned from the College Careers Fair. The effect of this was somewhat diminished when Imperial College nothing-to-do-with-the-Union-thank-you Conservative Society took it upon themselves to override the Union and invite the firm to give a presentation anyway.

The loans scheme was officially announced in the Queen's Speech in November, and the announcement was followed by a series of NUS marches. These, ICU refused to officially support, a decision Union President, Neil McCluskey, clearly felt had been vindicated when the first ended in violence and fourteen arrests. The second march, the following week was more successful with an estimated twenty thousand students attending a rally in Glasgow.

The anti-loans lobby returned from their Christmas holidays to what they thought was good news. The major high street banks, which were to be heavily involved in the scheme, had given in to student pressure and pulled out. But the celebrations were short lived. The government immediately announced its intention to continue with its plans and to set up their own 'Student Loans Company'.

The Student Loans Bill became law in April and the scheme will be phased in from September.

Possibly emboldened by this flirtation with proper politics, ICU threw its weight behind a plan to put up Pro College candidates in May's local elections. 35% of the electorate in the Knightsbridge ward of the borough of Westminster are students and, the organisers of the scheme felt that if they could motivate them enough to vote, then the college could gain useful influence with the council. They couldn't, they didn't and the candidates lost.

In fact, IC did have some influence with neighbouring Kensington and Chelsea council. Bryan Levitt, a local councillor and IC's director of Undergraduate studies, made history when he organised the councils plan to be the first in the country to use the so-called 'queer bashers charter', the famous clause 28.

IC's own home grown right wingers, ConSoc, landed themselves in trouble during the long running ambulance dispute. They were behind a plan to put up posters reading 'Support the Ambulancemen. Let the patients die.' Apparently, they thought this was funny. In just one day, ICU received no less than four separate complaints and the posters were torn down.

Overleaf left: Triumph Herald damaged in storms

Overleaf right: Princess Anne visits College

Left: The Poll Tax demonstration

Above right: Paul Shanley, next year's ICU President

Bottom left: Deputy President candidate in ICU elections



Street and the London wide game of monopoly. It continued with Rag Week and the traditional beer festival and slave auction, finishing traditionally with Keele University banning the Rag Mag on the grounds that it was a sexist, racist, ableist and obscene publication.

On the subject of obscenity in the Union, next year's President will be Paul Shanley. Mr Shanley beat three other candidates by apparently claiming not to have paid his tube fair. He will be joined in the Union Office by Hon. Sec. Murray Williamson and, on his second attempt, Deputy President Ben Turner.

Mr Turner was originally the only candidate for the post, and became the first ever would be sabbatical to lose to New Election, splendidly represented in FELIX by Jessica Rabbit. He then stood again, this time against two flesh and blood candidates and won. Dave Smedley's successor as FELIX Editor is Chris Stapleton. Mr Stapleton had only one opponent, ConSoc plant Thomas Wyatt, and won by an overwhelming margin.

The year ended, appropriately, with the Great Imperial Debate. Speakers from IC past and present, including Nina Temple of the British Communist Party and Trevor Phillips of London weekend Television, met to argue over whether or not Imperial College should be razed to the ground. The answer was a definite YES.

BLESSED UNIONS

This is probably the third year in succession that FELIX has run the 'Imperial College Union to merge with St Mary's Hospital Medical School Student Union' story. This union of Unions has been through more false starts than a Cortina on a damp morning. It now looks as if the open hostility between last year's presidents has given way to a good working relationship and, at long last, an agreement. The agreement is that things should stay largely as they are.

Maybe unionisation is contagious. St Mary's Union this year played host to the first meeting of the National Association of Medical Students (NAMS). NAMS could best be described as conglomeration of 26 medical school student unions, working together. It is the first time that the medical schools have formed such political links.

Financially, ICU itself would seem to be doing a passable impression of a black hole. The Union Snack Bar has made a loss of over £12000 while the Union run bookstore, while no longer making a loss, will not be paying dividends for at least two years.

Despite this, the Union has managed to produce a surplus equal to a quarter of its £450,000 grant from the College. The College was so impressed by this that it has lowered the grant by £10,000.

This surplus is due, at least in part, to Dave Peacock, Union Manager for the last three years and the man largely responsible for changing the fortunes of the bookshop. His job would come high on anyone's list of thankless tasks and, just three weeks ago, he tendered his resignation.

In addition to the grant and the profits from the various outlets, the Union has assorted other ways of pulling in the cash. One such money spinner is the Careers Fair. The money raised is distributed by the Industrial Relations Committee which consists of a chairman, the three union office sabbaticals and the presidents of the CCUs. Coincidentally, this year, a significant proportion of this money is going on computer equipment for the union office and the CCUs.

That part of the Union responsible for raising money for OTHER PEOPLE, Rag have had a typical rag year, following their time honoured traditions. The year started with the traditional tiddlywinking down Oxford



A Tale of Springtime

Film



This is the first film in the series *Tales of the Four Seasons* directed by Eric Rohmer. *A Tale of Springtime* is a rather tepid exploration of the ever-Rohmerian theme of relationships. Jeane is a philosophy teacher who has two apartments, but feels she has no home. She befriends a young girl (Natasha) at a party and is invited to stay with her for a few days. Natasha lives in a massive apartment where her divorced, womanising father drops by every now and then. He in turn lives with his girlfriend, Eve, only slightly older than Natasha herself. Their lives are thus ready to be complicated, and dilemmas presented. Natasha does everything in her power to eliminate the obnoxious

Eve, and tries to hook Jeane up with her father (Igor, would you believe). Igor tells that he is ready to drop Eve and put his seduction plan into gear. Jeane rejects him, etc, etc.

The film leaves you cold because it is neither clever or witty enough (as this kind of middle-class French film invariably tries to be) nor is it charming enough to move the viewer. By the end the characters have probably moved on, or even 'learnt something', but you can't help thinking as you leave the cinema: so what?

I.H.

L'Atalante

Film



This the restored version of Jean Vigo's 1934 release, which at the time was heavily cut and proved to be a commercial failure. The new print has added eight minutes to the originally 81 minute film, giving Artificial Eye (the backers of the new print) an excuse for a re-release.

The film is basically a 'warm' study of four characters aboard a barge travelling up and down the canals of France. The captain (Jean Dasté) marries a peasant girl (wonderfully played by Dita Parls) who longs to escape the boredom of village life. Also aboard the ship is an eccentric, grizzled mate (Michel Simon) and a boy.

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The film is a little hard-going at the beginning but one is very quickly seduced by the charm Vigo has invested in his characters. There are some brilliant scenes, particularly when Dita Parls is in the mate's filthy room which is full of little pieces of treasure he has collected from around the world through his entire life. In another scene the haggard mate single-handedly beats himself in an example of what he calls 'Freaco-Roman wrestling'.

If you think you can handle an old, black and white, French film one evening, look out for this one. It's good.

I.H.

LSO:

Music

Mozart

Shostakovich

Dvořák

Violin—G Kremer

Conductor—J Tate

The programme opened with Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C minor. Originally developed for two pianos, this is a highly technically accomplished composition and displays a seriousness not usually associated with Mozart. The LSO string sections provided a polished performance which prepared the audience for the next piece.

Shostakovich's second Violin Concerto was composed in 1967. As with much of his later work, it is shot through with disquiet and resignation, the orchestra providing a bleak and melancholy background to the soloist. Gidon Kremer's playing was electrifying, swooping between the necessary changes in tone and pace with apparent ease. His full, strong sound dominated the orchestra, and indeed their playing was almost irrelevant, so totally compelling was this performance. Kremer himself seemed overwhelmed by the occasion, and it was a nice touch to see the soloist calling upon the audience to acknowledge the orchestra before taking the justified rapturous applause for his own performance.

The second half of the programme began disappointingly. Jeffrey Tate, who is principal conductor at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, obviously wanted to bring out the lyrical and fluid side of Dvorak's seventh symphony. Unfortunately this led to the first movement being so fluid it could have been wrung out and hung out to dry. The playing lacked the sharpness needed to give shape to the piece. The second movement was simply massacred. Starting with the emphasis on subtlety, the contrast between the extended quiet passages and the introduction of the brass section was completely lost. Later this was reversed as loud passages began so loudly there was nowhere left for them to go and the orchestra ended up straining themselves trying to achieve more and more force.

In the third movement, the piece at last began to take shape, with some excellent, crisp playing. This was certainly forced on the orchestra by the speed at which Tate took the movement, leaving the audience as well as the players breathless. However Tate's interpretation redeemed itself in the final movement, where the orchestra was finally allowed to show the delicate touch and sensibility of which it is more than capable.

London is blessed with a wealth of orchestras of many types, but for my preference, the London Symphony Orchestra is the best in London at the moment, even if some guest conductors get less than sparkling performances out of them, and the Barbican Hall is an excellent showcase for their talents.

Liz Warren.

Stanley and Iris

Film



Starring Robert de Niro and Jane Fonda as the title characters, *Stanley and Iris* is basically a good old fashioned love story—but don't let that put you off. It is a mature story of two people trying to rebuild their lives after a series of misfortunes and how they learn to help each other.

Stanley is one of the twenty per cent of Americans who are illiterate. He is ashamed of this and pretends that he can read and write just like anybody else. Until one day he is found out...

Iris lost her beloved husband eight months ago. He had been ill for a long time, so his death was hardly a surprise but she still grieves for him and finds it hard to let go.

Iris is the one who realises that Stanley is illiterate—suddenly all his little peculiarities, like refusing to sign for his shoes that had been resoled or not wanting to read a fortune cookie, make sense.

Ashamed at having been found out and angry because his boss fired him when he realised the

implications—a cook unable to read could pick up the wrong tin: roach powder instead of seasoning salt—Stanley avoids Iris for a while until a run of bad luck culminating in the death of his father leads him to try to learn to read.

The film is very sympathetic—the appeal is in the simplicity and honesty both of the script and the filming. The audience is given an insight into what it feels like to be illiterate—all the things you cannot do that most people take for granted: you can't sign your name for a cheque—it makes you wonder if you have a name if you can't write it; you can't read signposts to find your way, or read where a bus is going.

The film explores the issue of illiteracy with commendable sensitivity but it is not just made as a comment on society, it is also good entertainment. A fine film to watch when you're in the mood for an old fashioned romantic movie with an extra twist to the basic plot.

J.L.Wright

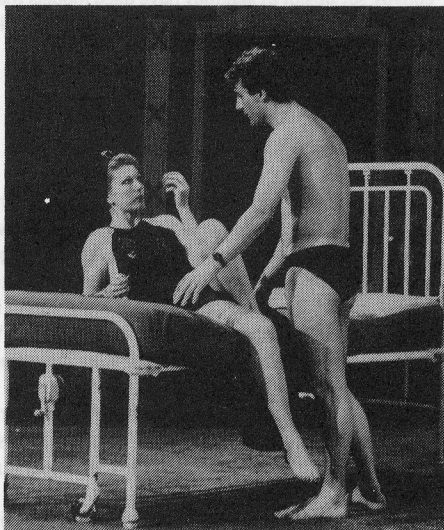
Temptation

Theatre

It's hard to believe how the premiere of a fledgling eastern european democracy, Czechoslovakia, can have written such a zany nightmarish comedy as *Temptation*, now being performed at the Westminster Theatre. Vaclav Havel, playwright turned politician, presents us with a political allegory paralleling clandestine dabblings in the occult with a belief in freedom of speech and the individual's right to choose. It's hardly surprising then that the play was banned in Havel's native country until Christmas last year.

Dr Henry Forster (Aden Gillet), a promising young doctor at a research institute, is approached by a leprechaun-like devil (Sylvester McCoy) who coaxes him into believing he has enough magical power to seduce a young secretary. In fact, he succeeds in wooing her, not through magic, but merely by spouting forth a proliferation of democratic ideas induced by his discussions with the unnervingly eccentric 'devil'. But when the director of the institute gets wind of Forster's 'plotting', Forster accuses his laid-back girlfriend (Rula Lenska) of shopping him to the authorities, with agonizing consequences. In short, Havel is showing us how easily one can fall prey to the 'bureaucratic system,' not just in communist Czechoslovakia, but the whole world over.

What makes the production so enjoyable is a combination of stylised movement and visual gags



that add an element of dynamic comedy to an otherwise serious piece of theatre. Full use is made of stage smoke, vibrant costumes, an excellent score and a cast whose oddball caricatures add grotesque overtones to the sombre all-dominating bureaucracy. Strangely enthralling, but make sure you digest the programme notes beforehand.

Adrian Pagan

Gasping

Theatre

Like him or hate him, Ben Elton has to be one of the comic phenomena of the late eighties, but sadly his brand of humour is not at all suited to the stage. In this, his first play, Elton focusses his beady eye on corporate lifestyles and ethics, lampooning all the greed and superficiality that big business breeds. As usual, his observations are spot on and his ingenious use of metaphors (like 'this machine sucks so much, it's like a hyperactive rentboy') are often very funny, but laboured sexual innuendo and joke overkill make one think that Elton's message would have exerted far more clout if the subject matter were delivered by the man himself in a fifteen minute cabaret slot.

Hugh Laurie plays the crawling upwardly mobile Philip who hatches a plan to privatise oxygen, much on the same lines as bottled water, and produces a machine called 'Suck and Blow' (oo - er). Initially this is a huge success but when the scheme turns out to have a devastating effect on the environment (very nineties) Philip reneges leading to a black, yet ineffectual conclusion. The ever popular Hugh Laurie, despite some interesting yogasque positions, is much the same as seen on TV whilst the rest of the cast including Bernard Hill (excellent in *Boys from the Blackstuff*) are desperately unimaginative and lacklustre, as is the score.

But pretentious arty criticism aside, by the sound of it most of the audience appreciated the plethora of gags and one out of the three friends I went with thought the show was 'brilliant'. One warning though, if you do go, take a portable fan: the Theatre Royal Haymarket is rather hot and stuffy. An uncanny counterpoint to a play about fresh air.

Adrian Pagan

Revenge

Film

You can tell this film was from the same Director as *Top Gun*. He manages to get a totally irrelevant jet sequence into the beginning of the film. Unfortunately the jet is just about the only thing about the film that moves fast.

Kevin Costner plays a just retired American fighter pilot and (surprise, surprise) Vietnam veteran. After his retirement party, he packs his bags and dog and sets off to pay a visit to an old friend in Mexico. The old friend, Tibbey, turns out to be an old man with a young wife and criminal empire. Pilot falls in love with wife. Wife is frustrated, so she copulates with pilot. Tibbey finds out, brutally beats both. Pilot sets out for revenge. That's it. Somehow the producers manage to string out the flimsy plot of the original novella into 2 hrs. 9 mins of mind numbing boredom.

The basic story is too hackneyed and unoriginal to sustain much interest and the subsidiary characters, who are largely irrelevant, are never developed enough to become interesting. Added to this already dire situation are the problems the good actors have, trying to deliver serious lines that provoke astonished laughter from the audience. Totally failing in its attempt to produce a modern western, it doesn't really fall into any recognisable genre, and will thus fail to find an audience. This is just as well, because it is truly dire.

Adam T.

Catch Me...If You Can

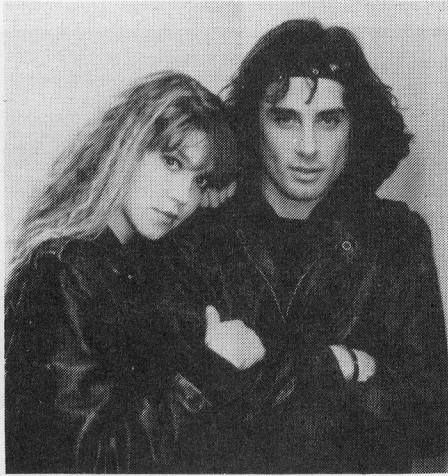
Film

If your school were about to close, would you fight to save it? Well neither would all but one student at St Cloud's Cathedral High. Melissa the school president is trying to raise the \$200,000 required to save the school by selling apple pies and raffle tickets.

The situation seems hopeless until the school rebel, Dylan Malone, offers to raise the money by gambling it on illegal car races.

Here come one of the many improbable twists in a very dreamy story. The racer they are going to bet on is none other than Dylan himself. From here on the story follows the typical story line of success followed by failure and finally triumphing against all the odds.

In addition, the nerd is particularly well played, being a bit different from most nerds that you may have seen. He is the stereotypical nerd to all appearances, but manages to add a little extra to the part in terms of character.



The race scenes, that take up about half of the film are reasonably well filmed, with some nice camera angles and the action is well portrayed without being over dramatic.

Dylan is a very self confident character and his swaggering gait is often comical, although I expect it was not meant to be. If you have a teenage sister she may well come out with a slight crush, but don't let her hopes get too high as I am afraid he is married.

There is a fantastical twist in the tail of the film. Not wanting to ruin the film, I won't divulge it, but I will say that it involves the school principle and fast cars.

Overall I feel that the film is aimed at a slightly younger market, which it's PG rating suggests. So if you have a young teenage brother or sister then recommend it to them, but stay clear yourself.

Ian Hodge.

Spaced Invaders

Film

H.G. Wells has a lot to answer for!

Light-years away the Martians, three foot tall with heads that bulge like a huge zit on their heads, are attacking a planetary system and things are not going well. One ship is lost and wanders into the vicinity of Earth which happens to be broadcasting 'War of the Worlds', thirty years after the original hoax. They mistake this for a real invasion and so rush in to help with the wondrous victory.

They pick their night well, for it is Halloween, the night of ghosts, goblins and Martians. Being mistaken for out-of-town kids, they are prevented from blowing up their first target (a house) by being taken on a trick-or-treat ride by a woman who grabs them by antennae that look remarkably like wooden spoons.

But all is not well in the little town of Big Been, Illinois. The farmers collective, now owned by a group of mean businessmen who want to take advantage of the new off-ramp, are repossessing all the farmers' land. One of the farmers tries to take advantage of the aliens landing to take pictures, hoping to sell them and so save his farm.

There then follows a story of mistaken identities and

fumbling attempts by the Martians to destroy vital Earth installations. The action comes thick and fast, as does the humour, producing responses ranging from chuckles to bounding hysterics from the audience.

Perhaps the best example of both is when they try to destroy a silo using their heat ray. Little do they know that it's a silo for corn, not missiles. As it warms-up they notice a strange rumbling noise and too late they switch the ray off. With a mighty roar the top blows off and out pours a mountain of popcorn, very appropriate for a cinema. Lying under tonnes of popcorn one of them discovers that you can eat it and when another asks how they are going to get out you hear a munching noise as they tunnel through.

The costumes and effects are very well done, the Martians faces are cute with little stubby noses and shiny eyes, the lips did have a nasty habit of not matching what they were saying, a bit like a spaghetti western. Most of the space scenes were the classic convoy set-up but at last they have used models that resemble something conceivable, not the impossible

contortion that they often use.

It must be very hard to decide how to portray aliens but in this case they have decided to give them human personalities, the flash cool lieutenant and the brainy scientist (complete with German accent!) are the best of the bunch. As for the humans, they produce passable performances with the notable exception of the young daughter of the sheriff. She has a wonderful face and the expression as she says goodbye to the aliens and their metallic cat are very convincing.

Suspense is maintained by the Enforcer Drone that is trying to kill them for being failures. It chases them around, seeking them out, shooting at them and being generally very unfriendly.

It's very enjoyable and well worth seeing, although you may have to use the excuse that you are taking your kid brother or sister, just to keep up the pretense that you're an adult.

The best part for me was the ending. All I'll say is that horse dung is NOT the best fertiliser in the Universe.

Ian Hodge.

Notebook on Cities & Clothes

Film

Whatever impression you may get from the title of this film—it's wrong.

Despite its generalised title, *Notebook on Cities and Clothes* is basically a documentary about Johju Yamamoto—his life and opinions and much of the film centres around a fashion show he is putting on. (Just for those of you who don't know Yohju Yamamoto is a Japanese fashion designer.)

The first couple of minutes of the film are quite interesting—a voice philosophising about the word 'identity' (a concept which fails totally to be developed during the course of the film), but that's about as far as it goes. The rest of the film is taken up with Yamamoto's feelings on people and cities and his life and work.

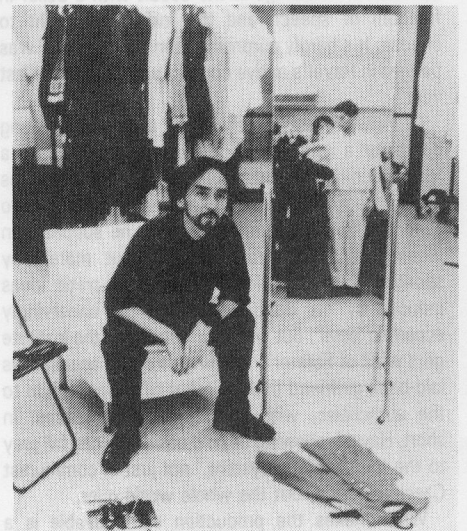
The fact that Wim Wenders (the director) was asked to do this film by the Georges Pompidou Arts Centre should really be enough to scare you off. He was pretty sceptical about the idea at first—with good reason—it's a pity he did agree to do the film.

A large part of it was filmed with a video camera which means the picture quality is rather poor—low resolution especially when projected onto a large cinema screen. In fact the film in general fails to exploit any of the advantages of the big screen—it would have probably been better as a TV documentary—always supposing you were interested in the subject.

Wenders is exceedingly fond of imagery—he refers to Yamamoto's team of workers as 'guardian angels' and the theme of a small TV is recurrent throughout the film.

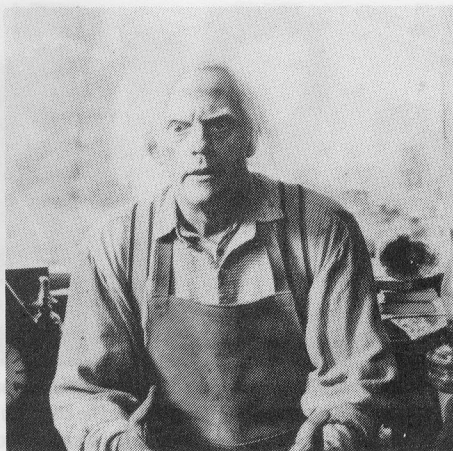
If you know of Yamamoto and are interested in his opinions and neuroses then maybe this film is for you—otherwise forget it. The film totally fails to capture the attention; after half an hour I was watching the clock. It may cater for a small specialised audience but as a film for the entertainment of the general public it is a complete failure.

J L Wright.



Back to the Future III

Film



From out of the west they came, with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty 'Hi-Yo...DeLorean!?' . Marty McFly and Doc Emmet Brown ride again!

In the last of the trilogy of *Back to the Future* films, Marty McFly, the intrepid time traveller is sent back to the days of the Wild West, 1885. Doc and Marty are united in 1955 but Doc (the 1985 version) is now living in 1885. He manages to send Marty a letter telling him of where his is and a map of where he hid the DeLorean more than seventy years ago. Doc is

more than happy living in the Wild West so he wants Marty to head back to the future and disassemble the time machine. However on finding the DeLorean the 1955 Doc and Marty also discover a photograph of Doc's tombstone showing he died on September 7 1885—only seven days after the Doc sent the letter to Marty.

Obviously Marty must travel back in time to rescue the Doc from this deadly fate.

This he manages to do and arrives with five days to spare. A few hundred red indians and a cavalry troop later, Marty is taken in by Seamus McFly, also played by Michael J Fox, and his family. When asked his name Marty replies 'Er...Eastwood, Clint Eastwood.' Most of the comedy in the film revolves around this point. Can you imagine Michael J Fox as Clint Eastwood?

A confrontation with Burford 'Mad Dog' Tanner—a distant relative of Biff—beckons next as Marty and Doc try desperately to fix the DeLorean that was damaged on it journey. Will they manage it in time? To make matters worse, the Doc loses his heart to a certain Miss Clara Clayton—the new school Ma'am. Things look bleak for even Clint Eastwood.

The plot is confusing in the beginning as there are two Docs to contend with, one in 1955 and one in 1885. But all soon becomes clear even if you have missed the first two films. For those who have seen



the earlier films, the loose ends created in *Back to the Future II* are tied up neatly, leaving one completely satisfied.

Like the previous film, *Back to the Future III* is packed with action, comedy and drama and this time allows Christopher Lloyd to shine a different light—he is the real star of the film. The writers have provided a good vehicle for him.

Overall an enjoyable film and a fitting end to the way McFly's adventures, with some surprises on the way.

J L Wright.

Treasure Island

Film

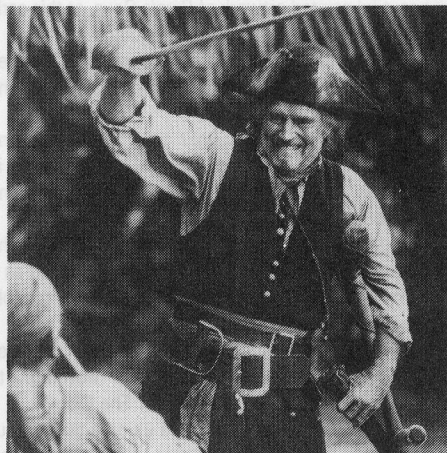
Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story has been resurrected again. This time they tried to produce the definitive version. When you consider the quality and experience of the actors involved it should have been brilliant, but what a disappointment.

Firstly the dialogue is straight from a Sunday afternoon matinee with far too much pirate talk. Phrases like 'Ah Jim-lad' and 'shiver-me-timbers' fly around and make the film very dated.

Secondly the initial acting is diabolical. Exaggerated gestures and laboured conversations make the first twenty minutes a chore not a pleasure.

Finally there is nothing new added to the story. It's very commendable to be faithful to the original but there must always be room to change.

It's not all gloom and doom. The quality of the actors finally breaks through the director's constraints with Jim Hawkins played by Christian Bale (the boy from *Empire of the Sun*) producing the best



performance. Charlton Heston as Long John Silver also produces a more than adequate performance but

nothing more than you would have expected.

A major disappointment is the small size of the role given to Oliver Reed and the fact that he was given the part of Captain Billy Bones, a drunkard old seaman. He is a fine and talented actor and giving him the role of a drunk can do nothing for his popular image or self-esteem.

Towards the end the film defiantly picks its feet up and runs. Despite the fact that I knew the ending I was still engrossed by the twists and turns that keep you guessing until the very end.

One part of the film that deserves credit is the camera work, the ocean scenes are very well done as is the filming of the island. Also the costumes and make-up are very good, giving an authentic feel to the film.

Definitely room for improvement but not a complete flop.

Ian Hodge.

Bye Bye Blues

Film

Daisy Cooper and her husband, Teddy, are stationed in India. Their life is a happy until Teddy is transferred to Singapore and Daisy returns to Illington with her two children.

Unfortunately the army has timed things badly, Singapore falls to the Japanese shortly after Teddy arrives. Daisy has no idea if he is dead or alive.

Running short of money, she tries her hand as a part-time singer. Unfortunately she has a fine voice but is a no-hoper when it comes to the piano. With the aid of Max she improves, but finds that their

relationship is becoming more than professional. With the success of the band she faces a dilemma as they are about to set off on a tour. Does she stay with her children or go and earn desperately needed money? The money wins.

Max's intentions become less honourable and without a word from her husband in two years what is she to do?

Throughout the film there are occasional songs that reveal what a wonderful voice Daisy, played by Rebecca Jenkins, has. It is clear and sharp and raises

this film above the mediocrity that is the norm for musical films.

The acting is also very good, Rebecca Jenkins and Robyn Steven who plays her young daughter have both won awards and deservedly so. There is real compassion and feeling and you are left guessing until the end who she chooses: Teddy or Max.

Worth a look and 'When I Sing' is the best song I have heard in a film.

Ian Hodge.

Miss Firecracker

Film

The Miss Firecracker contest is held in Yazoo City, Mississippi during a carnival for the Fourth of July celebrations. This year is Cannelle's (Holly Hunter) last chance to enter the beauty/talent contest and she is pinning all her hopes on winning, hoping to emulate her cousin Elain (Mary Steenburgen) who was Miss Firecracker in 1972.

Orphaned at the age of eight, Cannelle was sent to live with her aunt Ronelle and her cousins Elain and Delmount (Tim Robbins). Her aunt has long since died and her cousins moved away but for this year's contest Elain is coming back to give a speech for the Miss Firecracker contest. 'My Life as a Beauty'. No one knows where Delmount is now after his release earlier in the year from an mental asylum. He also arrives back at this time intending to sell their house. This merely inspires Cannelle with even more with the need to win the contest so she can leave the town in a blaze of glory.

With the help and encouragement of Mac Sam, her gypsy boyfriend who is with the carnival, and Popeye, a seamstress who learned her trade as a child, sewing outfits for bullfrogs, Canelle sets off on her bid to win the contest.

The film centres around Cannelle's hopes for the contest. She is hyperactive and gets very excited about getting through to the finals but very upset when she thinks she hasn't made it. She also seems



very childish for someone approaching 25 years of age—maybe the result of being the youngest and living all her life in a small southern town.

Elain seems to be very concerned about her sister and willing to do all she can to help. She announces that she has left her husband who adores her but whom she seems to despise. But she does like the style of life which money can buy...

Delmount is very fond of his young cousin but cannot understand why this contest means so much to Cannelle. He is given to philosophising and is disgusted with many things in the world, including beauty contests.

The film is fairly good at characterisation. the appeal

of the character of Cannelle is her childishness but sometimes it can get a little irritating. The characters are unusual, in fact there is not a little caricaturisation in some of them—Popeye hears voices through her eyes, Aunt Ronelle had her pituitary gland replaced by that of a monkey's and long hair sprouted all over her body.

At times the film seems to drag and you find yourself wondering about more interesting aspects of the story than this beauty contest. Having said that *Miss Firecracker* is partially redeemed by an excellent ending and if a light evening's entertainment is all you're looking for then this may do.

J L Wright.

Comics

A new comic from the same stable as *2000AD* and *Crisis* is bound to be an exciting event in the British Comics industry. **Revolver** is targeted at people from their mid-teens to their twenties and it walks the midground between the other two Fleetway publications, not as realistic as *Crisis* but not as fantastic as *2000AD*. The first issue contains seven different strips in its 52 pages.

Purple Days is the most *Crisis*-like of the strips, based on the life story of Jimmi Hendrix. The story is not told chronologically, but leaps around different times in his life, making odd connections to try and describe the influences that formed his life.

Dare is a new version of that old favorite *Dan Dare*, *Pilot Of The Future*. 'Old' is the word, as he is in retirement, manipulated for advertising and receiving news of the suicide of an old friend Jocelyn Peabody. Drawn in a simple stylised fashion, as opposed to the

beautiful painted artwork of *Purple Days*, at this early stage all that can be said is intriguing...

Pinhead Nation is a bizarre two page spread, based on the news stories telling of pinhead aliens landing in Russia.

Happenstance and Kismet tells of the meeting between Lucius Kismet and Monty Happenstance in a pub in a tale involving deeds, space warps and ludicrous volumes of alcohol.

Rogan Gosh tells of a Karmanaut tricked by the Soma Swami and forced to reincarnate himself as a curry about to be consumed by a lager lout. Probably makes more sense if read when stoned.

Dire Streets is all about life in a student flat. Includes the immortal line 'Well...it was nothing...its just...well..he says I've given him The Clap!'

Nine Inches to The Mile takes us on a guided tour of the structure of the Universe. Totally weird and bound to annoy physicists.

Although its large number of short strips gives a slightly disjointed feel to *Revolver*, it is a worthy addition to the marketplace and goes a step further in creating a new mainstream for comics away from the superheroic antics of DC/Marvel.

Marvel UK have also launched a new comic - **The Knights of Pendragon**. Basically a spin off from a Marvel US comic *Excalibur*, set in Britain, it lifts several of the main characters (Captain Britain, Commander Dai Thomas, CID and Alysande and Alistaire Stuart of Her Majesty's Weird Happenings Organisation (WHO).

The story is an ecologically based one, with environmentally unfriendly people being brutally murdered, a whaler torn to death with a harpoon and people choking to death on Hamburgers. The publishers have even tried to prove their green credibility by printing it on Scangloss, a paper which uses half as many trees and needs less chlorine

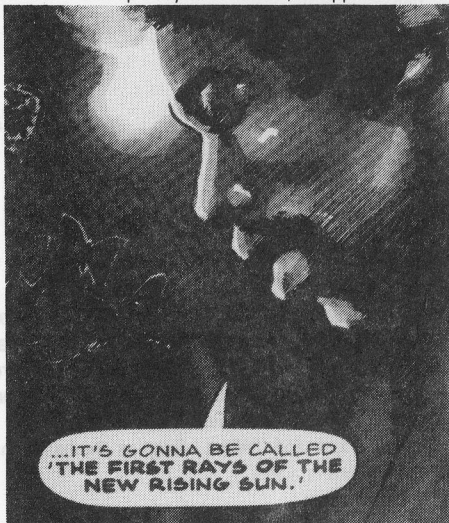


bleaching than normal paper.

Its well written with some great one-liners - 'I've flown all the way from Wales, into a strong headwind, without a plane, so don't annoy me.' although occasionally the environmental message is laid on a bit thick. It fits in nicely with the style of *Excalibur*, with Dai Thomas dwelling on the death of his wife. Gary Erskine's pencils are good, capturing the characters well, making good use of visual humour and the Alan Davis cover were a nice touch. The Captain Britain link is so tenuous one suspects that it is solely there to guarantee sales in the US. The plot is left sufficiently obscure to leave one keen to buy the next issue. Well worth a look.

Revolver and *The Knights of Pendragon* are both available now in Newsagents and specialty comic shops.

Adam T.

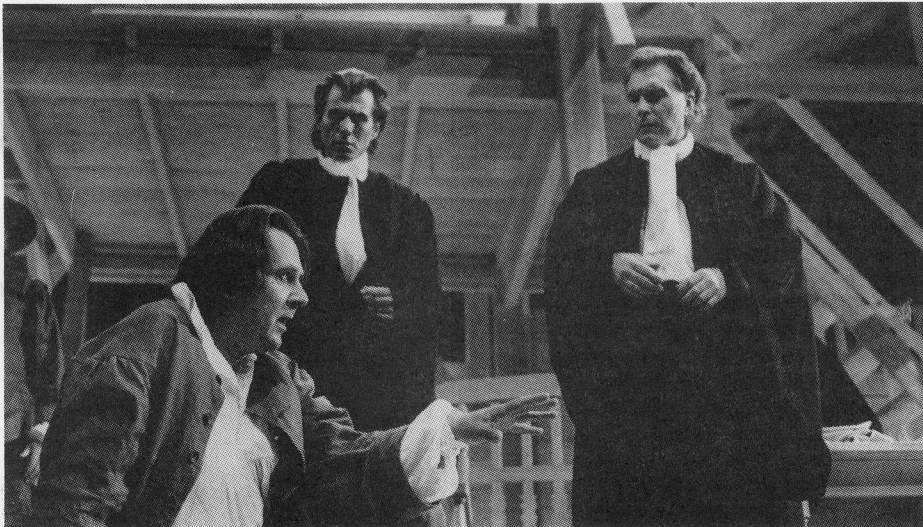


The Crucible

Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* is a very good play. It is also very difficult to stage well. There are certain crucial scenes that would become laughable if not played by good actors. The National have not made things any easier for themselves by staging it on the huge, revolving Olivier stage, as it is a play that can work best in a smaller, more claustrophobic atmosphere.

It tells of the Witch hunts in Salem, Massachusetts in the year 1692. The accusations of a number of young girls caught dancing in the woods lead to the hanging of many of the townsfolk as the frenzy of the people runs out of control. The play was written by Miller after his participation in the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in the 1950's. The emotion he witnessed during the communist hunts gave him the inspiration for a play about witch hunts.

An emotional play it is indeed, leading us through superstition and fear in the human psyche as well as a look at the nature of good and evil. It is a story of a community not a small group of people, and so we have more of an ensemble piece than a play which can be carried by any one good actor. Although the story of John Proctor provides the framework of the play, his story becomes subsidiary to the greater tragedy of the community. The cast deliver. Individual characters are brought out well without any one standing out from the rest and dominating the stage, allowing a real sense of community to develop.



They play out their tale against the background of a set which increases with size. At the initiation of the hunts the people are bigger than the scenery, but by the end they are dominated by the huge, imposing gallows structure, with a threatening noose hanging silhouetted against the breaking dawn. In this way, the increasing atmosphere of helplessness is conveyed as the hunts become bigger than any of the people.

Atmospheric, powerful, frightening, moving and most of all enjoyable, the National have put on a superb production of a superb play. If you wish to see anything at the national at the moment, see this!

The Crucible is showing in the Royal National Theatre's Olivier Theatre on the South Bank. Student Standby's cost £5.00.

Adam T.

Anna Christie

Theatre

The first time that Greta Garbo spoke on the silver screen was when she played the title role in the 1930 version of *Anna Christie*.

'Gimmie a visky - ginger ale on the side, and don't be stingy baby' was the celebrated opener she delivered in her seductive, guttural voice that assured her a triumphant passage from silent films to 'talkies'.

This latest stage production, set in-the-round at the Young Vic, is a celebration of author Eugene O'Neill's skill for painting a vivid picture of twenties New England. Anna Christie (Natasha Richardson), relinquished by her father (John Woodvine) at the age of five to mid-western relatives, pays him a visit fifteen years later. She, sick of a being 'abused' by men shelters with him on his barge and immediately falls in love with the sea and then with a seaman. He however, is deeply fearful and distrustful of the oceans, having lost most of his family at sea, and is given to frequently cursing 'that 'ole devil sea' whenever fate intervenes in his simple existence. O'Neill's characters' naturalistic inarticulacies give rise to a large amount of melodrama especially in the second half when Anna, her father and her lover struggle to voice their real feelings.

Although the melodrama can induce spurts of embarrassed laughter from members of the audience, the overall effect is one of humanity and social realism, making the fatalistic conclusion entirely believable. Natasha Richardson (*A Month in the Country, Gothic*) sporting a flawless Brooklyn accent turns in a strong performance and John Woodvine (You'll recognise him when you see him) is superb as Anna's colourful and idiosyncratic father. Incidentally, the programme is one of the most interesting I've read in a long time, darlings.

Adrian Pagan.



Theatre

The Illusion

Crucial to good theatre is the ability to draw audiences into the play in such a way that they forget that they are watching actors on a stage. This, like all rules, can be broken. *Temptation* made the auditorium and the stage one, to apply its message to us. *The Illusion* makes no attempt whatsoever to make us forget we are in the theatre. From the moment the curtain rises to a rather primitive, if amusing, puppet show, to the closing moments when the backstage is revealed one is constantly reminded that one is sitting in The Old Vic, London.

The main part of the play is an illusion, shown by a mage to a traveller to tell of the life of an errant son, driven away by his father's callousness. At intervals throughout the play these two crop up again and again, sitting in some fake stalls, peering through the roof of a mock up Old Vic. The illusions themselves are overplayed caricatures. There are no props, the actors merely miming to the appropriate sound effects, all played for comic effect.

The thrust of the plot is a simple tale of love and jealousy, of crime and escape. The characterisations of the sexes are very similar to the other play of Corneille that has been performed at The Old Vic, *The Liar* (FELIX 854), with the cheating and hypocritical men, and the more idealistic women.

This, though, is largely irrelevant to the overall meaning of the play. The is about theatre and theatricals. It is about and by Playwrights and actors. Somewhat incestuous perhaps, but enjoyable none the less. In fact, to coin a phrase, darlings, marvellous just wasn't the word! A treat for theshians and theatre-lovers everywhere.

The Illusion is showing at the Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1. The Box-Office is on 071-928-7616.

Adam T.

FELIX investigates codemaking and codebreaking...

Cryptography — useful nonsense

4,000 years ago a master scribe writing near the Nile sketched hieroglyphics that told the story of his Lord's life. He used some unusual hieroglyphic symbols, intending to impart dignity and authority to his writing. The scribe incorporated one of the essential elements of cryptography; it is the oldest text known to include a substitution.

As the Egyptian civilisation continued, the substitutions grew more complicated and more contrived. In its first 3,000 years, cryptography arose independently in many places and in most of them it died with the civilisation. In some places it survived, embedded in literature, to be elaborated still further by later civilisations.

Vatsayana's famous textbook of erotics, the Kama-Sutra, lists secret writing as the 45th of the 64 arts, or yogas, that women should know and practice.

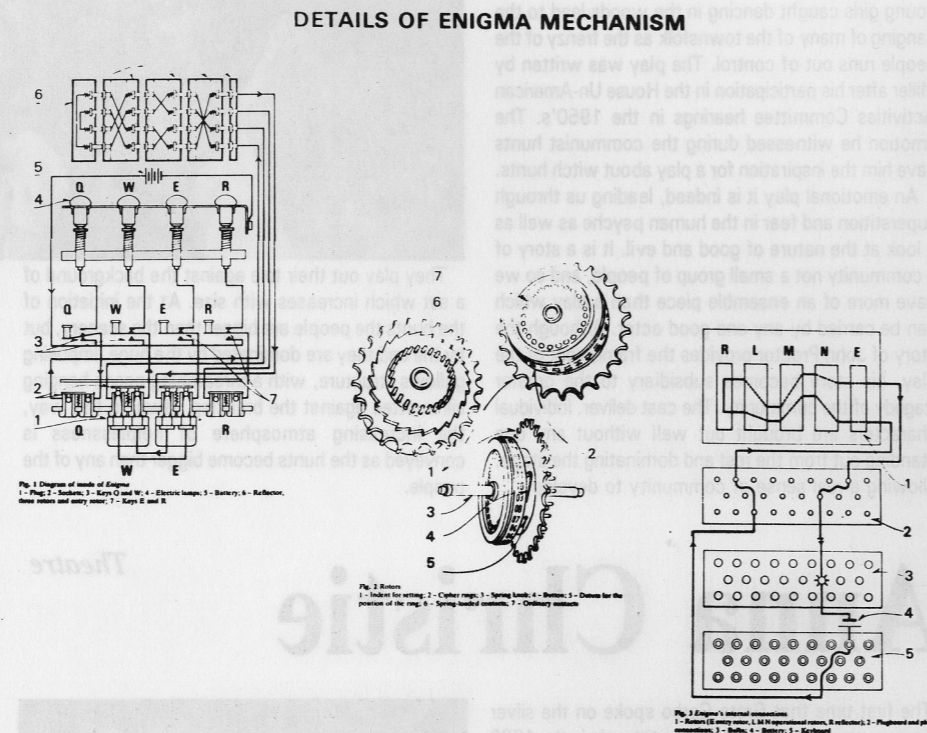
The Spartans established the first system of military cryptography in the 5th century BC. Lacedaemonian generals exchanged messages by winding narrow ribbons of parchment around cylindrical staffs. The system was called the skytale. Messages were written onto the parchment lengthwise and the ribbon unwound, scrambling the letters. The idea was that deciphering the message needed an identical staff. This reordering is known as *Transposition Encipherment* and is one of the two basic principles of modern cryptography.

Many methods were found to relay the message. One of the more bizarre was to tattoo it onto a slave's head; then once the slave's hair had grown back, to send him to the recipient. Crude and slow this may sound, but even as late as World War I, it was common practice to send spies into enemy territory with messages written in invisible ink on their skins.

More scientific cryptograms were devised by the early Greeks; one method was to substitute numbers for letters from an alphabet-square. The substitution of one letter for another was a favourite device of the Romans. This is an example of the second main principle of modern cryptography, *Substitution Encipherment*. Caesar had a very poor cryptographic imagination and used a system of shift substitution where D represents A, E represents B etc.

In the 1790's a simple cipher machine was invented by Thomas Jefferson. It was made from a long cylinder made from 36 independent narrower cylinders, mounted on an axis and with a jumbled alphabet inscribed upon each. The message to be sent is divided into 36 letter sections and the cylinders aligned so that the message can be read along a line running the length of the larger cylinder. The characters from another, previously specified line can then be sent as the encrypted message. This was a very clever machine in its day, but now with the statistical information available these days, such a code can easily be broken.

A cipher for secrecy in telegraphy that was used in the Boer War carries the name of Lyon Playfair, as in the Lyon Playfair Library here at Imperial College. The cipher was actually invented by his friend Charles



Wheatstone, a man with a remarkably fertile mind. Wheatstone constructed an electric telegraph, invented the concertina, studied underwater telegraphy and produced some of the first stereoscopic drawings. He discussed phonetics and hypothetical speaking machines and popularised the method for measuring electrical resistance accurately, now known as the Wheatstone bridge.

Lyon Playfair, the first Baron Playfair of St Andrews, was deputy Speaker of the House of Commons and, among his many achievements, he helped lay the foundations for modern sanitation. Both Playfair and Wheatstone were short and bespectacled and they were frequently mistaken for one another—once even by Lady Wheatstone.

Wheatstone and Playfair amused themselves on Sundays by solving the enciphered personal messages in the London Times. The correspondence of an Oxford student with his young lady in London was easily deciphered. The student proposed an elopement. Wheatstone inserted an advertisement in the same cipher remonstrating with her. There followed a frantic, 'Dear Charlie: write no more. Our cipher is discovered!' and then silence.

In 1854, Playfair demonstrated what he called 'Wheatstone's newly-discovered symmetrical cipher' to Prince Albert and Lord Palmerston. The system worked by substituting pairs of letters and could beat the usual deciphering methods which were based upon single letter frequency analysis.

The most frequent letters in English are E (12%) and T (9%). The most frequent English pairs or diagraphs

are TH (3¼%) and HE (2½%). There are, of course, 26 letters in the English alphabet, compared with 676 diagraphs. The Playfair cipher was regarded as unbreakable. It was simple and practical: no tables or apparatus were required only a keyword, easily remembered and easily changed. Its simplicity made it ideal as a field cipher.

At a dinner with Prince Albert, Playfair suggested it be used in the impending Crimean War and Britain's War Office finally adopted it as the British Army's field system during the Boer War.

The vast use of secret communications in the First World War led to the British Type X MkIII Cypher machine and its German equivalent and perhaps the most famous of all encryption machines, the Enigma Machine.

Both these machines were products of the new age of electricity and mechanisation and both relied on a single simple device, widely used in cryptography: the wired codewheel or rotor.

Embedded around the circumference of each face of the rotor are 26 evenly spaced electrical contacts. Each contact is connected at random by a wire to a contact on the opposite face.

With the rotor stationary, say, a letter T can be mapped to the letter Q. When the rotor clicks forward on step, the letter is mapped to an entirely different letter.

A second rotor shifts a step after the first rotor has completed its revolution. Several other rotors can be added to the machine.

The Enigma cipher was invented by Arthur Scherbius in 1923, but not patented until 1928. It used three rotors and 6 separate plug connections, offering more than 5.2×10^{87} encoding positions.

The Enigma differed from the original rotor conception in two important ways. The last rotor reflected incoming electrical signals back through the system, generating a new letter. If this was fed into another machine with the same combination of rotors, the original letter would be produced. Hence one machine could act as both encoder and decoder. Added security was given by the use of gears to make the rotor progression irregular.

As Hitler began rearming Germany, the Wehrmacht began supplying their expanding forces with the Enigma. During World War II the portable glowlamp Enigma, battery powered, served as the top German system. Signal officers believed it to be secure. The

only disadvantage was that it did not print out a message but lit up individual letters. Fast operation required three men. One to enter a message, another to call out the letters as they lit up and a third to write down the resulting code.

Eventually, the allies obtained one of the Enigma machines. Working with what was then the latest computing equipment at Bletchley, the brilliant mathematician Alan Turing and his team broke the code. This breakthrough was one of Churchill's best kept secrets.

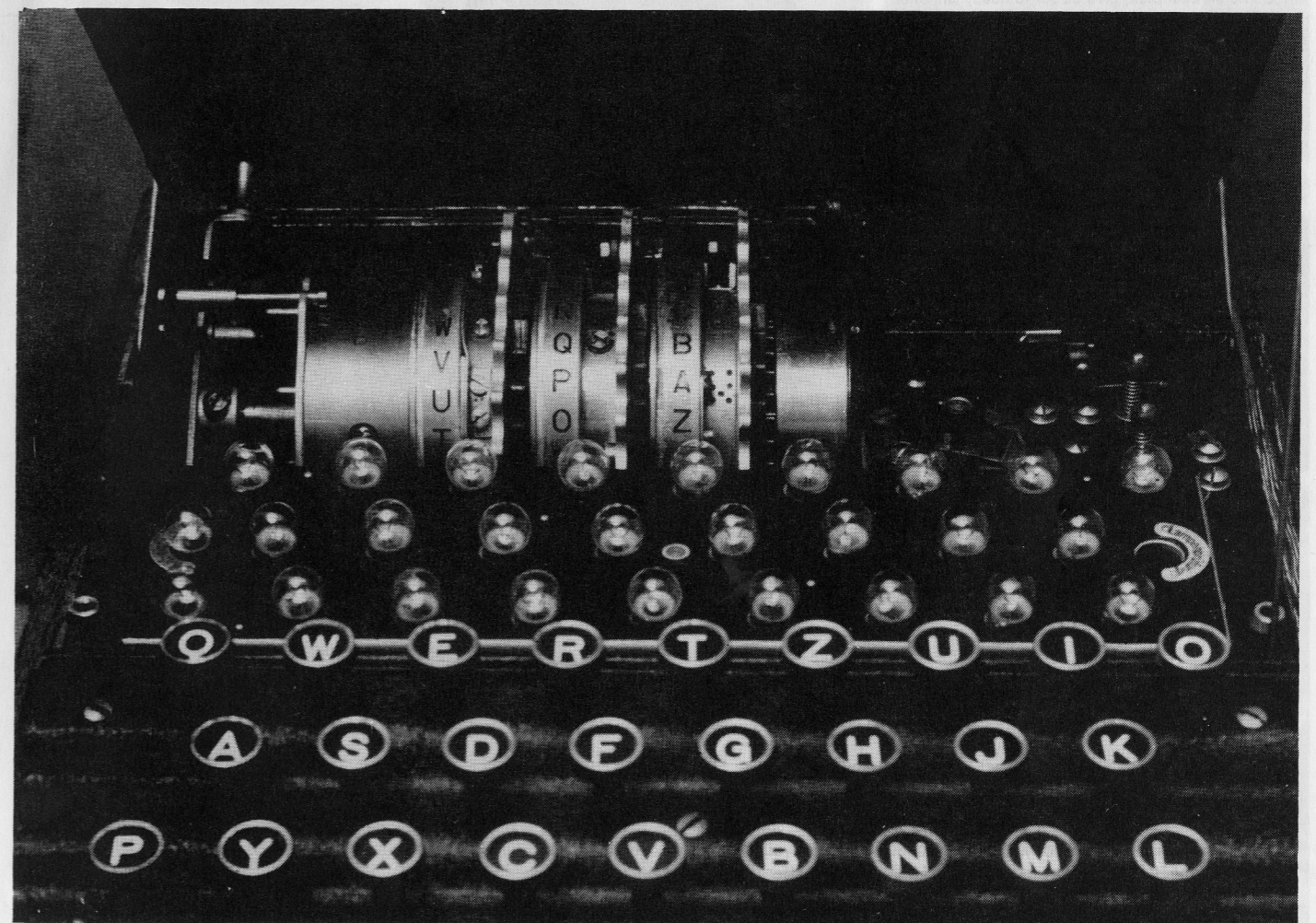
By decoding German signals Hitler's spies parachuting into England were detected and captured. Their reports were then falsified as a means of confusing Hitler.

Since every effort was being made not to alert Hitler to the collapse of Enigma, information gathered could not be used overtly. A strange example arose in naval

warfare. If the rate of interception of ships increased unaccountably fears about Enigma would have been raised. In order to overcome this, spotter planes were sent to the known positions on ships, 'accidentally' finding them.

In the late 1930's the British introduced the Type X Mk III Cipher Machine, developed by Air Commodore Oswyn Lywood. This used five drums rather than Enigma's three and had the advantage of printing the resulting code on paper. The drums were rotated by the operator as he typed thus adding the extra complexity needed to defeat German attempts to crack the cipher.

Enigma and its predecessors were essentially mechanically based but the advent of small, cheap and powerful electronic computers has led to software based cryptograms that even the most ingenious analyst cannot break.



The Enigma, possibly the most famous cipher machine in history, on display in the Science Museum

Gather ye round, good citizens, for the Phallix players present..

The Knights of Cheapskate—A Tragedy

The drums rolled, the trumpets sounded. Rave Beandick, accompanied by Charlie, the Cheapskate Chaplain, made his way slowly to the chopping block. Charlie twirled his cane, and administered the last rites. Jolly Hockey Sticks stepped forward to proclaim the charges.

'Let it be known,' she cried, 'that although I had nothing to do with this, dearies, it is my solemn duty to confront the accused with the charge of medium-to-highish treason. Whereupon, the party of the first part being not party to the sherry party henceforth to be known as the party of the second part, did knowingly and wilfully enter into hard labour upon the citizens spit roast, hereafter to be known as the labour party; and whereas the first party in conjunction with the labour party was partly party to the second party's party, we find him guilty of attempted jencicide.'

'I think that's pretty clear, dearies,' She smiled.

'Well, partly,' said Beandick.

'Hear, hear,' cried Dai Incompetent, who was writing a treatise along similar lines.

'Silence,' bellowed Fiona Knickerless, citizen's herald, 'Pray silence for the Lord High Executioner.'

The Lord High Executioner raised his chopper and prepared to chop.

'Come on Beandick, give us some head,' shrieked Bigun, Jolly Hockey-Sticks' lady in waiting, and she'd been waiting a bloody long time for this...

'Listen,' said Beandick, 'I can do you a very good deal on second hand choppers. I'll throw in a couple of citizens' parchment pads for nothing. I won't even take my cut.'

'Not bloody likely,' groaned the Lord High Executioner, expertly positioning his chopper for the first swing. Whack! The blade cut cleanly through. There was a deathly silence.

'Sherry anyone?' said Jolly Hockey-Sticks.

Sir Derek Dash was watching from high in Surefield Fortress. His only thought was simple. 'I wish I had a chopper that big,' he mused. Suddenly he realised how pointless his wishes were, as Mad Dash entered.

Ah Mad Dash! What a princess she had been. How Sir Derek regretted that fateful day, when he had first kissed her and she had promptly turned into a frog. Or was it a toad? He could never quite remember the difference.

'The meeting's about to start,' said Mad Dash. 'Sir Fraser, Grand Financier, is already here, and trying to get his value for money. He's eaten an entire bowl of peanuts at the bar.'

Stop him,' shrieked Sir Derek, 'that's the budget for the citizens' dormitories, he's scoffing!'

Sir Fraser stalked in, 'Ok, so where's the new table I ordered?' he said.

'It's in the bored room,' said Sir Derek. Sir Derek was somewhat ashamed of his new table. Somehow, 'The Knights of the Semicircular Table,' just didn't sound right. Cutbacks seemed to be everywhere nowadays. At least they could still afford to hold the annual Jousting Tournament organised by the barbarians from the HUB. (Nobody knew much about the people of the HUB, they came and went, but HUB was forever.)

The Bored Meeting was due to start. The Knights of the Semicircular table had assembled to discuss the past year. Blancmange, the citizens' Bar Knight was there, Neil McColostomy, the Cheap Knight Out was too. Prof Dicks, the Knight of the Long Knives was



there to represent the bloodletters. Sir Charge of the Accommodation Office was standing in for the Knight of Passion and the Knight on the Tiles, who were both unavoidably detained. The Sleepless Knight had dropped off in the corner and the rather trendy Next Knight had still not turned up.

'Let me take you back,' said Sir Derek, 'to the start of the year....'

McColostomy stepped into his new hut. Jolly Hockey-Sticks was waiting for him with a pile of parchment-work. 'The job's quite easy, dearie' she said, 'as long as you do as you're told, dearie. We're having a sherry party to celebrate the new chief citizens; you're invited. We're meeting in the inner temple after lunch.'

Dai Incompetent woke up. The world was spinning round him. He felt Fairly Ill. 'Get off,' she screamed. Incompetent just grunted and staggered to his feet. It was time for some incompetence.

Rave Beandick was waiting in the citizens' hut. 'Where is Dai Incompetent?' he moaned. 'We've got

a meeting about the Citizens' Manuscript Store at midday. We've still got ten copies of the dead sea scrolls to shift, and I haven't even started to sell the ones signed by the author. After all that fuss over the last batch of Turin shrouds in the citizens sporty store, I refuse to close this one as well. We are talking takeover here, my son.'

Dai Incompetent stumbled in, swayed and rushed out again.

'I give up!' said Beandick, holding his head in his hands.

Elsewhere, Rushed Clerk was talking to a citizen. 'Of course, now, in the 16th century, there isn't much call for accountants,' he was saying. 'I can, however, offer you something in a similar line. The pay's good and promotion is purely upon merit. There's a great future in clubbing old ladies over the head, and stealing their money. Banditry's a thriving profession, and you'll still be using all those skills you gained in your course in rock smashing.'

Clerk's job was to find jobs for the useless, the



gormless and the jobless. It was tough work, but so far he had resisted the temptation to invent management consultancy. Times were hard. Sir Derek had just decided to close the Jobbe Shoppe down. Sir Derek's Manuscript, Wetjerk, needed more gold, and the fearsome creature from the HUB was demanding to be fed.

The citizens just didn't need proper jobs, thought Sir Derek. He'd survived for years without one. Life, he argued, was all about the basics: an apron, a liking for running around with one trouser leg rolled up and a silly handshake. If those young citizens didn't like it, well tough! There were plenty of jobs for decorators; they could all go and do that instead.

Decorators! Sir Derek thought back to his speech to the young citizens. He had given them a lesson in painting their cells. Magnolia went wonderfully with the green mould.

Suddenly the door slammed open. 'Sir Derek, Sir Derek, we regret to have to report an incident.' It was Gaff Peeved, the captain of the guard.

'It was a black man, I saw him,' murmured Merry Terry, his second in command. Merry Terry had spent many years working for the metropolitan guards, and he knew what a guilty black man looked like, especially if he had an Irish accent. Merry Terry had spent his entire life trying to arrest a man called Nelson O'Flynn. He hadn't actually done anything, but Merry was pretty sure there was no smoke without fire. He knew, he smoked 30 cigarettes a day (quite an achievement, considering they hadn't even been invented in the 16th century.)

'We have reason to believe,' said Peeved, 'that the aforementioned individual may have been relieving the citizens of their goods.' Gaff paused to refresh his memory from his notebook. 'I was proceeding in an easterly direction along the Surefield dirt track when I...sorry, wrong black man.'

Gaff resumed. 'The miscreant is believed to have first sneaked past our guards, by cunningly tricking them into falling asleep. We believe the robbery took place between 12 O'clock midday and 12 O'clock

midnight. The thieving scoundrel was unable to steal anything more than the entire west wing, thanks to the vigilance of our guards. We hope to have the rotter banged to rights soon. We'll catch him with the cement on his hands still, no doubt.'

'Don't trouble me with such trivialities,' said the Baron, waving Gaff and Merry away. 'I must have time to think.'

Sir Derek thought. He began to connive about the jousting fields at Gravlington. The gold extraction had been going badly. All they'd found was sand, but that worked out ok, since Sir Fraser had managed to sell it to some arab friends at even Moor profit. The problem was Sir Derek didn't know what to spend the money on; a new suit of armour; a new set of candles for the banquet hall or a new dungeon for the citizens.

Meanwhile in the Phallix Office, Smuggly was drooling over some highly illuminated manuscripts. 'Gadzooks,' he said 'look at the coffers on that! They're as big as dinner plates.' Smuggly had decided to produce a special edition of Phallix, dealing with the grubbier specimens of illuminated manuscripts. He had sent out his menial, Dung Kink, to collect the filthiest specimens he could find. Dung was particularly pleased with the copy of Sub Constructus, a manuscript for the jollier man. Dung felt that he had done such a good job for Cheapskate, that he decided to stand for Chief Citizen, and walked outside to announce the fact to his citizen friends.

No sooner had Dung walked out than Athens RitzBiscuit, the Witch Finder General, jumped out from behind a bush. 'Witch,' he screamed inanely. 'The Devil's spawn.' He started to quote wildly from the bible. 'And the number of the beast shall be issue 850,' he read. 'And it shall be printed in a faint hue of orange, so the Lord's children shall not see the sins, unless they look really, really closely.'

Smuggly stormed out of the Phallix Office. 'Will you shut up,' he shouted, wiping the blood from his hands. 'I've scuffed the bloody pentagram, and the virgin's gone off.'

'Get ye hence,' shrieked RitzBiscuit, rapidly marking out a cross upon his chest. 'I believe in God the single parent, the illegitimate son and the spooky ghosty.' RitzBiscuit had been working on the reformist bible.

'Be gone,' boomed Smuggly, 'for I will conjure from the depths of hell, the most hideous creature and he will defeat you.' Smuggly clapped his hands. There was a flash.

'Bloody tubes,' moaned the creature as it stumbled from the smoke. It was Shan FareDodger, who had just finished writing another 'Deluder Column,' for Phallix.

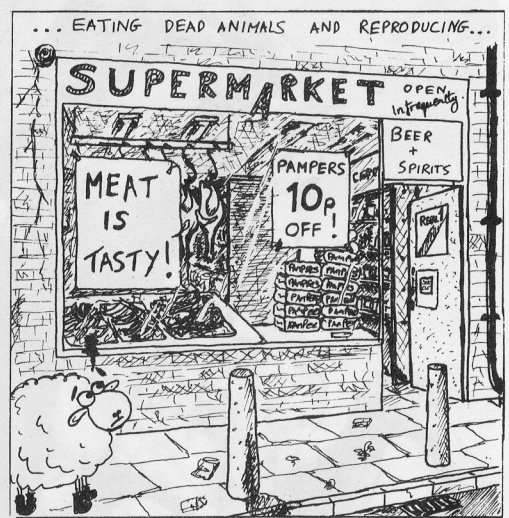
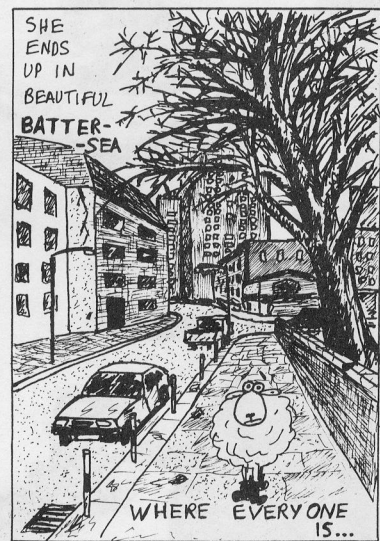
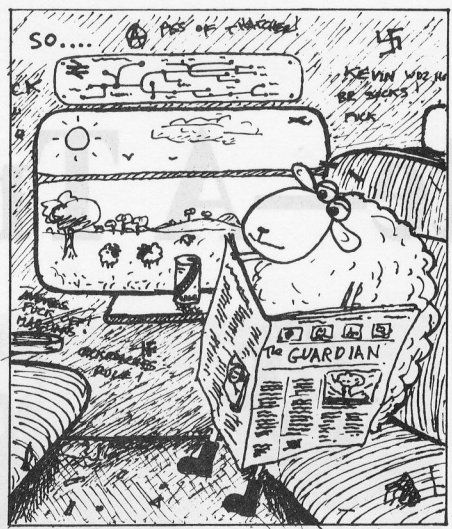
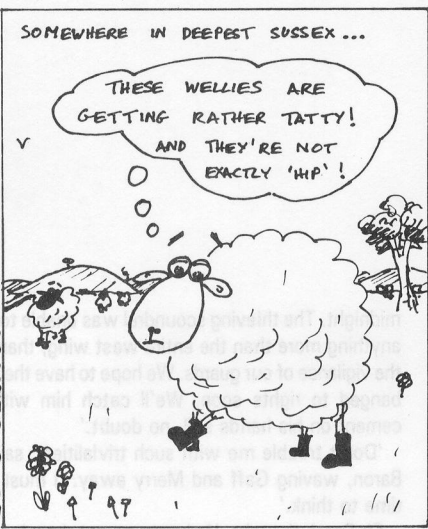
Whoosh! A great gust of wind blew RitzBiscuit away. 'Nice one,' said FareDodger, as the wind gripped him too. Smuggly was safely within his portable pentagram. A huge storm seized Cheapskate and tore the roof off. Three weeks later, Gaff Peeved noted the whole affair and decided to send out a description of the offending black cloud.

The wind blew so hard it woke up the Baron, who had been exhausted by the effort of all this reminiscing. 'That's all off the record, of course,' he said, certain that he had said something incriminating.

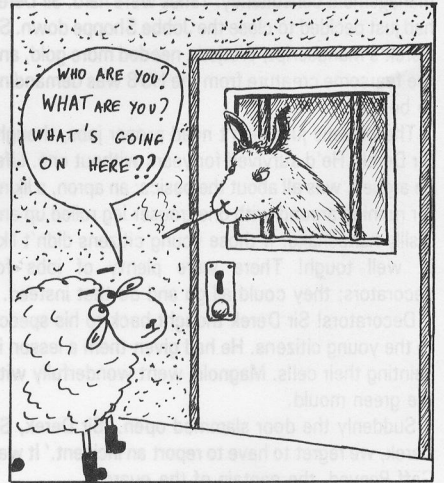
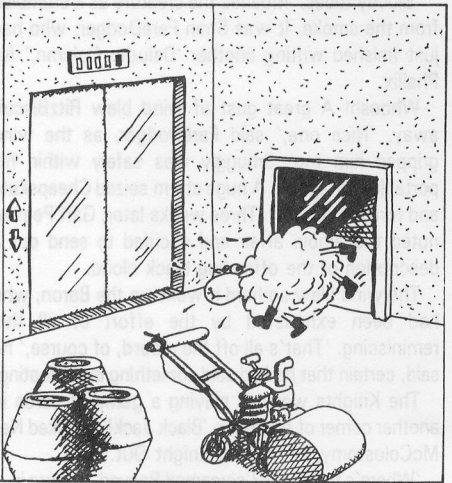
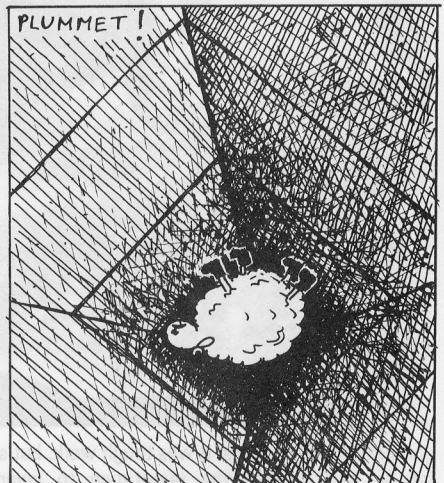
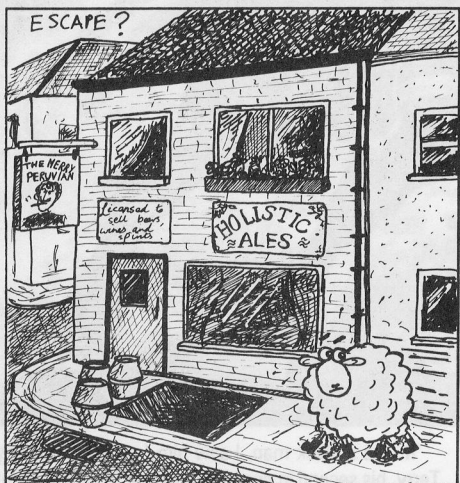
The Knights were all playing a game of cards in another corner of the room. 'Black Jack!' shrieked Neil McColostomy, the Cheap Knight Out.

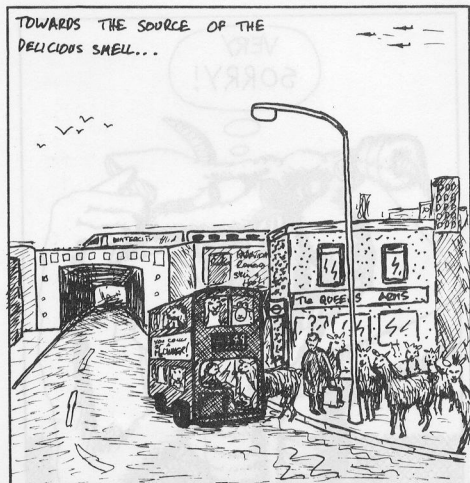
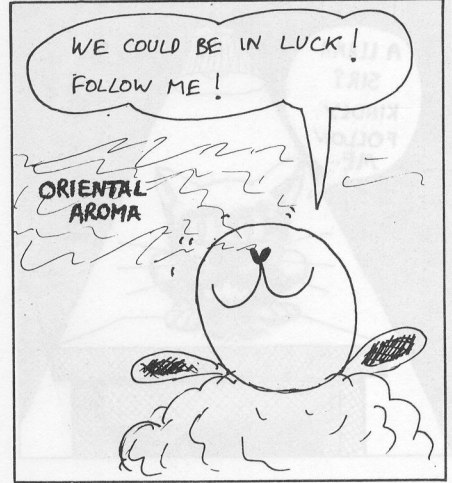
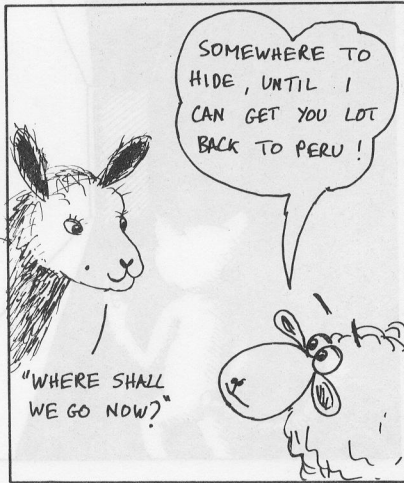
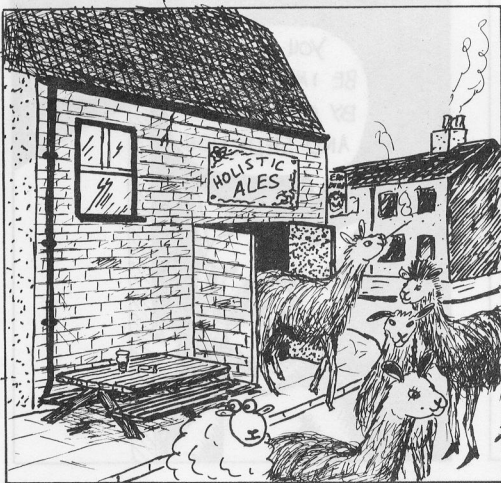
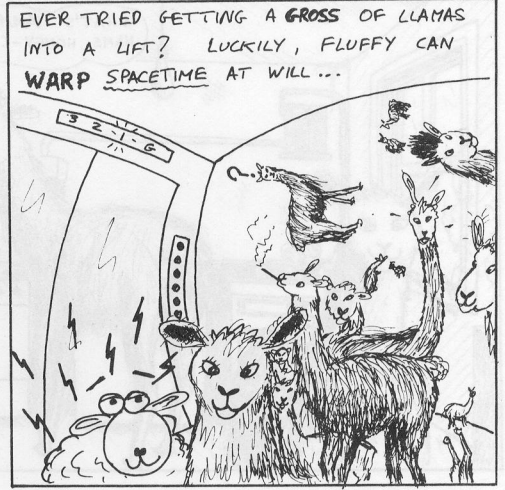
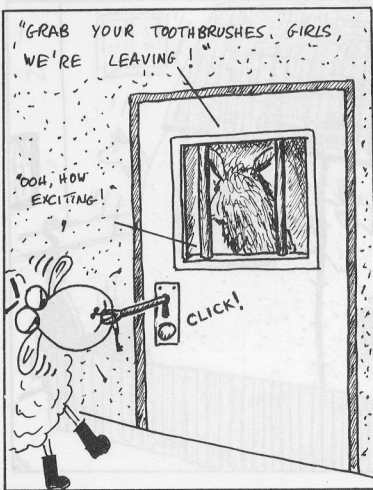
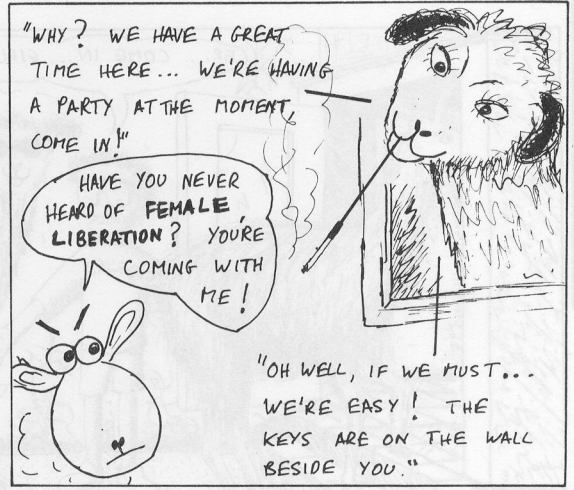
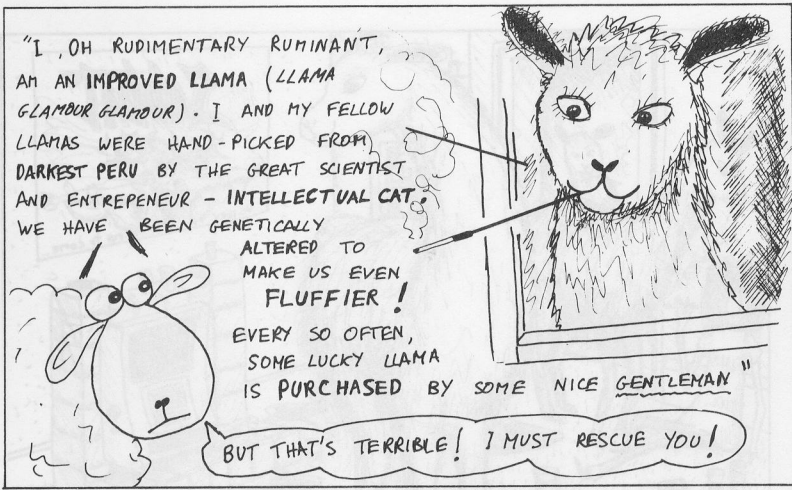
'Where's the knave?' screamed Peeved, rushing in...

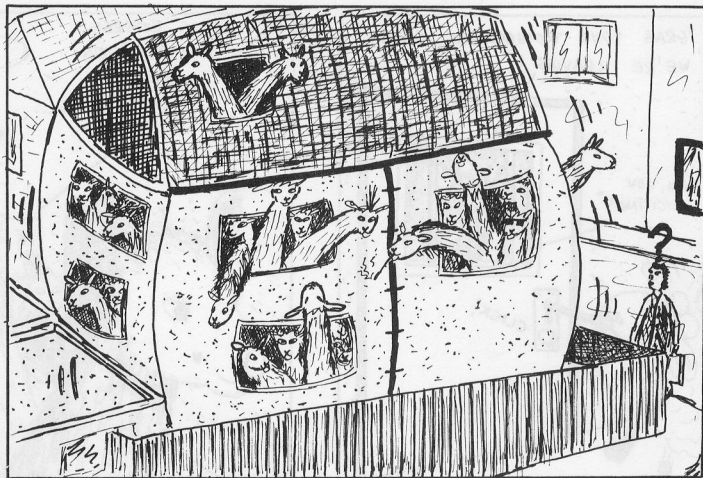
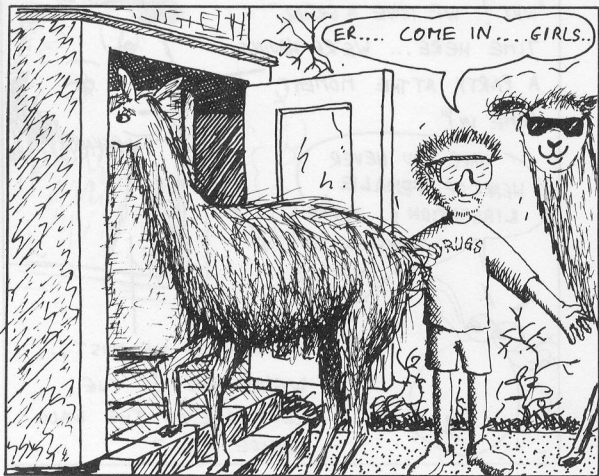
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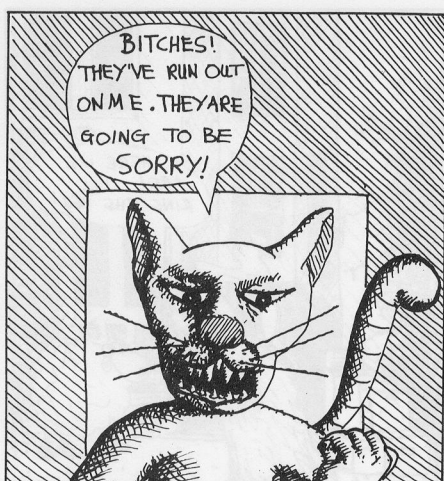
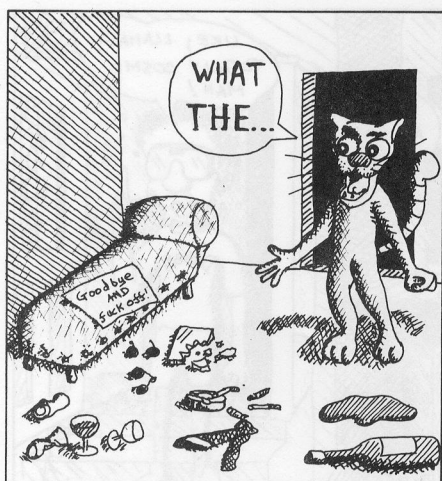
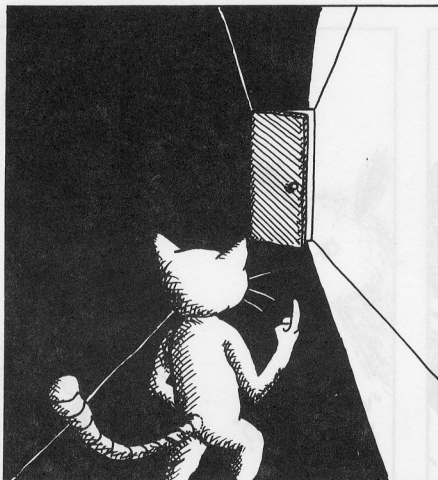
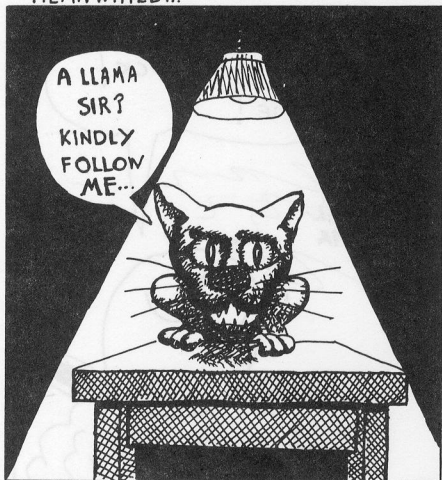
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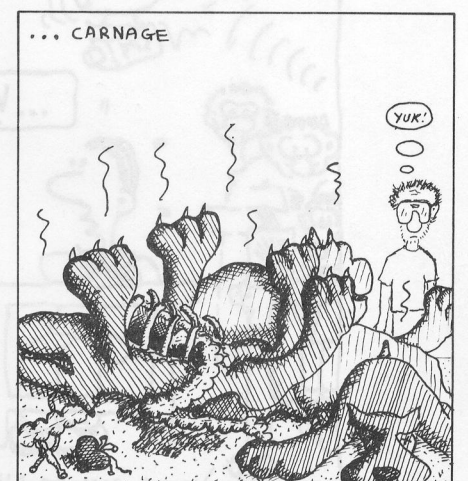
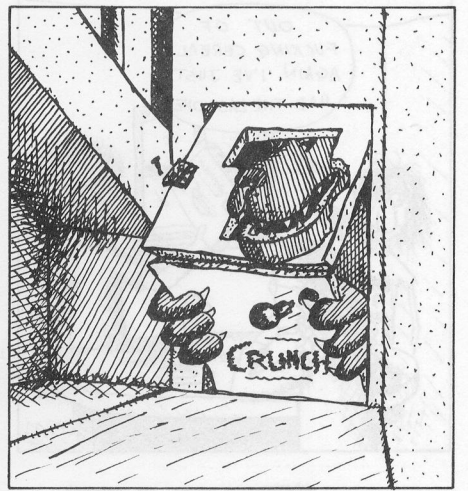
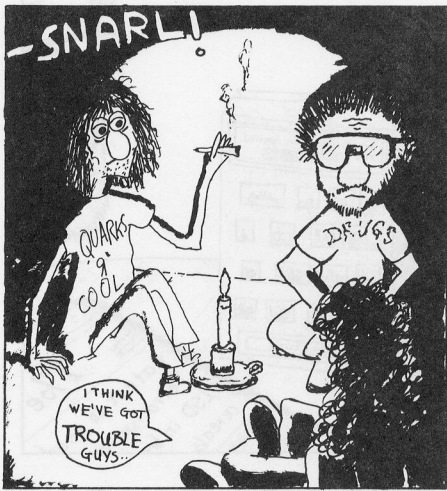
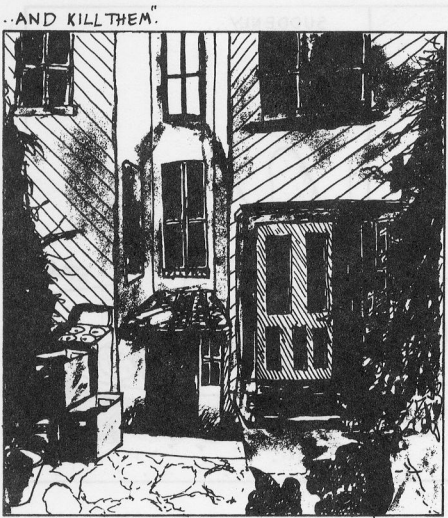
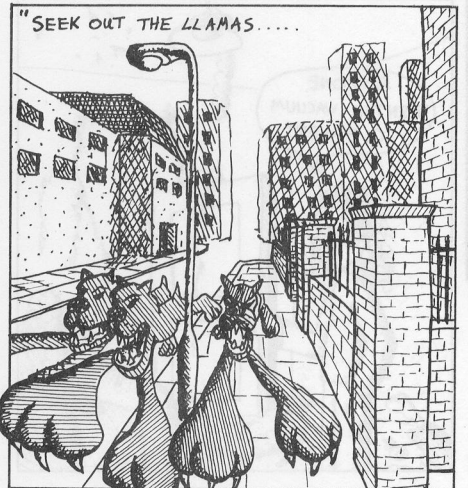
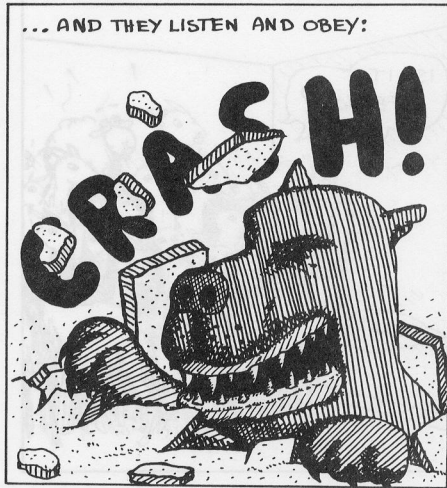


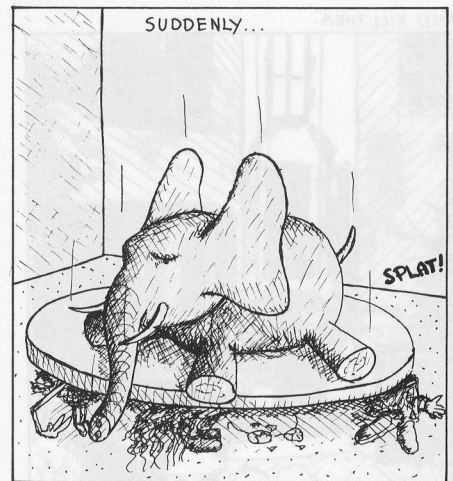
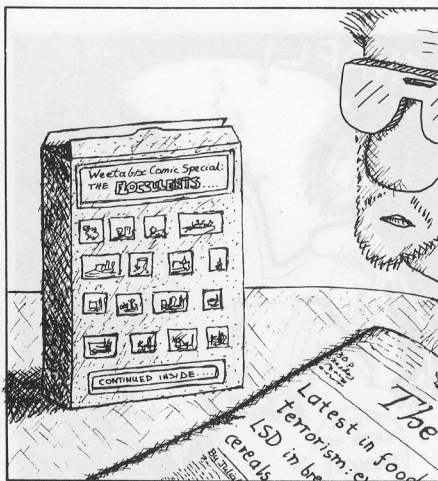




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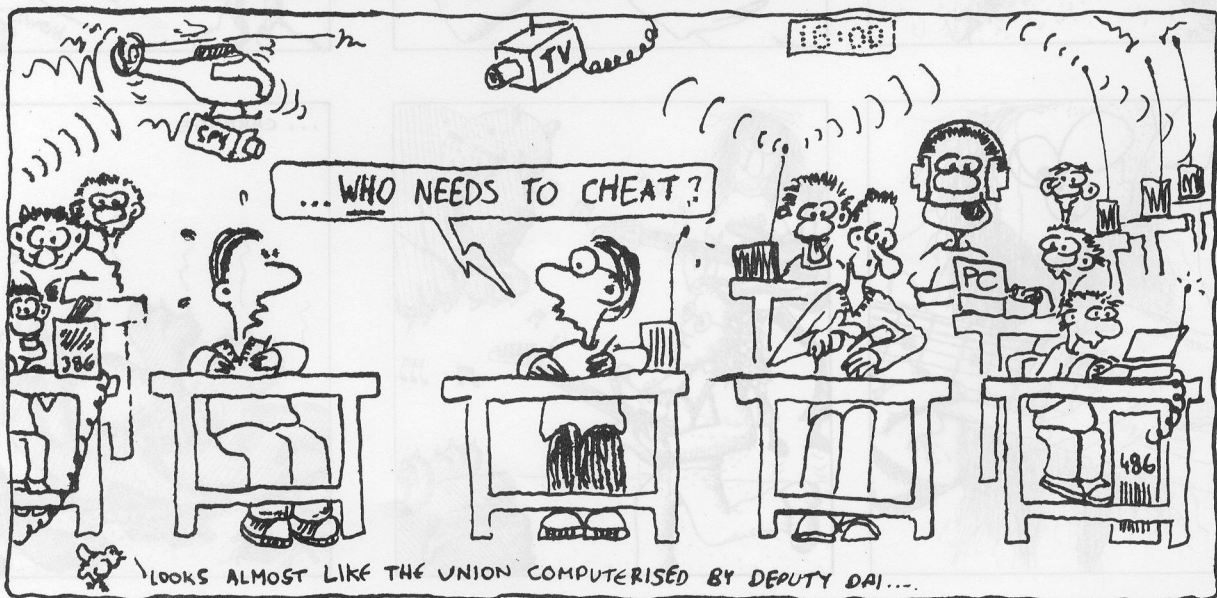
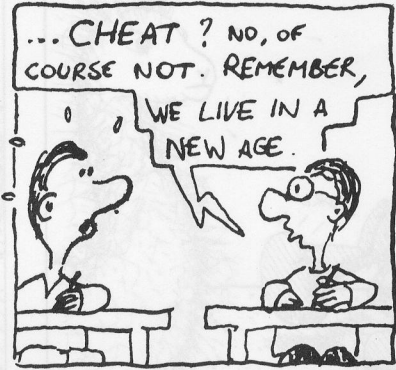
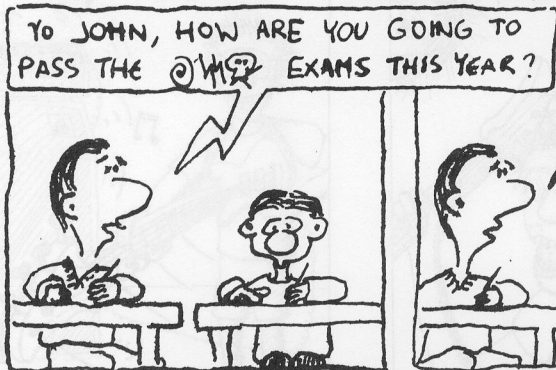






THE NERDS

BY WOUTER © 1990



LOOKS ALMOST LIKE THE UNION COMPUTERISED BY DEPUTY DAI...

An alcoholic is a person for whom one drink is too many and a hundred is not enough. Liz Warren explains why and investigates the incidence of alcoholism at Imperial College.

It could be you...

There are probably between 350 and 400 students at Imperial College who are alcoholics. This is about six percent of the student population, or more than one in twenty. Think about it: it's over ten people in each year of Physics, four per year in a course like Aeronautics. And that's just if you consider the national average. With its culture of excessive drinking, Imperial perhaps has even more heavy drinkers than average and that might mean more alcoholics.

What is an alcoholic?

Consider the popular conception of an alcoholic. It is the sad old man sleeping in his cardboard box at Lincoln's Inn Fields, clutching his bottle of cheap sherry bought with this week's giro. Or it is the errant genius liberally dosing his wit and brilliance while he either squanders his talents or produces a masterpiece.

The truth is that he, or indeed she, is more likely to be your doctor, your bank manager, perhaps your brother or your best friend, or the person sitting next to you in the lecture theatre. Or it could be you. Alcoholism is no respecter of age or class or sex or race. You don't have to be rolling drunk from the moment you wake up until you get thrown out of the pub at closing time to be an alcoholic. You don't even have to drink very much, although your chances of developing alcohol related health problems are much greater if you do.

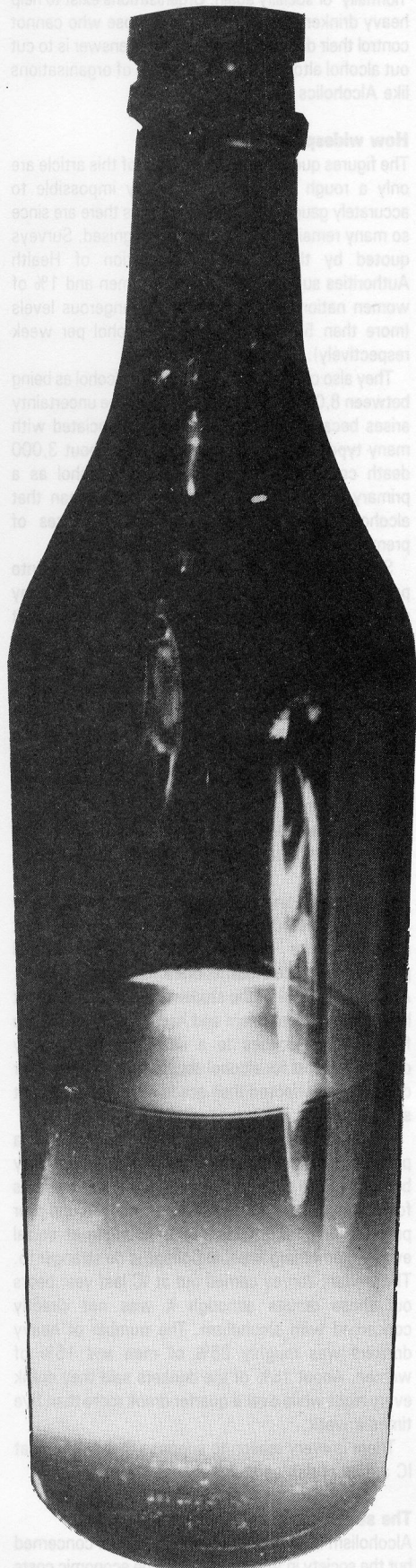
There are different ideas about exactly what alcoholism is. Contrary to a popular misconception, which is hopefully dying out, alcoholics are not weak

willed people who drink because they have no moral fibre. Alcoholism is a disease, much like one of those other unmentionable diseases, cancer. It is a progressive illness: if an alcoholic goes on drinking, they will become progressively worse. It is not a disease which can ever be fully cured, but it can be arrested. Most alcoholics suffer from both a physical dependence or craving for alcohol and a mental obsession with their drinking.

Each individual's drinking can be seen as one part of a continuum ranging from safe drinking to harmful drinking. The alcoholic has crossed over a line where they can no longer control their drinking and where it begins to affect the whole of their life. Drinking can lead to them losing their jobs, their friends and their families. These are the roots of the popular image of an alcoholic: the down and out who has lost everything, except his desire to drink. Alcoholics do not start as down and outs, they become that way because losing control of their drinking makes them lose control of their lives.

Alcoholics are frequently in trouble with the police because of their actions when drunk, because they will steal or cheat to obtain the next drink. Equally, alcoholics can spend years behaving to the outsider and even to those quite close to them as if they have no problem whatsoever.

Alcoholism is also linked to many other diseases which are caused by excessive alcohol consumption, such as cirrhosis of the liver and high blood pressure. Women, drinkers face an increased risk of cirrhosis of the liver, obesity, anaemia and malnutrition compared to men. A study amongst UK Civil Servants



Twenty key questions

Each individual must decide for themselves whether they are an alcoholic. This can be meant in both the sense of someone who is physically dependent on alcohol or someone who is not physically dependent but finds that drinking is adversely affecting their life. Alcoholics Anonymous have devised a list of twenty questions which can help people decide if they have a problem.

1. Is drinking making your home life unhappy?
2. Does your drinking make you careless of your family's or friends' welfare?
3. Have you ever tried to stop drinking for a week or so but only lasted for a couple of days?
4. Is drinking affecting your reputation?
5. Do you drink to escape from worries or trouble?
6. Do you drink alone?
7. Have you lost time from work due to drinking?
8. Has your ambition decreased since drinking?
9. Has your efficiency decreased since drinking?
10. Is drinking jeopardising your job or business?
11. Have you ever felt remorse after drinking?
12. Are you in financial difficulties as a result of drinking?
13. Do you turn to or seek an inferior environment when drinking?
14. Do you crave a drink at a definite time daily?
15. Does drinking cause you to have difficulty sleeping?
16. Do you want a drink the next morning?
17. Do you drink to build up your self confidence?
18. Have you ever had complete loss of memory as a result of drinking (blackouts)?
19. Has your doctor ever treated you for drinking?
20. Have you ever been in hospital or prison because of drinking?

Add up how many questions you answered yes to and turn over

found that heavier drinkers had twice the mortality rate after ten years than light drinkers.

Work currently being carried out at St Mary's Hospital suggests that alcoholism may be hereditary. It could be linked to a gene, which, if activated, causes alcohol to be converted into a strongly addictive substance. The biochemical basis for alcoholism is thus being uncovered and lends weight to the theory that it is a 'real' illness, not a moral problem.

Once someone has become a 'problem drinker', it is extremely unlikely that they will ever be able to drink 'normally' or socially again. Organisations exist to help heavy drinkers cut down, but for those who cannot control their drinking, usually the only answer is to cut out alcohol altogether, with the help of organisations like Alcoholics Anonymous.

How widespread is alcoholism?

The figures quoted at the beginning of this article are only a rough estimate. It is nearly impossible to accurately gauge how many alcoholics there are since so many remain untreated or unrecognised. Surveys quoted by the National Association of Health Authorities suggest that 6% of the men and 1% of women nationally are drinking at dangerous levels (more than 50 and 35 units of alcohol per week respectively).

They also cite mortality rates due to alcohol as being between 8,000 and 40,000 per year. The uncertainty arises because although alcohol is associated with many types of physical ill health, only about 3,000 death certificates per year mention alcohol as a primary cause of death. These figures mean that alcohol misuse is one of the major causes of premature death.

Several researchers have carried out work into patterns of drinking amongst students. A survey carried out at Nottingham University into student drinking patterns asked students whether they ever felt they were unable to control their drinking. 7% said they felt they could not control their drinking and a frightening 20% said they had suffered blackouts or shaking hands, both strong indicators of alcoholic behaviour. Interestingly in this study the proportions for men and women who felt their drinking was out of control were almost identical, although the number of self confessed heavy drinkers was much higher amongst men than women, in line with the national figures.

A survey amongst students at a London medical school suggested that although drinking amongst male students matched that for the general population, female students drank much more heavily. Again nearly 20% of the students felt that they might have a drinking problem and had appeared to do so from their responses to a section in the survey designed to test for alcohol abuse. Over half felt their drinking had affected their academic performance at some time.

All these results suggest that alcohol has a particularly devastating effect on students, most likely because of the nature of student social life. Reasons for drinking almost always seem to centre around peer pressure and the prominence of drinking at social events, something Imperial College is no stranger to. The welfare survey carried out at IC last year bears out these results although it was not directly concerned with alcoholism. The number of heavy drinkers was roughly 25% of men and 15% of women. About 15% of the drinkers said they drank every night while over a quarter drank more than five times a week.

There is every reason to suppose that students at IC are as at risk as students elsewhere.

The social costs of alcoholism.

Alcoholism affects not only the individual concerned but the society in which they live. The economic costs

of alcohol abuse in society amount to £1.9 billion (1986).

The social cost to industry, in terms of time lost through illness, unemployment and premature death, is the bulk of this total, £1.6 billion. The burden on the National Health service is estimated at about £115 million.

The cost of alcohol related road accidents is over £100 million, whilst criminal activities, including both traffic offences and drink related court cases, costs the country about £40 million. Not all these costs can be attributed to alcoholics, but they do give evidence of the scale of the problem.

The most disturbing cost is the expenditure in response to alcohol related problems by national bodies and in research. This is less than £1 million, or 0.05% of the cost to the country. Given the success of groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous in curing alcoholism, a little more expenditure in this area might reduce the cost to industry in particular.

The effect of alcoholism on the workplace mainly manifests itself in declining standards of work, lower output, excessive absenteeism, higher levels of sick leave, an increased number of accidents and strained relationships with fellow workers. Employers face the problem of both recognising alcoholics and dealing with them. Problems can be exacerbated because management, union officials and fellow workers often believe that a person's health problem is a private matter.

Union Officials and fellow workers can often believe that they are acting with the best of intentions by covering up cases of problem drinking for members and fellow employees. Management also ignore breaches of discipline until they have allowed the situation to deteriorate to such a degree that severe disciplinary action becomes inevitable, frequently resulting in dismissal. This is destructive for both the employee and the employer. However, there are feelings that more companies are beginning to take an enlightened attitude and deal with alcoholic employees more responsibly.

You may think that this article doesn't apply to you. It may do. Try the questionnaire. The results may shock you. Alcoholism is more widespread than most people think. But alcoholism is only a disease, which can be arrested. With help, it needn't be a problem.



And the answers

According to Alcoholics Anonymous: if you answered yes to one of the questions, there is a definite warning that you may be an alcoholic. If you answered yes to two questions, the chances are that you are an alcoholic. If you answered yes to three or more you are definitely an alcoholic.

This may seem very extreme, but AA claim that their experience of dealing with recovering alcoholics has shown them that this is all it takes.

No-one else can convince someone that they are an alcoholic if they don't want to accept it. Equally, it may be difficult for the families and friends of alcoholics to accept that someone they know is more than a 'heavy drinker'.

If you are worried by the amount you drink and the answers you've given to these questions you can get help from: **Alcoholics Anonymous**. The aim of all AA groups is to give up alcohol entirely and develop an alcohol-free life. Tel. 071 352 3001 **Drinkwatchers**. Drinkwatchers help heavy drinkers reduce their consumption to sensible levels. It is not intended for those who are dependent upon alcohol and wish to abstain totally. Tel. 071 381 3155 The **College Health Centre** is available on internal 3099.

If you are concerned for someone else, you can get help from: **Al-Anon Family Groups**. These self help groups are for the families and close associates of problem drinkers. The aim is to relieve the pressure of living with the drinker by sharing experiences and giving support. You can join whether or not the problem drinker is attending an AA group or receiving other help. Tel. 071 403 0888 **Alateen**. This group is similar to Al-Anon, but it is for the teenaged children of problem drinkers, who often feel happier with the support of people their own age, and do not always want to share their experiences with parents or other adults.

Case study—an IC graduate

My name's Susan, I'm an Imperial College graduate and I'm an alcoholic.

I left Imperial College some time ago with a degree, plenty of good memories, a lot of friends...and a drink problem. When I arrived at IC, I didn't have a problem. My parents had encouraged me to drink in moderation from about the age of fourteen, so I was fairly aware of my limits and how to drink sensibly and socially. This didn't change for two years as I only drank a little occasionally. Then I became successively involved with two socially active groups who did drink a lot. My drinking patterns altered radically. I acquired a taste for real ale and, in an effort to prove I was equal to my male friends I acquired an ability to drink pints that seems ludicrous looking back. Here is evidence of the particular pressures which I think IC can exert to encourage students into alcoholism: so much of the culture seems to be underlined by a competitiveness which at its most extreme manifests itself in drinking competitions and downing yards of ale. A great deal of social life seemed to revolve around pubs and bars. Again I was under the impression I could handle my drinking. This was despite the fact that I was having blackouts with increasing regularity and that after a

while I was getting into financial difficulties. I also began to spend more time drinking because I wanted to escape from my problems. Even after a Christmas I prefer to forget, when I drank nearly two bottles of spirits in a week because I was depressed, I still believed I could control my drinking, merely promising to myself that I wouldn't ever drink alone. This only resulted in me finding lots of excuses to spend time drinking with other people. At one point I was drinking heavily almost every night. When I realised this it shocked me enough to cut down a little. But worse was to come. I was unusually fortunate for a long time in that I rarely got hangovers, but I began to get them more often. Then I began to get 'reverse hangovers': I would wake up feeling fine and then start to feel worse and worse during the day, including shaking and feeling sick. It was the point at which I realised that these were actually alcohol withdrawal symptoms, that I finally acknowledged I was an alcoholic. Other things began to fall into place. I realised that once I had had one drink, I was incapable of stopping unless there was some external control, such as being with someone who was only having a couple of drinks because they were driving. When I

stopped, the pace of my illness began to accelerate rapidly: I was starting to have cravings at definite times of the day and I was finding it hard to work because I was either hung over or in need of a drink. I acknowledged and faced up to my alcoholism when I went home to my parents at Easter. On my last night at home we had gone to the pub. I drank a great deal too much, partly because I was depressed. The next day I began to feel ill. On the train back to London I started shaking and feeling freezing even though the carriage was warm. That was the point I knew I was never going to pass my finals if I didn't stop drinking there and then. I haven't had a drink since. That was two months ago. Since then I feel in control of my life for the first time in years, I'm much more emotionally stable and physically much healthier. I don't know whether I'll never drink again, but I'm determined to go through each day with the philosophy that I'm not going to take that first drink. Imperial College didn't make me an alcoholic; that was already in my make-up. But IC certainly propelled me more rapidly into alcoholism and made it harder for me to see my problem for longer.

The London club scene is renowned worldwide for its sordid variety—of course, most prospective revellers end up at the well-advertised, refined and trendy joints such as *Gossips*, or the polished sheen glimmer of the *Hippodrome*. For a really good night out, head for the sleazy slimey squats where the creatures of the night creep at dusk and slink away to sleep at dawn.

London clubbing

KitKat

The *KitKat* is where most beginners go. At such places the dress code is: the more hair (preferably coloured more unnaturally than a tube of Smarties) and the fewer clothes the better, so long as they are black, or lace, or rubber, or sharp and very erotic. Here you will find naked caged dancers, dangling precariously above the dance floor, luringly pulsating to the sounds. Other, more introvert, totally naked women stalk the dancefloor and clear away the glasses.

The *KitKat*'s crowd changes every few months with the venue and night, but the regulars are easily recognised by their hairstyles. You can join them, at a cost, at the upstairs extension centre (hair only) so long as the colour you choose clashes with everyone else. Sadly, most of the stunning ladies are Yugoslavs, French, German or Italian, and most of the ravishing men are only interested in the Yugoslavs, French, etc... It's the place to go on a sex-drive.

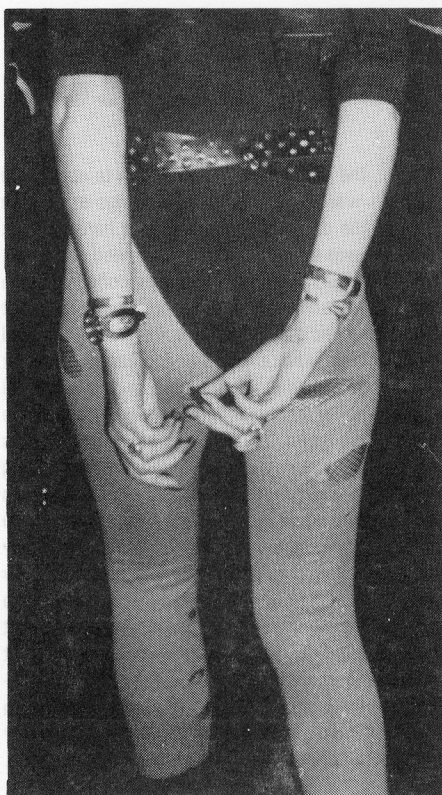
The music? No one cares so long as they look wierd enough. Even Madonna gets an occasional sing. There's a nice dose of good indie, bad indie, goth punk and The Cure. Does Robert Smith have shares in these clubs? There he goes up the stairs, or is he the one at the bar, on the dancefloor, etc. etc... If you don't like it, there are enough dark alcoves to occupy yourself in between.

Once accepted here, you are ready to progress to the hard-core clubs. These are mostly sordid, slimey, illegal and *the* places to be seen at. Due to a high police presence, especially around King's Cross, they



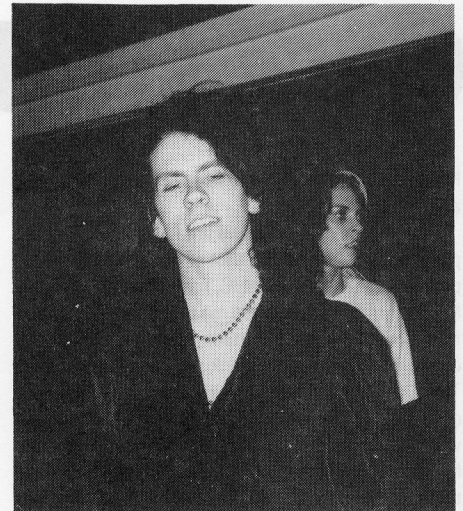
tend to move frequently, so leaflets and word of mouth are the key to cornering one. Once found, select your chosen club by the style of dress, which also implies the style of music. Follow the crowd.

the dodge PA at 7.30am Sunday. Everyone else has gone to catch the first tube or has passed out in a pool of the sewage and toxic waste that oozes down the walls.



Slimelight

Up at Angel in *Slimelight* fester another breed. The only lighting throbs from glowing hair and poached flesh, simmering in the mud or hanging like albino kippers in the smoked air. Slimelighthers are elitist and snobs. They sit around regally getting stoned and tripping and couldn't care less what goes on. The DJ's noticed this long ago, so play some of the worst, unidentifiable sounds around. Entry is exorbitant (members and guests only); clothes are worn but punks are easy prey for amorous designs as there's nothing else to do in that closet all night. Strangers are estranged. If you haven't got green or fluorescent hair, forget it. You'll have a miserable time and may lose your DM's in the mud.



Wraith

At the same time, *Wraith* offers the ultimate all night and the next day travelling commune. As the last Goth stronghold, it is run illegally in a warehouse and is often 'interrupted' at 1.30am by the King's Cross police, and then ends the night in a jail or a Camberwell flat before migrating to Camden Palace with the dawn. There's none of that indie-crap here. Residents either resemble a walking black drapery or are barely decent enough for a strip parlour. The regulars even appear from Southend and are easily identified as the ones still flinging their arms about to

Badcat

If you can't stand the pace of dancing from 11pm Saturday to 2pm Sunday you could always opt for a paisley-clad bop down at *Badcat* 'til 3.30am. It used to be full of the greatest freaks until the indie-boppers and scallies took over. It's mainly indie-chart, but most people find something to groove to, if they can cram themselves onto the dancefloor, or bar, or toilet, or anywhere. Spats resembles the inside of a mini-metro in size, and is a steaming jungle.

Some of the people in club-land

Oriental

'Goth' oriental girls comprise about a fifth of the club populus, spending all day scuttling around Ken Market and all night scuttling around the clubs. They are easy to identify by their lack of height and lack of clothes. Their heritage seems to deem a skirt unnecessary and they have an overwhelming urge to cover their bodies in fishnet, belts, chains, leather, pvc, etc. What do they use the handcuffs for? To go with the thigh-high stiletto domination boots, no doubt. They can be seen dancing to anything they can pace up and down to, hiding beneath their black and red hair extensions.



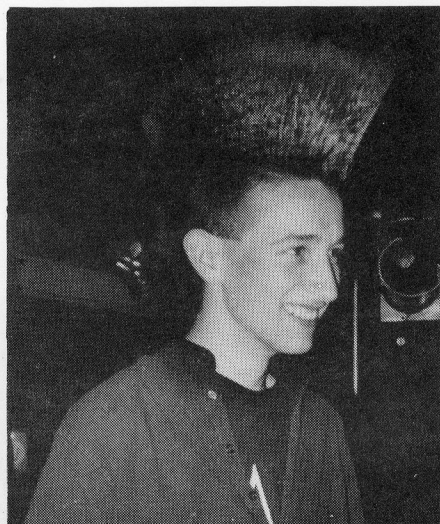
Goths

A real one will never admit to it, so call them what you like—goth, goff, goffick, meathead etc. They always wear black and always go where they know they'll be miserable, accumulating glumly in an alcove to swap make-up and hair tips. It is often difficult to differentiate male and female, but generally, the males are better looking and wear more make-up. They either avoid or live in Ken Market and are NEVER seen in daylight for fear of a tan. Contrary to popular belief, a goth will publicly loath *Sisters of Mercy*, but still insist on wearing the t-shirt and recounting Andrew Eldritch's life details at the merest interest. The women either follow Victorian traditions or appear almost completely naked. The more dangly bits the better.



Drop-outs

In some public circles, it is fashionable to look like you've been sleeping in a waste-paper bin for the last month. Particularly common amongst festival goers, the German Army anorak is in, the more faded the better, as are tie-dyed leggings under short tassled skirts, tattered t-shirts finished off with a liberal dose of DMs or monkey boots. Don't forget the pony-tail and shaved sides.



Punks

Thought to be extinct.

Trendies

Often seen clutching a copy of *Just Seventeen* or *Cosmopolitan*, this is a common pest to be exorcised on sight.



Indie-boppers

Centre-parting; shoulder length, well-conditioned natural hair; loose, graffitied blue-jeans; Nike trainers; trendie indie-pop t-shirt (*Family Cat*, *Ride*); paisley shirt. Quite harmless and boppy unless they tread on you.

Scallies

Any member of *Inspiral Carpets*, *Stone Roses* etc and their fans. Mancunian by definition, but always look out for that mother's-own bowlcut, flares (to assist aerodynamic flight when stagediving) and hippy-floral benign grin, even when told to, (rough translation) 'go away you horrid little scallie'.



Cure-heads (Robert Smith wanna-be's)

All you need for your very own Bob, is one dark spotty shirt, one pair of Nike trainer-boots, a mop of dark hair, one black eyeliner and a very smeary red lipstick. Failing that, a permanent red marker will suffice.

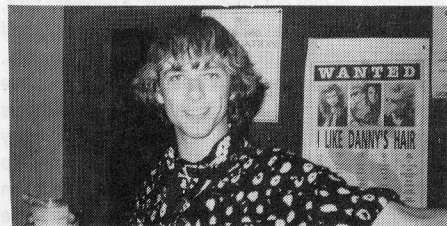


Hippies

Contrary to popular belief, they do not all smell and have lank, waist-length hair. However, most do insist on ranting on about Woodstock and T-Rex. Look out for a profusion of bright embroidered sequined clothing and tassled headscarves.

Glam-rockers/prats

The one in a stupidly patterned shirt, with flattened, slightly curling-at-the-ends hair-do which hasn't had a positive identification since 1975, skin-tight jeans or even lurex leopard-skins, and enough studs to qualify for Cruft's terrier class. Another type will wander around in *Def Leppard* locks going 'ooh yeah, baby' and complaining about the demise of Bruce Springsteen and American Rock. Steer well clear.



Metallers

Similar to glam rockers but strictly blue-denim and *Metallica*, *Mega-Death* or *Iron Maiden* t-shirts. Lots of hair and grease. No musical taste. Best ignored.

Bad Advice

If you're a novice, and even if you're not, start at *KitKat*. If the shock doesn't kill you, you're one of them, and there are enough people to lose yourself. If not, and you look the part and dance to the right tracks, you'd better make sure you've got that single room to return to— who knows what might happen afterwards.

Are you prepared to enter...the Midnight Zone?

FELIX reporters and photographers describe their experiences and views of Easter's Poll Tax 'riots.' Police brutality amidst a public uprising against the Poll Tax—who started it all, anyway?

Trafalgar square bashing

On a glorious, sunny day at the end of March, the Anti Poll Tax rally marched from Kennington Park to Trafalgar Square.

A good natured diverse, collection of families and individuals made up the countless numbers of demonstrators, in high spirits walking to protest about the crippling tax. The square filled near to capacity as the masses continued to flood in at 4 o'clock. Twenty minutes later, a sit down protest outside the security gates of No.10 prompted the end of peace and tranquility in inner London.

The police vainly attempted to remove the sitters. Disturbance was inevitable, and adding to the distress of the demonstration, the Riot and Mounted Police entered into the fray. The black-flag-carrying Anarchists and the Anarcho Punks were sparked into violent reaction.

A scaffold clad building near the South African embassy was taken and used as an offensive platform. Scaffold joints and poles were removed and hurled as spears and missiles. Cement and stone was dislodged and the site office Portakabin 'torched'. Next door the embassy kindled into flame soon after. Fire Engines and Brigade men were inexcusably attacked, although Ambulance workers throughout the day were left alone.

Many of the marchers had obviously been spoiling for an excuse to lash out at the police, not just the Poll Tax. It was, however, the police who instrumented the start of the trouble. Without the heavy handed, and surely misguided, attitude of those in control, the trouble would not have flared and spread as it did. The officers were ill-informed, confused and scared. Many of them had been dragged in from football grounds and the like as the emergency grew.

The Riot and Mounted Police charged indiscriminately at the crowds to disperse the multitudes. Snatch squads raided the front lines of the protestors, to root out troublemakers; a hopeless task, with a later stated number of three to three and a half thousand rioters out of the huge number of innocents.

The Police attempted to restrict entry to the Square and further progress up Whitehall, pushing protesters on this side to the Embankment. Many circumnavigated the blockage to gain entry to Trafalgar Square, where violence flared in retaliation for the action against the peaceful protest outside No.10.

By 5 o'clock, the area north and south of the square rang out with chants of "Stazi" and "Maggie Thatcher's boot boys". Shattering glass concentrated the voices and exclamations of the crowds. As police moved in on small groups they were rushed by surrounding crowds.

In a move to disperse the demonstrators from Trafalgar Square, the police pushed them up Charing Cross Road. Harassed marchers spread to the adjacent streets, including St Martins Lane, where they trashed and looted on their way.

West End tube stations were closed adding to the difficulties of those who just wanted to get out!
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Oxford Street was next in the firing line as three to four thousand people rampaged its length. People spread to the neighboring roads to the south, taking the back roads into the heart of the West End which was ritually smashed. Shopkeepers in Regent Street claimed two thousand people had run its course. They were then turned by the police and pushed back to where they had been pushed from. These were the 'tactics' that not surprisingly failed to clear the streets. A call for an assault on the Chinese Embassy was averted by a lightning response from the police radioing ahead. A fire engine had been on standby, just in case.

Round in circles the protesters were forced, navigated by the short sighted will of the police, nearly every side road was entered and affected. The crowds were pushed again down Oxford Street, heading east to Tottenham Court Road where tourist coaches passed by, their passengers' faces pressed hard against the windows to attain a clear view.

Eventually, the marchers who remained were

brought back to Trafalgar, the place that they had desperately been trying to clear. Riot police charged silent protestors on the steps of St Martins in the Fields. More considerately, Uniform officers cleared the steps of the National Gallery.

Bleeding out of the square, people moved again on Whitehall and No.10, this time attended by thirty police vans and coaches. Nothing happened!

Rioting continued late in to the evening throughout the West End. Theatres, cinemas, and restaurants were barricaded, hoarding their customers protectively.

Many people had talked of a revolution but nobody had expected the Battle of Trafalgar in the centre of our Capital. Shocked and bemused, people wandered the streets not knowing how it all happened. The police still have many lessons to learn in their pursuit of civil order. It can only be hoped that the next time this kind of event occurs, they do not attempt the short sharp shock approach, which is more likely to kill than cure.

I was talking to an acquaintance last week who, when I mentioned the Trafalgar riot and the fact that I was there, looked at me in disgust and said 'Did you demonstrate!' Surely it is the basic right of an individual to protest about a matter that they feel is unfair or that they just disagree with? Why then, do I feel as though I have violated some major unwritten code? Do I just sit back and let the powers that be impose their will on me? Or stand up and say how I feel? For the first time in my life I took the latter decision. Now, as I read the papers and watch the television I am labelled in with the 'hooligans' and militants of this world.

The aim of the day, that Saturday, was to present a show of opposition to not only the Poll Tax, but to the Government and its method of almost dictatorial governing. The Poll Tax is the first issue that has affected the population as a whole. The students, nurses and ambulance men have all had their justified reasons to march and no less important were they but this affects me, you, your parents, and if it is allowed to remain law as it is now, your offspring.

Kennington Park, where the march gathered, was full to capacity of all cross sections of society; pensioners in their hundreds, students in their thousands, the hopeless, the well off, the general public. After a few speeches, one imploring for a peaceful end to the day greeted by an all agreeing cheer, we all set off slowly towards Westminster, people joining us from all directions of the park. One couldn't help but grin at the sheer weight of feeling in the air, people protesting as far as the eye could see. The atmosphere of a carnival was all pervading; dobermans in Anti-Poll Tax T-shirts, one guy dressed as Maggie seemingly oblivious to the jovial hatred directed at him. It was going to be a fun day out with a purpose.

As the march traipsed towards the river so the singing and dancing increased, passing drivers hooting in support, as the houses of Parliament came into view so the crowd hissed and booed, venting their anger at the perpetrators of such an unjust tax. As we crossed Parliament square into Whitehall we could see the sea of people ahead of us massing in Trafalgar Square and what looked like a great ending to a wonderful day. However it was not to be.

As we approached the entrance to Downing Street the march was forced to a halt by a huge Police presence. Channeling us away from the massive security gate and the masses of backup police behind them. These gates seemed to symbolize how the government is. We have been bred into a trap: pay up or go to jail. We don't care, Conservative voters pay their Poll Tax. We could gradually feel an ugliness in the air, face to face confrontations with the Police seemed to inflame both sides. News filtered down the march that a sit down protest had started occurring and the Police had split the march in two.

Suddenly the Police cordon hemming us onto the pavement fell back in a great wave and we swarmed across the street. A great cheer went up, it seemed suddenly as though we had won. Even before anything had been thrown, a feeling of battle was everywhere. People started chanting 'Maggie Thatchers boot boys' and 'you've got to fight for your rights.' It was extremely tense further towards the Police cordon. They started to syphon the marchers who hadn't made it to the square down Horse Guards Parade, towards the river with the somewhat false promise of a rally in Hyde Park.

The atmosphere seemed to improve as people slowly and reluctantly dispersed. I wasn't going to miss the rally so I worked my way around Scotland Yard and walked through the Police line stopping people leaving the square. A lot of people had managed to get there as it was full. At the time everyone was milling around, chatting and singing. The speeches having finished, I walked around, met



a few friends. A peaceful time was being had by all.

Suddenly a shout went up from the South side of the square. I was pushed back by a wave of people, panicking at the first Police charge. Now fully kitted out in riot gear, how could a child and pushchair be any match against this?

Chaos and madness ensued as the Police repeatedly charged. The crowd started throwing any object they could lay their hands on; traffic cones, sticks, and placards. As the Police charged towards the scaffolding, their aim to bring people down, so the rain of missiles erupted further, scaffold poles, concrete. The Police were beaten back at first but then they charged with horses, carving a swath through the frightened crowd towards St Martins Lane. Smoke began to billow from the contractors building, perched over the square.

How could this be London 1990? It felt like Vietnam 1970: sirens, screaming, the smoke drifting over the square, the road littered with missiles, and a dangerous feeling of pure panic. Camera crews were

running all over the place, Police vans were careering in and out of the square. A Policewoman was hit by a steel bracket and staggered off bleeding, a group carrying an unconscious woman, trampled by the horses, was carried to safety. Why was this happening? History was repeating itself, the Poll Tax riots of 1381 ended in a similar way!

We were herded like animals down Northumberland Avenue. The crush was unbearable, cries of 'Hillsborough, Hillsborough' filled the air as we were pushed against the buildings. A girl in front of me was hit by a truncheon and called a slag. How can I be expected to ever respect a Policeman again? If these are the lengths the Government will go to to impose their will on us, then God help this country.

A feeling of shock emerged as we reached the Embankment. Shock and anger at having witnessed such unwarranted violence, violence against the Police and violence against the majority who were peacefully opposing. It shouldn't and needn't have happened. Democracy is dead. Long live democracy.



Graphology is the interpretation of handwriting. It is the understanding of the psychology that affects the way we consciously and subconsciously express ourselves to others with pen on paper. As with all forms of psychological science, graphology is treated with scepticism by those who know of it at only a basic level. However, graphology is being used increasingly in business for personnel selection and evaluation, as well as in other areas such as vocational guidance, marriage compatibility and criminology. Ben Turner reports.

Handwritten CV, please

In 120AD, the Roman historian Suetonius Tranquillus said of Emperor Augustus, 'He does not separate his words—I do not trust him.' A link between handwriting and personality had been established, but it was not until the early nineteenth century that serious research on the subject began. This was undertaken by a group of French churchmen who attempted to examine the link between personality and the form of letters. The result was simply a catalogue of signs and rules, with no attempt to introduce psychological analysis. Their student, Jean Michon, and his pupil, Jules Jamin, were both branded 'just interpreters of signs'. The art did not develop into a science until Jamin requested Alfred Binet, the French physician and psychologist who founded the modern intelligence test (IQ test), to examine the reliability of graphology related to psychological methods of testing character.

German influences entered the field in the late nineteenth century, with more detailed analysis of the form of writing than in the symbolism of individual letters. In 1904, Dr Ludwig Klages determined the basis of graphology as the study of the speed, spacing and pressure of the writing, and the intensity and variation of these facets within a manuscript.

Graphology became a focus of scientific input. Neurologists studied the physical factors of the act of writing relating personality types to the interplay between nerves and muscles. Psychiatrists analysed the psychomotor function—how writing movements are affected by emotions. Philosophers linked the inhibiting force of the Mind and the creative liberalising elements of the Soul through their projection into the expressive rhythm and motion of handwriting.

In recent decades, much investigation of the subject has been undertaken. With the formation of Societies for Handwriting Psychology, the art has developed into a scientific forum, with much evidence to support the validity of graphological analysis.

How does graphology work?

As with most social sciences, there is an accepted standard. It is clear that, through the complexities of human nature and a person's adaptation to surrounding influences, the standard does not actually exist.

The British 'copybook' standard is that developed during the 1910's by Marion Richardson, which is taught in British schools to this day. The copybook standard of handwriting varies vastly between countries according to national characteristics and influences. It also varies within each country at different times as a result of the differing spirit of the times. Thus the cursive copybook style of Richardson is giving way to a modern approach to writing based on block printing, exemplified by typed text.

What can graphology do? The experienced graphologist will be able to determine many facets of personality. These are based under the main headings:

Basic personality eg tendency towards aggression, sensitivity, self-confidence

Temperament eg emotional control, compulsiveness

FIG. 1

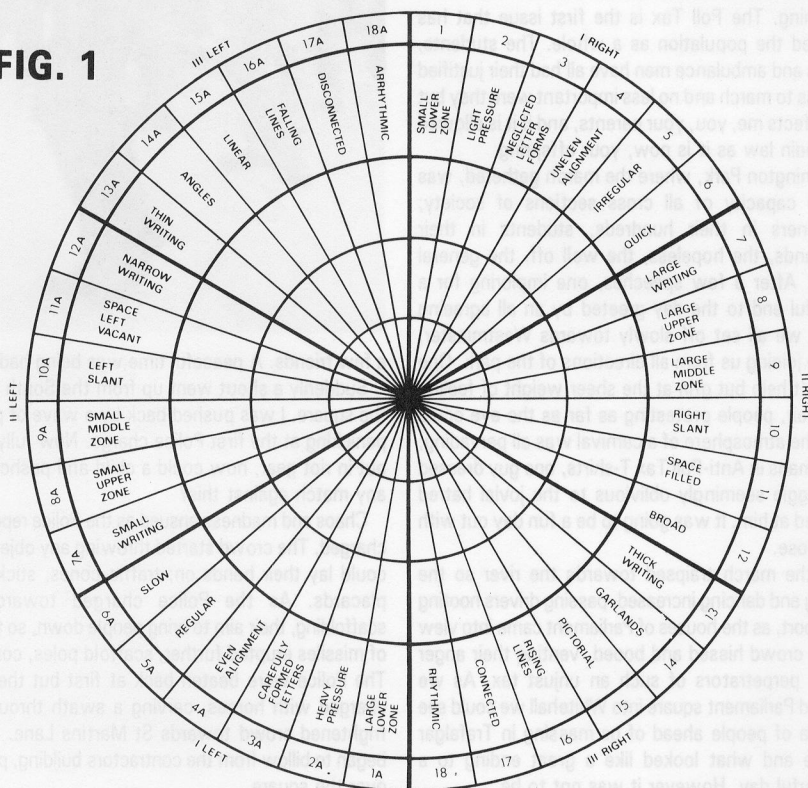
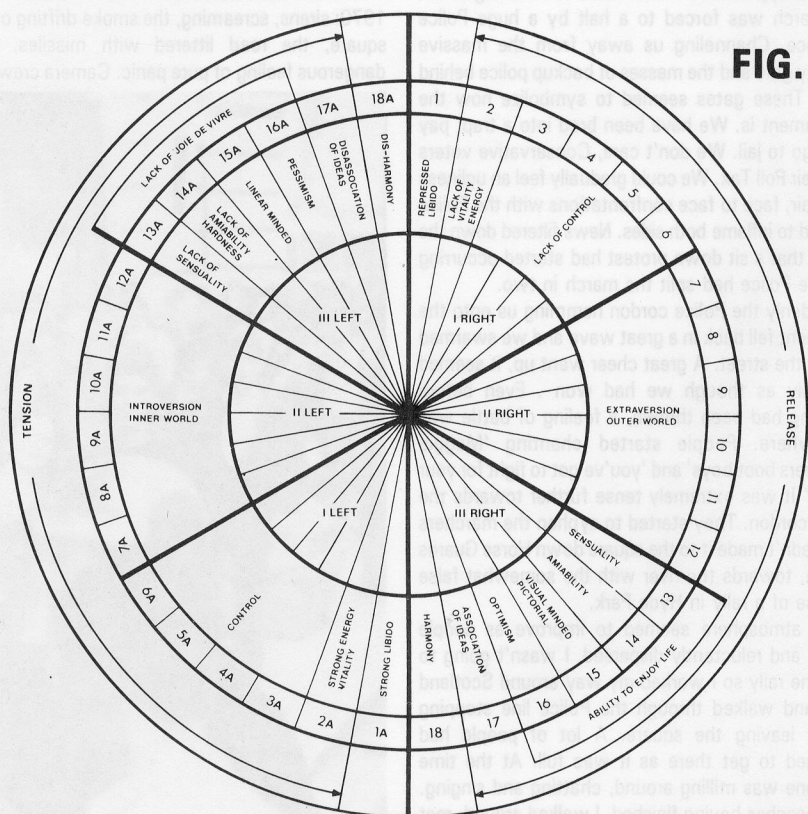


FIG. 2



Intellectual ability eg spontaneity of mental grasp, learning ability, versatility

Social features eg friendliness, pretentiousness, dependence on or independence of others

Working qualities eg reliability, initiative, leadership abilities, discretion

Moral qualities eg integrity, immaturity, susceptibility to influence.

Dr Max Pulver described the actions of a writer in filling up a sheet of paper as 'a confrontation with a problem that becomes symbolic of his own position in space and time, of his attitude to himself and to others, and to the past and future, to the spiritual, social and material worlds'.

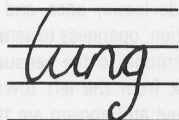
To the left lies childhood and the past, to the right the future, work to be done and fellow creatures. Upward movement symbolises spiritual and intellectual things, downward movement tends towards the subconscious and to practicality and material things.

The jigsaw puzzle of personality is embodied in the complexity of handwriting. No single component on its own should be considered in isolation as truly indicative of a trait.

An important factor in the assessment of personality from handwriting is the ability to handle different aspects of character. The character may be compared to a tent with many forces tying it down. A good balance will prevent tensions building up, which could lead to overstraining and breaking. It will also prevent a lack of support and stability leading to collapse.

BOX 1

Zones





3mm upper—intellectual and spiritual limits


3mm middle—social relationships, emotions, practical behaviour

3mm lower—sexual awareness and materialistic concern

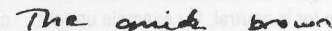
Connections


garland  amiability, softness of nature

arcade  diplomatic courtesy, impenetrability, lying & hypocrisy, calm and calculating

angular  firmness, no compromise, persistence, sulkiness

Letter style

linear—  The quick brown

pictorial— 

Rhythm—to assess rhythm, imagine tracing the writing with your pen. Rhythmic writing flows smoothly, in one direction, usually with a high degree of connectedness

Regularity—examine facets such as the degree of consistency of the letter forms. Regularity and rhythm do not necessarily go hand-in-hand. For example, sample 'A' is highly rhythmic, but also highly irregular. This indicates calmness and equilibrium, though coupled with indifference.

How the analysis works

Two rosettes are shown. These display, in a skeletal and simplified form, the most commonly analysed and useful features of handwriting (Figure 1) along with their corresponding psychological implications (Figure 2). The main division lies in the left and right

separation of characteristics that represent, respectively, tension and release. Ideally, a balance between features in both halves is sought as this is indicative of a well-balanced personality, deriving stability from a counteraction of opposing forces.

The figures are divided into six major sections.

Table 1

Segment number	Handwriting feature		Psychological implications
1	Lower zone	small	Lack of materialism, repressed libido
1A		large	Materialism, strong libido
2	Pressure	Light	Limited energy, willpower, forcefulness
2A		heavy	Strong, energy and vitality, depth of emotion
3	Letter formation	neglected	Does not keep to standards, obscure
3A		careful	Conforms, attention to detail
4	Alignment	uneven	nervousness, lack of consistency of purpose
4A		even	composure, straightforwardness
5	Regularity	irregular	lack of control, versatility, unpredictable, lack of discipline
5A		regular	control, monotony, orderly behaviour
6	speed	quick	spontaneity, liveliness, impulsiveness
6A		slow	carefulness, dullness, inertia, steadiness
7	Size	large	ambition, childishness, tendency to exaggerate
7A		small	concentration, realism, accuracy
8	Upper zone	large	spiritual or intellectual aspirations, aims high and strives upwards
8A		small	lack of spiritual or intellectual aspirations
9	Middle zone	large	high degree of self-confidence and social self-importance
9A		small	lack of self-confidence and social self-importance
10	slant	right	demonstrative, moving out towards others and future
10A		neutral	independence
10B		left	preoccupied with the inner world and the past, defensive
11	Space	filled	wants to be involved closely with other people and the world
11A		empty	wants to maintain an exclusive distance from other people and the world
12	Width	broad	social expansiveness, cosmopolitan outlook, obtrusiveness
12A		narrow	inhibitions, restrictions, narrow views, resolve
13	Fineness	thick	sensuality, artistic sense of colour and warmth, personal indulgence
13A		thin	lack of sensuality, ascetism, critical disposition
14	Letter connections	garland	amiability, receptiveness, kindness
14A		angular	hardness, resistance, inability to compromise
15	Letter style	pictorial	visual minded, move by visual shape and form
15A		linear	interest in process, structure and movement
16	Lines	rising	hopefulness, optimism
16A		falling	fatigue, weariness, pessimism
17	Connectedness	connected	logical thought procedure, continuity, capacity for seeing thing through
17A		disconnected	lack of continuity and sense in relationships, distraction, inventiveness
18	Rhythm	rhythmic	harmonious personality
18A		arrhythmic	disharmony within the personality, high degree of emotion and passion.

These contain characteristics which indicate control and lack of control (sections I left and I right respectively), introversion and extroversion (sections II left and II right), and lack of joie de vivre and ability to enjoy life (sections III left and III right). Each major section can be divided into further segments, using a variety of handwriting features. Here six features in each section are used to demonstrate how the overall picture of the character may be constructed.

To analyse a sample of handwriting, at least 15 lines of script is needed, preferably on blank paper. In order to test certain categories, such as how broad the writing is, it is important that the writer is using a writing implement with which they feel comfortable.

Each of the features is taken in turn and judged as to whether the sample indicates tension or release for that characteristic (or is neutral, for example upright writing with no slant either way). It is rated from 1 (slight tendency) to 4 (exaggerated) and the section of the segment corresponding to that score is shaded in, with the inner section being 1 and the outer section 4. When complete, the shading pattern provides an insight into the balance and tension with the sample.

Samples are reproduced in Box 2 which are accompanied by a basic assessment of whether each feature lies in tension or release for that sample. Further explanation of certain features can be found in Box 1. When the degree of tension has been determined for each section, Table 1 is used to translate the handwriting feature into a general personality trait.

The form level of the sample

Another type of analysis is based on the 'Form Level' of the sample, after the methods of Dr Robert Saudek. This is a combination of characteristics relating to speed, spacing and originality. In general, the higher the standard of writing and spacing, the more positive will be the interpretation of other factors.

For example, slow copybook handwriting, projecting little originality or intellectual leaning, will be written by a monotonous, stereotyped and unimaginative individual—a follower rather than a leader; this would merit a poor Form Level indicating plainness and a mundane character.

A high Form Level might be merited by originality of letter forms with emphasis on graceful quality, simplicity and legibility. These are expressive of the writer's productive ability and intelligent ideas. The creative and logical thinker will write without adornment but not to the point of neglect. Neglect of letter form and also a disorder of spacing point to disorganisation and intellectual disturbance, such as confusion in comprehension.

There are several aspects of form which are of interest to the graphologist. The length of the initial stroke, if any, is indicative of the degree of inner preparation that the writer needs before starting a task. No initial stroke at all is a positive factor in determining Form Level.

The formation of the personal pronoun 'I' (PPI) relates to self-image. An enrolled 'I' with curls at both ends is indicative of greed. A straight 'I', narrow and simple, is a natural response, for a writer who wishes to be seen as he/she actually is. A complicated and enriched PPI expresses feelings of self-worth and is often an over-compensation for an inferiority complex.

Circle 'i'-dots show immature attitudes, and a false attempt to project an image of sophistication. The dot connected to the next letter shows a quick and agile mind.

Low 't'-bars belong to the inflexible person. High 't'-bars, if touching the stem, indicate ability to lead and take control, if detached from the stem a dominance of social interests is indicated. As with the 'i'-dot, when joined to the next letter, the 't'-bar displays a quick and agile mind.

Lower loops, especially in the letters 'g' and 'y', are

the most important indication of sexual maturity and imagination. As such, it might be unwise to include too many examples here which may be seen as libellous. Suffice to say that the longer the loop the better! Wide loops, open and to the left, display contemplation, openness to sensual impressions with a poetic attitude to the sensual world. If the loop claws back from the left towards the end of the stroke, greed and egoism are the order of the day.

The left margin shows how the writer utilises his resources. Width points to generosity and pride. A writer whose left margin widens as the writing progresses down the page is impulsively motivated and saves time but at the expense of accuracy. The writer appreciates new projects as a welcome release from mundane activities. Such people tend to lose control. Sometimes a writer will become aware of the widening margin in the text and will pull himself back into line with each new paragraph. Thus the impulsive nature is controlled.

Signatures

Signatures are never analysed without a sample of the normal handwriting. The general script represents what the writer is and the signature represents the image that the writer wishes to project to others. When the signature and body of the script are alike, there is little discrepancy between the writer's private and public life. A signature that is smaller than the script will show an individual who has a low profile of modesty, inhibition and shyness.

Similarly, a signature larger than the script exhibits an image of importance and stature—a desire to be recognised. Legible signatures indicate a person willing to honour commitments, being sincere and reliable, with a good balance of expressiveness in personality. A completely illegible and complicated signature is adopted by the vain character who considers himself superior.

The initial stroke of a signature is often used as a flamboyant springboard into the rest of the motion. This shows a need for continuous advancement in business and social circles, and an active drive and aggression. When written in one continuous movement, the writer is logically oriented and unwilling to be interrupted in his thoughts. A heavy full stop after a signature represents an opinionated and obstinate attitude. As a final note on signatures,

if the name is cancelled out by a score finishing to the left, the writer has very low self-esteem, and when the crossing out is carried out with heavy pressure, the writer has no desire to carry on with life as it is.

Graphology in the real world

On reflection, one might be dismayed that so much detailed information might be gleaned from such an open and commonly used form of personal communication. It must be stressed that in highly confidential situations, especially with regard to personnel selection, graphology is generally used as a tool only at the short-list stage. It is an aid to confirming underlying impressions that an interviewer may have developed, in order to give a more complete picture of the candidate.

The fact that a graphological analysis does form part of the selection procedure in many companies is not in doubt. In small businesses, where the compatibility of employees is crucial to the success of the company, graphology has an even more important role to play. As with all such psychometric tests, though, graphology is never used as a screening implement in its own right.

The equilibrium of handwriting and personality is continually shifting. As the character changes through learning and response to influences, so the adaptive process causes subconscious modifications in the handwriting. These effects are often minimal, but when accumulated can suddenly reveal a different person, just as minute shifts in personality ultimately produce a new person.

It is certainly useful to know when you fill in those application forms that your writing may well be examined in detail, that certain hints about your character may be drawn from this analysis, and that this may influence the direction that an interviewer might take. Knowing what tell-tale signs might be given away by your handwriting can only serve to prepare you better for the selection process.

The candidate cannot afford to be sceptical about graphology—it is a science which has academic support and which possesses enough credibility for major companies to be serious about its use in personnel selection. In an increasingly competitive job market, every possible means to select the best candidate will be used. Forewarned is forearmed.

BOX 2

SAMPLE A

credible in post-independence India. Two Arts production is set in a sleepy Indian town struck into action activity by the arrival of an English fop mistaken for a Government inspector.

SAMPLE B

Royal's Garment Inspector, agency set in a provincial Russia town is equally credible in post-independence India. Two Arts production is set in a sleepy Indian town struck into action activity by the arrival of an English fop mistaken for a Government inspector. Their style is needed.

Release—number only; tension—denoted by A; neutral—denoted by N

Segment number	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Sample A	N	2	3A	4	5A	6	N	N	N	N	11A	12	N	14	15A	16N	17	18
Sample B	N	2	3	4	5	6	N	8	9A	10A	N	12	N	14	15	16	17	18

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What's So Cool

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO BE EVERY DAY


ALL YOUR FAVE
HUNKS FROM
SWOONVILLE

**YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS**

How to make
them and how to
lose them

12 pages of
FASHION
and
BEAUTY

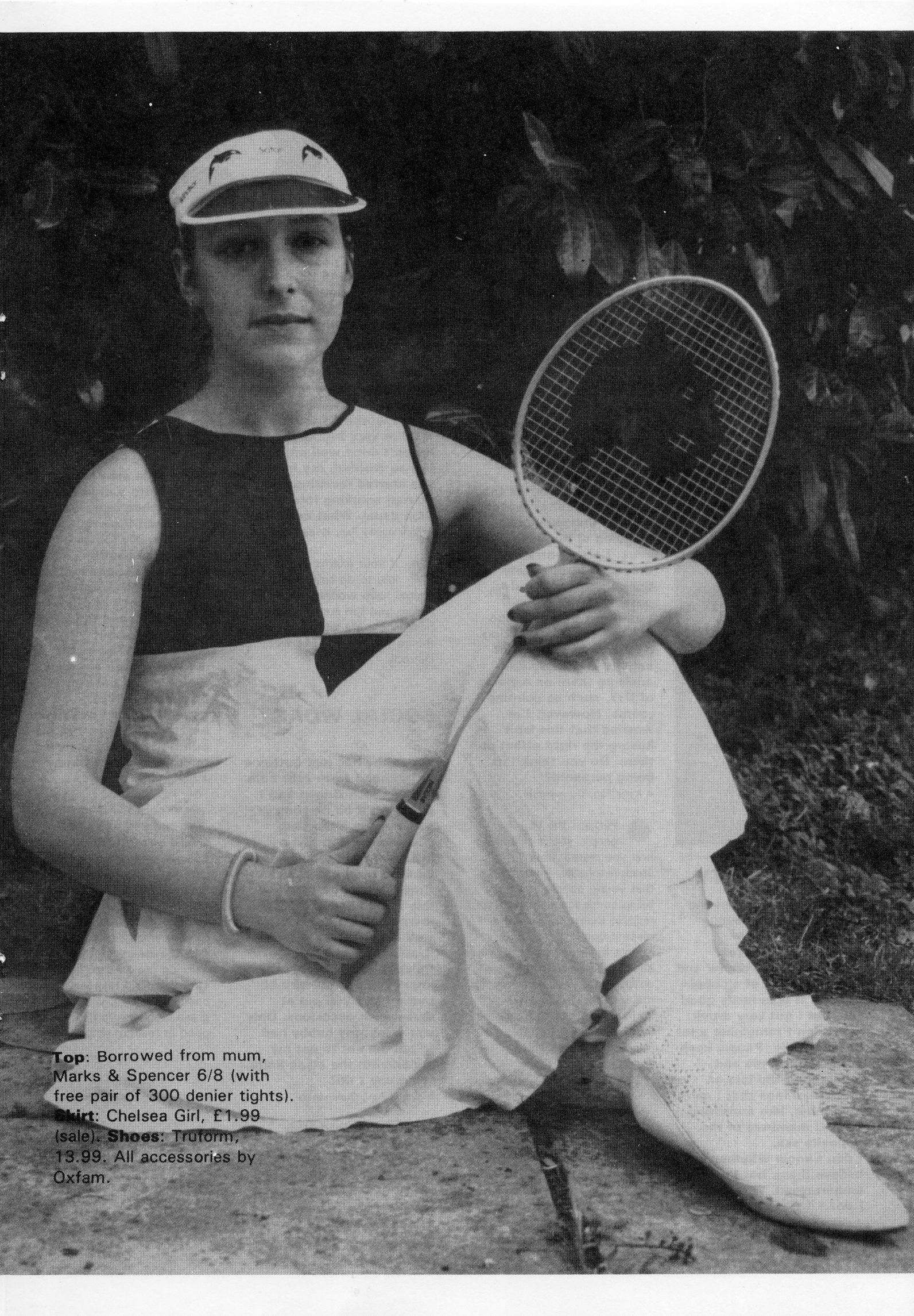
Interviews **KYLIE • 'MY LIFE WITHOUT BOOBS!'**



Dress: Borrowed from mum, Dorothy Perkins 3/6. **Shoes:** Borrowed from mum, Truform 2/1. **Car:** from Tag Garage, Shearwater £2,300 (ex-test driven).

get your Mum to stock up on the latest summer fashions for the garden, 'cause it's *the* look for the New Age.

in the garden



Top: Borrowed from mum,
Marks & Spencer 6/8 (with
free pair of 300 denier tights).

Skirt: Chelsea Girl, £1.99

(sale). **Shoes:** Truform,

13.99. All accessories by

Oxfam.

ADVICE

Anna Bodge



Write to: Anna Bodge or Dingly Del, Just Seven, 7-17 Hunk Avenue, Swoonsville, SW7. It would be helpful if you could include your age and the area you live in. Unfortunately, Anna and Dingly are unable to answer letters privately.

DRUNK PARTY

We have received several letters on the following theme:

I went to a party last Friday. It was a dinner and there was lots of alcohol around. It was really good fun, but I got very drunk and I don't remember a lot of what I did. People keep coming up to me and telling me I did lots of dreadful things that I can't remember, like molesting several members of the opposite sex. I don't know whether to believe them, but I'm really embarrassed. What should I do?

A Jason Donovan Fan, S Kensington

● It was very silly of you to drink so much. And yes, you did do all those things everyone said and I'm never going to speak to you again! The bet's off.

PARANOIA

I have to spend a lot of time making speeches to young people. Over the past four years, I've become very worried that they don't really respect me and that they are laughing at me behind my back. I also worry that they are writing nasty things about me and passing these around. I am keen to encourage young people into taking up a sport and a social activity and I also like advising them on aspects of DIY, such as painting rooms. However, I'm worried that this isn't having the right effect on them. Do you think I'm being paranoid?

A Kylie Fan, Queensgate.

● Perhaps the young people you're talking to find you distant and unapproachable. Remember that young people don't like being condescended to. If you respect them, I'm sure they'll respect you. I don't think you have to worry about them writing things down about you. After all, not many people will see it. Perhaps you should moderate your enthusiasm for your hobbies. After all, not everyone shares them.

EXAM FEAR

I am just about to start a new job. To get it I had to be velvety, sabre toothed, ice-cool and satirical. I am really looking forward to it, but I

have one small problem. I have just taken some exams and if I don't pass them, I won't be able to do the job. I have had trouble academically over the past five years, having to retake several sets of exams. I've always managed to scrape through in the past, but I won't be allowed to retake these and I'm really worried. I tried working hard for them, but I'm very frightened I haven't done well enough. I'm so worried, my hairline has started receding and I've started smoking lots more than usual. What can I do?

A Rick Astley Fan, W Kensington.

● If your exams are, its too late to do anything. You should have worked harder earlier. But I'm sure if you don't pass, there are lots of other things you can do, like work for Harrods.

SOCIAL WORRY

My hubby has just gotten a Knighthood from your cute little English Queen and I guess we'll be meeting some pretty important people now. I'm just a little worried I won't know what to do. I mean, in America we don't have all this class thing and I guess it wouldn't go down too well if I called your queen 'Lizzie', would it? I also guess I don't really know what to do with all that cutlery you get at these posh occasions. Only last week, my hubby had to tell me not to eat my melon with the steak knife. What can I do?

A Sonya Fan, Queensgate

● I recommend Emily Post's book of etiquette. That should put your mind at rest on all the important points. But etiquette is becoming less important these days as I'm sure you know. Remember, the most important

way to make sure you're not too rude is not to impose yourself too much on other people.

DISASTER

I am very worried about a problem which seems to have haunted me throughout my life. I seem to be disaster prone. Whatever I become involved in always seems to turn into a nightmare, which takes more time to solve than the original problem. My job requires a lot of organisation, which I just don't seem capable of. I have tried taking brick laying lessons and have even attempted to learn something about computers. The results of my labours are a pile of rubble and a bargain basement, full of networked ZX Spectrums. I want to change, but my dumb hunk nature seems to stop me every time.

A Meatloaf fan Wales(6½)

● Your case seems a hopeless one. You should retire from your job and take up a career in hod carrying. The photograph you have enclosed seems to indicate that you may be able to carry the bricks with the aid of your enlarged, alcoholic midriff instead of a hod. If hod carrying proves too mentally strenuous and responsible a position for you, why not try grave digging—you seem quite good at making your own.

All made up!



Just 7 took one ordinary girl-next-door and turned her into a gaudy goth.

BEFORE



AFTER

Black, black, black, that's the secret of this look. Pile on the lace, the leather and the silver. Get mum to stock up on the black lipstick, paint your nails black and slap kohl on your eyes. You too can become a gaudy goth like gorgeous Gina. Fab!

ARE YOU

nice to know?

Are you kind, considerate and caring? Or are you curt, callous and cold? Are you the type that sulks and pouts if you don't get your own way. Or do you have an easy-going, devil-may-care, J7 attitude to life? Fill in our quiz (truthfully now!) to find out.



1 It's Saturday night, and you're dying to see the new Richard Gere film, but your mum's got the most limb-achingly, head-throbbingly nasty bout of the runs ever. What do you do?

- a) Buy her a bottle of champagne and tell her to use the cork.
- b) Spend the film money on a packet of 'Quick-stop.'
- c) Buy her a copy of J7 in case she runs out of toilet roll.

2 Your best mate takes you out for a pizza. Your food takes ages to arrive so you gross out on the garlic bread and have a no-fab case of dog-breath. What do you do?

- a) Blame it on your best friend, who's no Miss Cleansville.
- b) Keep away from Mr Swoonsville until another night.
- c) Buy a copy of J7 and chew on it.

3 Your little sis' is heart-broken 'cause her tape of 'Kylie' accidentally got wiped. What do you do?

- a) Copy your Rick Astley tapes on at twice the normal speed.
- b) Give her a copy of 'Carter, the Unstoppable Sex Machine': it'll save on the sex education.
- c) Give her a copy of your fave mag J7. Can't have your darling wickle sissy upset, can we?

4 You get asked out by your dream hunk's sister's husband's mate, who's no oil painting, but at least he has no zits. What do you say?

- a) 'OK': if you rub hard enough he may turn into a Van Gogh
- b) 'Yes': even though it may be sooooo yawnsome.
- c) 'No': you're staying in to read your copy of J7.

5 At last! Your heart's desire asks you out. But your 'red-hot date' turns out to be a yawnsome day at his college rugby match with his yobbo mates. How do you feel?

- a) Put your arms around their middle and squeeze. They won't notice because the hooker does it anyway.
- b) It's hardly a romantic encounter, but smile sweetly: you'll get a free drink.
- c) Yawn city! Go home and read your copy of J7.

6 Your best mate's been saving up for a really groovy outfit that you also fancy. Suddenly your hunk wins the pools and is so overwhelmed with affection that he presents you with some dosh. What do you do with it?

- a) Put it into a National Savings account, you'll get 12%!
- b) Stock up on Tampax, whilst they're on offer in J7.
- c) Get that abortion you've been promising yourself.

7 How would you describe your dream hunk?

- a) Mr Swoonsville.
- b) Mr Swoonsville
- c) Mr Swoonsville

8 You meet this heart-throbbingly gorgeous hunk in the street. Unfortunately he's wearing an Imperial College Physics Department sweatshirt. What do you do?

- a) Ask him where he borrowed it from.

- b) Explain that you're female and stand well back.
- c) Give him a copy of J7 for a few fashion tips.

9 Your kid brother takes your fave mag, J7, and tears out the picture of Jason. What do you do?

- a) Don't worry, it will match his pink wallpaper.
- b) Swap it for a picture of Kylie with designer stubble scratched on.
- c) Cry for a week and buy another copy of J7.

SCORES

1	a = 5	b = 0	c = 10	6	a = 0	b = 5	c = 10
2	a = 0	b = 5	c = 10	7	a = 0	b = 5	c = 10
3	a = 5	b = 0	c = 10	8	a = 5	b = 0	c = 10
4	a = 0	b = 5	c = 10	9	a = 0	b = 5	c = 10
5	a = 5	b = 0	c = 10				

RESULTS

0-30 Well, Miss Doormat, ever got fed up with people wiping their feet on you? You're a real caring sharing type that is easily pleased—but wouldn't you like things to be a bit more exciting?

35-70 Congratulations! You're a pretty nice person and you seem to have found a nice balance between being a doormat and being a hatstand. You're about as nice and about as horrible as the average piece of household furniture, and thank heavens.

75-100 Oo-er. Wouldn't like to get on the wrong side of you. You really know your hunks from your gross outs. You read J7 every week and live in Swoonsville. Fab!

Seriously folks, FELIX says 'don't mess with drugs.'

D\$H% & £HB3L!GJ%!?



This year saw the first warning sign of drug abuse at IC for sometime. A sign in Southside bar warned students of the College's policy on drug abuse upon its premises. If you are caught, you will be prosecuted. American students were smoking marijuana in the bar and the staff were becoming concerned that IC might lose its licence if the police were to raid the bar. Their concern is one which I share. Why should drug users endanger the facilities open to all students? The question of taking drugs in your own home is another matter.

The Government's Central Office of Information (COI) is currently running a campaign against drug abuse. The horrific tale they portray of teenagers dying whilst under the influence of drugs is a strong image designed to shock rather than inform. Few people are ever told of the actual effects of a drug. As a well known media celebrity once said, 'Drugs are great, it's just the morning after...'

Marijuana

Pot, dope, blow, hash; marijuana probably has more names attached to it than any other drug. It also has the greatest amount of mystique and hearsay surrounding it. Many people argue that it's just the beginning of the road to ruin. They are also the people who fear that vitamin pills may only be the beginning of a drug problem. The COI have nurtured this kind of blinkered thinking in order to mask the true government policy on the matter: Britain does not want another drug on the market. Tobacco and alcohol are already freely available to the general public, under a strict and costly system of excise and duties. The manpower cost of administering the taxation and movement, is just one area the government would rather avoid. The current argument would collapse under a legalised system. People would have to seek out 'hard' drug pushers to buy drugs more serious than marijuana. The pushers

would move further underground as the 'soft' side of their sales, represented by marijuana, fell through. Forced to peddle hard drugs only, they would place themselves at a higher legal risk. (The penalties for dealing in hard drugs are far higher than those for selling marijuana.)

So what is all the fuss about?

The effects of cannabis are similar to those of alcohol. Cannabis, however, is not a depressant. You can get stoned when you're down as well as when you're up. Alcohol is a depressant, and the effects of getting drunk when depressed tend to add to the 'down' feeling. Cannabis has never been proven to have any physically addictive effects, whereas alcohol is known to be physically addictive. The fuss is that we are subjected to a hard sell for alcohol, in every form of media possible and yet we are told that cannabis is an evil of society. The public are being conned in big way for the sake of a little administrative ease.

Cannabis is great and cheap! A quarter of an ounce of the stuff will probably cost you £25-30. When you consider that a sixteenth of an ounce of cannabis is enough to get most people 'stoned' it works out far cheaper than alcohol. The problem is that people still don't find it socially acceptable.

The law still applies a weird kind of logic to cannabis. Graded as a 'class B' drug, it has far more lax sentencing for usage. Many people are let off with a warning but dealers can be given a prison sentence. You are classified as a dealer if you are carrying a quarter of an ounce or more of cannabis.

The biggest problem that students at Imperial face is not being able to find any and not knowing what to do with it once they've got it. As far as the former is concerned there is little advice I can offer. What is worth noting is that people who buy cannabis from somebody they don't know, in a pub are asking to be ripped off. Unscrupulous dealers are commonplace in

London and will happily cut cannabis with all manner of substances, including shoe polish. They will happily sell you an underweight chunk or a lump of OXO. The best place to buy dope is from a friend.

What to do with it.

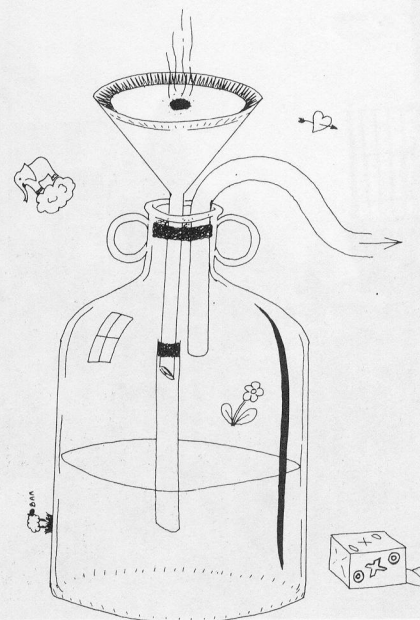
Although the standard joint is easy enough to produce, the joys of a bubble pipe are certainly something worth writing home about (but not literally.)

Instructions

To make your own FELIX bubble pipe you will need.

- 1 Demijohn (available from Boots).
- 1 Large funnel
- 1 Large foil pie tray
- 1 packet of Blu Tak (available from ICU Bookstore)
- 1 needle 3ft of syphon hosing (available from Boots wine section)
- 2 pints of water
- 1 lump of cannabis (approx. one sixteenth of an ounce between two people)
- 1 lighter

1. Pierce the foil tray with the needle to form a fine mesh gauze at its centre.
2. Attach the pie tray to the funnel with part of the blu tak, making sure you have formed an air-tight seal.
3. Attach a 1ft length of the hosing to the end of the funnel.
4. Place the funnel and the rest of the hosing into the neck of the demijohn, filled half full with water.
5. Seal the hosing and funnel with the remainder of the blu tak, forming an air-tight seal. (Note that the hosing from the funnel should be below the surface of the water. The other section should be above the surface of the water.)
6. Place the cannabis on the gauze section of the tray and run a flame over it.
7. Suck the hosing whilst warming the cannabis.
8. Enjoy.



Now we have some fine weather, why not take a break and go on a walk? Every week several companies run dozens of guided tours around London, each with its own attractions. Toby Jones decided to try out one of the most well known companies, City Walks.

Walks in London

City Walks

The current programme continues unchanged until January 31 1991. Note: No tours on December 24, 25, 26, or January 1.

All walks are £4 or £3 to students, International Youth Hostel cardholders and OAPs. A London Card can be purchased for £7 for two walks; £7 for an all day ticket; £12 for unlimited walks for two weeks or £17 for unlimited walks for the whole year. City Walks can be contacted on 071-937 4281.

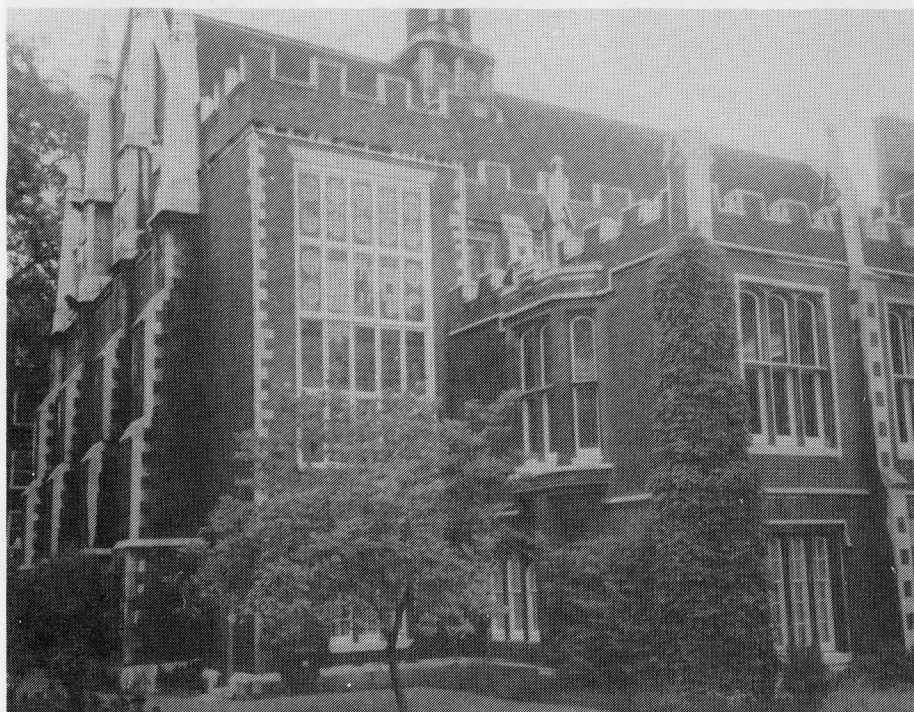
Ghosts, Ghouls and Graveyards

Every night 9pm outside St Pauls Underground.

Every night a cheerful group sets out from St Pauls to be haunted with tales of mass burials, victims of the plague and spirits that won't lie peacefully. I joined the tour on a clear, cold Wednesday night with eleven others. This was a medium sized group, sometimes there are as many as sixty!

We started at St Pauls with a peaceful, ghostly clergyman, accidentally dispelled when a staircase, not shown on any plan, was uncovered. Setting a good pace, we covered Deadman's walk, the last place condemned men saw before being hanged; the area where they were cut up in aid of science (some not quite dead!) and secluded courtyards and graveyards where certain spirits roam in search of missing clothing or limbs!

Two hours later we had over-run by fifteen minutes with only a short stop in a pub to warm up. I was glad I'd wrapped up. Still, the lively commentary from an enthusiastic guide and a fairly brisk pace between



Middle Temple, once the headquarters for the powerful religious order of the Knights Templar.

frequent stops kept us from freezing up altogether. I enjoyed this tour immensely and parted good friends from my fellow phantom-hunters.

The Original Hidden Interiors of Old London.

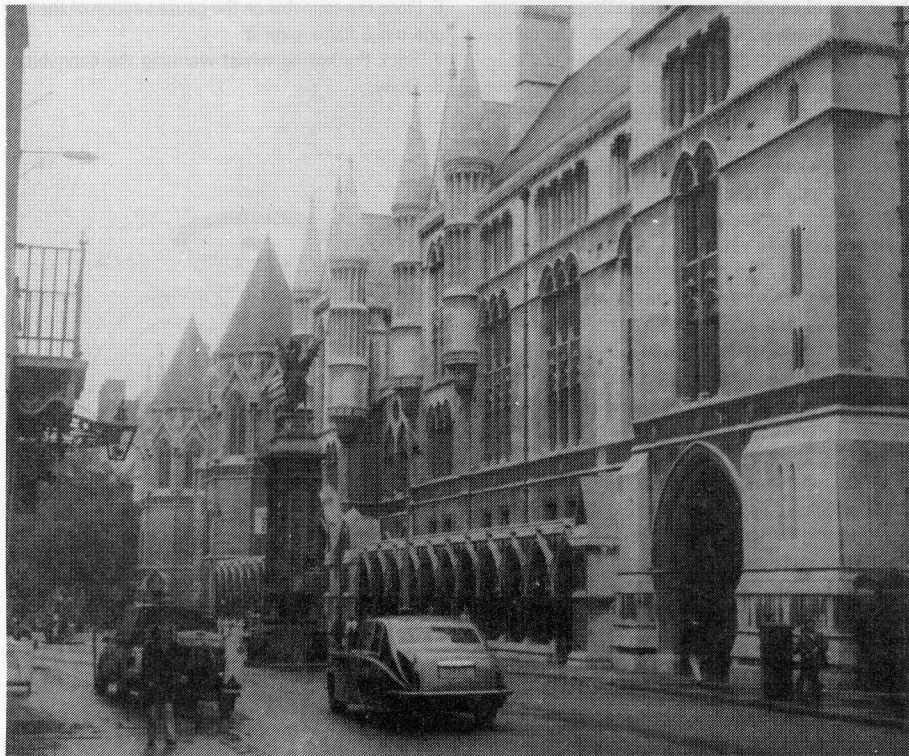
Every week-day 10.30am outside Temple Underground (except Apr 13, 16; May 7, 28; Aug 27; Dec 24, 25, 26, 31; Jan 1 1991)

As a change from ghosts, I thought I would take a more factual walk. I almost didn't make it due to delays on the Underground—a warning to set out in good time, since many tours start promptly if there are enough people. This time, on a windy Friday, I had only two companions plus guide but there can be up to thirty people.

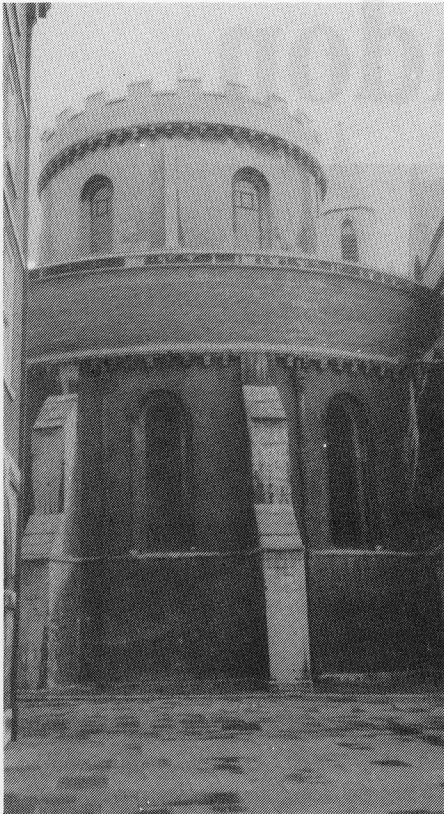
We started in the grounds of the Middle Temple, once the head quarters of the Knights Templar, now one of the training centres for barristers. We were given a long talk on the history of the surrounding buildings and how they came to be a law school. Luckily, the Middle Temple Hall was open, as was the nearby Templar church. Like all Templar churches it has a circular nave. Damaged in the war it now has a wooden roof.

After a short pub stop, we visited the church of St Clement Danes, where the bells play 'Oranges and Lemons', before crossing the road to the Royal Courts of Justice. This is a huge building, built like a cathedral. Hidden in odd corners there are a few builder's jokes: for example a cat and dog (the defence and prosecution) baiting each other round the magistrates' entrance.

We finished the tour with a short talk inside Sir John Soane's Museum. This fascinating house has not changed since Sir Soane died in 1837. It houses his collection of curios and art treasures including *The Rake's Progress*. Allow several more hours or even the rest of the day for this treasure chest!



The Royal Courts of Justice, which oddly lack the customary statue of 'Blind Justice.'



The round nave peculiar to Templar churches.

Again, I enjoyed the tour, although I would have preferred to keep moving on, rather than to talk at length about a particular spot. I liked visiting various different interiors but if you would prefer to stick with the legal system there is a tour of the inns of court, Royal Courts and the Old Bailey which leaves Temple Underground at 10am on days when this tour runs.

Contacts

You can find listings of walks in the three London Guides; in *Time Out* under 'Around Town', in *What's On* in the 'Diary' section and in *City Limits* under 'Tracks'. The best is probably *What's On* as this also gives telephone numbers. It's available in newsagents and at the London Tourist Office in the basement of Harrods. Here you can pick up some of the programmes on offer or you can ring the companies direct:

<i>Citisights of London</i>	081-806 4325
<i>CoL Guides Association</i>	071-837 0546
* <i>City Walks</i>	071-937 4281
<i>Clerkenwell Heritage Ct</i>	071-250 1039
<i>Discovering London</i>	0277 213704
<i>D.G. Jones</i>	071-403 7448
<i>Footloose in London</i>	071-435 0259
<i>Greenwich Tourist Inf Ct</i>	081-691 5587
<i>Guided Tours</i>	071-624 9981
* <i>Historical Tours</i>	081-668 4019
<i>Inclusive Stories</i>	Ruislip 639289
<i>Learning with Pleasure</i>	081-868 5055
<i>Londoner Pub Walks</i>	081-883 2656
* <i>London Walks</i>	081-441 8906
<i>Perfect Pub Walks</i>	071-435 6413
<i>Powell</i>	071-226 8333
<i>R Studley</i>	081-748 3545
* <i>Streets of London</i>	081-882 3414

*denotes a large number of walks every week

Walks normally start outside a tube station at the main entrance or in the ticket hall. No booking is required, just turn up and buy a ticket from the guide. Tours normally take place whatever the weather and there is no minimum number for a tour to take place. Equally, of course, a large crowd may turn up.

Tragical History Tours

If all this talk of walking has made you feel tired already, how about a coach trip? Whilst booking is not strictly necessary it is highly recommended, as the tours are very popular.

Booking

Direct 081-857 1545; credit cards 081-467 3318 (9.00-18.00); or 071-930 2377 (outside hours above). Try in person at any London Tourist Board Office (Harrods' basement) or Evan Evans, 25a Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square.

Cost

Adults £10.50, students £9.50, children under 17 £7.50

A Bus Trip to Murder

Leaves from outside Temple Underground at 7.15pm week-days (*Embankment Underground Sundays and Bank Holidays*). Phone to confirm.

Sunday evening and Embankment was packed. Nearly sixty people were waiting for the coach. Some, without reservations, didn't get on. Sitting near the back, I was glad of the repeater loudspeakers, which sounded good.

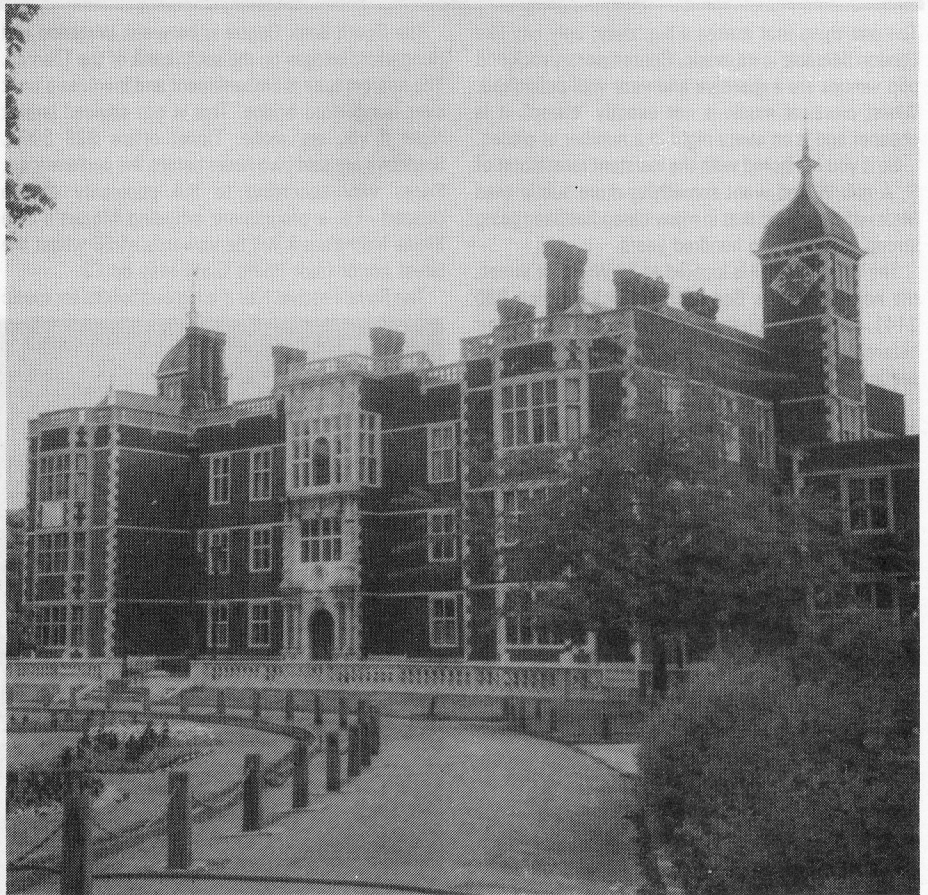
Setting off, we briefly touched on The Man in Grey,

Here, well in the ladies toilet to be precise, a poltergeist sometimes pulls the chain on unsuspecting victims. No sighting today unfortunately, but you can buy sweatshirts of the tour here.

Motoring through Blackwall Tunnell, we learnt of its mysterious biker, then on to Chalton House where one room is kept locked between 9pm and 2am ever since ghostly attacks were reported. Not leaving the coach, we headed off to a fine mansion, a beautiful sunset view over London and down into Historic Greenwich to see the Cutty Sark and to eat. We had an hour in Greenwich so I sampled the wares. I didn't have cake and coffee as quite a few did, but a tasty pie and chips from £3.00.

Whilst the coach took us back to Embankment, our guide expounded on the company's theory as to who exactly Jack the Ripper was. I won't let the cat out of the bag, but it involves Royalty, Masons and assassinations...

The tour ends at 10.45pm with plenty of time to get home. I enjoyed this trip even though I live near Greenwich. It is rare for tours to come so far, so it was a pity that it was so late. It's good value for a coach trip though I thought the treatment of the subject matter was a little too jovial. Still, the American boy sitting next to me thought it was 'great!'.



Charlton House, the site of many hauntings. Several times, in a quest for the heir he never had, a ghostly Gentleman has assulted young ladies after dark.

London's most famous theatre ghost, and Sweeney Todd, the only non-factual story of the evening. We then headed off into the East End to cover the haunting (or hunting) ground of Jack the Ripper. Our guide launched zealously into gory descriptions of the murders as we got as close as possible in our warm coach. These tours are definitely not for those of a nervous disposition but my (mainly American) companions lapped it up.

We stopped in Bow for a drink in a haunted pub.

The Evening Ghost Bus

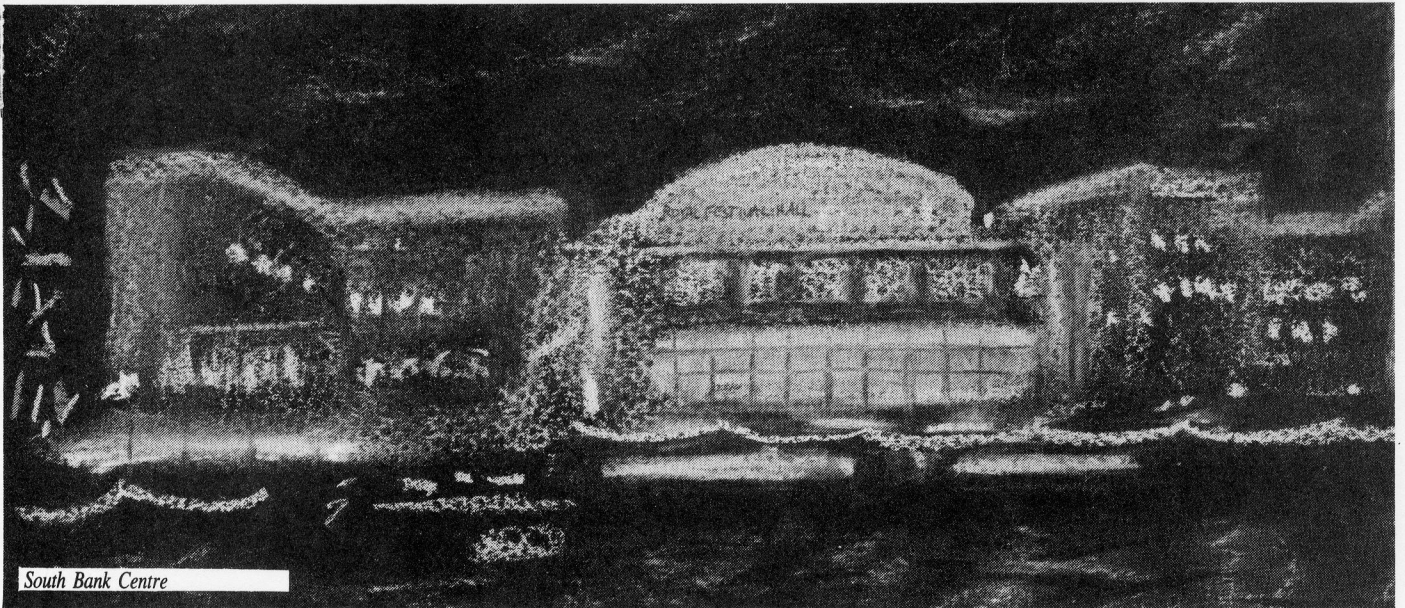
Every Thursday and Sunday evening at 7.00pm from Temple and Embankment respectively. Ring to confirm.

A trip to Chislehurst Caves, with an introduction to the homes of at least five authenticated ghosts. Wander 22 miles of passages including the carvings, the druids' altar, the haunted pool and the Dr Who cave, complete with Daleks.

Toby Jones.

High life in London

Adam Harrington



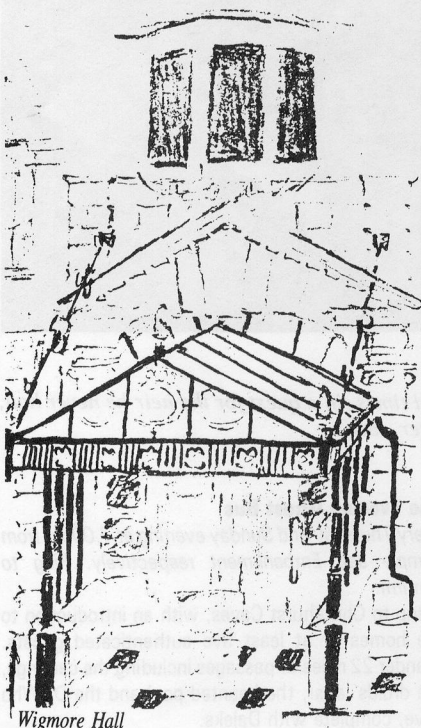
South Bank Centre

The one thing that makes a big, dirty, ugly city like London bearable is its music. Contemporary rock and pop venues are expensive and very well publicised. Whilst classical music is not exactly 'cheap', it is cheaper and is on every night in a number of places.

So if you are bored with the insistent ratatatat of S, A and W and want something more subtle than Meatloaf, try music that in many cases has been going strong for over two hundred years.

The Wigmore Hall is located at 36 Wigmore street, the nearest tube is Bond Street. Ticket office 935 2141. Student standbys can be bought one hour before the performance - they are the best available seating at the lowest price (usually £4).

The hall is hidden behind a small porch (in the drawing). It is a rectangular room decorated in the 1920's style. It is good for chamber music and any small scale performances.



Wigmore Hall

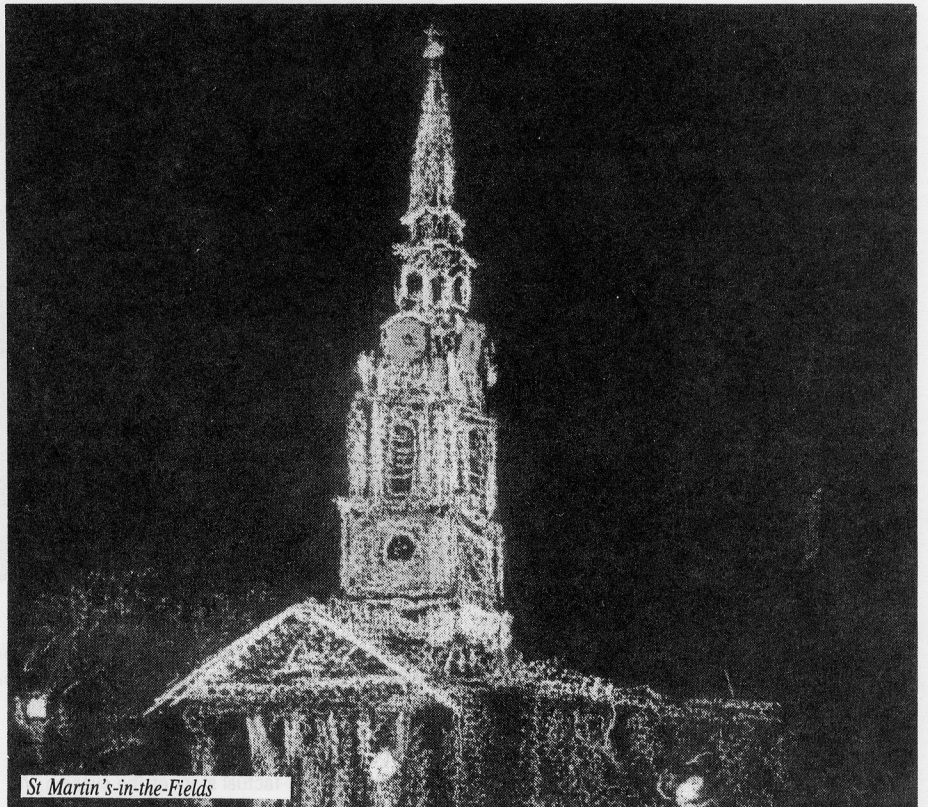
The South Bank Centre is between Waterloo and Hungerford bridges on the south bank of the Thames. The nearest tube is Embankment and involves a walk over Hungerford bridge. This is not advised late at night if you are alone. Ticket office 928 3002. Standbys are sold two hours before the performance. Prices vary according to the popularity of the concert—i.e. a programme including Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik will be upwards of £5 whilst the latest horror from Phillip Glass may be £2.

The Royal Festival Hall is a big auditorium for music

on a grand scale. It also holds occasional poetry readings.

The Queen Elizabeth Hall and Purcell Room next door are for smaller scale works. The Queen Elizabeth Hall is a nasty cavern of wood and concrete.

The centre is a good venue for most music but the architecture is gross. The interval cafe is expensive and the place is always full of trendies or down-and-outs. The walk across the footbridge is frequently nerve-wracking.

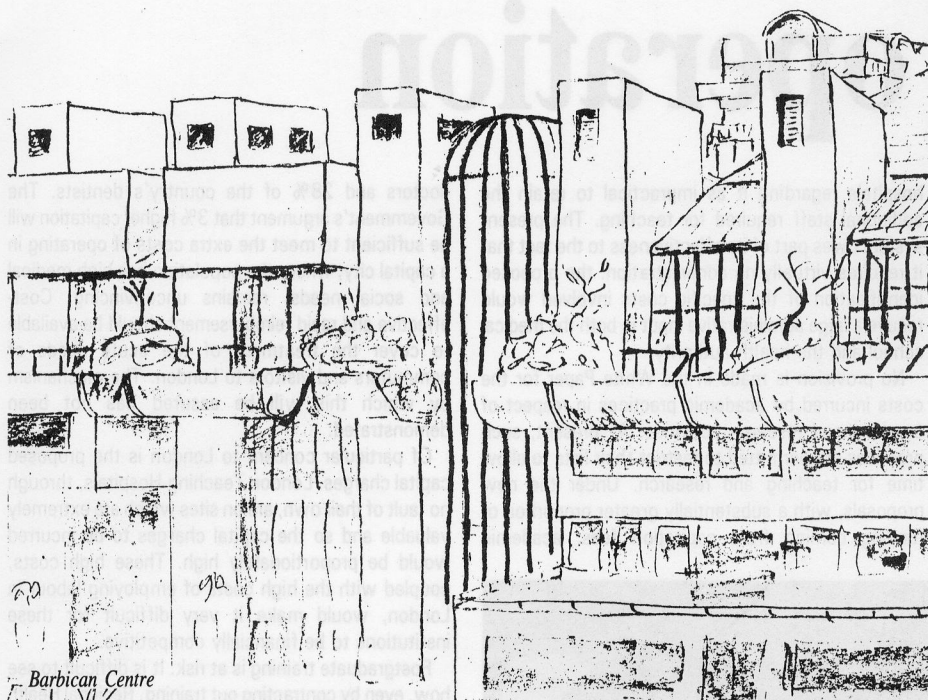


St Martin's-in-the-Fields

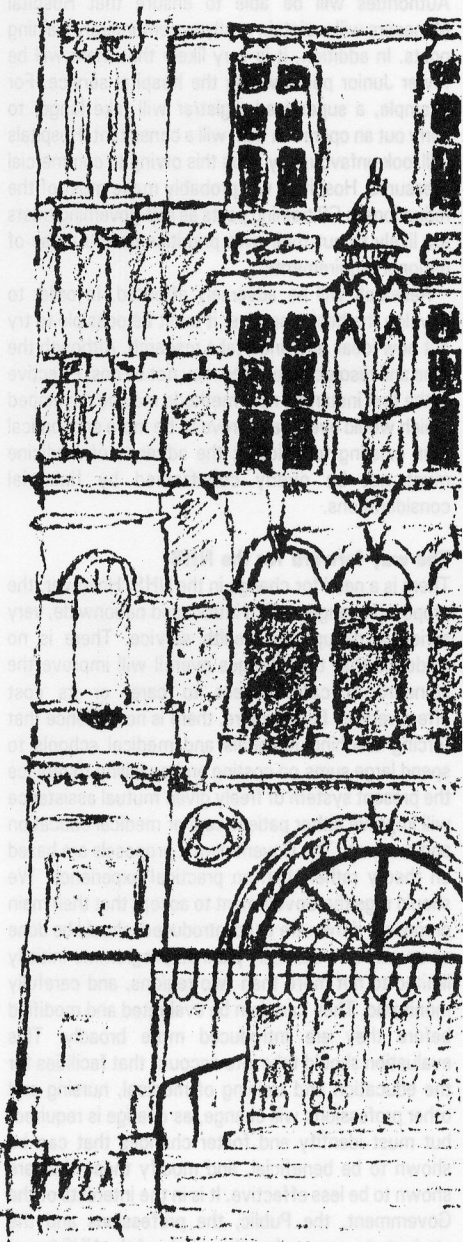
St Martin's-in-the-Fields in Trafalgar square. The nearest tube is Charing Cross, but the most convenient is Embankment, which is only a few yards distant. Ticket office 839 1930. Concessions for students are £1 off the full price (£3 to £4) and lunchtime concerts are free, with a £1 donation expected.

The church has occasional concerts on Saturday evenings and rarely on other evenings. Lunchtime concerts (1.00pm) occur on Mondays and Tuesdays and sometimes other days.

It is a beautiful 18th century church which everybody sees when they visit the square. A superb setting for baroque or early classical music.



Barbican Centre



Royal College of Music

The Barbican Centre is comprised of a hall (for music), two theatres and a cinema. This feature is only concerned with the hall. The nearest tube is Barbican or Moorgate—leave a good three quarters of an hour to get there from South Kensington. Ticket office 938 8891. Student standbys are reduced price tickets sold less than an hour before the performance and conform to the same free-market criteria as for the South Bank Centre. Prices range from £4 to £7.

The hall is as large as the Royal Festival Hall, but is much more pleasant as it is made of pine wood with ranks of comfortable and convenient benches rather than seats. Once again, interval coffee can burn a hole in your pocket.

The Royal College of Music in Prince consort road—between Aeronautics and the Mines building, the tall red brick building out of Transylvania. It puts on free concerts virtually every night in term time, and sometimes puts on operas of a high standard, which cost less than £5 to see.

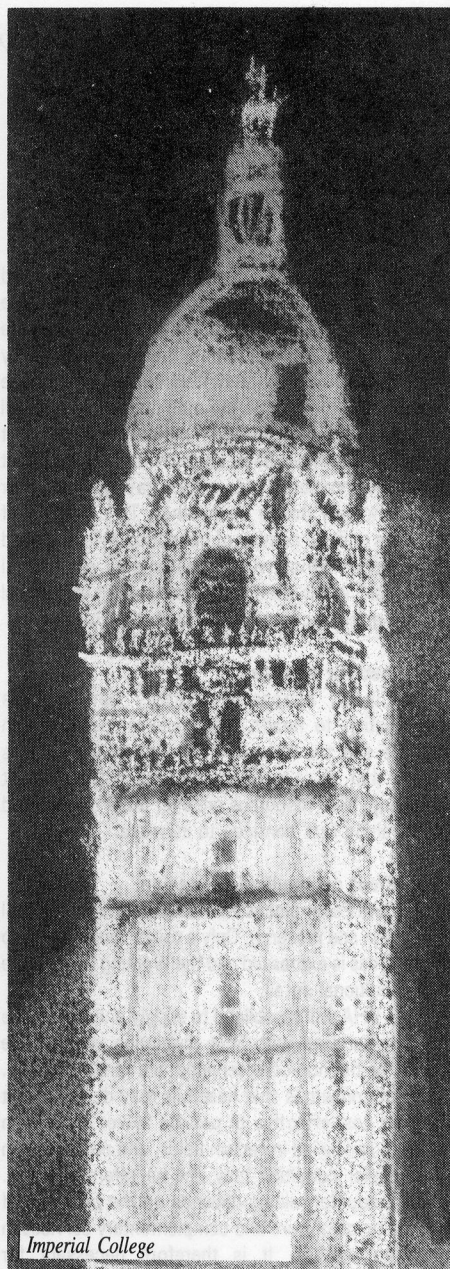
The quality is good—with occasional errors (the performers are students). The music ranges from the good old fashioned classics to modern stuff like Webern, Schoenberg and Reich. Term programmes are available from the RCM reception desk.

Imperial College occasionally puts on free lunch hour concerts by professional and often world famous musicians. These are held in the Read theatre at 1.30 on Thursdays, except when the Humanities department changes it without advertising the fact. Term programmes are dotted about the college, or contact the humanities department (Telephone internal 7059).

Covent Garden Opera House in Covent Garden—nearest tube of the same name. Ticket office 240 1066/1911, or recorded standby information on 836 6903. This puts on a variety of extremely expensive operas and ballets. The so-called 'low price standby' is £10. But it is possible to get restricted view seating for £1 to £4—you see the occasional flash of a tutu and that's it. I don't much like opera or ballet, so that's all this place gets.

The Royal Academy of Music in Marylebone Road, nearest tube is Regents park. Free concerts are held by students on a fairly regular basis during term time.

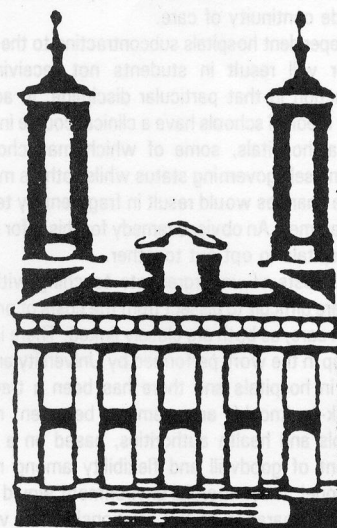
Leave in plenty of time to buy a ticket; all student standbys are sold to the student in person just before the performance on production of a valid student union card.



Imperial College

St John's, Smith Square—the nearest tube is Westminster and involves a 10 minute walk. The bus service stops closer but tends to be very irregular. It is quite cheap with concessions costing from £2 to £5.

It is another beautiful 18th century church rebuilt after the war. A good setting for all music from the chamber to the grand, and has concerts virtually every evening.



St John's, Smith Square

Rhydian Hapgood discusses the consequences of the Government's reform of the NHS and looks to the future...

A risky operation

On January 25 1988, the Prime Minister announced the Government's intention to reform the NHS. The White Paper 'Working for Patients' was published the following year, followed by eight working papers. By the end of 1991, the first NHS Hospital Trusts will be established, the first GP practice budget holders will be buying services for their patients, drug budget schemes will have been implemented, and District Health Authorities (DMA) will be paying directly for the work they do for each other. This plethora of changes raises a number of questions. Why the need for change? What will be the effects on medical education? Is this the correct way forward for medical teaching, practice and research in the UK?

The need for change

There is an increasing disparity between the contribution to health that modern medicine can provide and the amount of money available. It is wrong that, in spite of steady rises in Government spending, NHS resources are ever more constrained and waiting lists continue to increase.

The effect on medical education

The White Paper places little emphasis upon medical education and research. Only a token commitment to these areas is expressed and the Working Papers give little additional detail.

Each DHA will be obliged to supply only a baseline of core services with little restriction upon where these, or the non-core services, are to be obtained. A major concern is that hospitals may decide that it is more cost-effective to provide fewer services in order to specialise in certain fields, and patients with a particular condition may not be referred locally. Undergraduate training depends on the provision of a wide range of core and complementary services in teaching centres. It is therefore necessary for specialists in a correspondingly wide range of disciplines to be concentrated in these same centres. Failure to achieve this will mean that students will not receive the case mix required to produce competent doctors capable of making informed decisions. With the referral of patients to geographically distant locations (perhaps more than one!) students will find it hard to observe their patients' progress through the various stages of their illness. Perhaps community services should be included in opted-out trusts to provide continuity of care.

Independent hospitals subcontracting to the private sector will result in students not receiving any instruction in that particular discipline. In addition, many medical schools have a clinical course involving several hospitals, some of which may choose to assume self-governing status whilst others may not. These changes would result in fragmentary teaching programmes. An obvious remedy for this is for a group of hospitals to opt out together.

The costs of undergraduate teaching within the NHS are difficult to dissect from the costs of providing health care, as both are closely linked. There is much overlap in the work performed by University and NHS staff in hospitals and there has been a traditional 'knock-for-knock' arrangement between medical schools and health authorities, based on a certain amount of goodwill and flexibility among medical personnel. A commercial environment would lead to the disappearance of this relationship and valuable teaching will be lost. In addition, increasing concentration on cost-effectiveness may lead to

hospitals regarding it as impractical to retain the additional staff required for teaching. The present system owes part of its effectiveness to the fact that it requires virtually no administration: the proposed identification of the specific costs involved would require a large administrative input in both the medical school and the health authority.

No provision is made in the White Paper for the costs incurred by academic practices in respect of teaching and research activities. At present, such practices are permitted to restrict their lists to allow time for teaching and research. Under the new proposals, with a substantially greater proportion of funding coming from capitation fees, academic



practices will have to sacrifice teaching in order to maintain large enough lists for adequate funding. GPs in non-academic practices are also likely to have less time available to teach.

In order to facilitate planning, finding and evaluation of medical education, joint management between hospital trusts, DHAs and medical schools is desirable for main and associated university hospitals and their districts. The proposed level of university representation on the relevant committees is insufficient to ensure that the needs of medical education and research will be considered fully.

London University trains one third of Britain's

doctors and 28% of the country's dentists. The Government's argument that 3% higher capitation will be sufficient to meet the extra costs of operating in a capital city, where the population has high medical and social needs, remains unconvincing. Cost-effective and rapid reimbursement should be available to cover the treatment of the acute needs of commuters and visitors to London. The mechanism by which this will be assured has not been demonstrated.

Of particular concern to London is the proposed capital charges. London Teaching Hospitals, through no fault of their own, are on sites which are extremely valuable and so the capital charges to be incurred would be proportionately high. These high costs, coupled with the high costs of employing labour in London, would make it very difficult for these institutions to be financially competitive.

Postgraduate training is at risk. It is difficult to see how, even by contracting out training, Regional Health Authorities will be able to ensure that Hospital Managers will maintain costly supernumerary training posts. In addition, it is very likely that there will be fewer Junior posts within the hospital service. For example, a supervised registrar will take longer to carry out an operation than will a consultant. Hospitals will look unfavourably upon this owing to commercial pressures. Hospitals will probably make most of the reductions in GP training posts as self-governing trusts are likely to put their own priorities before those of national requirements.

Research will be adversely affected. In order to develop the health service, it must be possible to try out new ideas and undertake research. Although the time and resources required may not be cost effective in the first instance, new methods may be developed which would eventually prove to be more economical than existing techniques; the advance of medicine must not be overly constrained by financial considerations.

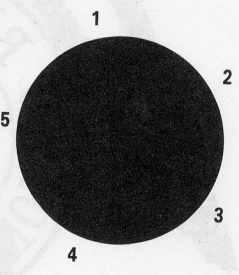
The way forward for the NHS

There is a need for change in the NHS. However, the proposed changes will, if introduced nationwide, very seriously disrupt the health service. There is no evidence that the changes overall will improve the standard of care, access to care, or its cost effectiveness. Furthermore, there is no evidence that forcing teaching hospitals and medical schools to spend large sums on costing and on billing to replace the present system of freely given mutual assistance will improve either patient care or medical education and research. The Government's proposals are based on theory rather than on practical experience. We should urge the Government to accept that their main proposals, if they are to be introduced, should be done so as part of a carefully planned programme initially limited to not more than two regions, and carefully monitored. They can then be evaluated and modified before they are introduced more broadly. This evaluation should take into account that facilities for the education and training of medical, nursing and other professions will change, as change is required, but must identify and foster changes that can be shown to be beneficial, and modify those that are shown to be less effective. It is in the interests of the Government, the Public, the professions and the students to ensure that the *whole* of the NHS is not the subject of a gigantic and costly experiment with a high risk of failure.

Tambourine dinner

by Mr Logic

NAME	ROLE IN LIFE					HOBBYHORSE					MAIN COURSE					DESSERT						
	Batchelor	Most Important Person in College	Person with Responsibility for a lot of students	Sherry Merchant	Very Important Person	Advantages of Being	Most Important Person	Court of King Arthur	Cruelty to Children	Gardening	Listening to Student Issues	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	
Derek Dash																						
Mad Dash																						
House of Fraser																						
HRH Horsy Features																						
Kneel McColostomy																						
DESSERT	1																					
	2																					
	3																					
	4																					
	5																					
MAIN COURSE	1																					
	2																					
	3																					
	4																					
	5																					
HOBBYHORSE	Advantages																					
	King Arthur																					
	Cruelty to Children																					
	Gardening																					
	Students																					



Mad Dash is holding one of her tambourine parties. At the end of the main course, Mad Dash bangs her tambourine and everyone gets up and moves to a different seat. From the information given below, identify each person with the descriptions, determine the position of each person during the main course and then during the dessert, and identify the hobbyhorse (favorite topic of conversation) of each.

- Tambourine party rules. Derek Dash and Mad Dash, who is a moderate drinker, never sit adjacent to each other. They like to keep each other's seat warm for each other for when it comes time to bang that tambourine. Derek Dash enjoyed his starter and main course at the head of the table in seat 1.
- The person who enjoys discussing student issues with a sympathetic ear, never sat beside the person who partook of dessert while in seat 4. The person with responsibility for an awful lot of students did not sit in seat 3 during the main course.
- The sherry merchant was pleased to sit through both courses next to the heavy mead drinker, who spent the pauses between nibbles pondering the heady dragon-slaying days of auld.
- The two ladies sat next to each other during only one course.
- Kneel McColostomy, who, as everyone knows, is not an important person at all, but who does enjoy talking about the advantages of being the most important person at Imperial College, sat in the two even numbered seats, unlike the batchelor (who is married!) who did not sit in either of the even seats.
- The most important person in College is a very modest person, and preferred to discuss his petunias and forget-me-nots over dinner.

Wordsearch

by Gothologist

R	D	S	T	E	A	M	S	A	C	R	A	S	S	S	S	C	K	C	W	S	R							
Y	E	C	I	R	A	M	S	R	E	V	I	E	W	E	R	A	O	C	I	L	A	I	P					
T	H	U	M	O	U	R	O	T	P	U	N	I	P	N	I	P	V	L	U	N	U	F	I	A				
A	A	V				E	T	D				E	A	I	A	A	L	L	M	A	S	S						
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S	I	N	P	M	W	S	S	R	E	L	L	I	F	E	C	A	P	S	S	U	O	T	I	U	T	A	R	G
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|----------------|--------------------------|------------|
| ABSOLUTE CHAOS | GOSSIP | PASTEUP |
| AFFAIRS | GRATUITOUS SPACE FILLERS | PHOTOS |
| BANANAS | HORNY | PINUP |
| COLLATORS | HUMOUR | REVIEW |
| DEADLINE | LIBEL | SARCASM |
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Take the letters that remain to be a summary of this year.

Ian Hodge reveals how little freedom of information we enjoy in Britain...

Secret society

Information is power. If you can control the flow of information you have the ultimate power. The society that we live in is one where people are given information on a 'need to know', not a 'want to know' basis. There are many ways in which the present government continues to maintain a society where information is a highly valued commodity.

The Official Secrets act.

Introduced in 1911, it was rushed through parliament in half an hour with the threat of war hanging over the heads of the British population. The act has one major flaw: Section Two.

Described as a 'catch all' provision, section 2 makes the disclosure of classified information by a civil servant, an offence. The crime is punishable by a sentence of up to two years and/or a fine.

The act has many weaknesses:

- It does not distinguish between the important and the trivial. The plans for the latest fighter plane are treated with the same level of secrecy as the number of sugars the Prime Minister has in her tea.
- Once the information has been disclosed it is an offence to pass it on to anybody else. Printing the information in a newspaper or passing it on to anybody by word of mouth is illegal. The classic case is the 'Spycatcher' affair.
- Anyone who receives information that is covered by the act is committing an offence, unless they can prove that it was given to them against their wishes.
- Most farcical of all, it is illegal to knowingly allow people to hand over information covered by the act on your land.

Under the Official Secrets Act, the Government may decide what is classified information and prosecute those who disagree with them.

Reform.

In 1989 the then Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, put forward a white paper in a bid to correct some of the faults in the original act.

Now, the Government has to prove that actual harm will be caused to 'National Security,' by a disclosure. The government claims that the changes have removed the cases where people were liable for prosecution for revealing irrelevant or meaningless information. This rarely happened with the original act. The new version is merely window dressing; it makes no real attempt to promote freedom of information.

There are several areas that the white paper completely fails to address:

- If a senior civil servant or a member of parliament breaks the law or is incompetent in their job it is illegal for anybody to reveal the fact even though it is clearly in the public interest.
- What makes information harmful? The act's definition of harm is hazy. All that is required is for there to be a danger of harm being done to the state. It does not specify what it means by 'harm'. What is 'National Security?' The security of the people or of the government in power?
- Certain categories of information do not require any proof of harm. Indeed, the courts are forced to ignore any evidence that harm has not been done.



Famous Prosecutions under the official secrets include:

1977: Duncan Campbell and Crispin Aubrey interviewed ex-soldier John Berry. They were prosecuted and convicted for receiving information even though the government had expressed its intention to alter section two so that receiving information was not an offence.

The soldier received a 6 month sentence while the two journalists were both conditionally discharged and ordered to pay costs.

1984: Sarah Tisdall, a clerk in the Foreign Secretary's private office, was convicted for revealing information about the arrival of cruise missiles at Greenham Common. During the prosecution it was acknowledged that no harm had been caused by the disclosure but, without the promised alterations to the act, she was given a sentence of 6 months.

1984: Clive Ponting, a senior civil servant in the Ministry of Defence, was prosecuted for revealing information about the sinking of the 'General Belgrano' during the Falklands conflict. The defence argued that the disclosure was in the public interest. The jury agreed with the defence and rejected the judge's comments that the 'national interest' was equivalent to the self-interest of the government of the day. He was unanimously acquitted, and was later to achieve notoriety within the civil service through the slang term 'to pont,' meaning to leak information.

The Data Protection Act.

Since November 11th 1987 you have had the right to see data held about you on any computer system. The act is a major advance towards freedom of information but falls well short of what is required.

There are still wide ranges of data that you are not allowed to see:

1. Data which has been designated National Security Information. This means that any information that the government wants to keep quiet can be classified as 'National Security Information', making it an offence to reveal it.
2. Criminal records.
3. Data held purely for payroll purposes.
4. A credit reference, since you can gain access using the Consumer Credit Act, 1974.
5. Medical records, except when it is considered to be in the patient's interest.

How to gain access.

To get a copy of the information that a company holds about you you must write to them, giving sufficient detail for them to be able to identify you and for you to prove your identity. They must provide the information that you require within forty days or give a reason for being unable to do so. There are several reasons why data might be withheld:

- Giving you the information would make them liable for prosecution under another act.
- OR

● If they decide that it is 'unreasonable' for them to give you the information.

The data holder can charge you for the service. Although local authorities tend not to charge, many private companies will bill you for the maximum £10 fee. In some cases, when the information is held on a number of separate systems, the bill can be as high as £60. A charge can be levied on each request with no guarantee that they hold information about you.

If you are refused information you are not told why, they may not even have any information at all. The fee that you have paid may not be returned, making searching for the information that you require a costly and frustrating business.

Other Freedom of Information Legislation.

In recent years there have been a number of small advances towards total freedom of information.

The Local Government (Access to Information) Act 1985 was introduced as a private member's bill by Robin Squire. It increases the public's rights of access to council meetings and any associated documents. The agenda for any meeting of the council or any of its sub-committees must be available for three clear days before. Documents that will be discussed at the meeting and any background information must also be available. Copies must also be obtainable for a small fee.

Before the act was introduced it was possible for councils to withhold information without consulting the public.

Access to Personal Files Act 1987.

This act allows people access to personal files, such as social security and housing records, held by local authorities. It also allows parents access to their children's school records and students in further education can also see their files.

Access to Medical Reports Act 1988.

Archie Kirkwood MP introduced another private member's bill to allow people access to medical reports requested by insurance companies or employers. You have the right to inspect, correct and even withhold the report if you wish, although the insurance company or employer may not take kindly to this.

Environmental and Safety Information Act 1988.

With the increase in environmental matters came an explosion in the amount of information that people wanted. Before this bill was introduced it was possible to discover how much waste a company was legally allowed to discharge but not whether they were obeying the limit. Under the new bill, public registers of all enforcement notices must be set up and maintained.

In addition to this legislation there are plans by the EEC to introduce an Environmental freedom of information act which this government backs. It will go further than our existing laws and should be in force by January 1993.

Conclusions.

It is noticeable that the legislation for the freedom of information was introduced through private members bills. There was no government support. Neil Kinnock has given a promise to introduce freedom of information but there is no concerted campaign by the Labour party in the Commons, at present.

Individual bills have singled out areas that needed improving. The legislation so far, however, shows a scattered approach towards a workable freedom of information act.

The organisations that are campaigning for the freedom of information have a common goal: a freedom of information act similar to the ones in

America, Canada and Australia. These acts allow normal everyday people access to all but the most secret information.

What is deemed to be too secret for the public to see? The easiest way around this problem would be to have nothing that was too secret, nothing that would damage the country by its disclosure. As the majority of information that would be withheld under a freedom of information act would be military if you removed the need for military secrets then you could have complete openness.

How much will a freedom of information act cost? Very little, probably less than it costs for the government to withhold the information. In Australia and Canada the cost of running a freedom of information act comes to about £6.6 million, the minutest fraction of the money spent on administration and paperwork. Is this too much to pay for the right to seek the truth?

The way forward

One major step forward would be to increase the scope of the Data Protection Act to manual records. This would increase the range and extent of personal data that people can inspect and remove the glaring

anomaly that exists at present. In a recent survey it was found that nearly 50% of people intended to use the data protection act and about 80 to 90% of people wanted greater access to information held about them.

The final goal must be a full freedom of information act. On its own this will not remove the fact that we live in a society in which secrecy is inbred. Once this barrier has been removed and the insanity that results in reports on cycling proficiency being stamped 'confidential' corrected, then perhaps we will be able to live in a more open and truthful society.

If you are interested in pushing for freedom of information then the following organisations will be the best way to help.

The Campaign for Freedom of Information.

3 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1H 0DD.
Tel 278-9686.

National Council for Civil Liberties.

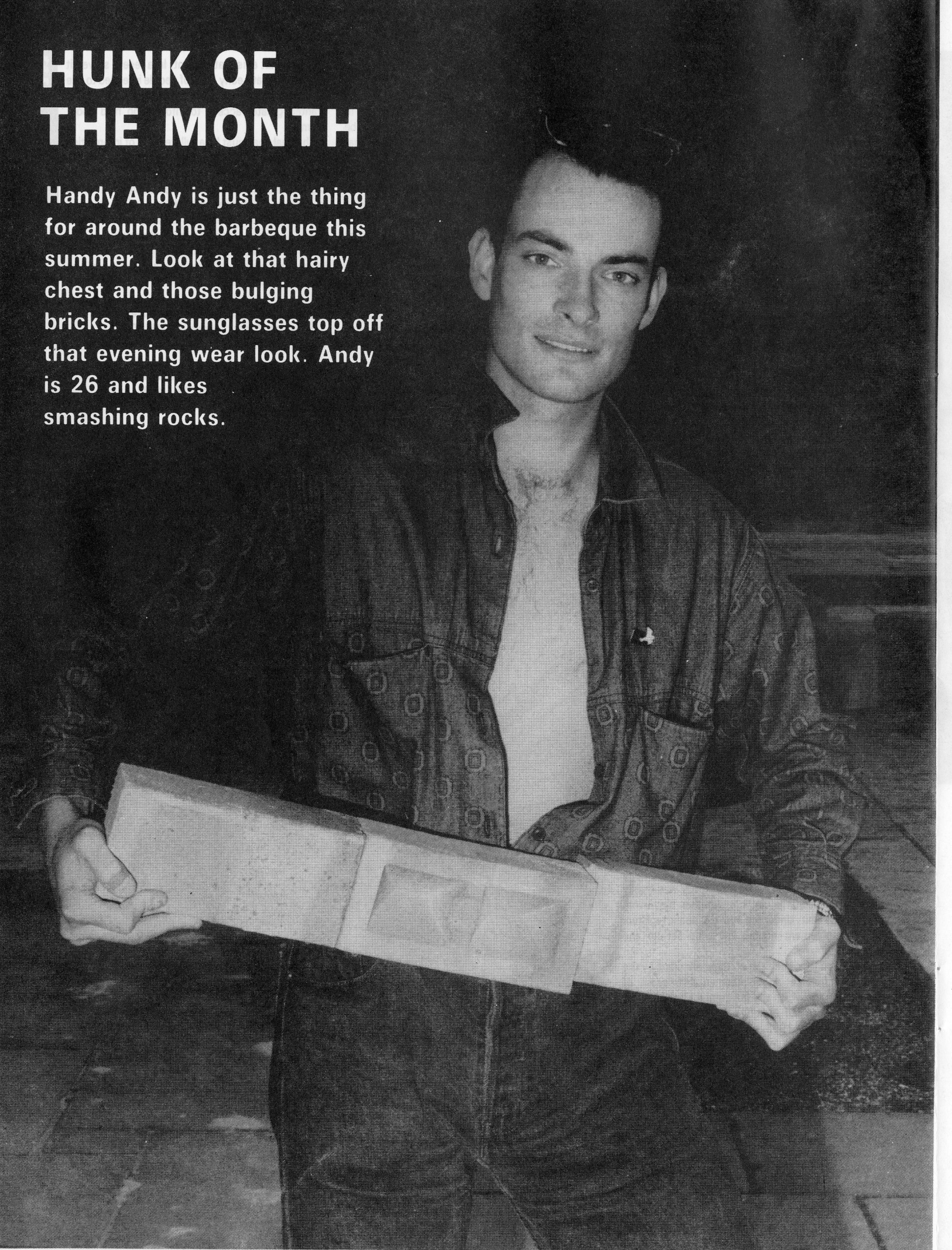
21 Tabard Street, London, SE1 4LA.

Ian Hodge



HUNK OF THE MONTH

Handy Andy is just the thing for around the barbeque this summer. Look at that hairy chest and those bulging bricks. The sunglasses top off that evening wear look. Andy is 26 and likes smashing rocks.



This year's reviews, layed out in pretty patterns for your perusal...

Reviews Review 89/90

By Toby Jones and Adam Tinworth

Each section (films, books, theatre and miscellaneous) is ordered alphabetically with each review labeled with its issue number. Where possible films are followed by their certificate and books by their author(s). There are no comments for the theatre listing as most of the shows will have closed by now, save a few National Theatre, RSC and West End productions.

Films

845 The Abyss (?)

Cross between Alien, The Poseidon Adventure and Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Better qualities: it was expensive, the plot is O.T.T.. If you ignore the incongruities the action never dulls.

851 Back To the Future II (PG)

The classy time travelling DeLorean returns in a complex time jump plot. Light hearted in the future, dark in an alternative 1985. Not intellectually challenging but who cares? A worthy sequel.

842 Bad Taste (?)

Aliens invade seaside town to use inhabitants as hamburger meat. Bad Taste is a bit of a laugh with ample chance for the squeamish to wriggle. Is there a market for such bland films?

866 Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure (PG)

Two young idiots travel through time to pass their history exam and found the rock group of tomorrow. Most of it is funny and effects are pretty good for a mickey-take of teen adventures.

855 Black Rain (18)



Manhattan cop chases Yakuza thugs in Japan. Plenty of action while cop steps on police force's toes. Lone gunfighter ending. Some violent scenes, but mostly a mainstream thriller not to be missed.

865 Black Rain (?)

Chronicles the life of a family in Hiroshima after the bomb and how the survivors cope with the memory. Marvelous attention to detail, b/w images of death and a strong ending with great impact.

858 Blaze (15)

Romance of stripper with governor as a historical drama (slightly simplified for the film). Colourful background for the statesmen's machinations with great costumes. Not too taxing but enjoyable.

862 Born on the Fourth of July (18)



Vietnam vet returns wounded to a country that feels sorry not proud. Outshines other 'Nam films with realistic locations and imaginative photography. Tom Cruise is utterly convincing and is worth seeing.

856 Casualties of War (18)

Vietnam. Young girl is raped, soldier sets on quest for justice. Mostly predictable characters though tension mounts nicely but let down by set pieces. Serious flaw in relegating rape to the sidelines.

853 The Chocolate War (?)

Catholic Boys' school needs funds so sells chocolate! Power, avarice and sheer malevolence follow in a study of dictatorship in miniature. Very emotive with excellent music and performances.

846/853 Cook, Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (18)

Peter Greenaway's themes of death, decay and corruption combine with food and sex and a simple, surreal, plot to bombard the senses. Extreme brutality but not misplaced. Highly disturbing.

842 Cousins (?)

Americanised version of French film *Cousin, Cousine*. Two married couples have adulterous affairs in a 'romantic comedy'. Laughs are quite thin on the ground in a celluloid 'Mills and Boon'.

872 Creator (15)

Peter O'Toole tries to clone his dead wife in back yard whilst pursued by nymphomaniac 19 year old. Full of pathetic sentimentalising, neck licking and ear sucking. Perfect for IC students.

862 Dad (PG)

Mother falls ill, son flies in to restore father's health then Dad too falls ill. A mix of comedy and drama that can get too sentimental at times. A bad script meanders aimlessly. Nice try.

852 Dead Calm (15)

Sex, violence and a happy ending in a glorified chase on the open waves when a couple stumble upon a psychopathic killer. The acting is good, the directing precise but don't rush to see it.

853 The Dream Team (15)

Four inmates run amok in the city whilst their doctor is in hospital being hunted by bent cops. Their disabilities are not funny but the humour is natural. A good comedy, worth seeing.

860 Driving Miss Daisy (U)

Black chauffeur is taken on after lady crashes her car. Slowly she accepts him and friendship develops. Gentle and delightfully funny amble though 25 years of social change with clever period touches.

855 A Dry White Season (15)

Racism and justice in Johannesburg studied through two families. Stunning realism shows strength of the black people against terrible adversity. Noteworthy performances. A moving film leaving us with hope.

854 Earth Girls Are Easy (PG)

Aliens crash in a pool, act like multicoloured gorillas, cut their hair and fall in love with girl. Hackneyed plot with wasted potential except for some interesting details. A formula film rather than SF.

865 The Fabulous Baker Boys (15)

A duet needs something more, so a female singer is taken on. She revitalises the act, then a relationship develops. Little plot, ambles pointlessly and inconclusive.

858 Family Business (15)

Exploration of Father-Son relationship when son gets caught after returning to crime. Some touching scenes but relies on the stars too much. Comedy, drama or tear-jerker? Enjoyable but misses the boat.

842 The Fly II (18)



Sequel to remake of 'B' flick where man/fly mutation passes on altered genes to son. 'Snuff movie' type special effects leading to a predictable ending. Sick bags useful.

852 Ghostbusters II (PG)

The team form up again to rid the city of a river of supernatural slime. The effects are good (although a slight lack of ghosts) with funny one-liners. Less plot than *Ghostbusters I* but still enjoyable.

864 Glory (15)



The first black regiment fights for the North and against prejudice amongst the officers. Superb photography particularly in the battle scenes and a very moving ending. Remarkably emotional.

869 The Gods Must be Crazy II (PG)

Western culture intrudes on the bush again with poachers and mercenaries getting tangled up with the bushmen and rangers. More contrived than the original but worth going to see.

849 Great Balls of Fire (15)

Chronicle of Jerry Lee Lewis' rise in the Rock 'n' Roll world. Jars sometimes between scenes but compensated by enthusiasm which even holds up the limp ending. Good entertainment but read the book.

871 Harlem Nights (18)



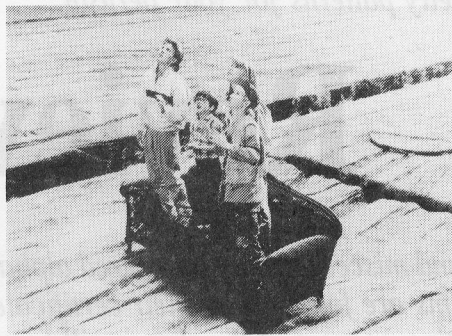
Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy set up joint in New York upsetting gangland boss. Sometimes funny but not a comedy - stars handle straight parts well. Good period feel and soundtrack with obscene language.

850 Heathers (15)



Friends? They humiliate anyone who isn't as rich and pretty as they are. New kid has a solution ... Film takes good swipes at American stereotypes. Characters lack ability to hold interest though.

858 Honey, I Shrank the Kids/Tummy Trouble (U)



Machine reduces kids to 1/4 inch! Adults make total fools of themselves while the kids provide the drama fighting off wild life. Superb effects. A good, if undemanding film coupled with hilarious cartoon.

865 The House of Bernada Alba (15)



Widow commits her daughters to eight years of isolation. They think otherwise but are held by Bernada's power. Excellent conveyor of emotion, a powerful drama which makes compulsive viewing.

866 The Hunt for Red October (PG)



In a pre-glasnost era, what would happen if a silent sub were stolen from the Russians by their own man? Good contrasts between characters and superb underwater effects. The suspense lasts throughout.

853 In Country (15)

Different Vietnam film. Graduate must discover more about her father and come to terms with the legacy of war. American backdrop is beautiful, photography superb, dramatically effective. Recommended.

870 An Innocent Man (?)

An American aircraft mechanic is framed by the police after a mistaken shooting. After serving his sentence, he gets his revenge. A trivial film with TV-like script, should please fans of Tom Selleck.

868 Internal Affairs (18)

Cops hunting cops suspected of excessive violence and drug taking, the film is sprinkled with stereotypes and cliches. Sufficient twists, however, to keep interest up 'if you like that sort of thing'

857 Jesus of Montreal (18)

Priests perform play to publicise 'unsuitable' archaeological evidence. When the play is stopped, the actors' lives start to mirror their roles. Funny, witty and an aural treat. A masterpiece.

843 K9 (?)

Dooley is a cop too wacky and dangerous to have human partner, so is given a police dog by name of Jerry Lee. Remember, 'Man who watches formula film gets bullshit in face'.

854 Last Exit to Brooklyn (18)

Dealing with 1950's strike community's problems of homosexuality, rape and gangs, this is not for those easily shocked. Such scenes are not toned down and leave you feeling disturbed.

860 Leningrad Cowboys go America (12)



Road movie as band gig their way down America. Very deadpan and offbeat humour. Music varies from traditional Finnish to heavy(ish) metal to country and western. Will appeal to a weird sense of humour.

869 Leviathan (18)

'Awesome secret', 'desperate struggle', 'deadly lifeform' and it's underwater. The plot is a has-been but the set is brilliant and effects adequate. Worth seeing to relive your favorite 10 films.

857 Lock Up (18)

Model prisoner is put in tough lock-up as governor has a grudge. Stallone shows off his muscles, builds a car, gets electrocuted and shoots things. Corny, unoriginal and badly acted. Avoid at all costs.

867 Look Who's Talking (12)

Baby tries to steer mother into making his choice of father whilst giving us his thoughts on life. The baby is the star of course with some great lines. Not an all-time great but pretty funny.

871 Loverboy (15)



When unhappy Beverly Hills housewives order pizza with extra anchovies, they get a male prostitute. Only occasionally funny, the plot is thick and confusing. Quite frankly don't bother.

860 Monkey Shines (18)



Student is crippled but has monkey to look after him. It is intelligent and reads minds so sinister things ensue. More of a thriller than a horror movie, it's fairly predictable although original.

866 Monsieur Hire (15)

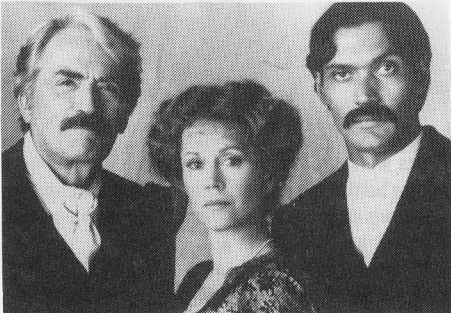
Watching a girl through a window, he sees something that will change his life. One feels no sympathy for either of the characters in this dark and disturbing film. Interesting but little lasting appeal.

867 Nuns on The Run (12)



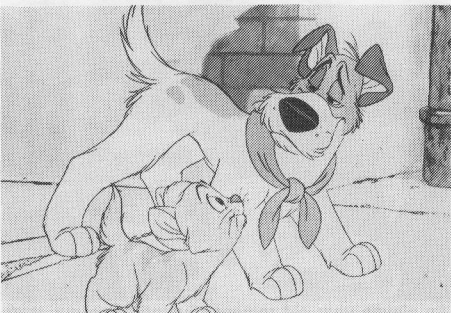
Duo end up in a nunnery avoiding their gang and a girlfriend recovering there. The humour starts with cross dressing then the gags come thick and fast. Not sophisticated but very funny and Pythonesque.

866 Old Gringo (15)



Epic. Cast of hundreds. Foreign Location. Orchestral title music. Meaningless storyline. Journalist in Mexico caught up in revolution against rich landowners. Hardly dramatic with annoying narration.

854 Oliver and Company (U)



Typically the characters are animals in this Disney cartoon, even the singing dogs (who are competent). Heart rending beginning with kitten washed away but lack of Disney magic. Will appeal to younger kids.

872 The Package (15)

In the post-Glasnost age, a treaty is about to be signed ending the nuclear threat. Unfortunately elements of the army are none too pleased. A thriller lacking in thrills.

854 Parenthood (15)



Family troubles abound in a comedy about children and fathers. A good funny storyline but some jokes become cringesome. The effect is spoilt by a weak ending full of happy-ever-after babies & marriages.

851 Pet Sematary (18)



Stephen King's dead pets come to life with fluorescent eyes and a rabid temperament. Laughably predictable yet seat-grippingly frightening (in the last half hour). Cat shows considerable versatility.

856 Piravi (-)

Indian student is taken by police, his Father and sister investigate. Tension tries to build up but plot is too weak. Camerawork is dodgy although scenery is beautiful. Too long and flags.

864 Plaff! (-)

Comedy about throwing eggs (a bad omen). Effective in satirising everything, it's either hilariously funny (if you're Cuban) or embarrassingly juvenile with bad cinematic gags such as missed cues.

869 Pretty Woman (15)



Corporate raider who inadvertently picks up prostitute. They fall in love in a comic story with enough variations to keep one grinning. Pretty funny, pretty engaging, quite good.

871 The Punisher (18)



Based on the comic, a cop goes on a punishing mission avenging the death of his family. Gratuitously violent with bizarre psychology, it is an impressive film for its genre. Dakka-Dakka-Aarggh!

850 The Rainbow (15)

Ken Russell takes it easy with weirdness and nudity for a change in D.H.Lawrence's novel about growing up. Excellent location shots and above average performances make this 'arty' film worth a look.

868 Reanimator II (?)

Mad scientists create woman in hysterically unconvincing lab. Stereotypes abound with deadpan lines. Disturbing asylum sequence. Badly acted, badly scripted and absolutely brilliant.

849 The Return of Swamp Thing (12)



A revamp of DC's story of an man turned intelligent plant who risks life and leaf to rescue his love from evil Dr. The plot's basic but the effects are competent. Not as good as the comic.

859 The Revolving Doors (U)



A diary sends grandson on voyage through time to relive grandmother's life. Period detail is imaginatively shot and a good cast are convincing. A superb enthralling story of a life and its effects.

865 Roger and Me (15)

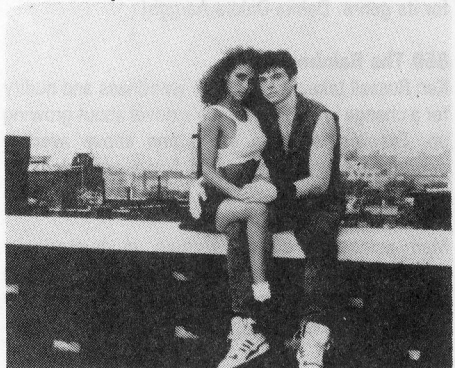
Film of a town with no reason to exist since the giant GM plant closed. Mostly events are tragic but funny in places. Not a run of the mill American film but work a look if you can find it.

862 Romero (15)



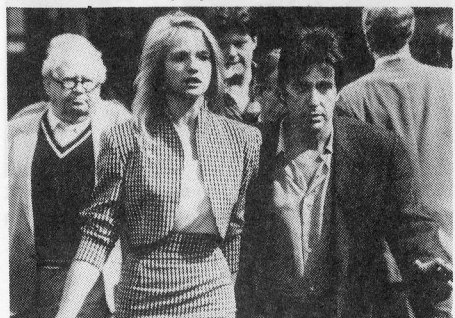
The story of El Salvador through the eyes of the man who has become a symbol of hope. A balanced and moving study of a torn country marred only by the bad pronunciation and cliched dialogue.

858 Rooftops (15)



'Heart warming' tale of kids with problems who meet in an empty lot for fun. Predictable, love triumphs through adversity etc, but the dance sequences are good and city atmosphere caught well. Devotees only.

859 Sea of Love (18)



Downtrodden cop investigates homicide and has sexy, stormy affair with prime suspect. Mounting tension is eased by wisecracks leading to an unexpected but convincing twist.

864 Shadow Makers (PG)



Semi-documentary of the building of the first atomic bombs with fictional inserts. Only the horror of the bomb being shown in the last 1/2 hour recommends a boring film which could have been a dark warning.

866 A Short Film About Love (18)



A post office worker spies on the woman in the opposite flat. He feels something but only looks until she pulls him in. Difficult to understand, neither happy nor sad, yet touching.

867 Society (18)



Alienated youngster takes tape of a strange orgy to psychiatrist (unfortunately also in the society). A special effects tour de force ensues. Ludicrous plot sustained only by early extreme violence.

842 Slaves of New York (?)

Enjoyable and captivating film involving you in the life of a hat designer with an inferiority complex. Communicates the unique New York feeling well. Superb production with wacky camera work.

865 Steel Magnolias (PG)



Six women share friendship through life. Humour alternates with human stories. Doesn't moralise nor does it sentimentalise but real life experiences leave most people with a sniffle.

857 SUR (15)

After five years in prison, a man has changed. Before going home he wanders streets meeting ghosts from his past who help him recollect his broken life. A thought provoking fresh film.

862 Trop Belle Pour Toi (18)

Wife suspects infidelity but seeing plain secretary relaxes. Affair rocks marriage and friends. A wonderful mix between parable and comic tragedy that will lift the soul of all but hardened pessimists.

849 Two Moon Junction (18)

Based on the same idea as *9½ Weeks*, the girl wants the guy even if she is getting married. Camerawork lets down the film by being far too open but there is a real story if you can see past the sex.

866 Uncle Buck (12)



A carefree bachelor with a trash-heap of a car looks after his nephew and two nieces though calamity and farce. The kids have good lines but John Candy is either very funny or tiresome.

864 The War of the Roses (15)

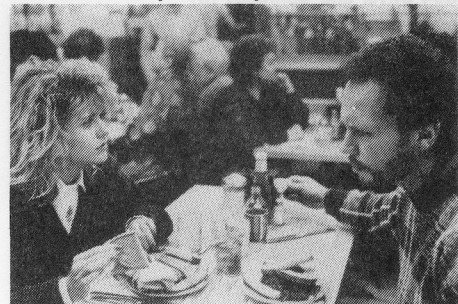


Starts with a normal love story before leaping into a bizarre battle between a couple. Frankly unbelievable situations appear credible. Very funny and very black it is well worth seeing.

872 We're No Angels (15)

Two convicts escape from a high security prison and hide in a local monastery. The authorities want them back, preferably dead. Torn between comedy and thriller, it only partly succeeds in both.

852 When Harry Met Sally (15)



An eleven year old romance haunts. Can our stars remain friends out of bed? Or even in it? Answers to these meaningful questions are never given but it is funny even if too long at only 1 ½ hours.

862 When I Fall in Love (15)



Follows American football star and offspring through 25 years by altering fashions for each age. Some good acting but tries for too many targets. We never care for the characters. Weak and uninspiring.

851 A Winter Tan (?)



Seeking gratification but fearful of the name 'slut', a holiday maker in Mexico confesses to the camera whilst revelling in night clubs. Bold and incisive but lacks content and repeats itself.

870 The Witches (PG)



A witch busting grannie and her witch fearing grandson stumble upon coven in RSPCC conference. Aimed at a younger audience, some comic touches may make it bearable to the adult viewer.

858 Yaaba (PG)

A young boy gives view of the adult world; the stupidity of society uncomprehended by him. Set against a backdrop of African landscape, humans are only animals living close to nature. See it now!

(?) cert not known

(-) no cert

Books

847 2000AD

Now in it's twelfth year 2000AD undergoes a major revamp in Prog650. Bursting with colour and new stories it aims for the older comic readers that the media have made such a fuss over.

864 All the Wrong Places - James Fenton

Shows the personal effects of news stories upon this journalist and how the ideas of the few affect the masses. Informal and relaxed but you do need some 20C history. Interesting unbiased and truthful.

844 The Bellarosa Connection - Saul Bellow

An extended short story with a single theme of memory and it's relation to the history of a Jewish man. Bellow eschews plot in favour of description and dialogue. His fiction is unforgettable.

857 Blackeyes - Dennis Potter

A fuller account from which the TV series was taken. Writer steals identity of niece for his novels but fact starts to imitate fiction. A powerful yet often subtle message. Highly recommended.

850 The Bogie Man - J.Wagner & A.Grant



Mental institution escapee thinks he's Bogart. Every innocent encounter becomes a plot. Then he gets a gun. Convincing Glaswegian tongue cleverly contrasted with Bogie's talk. A very adult comic.

855 Demon Lord of Karanda - David Eddings

In an alien land, evil powers capture baby so hero sets out with sword and friends. Doesn't depend on weird creatures or places as the story is good in itself. Strongly recommended series.

856 Fixx - Terence Blacker

Diary of a self made man. Abused as a child abuses others before becoming a spy. Interesting sub-plots but ridicules sex and AIDS with no atmosphere or skill. Not 'overwhelmingly comic' but offensive.

853 How to Analyze Handwriting - Monica O'Hara

A short simplistic guide to graphology. Only the summary tables and a section on doodles to recommend it (unless only sex characteristics interest you). Good in places but try the library first.

844 In Search of the Crack - Robert Elms

The fun of camaraderie and richness of friendship. The crack is the wit of the Irish and the nightly quest of a wide-eyed boy for something more. Better than blind rebellion, this opens an unseen door.

844 Job Hunting - Alfred Hassack

Aimed at a broad audience the CV section has formats for non-educated reader. Chapters on interviews and pop-psychology are commonsense pep-talk. Dispensable except as a calming check list.

869 The Kill-Off - Jim Thompson

Crime novel where each chapter is written through a different character, interesting but sometimes confusing. Week ending to what otherwise is a very good book. Unusual style best reason to read it.

849 M31 - A family romance - Stephen Wright

'The Occupants' feed on electricity and live in blue spaceships but there are two cranks on their tail. Thankfully no intergalactic war/warp drives but excellent descriptive passages and a tough plot.

844 The Oat and Wheat Bran Health Plan - Dina Jewell

The promise of a healthy life set out in an endearingly spunky American way, this deals with research into fibre and appetizing ways of serving it up. An interesting substitute for beer and curry.

857 Odyssey around Odysseus - B.Rubens & O.Taplin

Exploration of Homer's poem giving evidence for and against the truthfulness of the story. Maintains interest with short text, attractive diagrams and colour plates. An easy introduction to mythology.

872 Pyramids - Terry Pratchett

Opinion is divided between Ian Hodge and the rest of the world who think it's his best book to date. Ian 'thinks' that the subtly humorous approach of previous books is gone.

844 Second Fiddle - Mary Wesley

Quirky characters in vivid colours set up market stalls and write books. This exposes the writing of novels and book reviews! The wit is sharp, the plot intriguing. Highly recommended.

853 Silent Thunder - Loren D Estlman

Murder and gun smuggling in decaying Detroit. A PI digs the dirt after the city's wealthiest man is murdered by his wife. Well written, worth reading and mostly believable though cramped.

857 Sins of the Mothers - Patricia Angadi

Five characters give contradictory views on each other and on a prostitute's dreaming of singing opera. Morality is covered from several angles but without conclusions. A superb work.

851 The Sprouts of Wrath - Robert Rankin

A floating Olympic Stadium in Birmingham built in a pentangle? Mysterious forces from a gasometer? Funny moments but fails to produce wit and content that is worthy of print. Not a classic but passable.

841 Video Night in Kathmundu - Pico Iyer

Destroys the magic of the mystical east but casts an intriguing spell of it's own. The perfect armchair travel, less of an adventure holiday than a personalised guided tour.

868 Why Men Are the Way They Are - Warren Farrell

The basic idea is that women make them that way. Explained by Farrell with various examples such as 'new sexism' and 'female pornography'. Recommended to men and women but don't take it too seriously.

865 With Passport and Parasol - Julia Keay

Seven travel-logs of lady explorers showing how extravagant travel was in Victorian Times. A tendency to mindless detail makes a reasonable book, not compelling but not deadly boring.

867 A Woman's Guide to Adultery

The plot snakes though complex male-female relationships with bitter twists told through the eyes of one woman. An intimate and interesting book which is very enjoyable. Recommended reading.

Misc.

867 Ballet at Sadler's

A number of dance companies visit Sadler's Wells every year. These are as diverse as Stravinsky to Joplin, each with it's own impact. The dance is contemporary, shattering any esoteric image.

857 BBC Radio

For the price of a tube ticket you can see the stars of radio record their acts. The BBC need audiences so they give out free tickets. Comedy, quizzes and music for free at the Paris Studio, Regent St.

842 The Body - In Extremis

ICA season of horror, well suited to the sinister arty air about the place, blowing down from the eerie Charing Cross subway. 'I liked the bit where his head fell off.'

870 Clarissa

Opera

847 Dance Umbrella '89

A concentrated season of dance with a varied menu of French sensuality, English wit and American pioneering. Five London venues host six weeks of dance from October. Don't be a couch potato.

842 Indian Summer

A season of dance, but the review was by MAC and so nobody understands it.

843 Jazz Café

Intimate café, with jazz band in front room, covering whole range of jazz. Food is good, with impressive vegetarian and vegan dishes. Not cheap, but beats pub and juke box.

872 LSO: Mahler 2

Ignoring the embarrassing conductor and the awful first half of the programme, the LSO's performance of this symphony can only be described as exhilarating.

865 Magnum

Exhibition of work from the photographers' consortium. Images of war combine with human and humanesque images to tell stories in a way that television has never been able to accomplish.

870 The Marriage Of Figaro

Opera

871 Polish Cinema: Past & Present



Complementing exhibition of Polish painter, Barbican season of mostly post- WWII films contrasting work produced in Poland and in 'exile'. Thought provoking if you ignore the artificial links.

841 Swan Lake

Ballet

Page 64

Theatre

870 Absurd Person Singular

869 All's Well That Ends Well

868 As You Like It

859 Bent

871 Berenice

855 Boots for the Footless

867 Borrowing Time

860 A Clockwork Orange 2004

860 A Conspiracy of Dunces

860 Contemporary Noh

868 Coriolanus

862 The Diviners



859 The Dutch Courtesan

853 Glad Rag Dolls

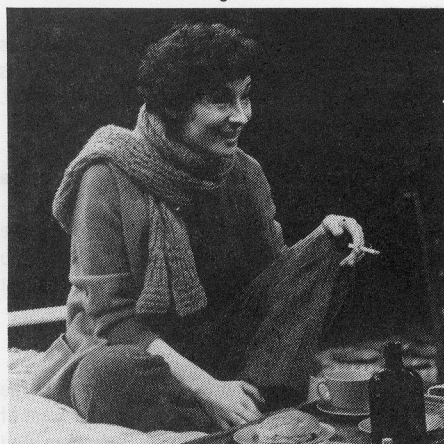
855 Gland Motel



872 Hanging the President

860 Hangover Square

856 In Pursuit of the English

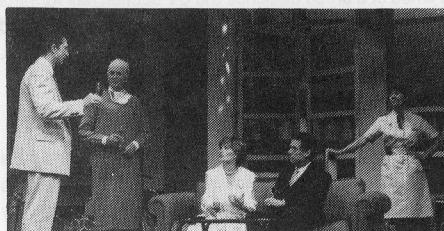


865 Joe Turner's Come and Gone

869 A Little Night Magic

854 The Liar

871 Little Love



850 Lysistrata

841 Marat/Sade

844 Marrakech

864 The Misunderstanding

842 Mrs Warren's Profession

870 My Sister Next Door

865 New Anatomies



851 The Origin of Table Manners

867 Peer Gynt

855 The Pelican



866 Pericles

851 Poor Beast in the Rain



860 The Price

869 PVT Wars

847 Return to the Forbidden Planet

865 Racing Demon

854 Robin Hood & Mad Marion

853 The Rose and the Ring

853 The Snow Queen

872 School for Scandal

865 Some Confusion in the Law About Love

856 Streetwalker

844 The Struggle

848 Summer Breeze

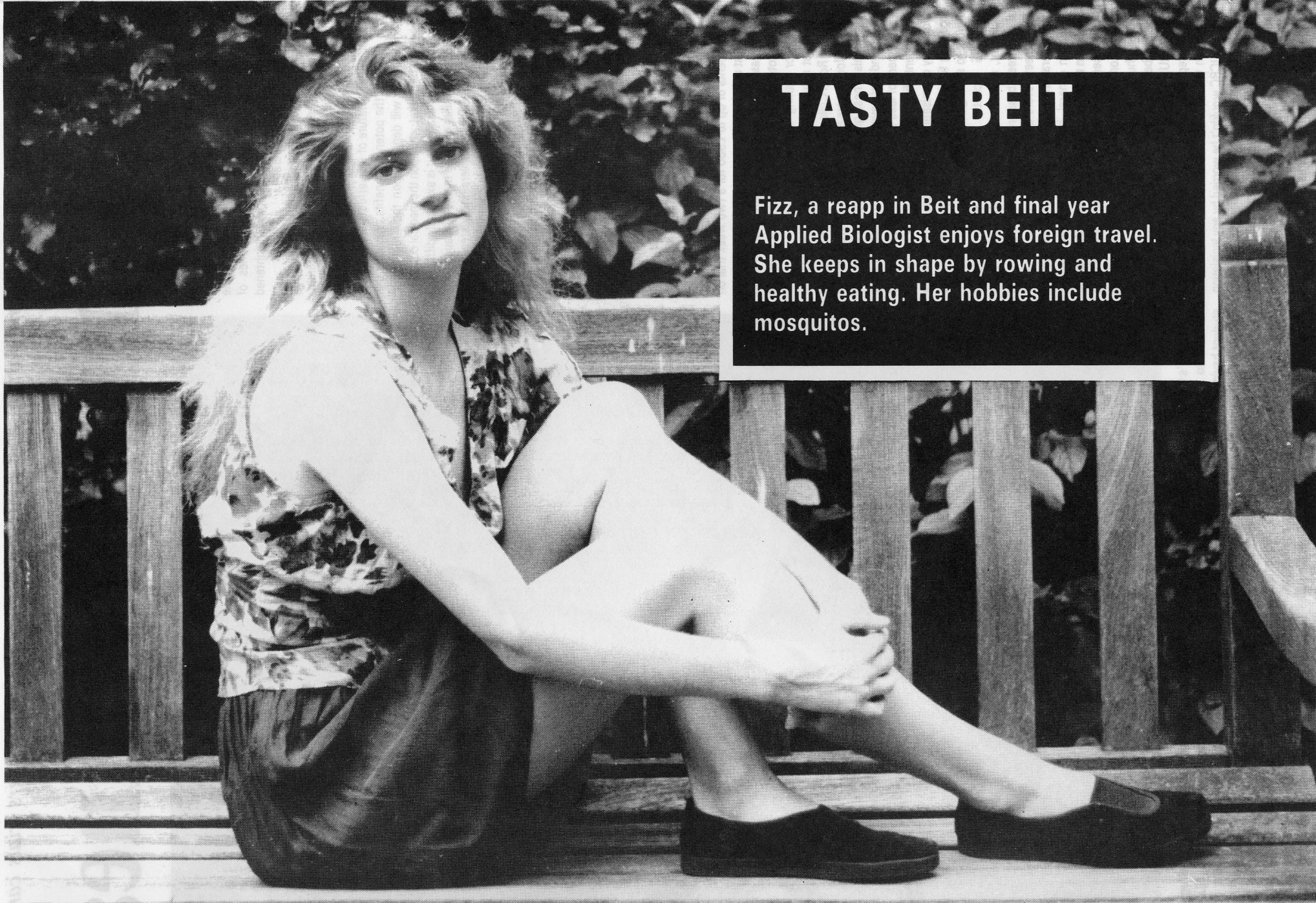
869 Sunday in the Park with George

862 Valued Friends



865 The Vanek Plays

859 A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep



TASTY BEIT

Fizz, a reapp in Beit and final year Applied Biologist enjoys foreign travel. She keeps in shape by rowing and healthy eating. Her hobbies include mosquitos.

The death of two students taking part in drug trials has highlighted the dangers trials can pose. Martin Davies investigates the truth of the matter.

The human guinea pigs

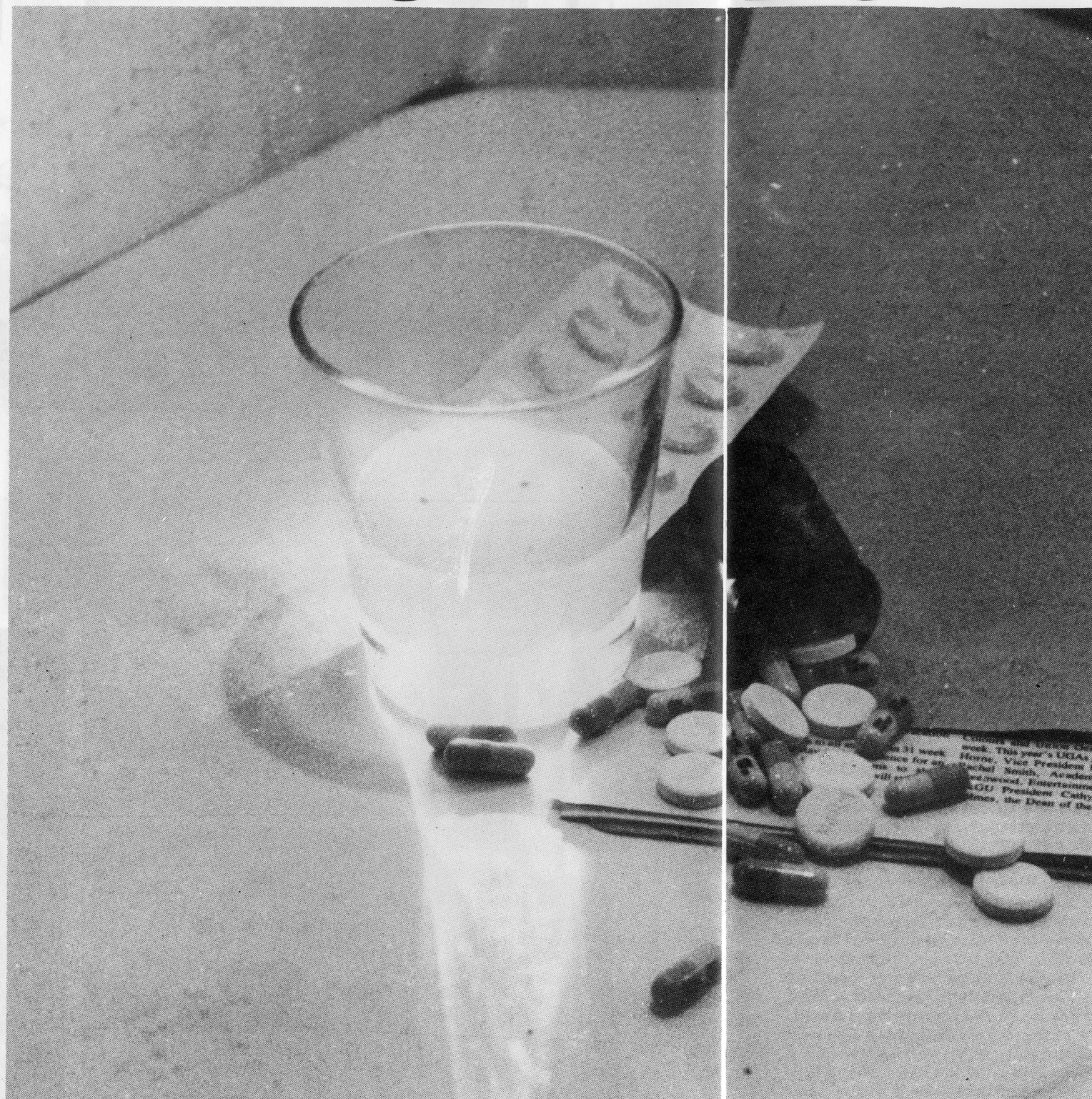
Human Volunteer Drugs Trials (HVDTs) are increasingly becoming a source of quick cash for debt-laden students, student nurses and travellers. But the deaths of two students in the early 1980s, and the increasing number of unsubstantiated stories of dubious, poorly supervised tests, have heightened fears over risks to volunteers.

HVDTs are, at present, the final stage in the testing of drugs prior to their possible launch on the market. All drugs have side effects, therefore no drug can ever 'pass' a drug trial. Rather, it is the purpose of the trial to determine the nature of side effects and whether these outweigh the potential benefits. Whether this criterion is met will depend upon the 'treatments' already on the market, and upon the medical condition being treated. For example, it is extremely difficult to bring a new painkiller onto the market because there are several effective painkillers in existence with relatively minor side effects. In contrast, cytotoxic drugs, used for cancer treatment, are often extremely poisonous: one such group of drugs is related to mustard gas! But the extremely harsh side effects of these drugs are tolerated because of the potential longer term benefits in the treatment of life threatening cancers.

Medical students at St Mary's will be familiar with notices asking for human volunteers willing to participate in clinical testing of drugs, monitoring of diet, body functions, and many other (often completely benign) observations. But there is evidence that an increasing number of non-medical students and travellers are participating in drugs trials. With tax free payments of up to £900 for a two week trial on a specialist unit the inducements are obvious, but the ever increasing financial pressures on students mean that the potential abuse of the system as a source of 'money for nothing' is clear.

So what rules and legislation apply to HVDTs? In 1986 the Royal College of Physicians (RCP) prepared guidance for doctors after the deaths of two students during trials. These give broad safety standards and recommend that payment be limited to pocket money or repayment of loss of earnings. The Association of Independent Clinical Research Contractors (AICRC) is a voluntary organisation which represents most of the large drug testing contractors; it's members choose to work to strict guidelines governing their practice. The NUS recently drew up a short guidance document, after consultation with the ICRC, which lists fourteen basic requirements that a drugs trial should meet before any student participates. Other than general law relating to negligence and medical practice in general, however, **there is no specific legislation relating to human volunteer drug trials.** It would seem that there are stricter legally binding controls on animal experiments than on those involving human beings.

Dr Elizabeth Allen from the Guy's Drugs Research Unit (GDRU) (perhaps the best known HVDT centre) is also a representative of the AICRC. She felt that 'legislation wouldn't make it (HVDT) any safer' and that the AICRC wouldn't be worried by any legislation that might be introduced, as the guidelines followed by their members were more than strict enough. The instructions given to volunteers for a typical drug trial at GRDU, do show that at GRDU a responsible and comprehensive set of guidelines is followed and that excellent medical facilities and qualified staff are available at all times.



So what's the problem? There seems to be no hard evidence to suggest that the horror stories about student having their hearts stopped or bowels highly pressurised are anything other than myths. A recent article in *The Times* (March 29, 1990) describing how 'one student had reportedly been paid £2,000 to have his heart stopped and restarted' is pure speculation. Despite the introductions of guidelines, there are still a number of aspects of current HVDT practice which should be of some concern.

1. The growing pressure to take part in drugs trials for purely financial reasons. The NUS guidelines state that 'no financial inducement or coercion should colour your judgement and payment must never be offered for risk'. This appears to be rather naive; if you're rapidly approaching your overdraft limit plus the £425 loan you've been obliged to take, it's fair to say that the chance to supplement this with a tax free payment of £200 might just 'colour your judgement'.

2. The increasing number of non-medical students participating in HVDTs. Traditionally the medical schools have been the main source of volunteers. It can be argued that it's actually quite educational for a trainee doctor to 'see the needle from the other end' so to speak, and of course the beer money always comes in handy. Clearly a medical student will have a reasonably good idea of what's going on and is more likely to know when to report any unusual sensations. But worries that medical students may be adversely

affecting their studies, particularly at exam time, means that their medical schools are usually aware of their participation in the drugs trial. **No such undertaking is made for non-medical students.** Two years ago the Dean of St Mary's Hospital Medical School specifically requested his students not to take part in drugs trials during and leading up to exam time. What about other students at other universities? Surely this potential problem needs acting upon in some way?

3. The reliance on the volunteer to fully disclose their medical history. It is very easy to be high and mighty about this: 'if you don't tell them then it serves you bloody well right.' The NUS and AICRC say that 'you must authorise, and they (the contractors) must request, your permission to assess your past medical history from your general practitioner'. This is NOT a commitment to obtain your medical history, only a granting of permission. So what will happen when someone eventually does or nearly dies through not revealing a previous illness. The recent increase in the number of travellers—from Australia, South Africa etc—taking part in drugs trials at GDRU, makes it unlikely that their medical history is going to be obtained from their GP. And it goes without saying that financial inducement is bound to colour their judgements (plane tickets *do* cost money!).

After reading this, if you still feel that you must or want to participate in drugs trials, then don't do it at exam time—you'll be under enough stress, without worrying about why you've suddenly grown a second head. Finally, satisfy yourself that at the very least the following basic requirements are met by the trial:

1. For all students taking part, the study must involve no more than minimal risk.
2. No financial inducement or coercion should colour your judgement and payment must never be offered for risk.

3. There must be close qualified medical supervision for the whole period of the trial, and not just when the drugs are administered.
4. Full resuscitation equipment and facilities must be on hand, with trained staff to use them.
5. Confidentiality must be maintained throughout and beyond the trial.
6. The organisation should hold full insurance and compensate without regard to negligence.
7. You must authorise, and they must request, your permission to assess your past medical history from your general practitioner. Full records must be maintained by the organisation and your GP.
8. Only sign a consent form that you have read in full, and that gives you the right of withdrawal from the study at any time without having to give a reason.
9. You should be healthy at the time of the trial and undergo a full medical examination.
10. Do not withhold any information regarding any food you may have eaten or drugs you have taken (this includes common non-prescription medicines and alcohol).
11. You should report immediately any unusual sensations you may experience during the trial, and subsequently to your GP.
12. Leave at least twelve weeks between any trials you participate in, and inform the company of any previous trials.
13. Before participating, ask the organisation for proof of membership of the Association of Independent Clinical Research Contractors.
14. Always remember that whether the drug is 'tried and tested' or new on the market, you may individually suffer adverse reaction.

If any of the above requirements are not met, do not take part, and report your findings to the NUS who may be able to warn other students.

Case study

Simon took part in a four day drug trial last July (name and date changed). The trial was part of the tests required before the licensing of the slow release tablet drug Ramitidine, a treatment for stomach and duodenal ulcers, in the UK. A few days before the trial Simon and other applicants were screened prior to selection of volunteers.

Simon was given a full explanation by a Doctor of the purpose of the trial, what he would be expected to do, and of the physical and/or psychic effects which he should or might expect to experience. He then had a blood sample taken, an electro-cardiogram recorded, a full medical examination, and provided a urine sample. He was also asked about his medical history and finally signed a consent form (with the right to withdraw from the trial at any time).

After being selected, Simon was asked to report to the hospital at 6.30pm on the evening before the first

dose. He was not allowed to drink alcohol for 48 hours before his admission and not allowed to eat or smoke from 10pm on the evening of the admission until sometime the following day.

At about 8am on the study day Simon was given a tablet and intravenous blood samples were then taken regularly over the next 32 hours. Six days later he was readmitted and the same procedure was repeated. A final blood sample was taken on a visit six days after the second dose.

As well as the restrictions mentioned above, Simon was asked not to take any other medication—both for his own safety and to prevent contamination of the results of the experiment—without first contacting the doctor in charge of the trial.

The payment for this? A cheque for £300. Needless to say, for Simon, this was considerably more than either 'pocket-money' or 'loss of earnings'!

Ken Weale retired as Union Senior Treasurer in September. Colin Palmer investigates the man behind the job, which he took on 43 years ago...

Profile—Ken Weale

Issue 87 of FELIX dated 10th February 1956 contains a profile of Kenneth Edward Weale. Thirty four years on, Ken is active at Imperial even though he officially retired last year.

Ken spent his undergraduate days at Aberystwyth where he obtained a first in Chemistry, and, after a brief excursion into industry, came to I.C. as a research student in 1946. Ex-ICU President Alan 'Kitch' Kitchener wrote that Ken's cunning and methodical brain caused Ken to plan his research programme with great care. He spent just over two years doing experimental work, then he performed superfluous confirmatory experimental work until the summer, so that he could combine writing his thesis with spending every day at Lord's or Harlington.

Ken was one of the few members of staff who took an active interest in Union affairs. In 1956 he became the Hon. Treasurer of I.C. Union, a post he was to hold for thirty four years. Ken was also President of the Cricket Club and a Vice President of the Rugby club. 'Students will be relieved to hear that the Treasurer is very thrifty:- even Mrs. Robinson (Jen Hardy Smith's predecessor) claims that it took her five years to cadge a sherry from him' wrote Kitch.

In his student days Ken gained a purple in both boxing and rugby. He went with IC Rugby Club to Delft, some of whose students believed him to be the hero of the famous old English rugby song *Round and round went the bl---y great wheel*.

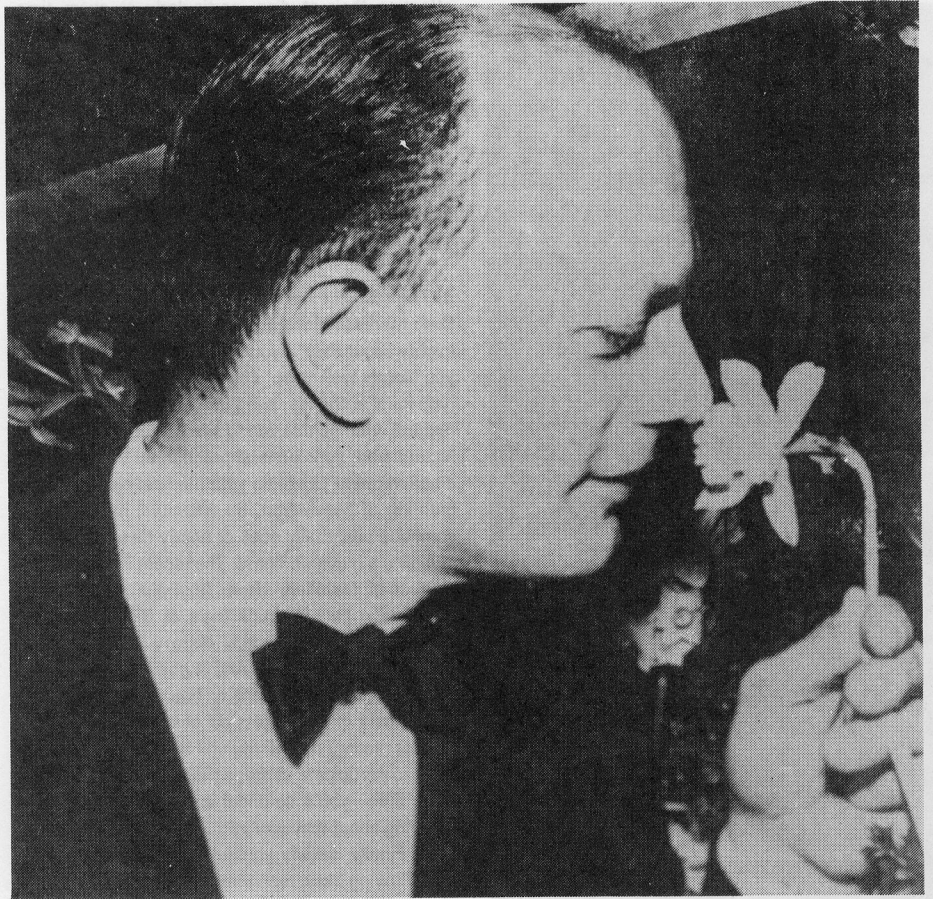
Perhaps Ken has achieved most notoriety in his activities as a cricketer, in which capacity he modestly styled himself 'The Great Doctor'. He batted with a rare and graceful artistry; his most impressive stroke, which he frequently brought into play, was a firm forward push wide of mid-on, which sends the ball over the slips' heads for two.

In 1956 his bowling prowess was rather an unknown quantity. The only occasion on which he was put on to bowl was in a Sunday match, when he himself was captain.

Kitch writes, 'His alertness of mind, so essential to a cricketer, was demonstrated when he narrowly averted a road accident by changing the car he was driving straight from fourth gear into reverse.'



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In October 1959 FELIX celebrated Ken's marriage to Carol Weale by printing a fake obituary:

'It is with a heavy heart, wet eyes, and a shaking pen that we bring to your knowledge the sad and tragic 'death' of one of College's beloved servants - Dr. Weale. Whether or not his academic work, his Union book-keeping or his physical exertions on the cricket field, rugby field, and squash court, brought him to an untimely end, we shall never know. We offer our commiserations to all his friends, both within the bar and without, it is a sad day for I.C. but we must all go one day. P.S. Please look after him Carol.'

Ken was present at the opening of the Student Union Bar on the 3rd January 1957. The first pint was pulled by the Rector Sir Patrick Linstead and was drunk by the ICU President, Kitchener. Apparently it contained an overdose of sawdust thanks to all the last minute work that had been going on.

Kitch recalls that they had difficulty making the door lock on the bar work, which encouraged them to make a liberal interpretation of the licensing laws, much to the delight of the Welsh barman, Dan Lloyd, who loyally stood guard, 'testing the pumps' as he put it.

The character of Ken Weale is summed up by the following account of an incident at a Sunday XI game at Harlington:

The last ball of one over was fielded by Weale and as the captain (Kitchener) held out his hand for the ball, Kitch said 'Christ, I don't know who to put on next.' Weale said, 'I will bowl, Kitchener.' Kitch astonished at such a ridiculous suggestion said 'We don't want things to go from bad to worse.' Weale replied, 'I have the ball and I am going to bowl.'

As skipper Kitch was always able to grasp the strategic aspects of any situation very quickly, and as Weale was bigger and stronger, he allowed him to bowl.

The third ball was cracked smartly in Kitch's direction at cover point and the batsman called for a single. This was a suicidal act and so it proved, though in rather an unexpected way. Kitch's throw was hard but uncharacteristically astray. The batsman went for a 2nd, the ball bisected the wicket and awoke the mid-wicket fielder with a jolt. He hurled the ball at the bowler's end where Ken Weale, triumphant, removed the bails for a run out. Eventually IC won the game.

In the beer-up, afterwards, Weale insisted that his coming-on to bowl was the turning point of the game and claimed credit for the wicket. It transpired that the mid-wicket had hurled the ball to the bowler's end, rather than the wicket keeper, because he wanted to sting Ken's hands. But Ken Weale came out on top!

A member of every social club and a popular speaker at any dinner, Ken Weale first knew FELIX as 'a scandal sheet' that was started up in 1950. He remembers the students' Union as 'a sort of cottage industry in the Beit Archway,' and recalls the Union budget being just over £5,500 in 1957. With the union's a turnover in excess of £2 million, Ken's task as senior treasurer has increased formidably from the one he took on to 'make them (the students who came to ask him) go away. Ken will be sorely missed as senior treasurer and FELIX wishes him well in his retirement.

Colin Palmer

Imperial College Sold to Mitsubishi

If this was the news you would hear it first in FELIX

FELIX is the mouthpiece of Imperial College. In it you will find all the information that you need to know about the ins and outs of college life.

Reporting not only on all the news in quality and style, next year looks to be a good one for photography and graphics. This is the benchmark and central theme that the paper will aspire to. It is this that sets off the character and excellence of the written word contained within.

Amongst the contents you will find a media page reflecting on the state of the art, and a preview guide to what's worth watching and listening to, in the week to follow. There is so much dross in the airwaves that someone has to do some weeding.

As it still seems that nobody gives a damn about anything until they stand accused, we will be running some hot features to boil your blood. In time old fashion, when the readers letters begin to dwindle it will be time to test your attitudes, tolerances, and morals?! Also, for the news, we will be attempting to expand the information field by networking with other college papers and outside institutions. Investigations and campaigns are to appear to keep you informed about what is really going on, and to detail what you can do about contemporary issues.

But don't worry (too much), there'll be some fun and frolics too, with a goodie bag of prizes to be won throughout the year. At the beginning of the autumn term, there will be a particularly fun competition to test

your artistic sensibilities. So keep those eyes peeled.

After all's said and done there will come a time when you will need to get a job. To give you an idea of some of the possibilities open to you we'll be running some snappy and alternative job option articles. For the more mundane jobs you'll have to listen to the usual companies and read (and believe) their career's brochures.

In the line of duty will be a regular roundup of the Union and it's activities, good and bad. Including, of course, sports and club articles backed up by our photographers. Also a place is assured for some idle accusation, stirring, and gossip. In fact, just about anything you want we will try to include.

Help is always required and welcomed. You can try your hand at writing, reporting, interviewing personalities, and paste-up. Or, just come into the office and gain friends instantly by making a fresh brew and helping to collate on Thursday evenings. And to earn the undying respect of the editor, you could become an early bird by aiding me in distribution on Friday mornings.

If anybody out there writes a mean crossword; is a dab hand at cartooning; or is generally wonderful at anything, get your arse over to the FELIX office. You can see me over the summer during office hours or during term time. The office is located in the North Western corner of Beit Quad and you can telephone on extension 3515 (anonymous contributions

always welcome).

To the Postgrads, I'll hopefully be providing you with two issues over the summer. This is dependent upon staff holidays and the degree of chaos to be encountered over the next few months.

The Freshers issue will be out on Monday the 1st of October and the deadline for submissions is Monday the 24th of September. Thanks for reading, have a good holiday, and see you next year.

Chris Stapleton.



Summer Print Work: Production of publicity in time for Freshers Fair requires a deadline of 1st August.

Contact me at the FELIX office or telephone me on extension 3515.

Clubs and Societies interested in having their summer events photographed should see me ASAP.

FELIX

90/91

Adam Tinworth looks at recent issues of some of London's student newspapers...

Hot off the presses or just lukewarm?

You hold in your hands a student newspaper produced by a college devoted entirely to science subjects, none of which are terribly relevant to good journalistic skills. In fact, a strict training for lab reports can make features almost unreadable before editing. We are members of a larger institution, however, which contains many colleges with literary based courses. Surely there should be some superb newspapers knocking about London..

The Cub
Since the merger of Queen Mary's College with Westfield college, the local students' union has suffered a number of problems. They have been troubled with the merger of the two unions, and *Cub*, their newspaper, has been on the receiving end. Until recently it was produced almost exclusively by union staff and still remains a mouthpiece for union policy. It has just been relaunched as 'The Cub', to coincide with the official launch of the new college after over two terms of existence. The main changes have been a reduction in page size from tabloid to A4, and the inclusion of the college logo as part of the masthead. It's a pity they couldn't actually get the masthead straight with the text.

Inside the content has changed little. The most noticeable feature is the poetry corner. Perhaps the less said about this the better, but the May issue includes a little gem called 'The girl in the lab', containing such lines as:

Her head it was like a transformer in a way
And her eyes like two helmholtz coils

Their news section also combines opinion with what starts off as a fairly standard news story and often degenerates into a rant from the writer's own political standpoint. The stories tend to revolve around external affairs which affect students (loans, poll tax, etc.), while internal affairs are reduced to a small



The only regular feature seems to be the two pages of music. These are actually painful to look at. With a menagerie of small pieces, photos and reviews ripped straight from music papers, it looks like it was pasted up by a partially sighted, drunken idiot. *The Egham Sun* is of indeterminate size and comes out at irregular intervals.

London Student
Otherwise known as the second newspaper of UCL, *London Student* comes out fortnightly and has a sabbatical editor. It is distributed to all the colleges of the University of London. IC's copies can be found in the Snack Bar if anyone is interested. *London Student* is sited in the ULU building, next to UCL. Perhaps it's only claim to represent all the colleges of London is its proximity to the intercollegiate halls round Russell Square, otherwise it is staffed mainly by UCL students.

Printed in a tabloid format, *London Student* consists of 20 pages and is produced biweekly. London news spreads over the first three pages, followed by national news and a news feature. Their news team seem to struggle somewhat with IC based articles, having cut one off in mid sentence and misspelt Tom Yates as Tom Yeats. Written by an English student, for whom it was more than his wordsworth, perhaps? The centre pages are devoted to a listings section. There doesn't seem to be any particular way of selecting the events that are included in this, a random selection of film, theatre, music and art have been used to fill the pages.

The back pages are devoted to sports reports, making it seem more like an imitation of a national newspaper. These pages show an unhealthy obsession with reports from the London University Swimming Team—acronym LUST. Their Arts and Music pages have more than a touch of PI about them—minimum content in maximum space. This is mainly achieved through the use of huge photographs, a trick which spreads into the features as well.

force, as are comments about the rugby club. The Music page is quite impressive, managing to cover a fair range of both indie and mainstream music. The reviews page is pitiful, rarely progressing beyond a page, and consisting of such gripping items as the Collins Gem 'English Grammar'.

The problem page is somewhat of an oddity. It is difficult to work out how serious it is meant to be. It combines hack jokes aka broadsheet with apparently serious questions about sexually transmitted diseases.

All this said, *Cub* has shown a marked improvement over the year, and with another year's work, might actually get somewhere. At present it comes out every three to four weeks, with around sixteen pages.

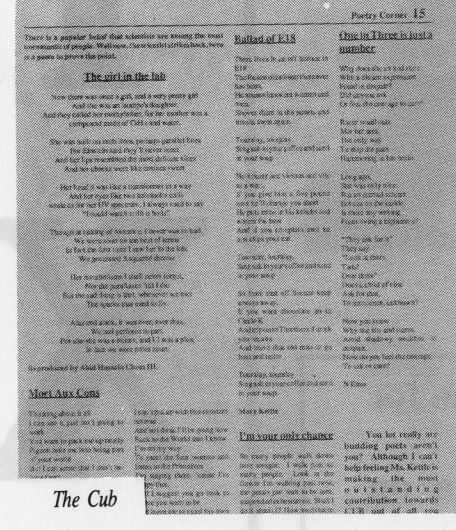
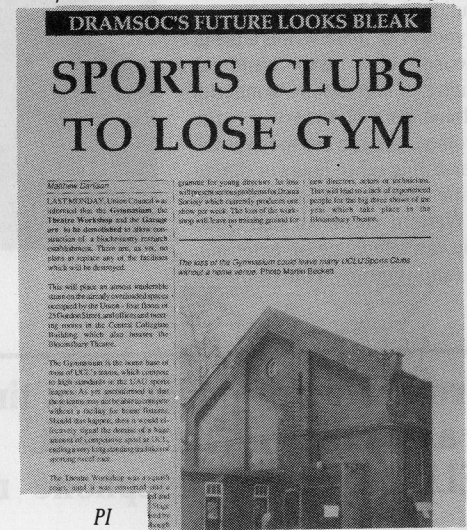
the students. Then a concerted effort was made to put together a new editorial team and start producing *PI* on a monthly basis.

The most noticeable feature of *PI* is that, although it is 20 pages long, it contains comparatively little. This is mainly due to a large text size, and an excessive amount of creative use of white space. It is divided into sections in a clear way. There is a fair amount of news, usually consisting of two or three stories, with some comment and opinions to back the story up. Not surprisingly, much of the recent news has involved the loss of UCL union facilities. This brings up the issue of distribution, as many UCL students in intercollegiate halls have learnt about the facility loss through FELIX, rather than through their own paper. The reason for this is that *PI* is not delivered to the departments, but has to be collected from the union building, an effort which most don't bother to make. This is a common problem among all student newspapers in London.

The letters page is filled with three short letters, one of which complains about the lack of a letters page, and an obvious space-filling cartoon of 'The Leaning Monk of Croydon'. Lucky UCL students get a free gift with their paper—a Teenage Mutant Ninja Sabbaticals Airship! Just add a smoke filled condom (ribbed, of course).

PI normally carries a reasonable selection of features, with the May issue concentrating on NUS and student politics in general. May also sees an interview with a Chem Eng student who runs discos at UCL and a piece about Ludovic Kennedy, who delivered their Founder's Day Oration. Reviews occupy a page, covering two films and a play, while music coverage is almost non-existent. Three Society reports over two pages and a page filled with ten smallads complete the inside, while a small listings page on the back, much of which duplicates material in the regular 'Whats on at UCL' sheet, covers forthcoming Union and DramSoc activities.

Oh yes, they've got poetry as well—To The Unnamed Student...



column, despite the fact that the news includes the repossession of one of the union minibuses, the opening of new halls and on-campus drug problems.

The letters page is fairly active, revolving mainly around homosexuality and 'The Students' Union/Cub are crap' letters. Editorial replies can take up more space than the letters themselves. In-jokes are out in Page 70

PI
University College's student newspaper, *PI*, has a problem. UCL's proximity to ULU draws many of the people who are interested in producing a student newspaper into London Student. This year's *PI* is a case of resurrection. For much of the year nothing was produced, at least nothing that came to the notice of

Casey L
Until recently, King's College, London (KCL, *Casey L*, geddit?) had a student newspaper which screamed Desk Top Publishing at you. They seemed incapable of using the same typeface for more than one article. The result was frankly a mess. With the latest issue though, there are definite signs of improvement. Someone actually knows how to use their Mac these days, it seems. It does bear more than a passing resemblance to *PI* though...

Appearance aside, news gets a fair crack of the whip, occupying the first few pages of the newspaper, although again they are more information/opinion articles than pure news. Politics are the major theme, with NUS, ULU, loans and poll tax all discussed. The style can be a little unusual at times, with one report of a Kensington UGM written as something between a football report and superhero comic. Features are a mixed bag; some are little more than adverts for clubs while others make fairly interesting reading, such as the inevitable exam hints and welfare special.

Adverts are carried with two full pagers for local eateries gracing issue eight. Reviews and music cover an average of two to three pages, with a reasonable coverage of film and theatre, albeit somewhat selective. Music is covered across a good range.

The back page contains a listing of union bands and parties. Compared to most of the other papers their are surprisingly few space fillers, and a reasonable text size has been used, giving a decent amount to read in each issue. Unfortunately, it's only monthly (if that) and can read like one big ents advert at times.

No poetry I'm afraid, but there is a delightful picture of the entire Taekwondo club.

Egham Sun
The word 'order' is not one that you could easily apply to Royal Holloway and Bedford New College's Student Union Newspaper, *The Egham SUN* (or *NSU*, according to the level of toilet humour at the time). It is difficult to work out exactly how they produce

this journal, but the text appears to be a mix of typewritten and computer printed articles. Their basic policy seems to be to take anything they're given and print it, while filling the spare spaces with cartoons ripped off from anything going.

To give a breakdown of standard contents would be impossible, and so the best that can be done is to quote a couple of articles. RHBNC has just withdrawn from the NUS. *The Egham Sun's* coverage of this consists of an article from the Secretary of the Labour Club telling them what a mistake they have made. In the self same issue they cover the closure of the College Chemistry department with an article called 'Chemistry Downer'—a short news style piece and a



letter. It's good to see that RHBNC students are kept so well informed of crucial events around their college. Much more importance is given to the first part of a romantic four part serial, 'Domestic Passion'. The gripping tale of Rafe and Clarissa is so much more important than the closure of an entire department, isn't it?



It seems strange that a science college should be producing just about the best student newspaper in London. The only explanation that can be offered is that students on relevant courses are too fed up with doing their course work to indulge in the same thing in their free time. Is FELIX entirely staffed by disaffected science students?

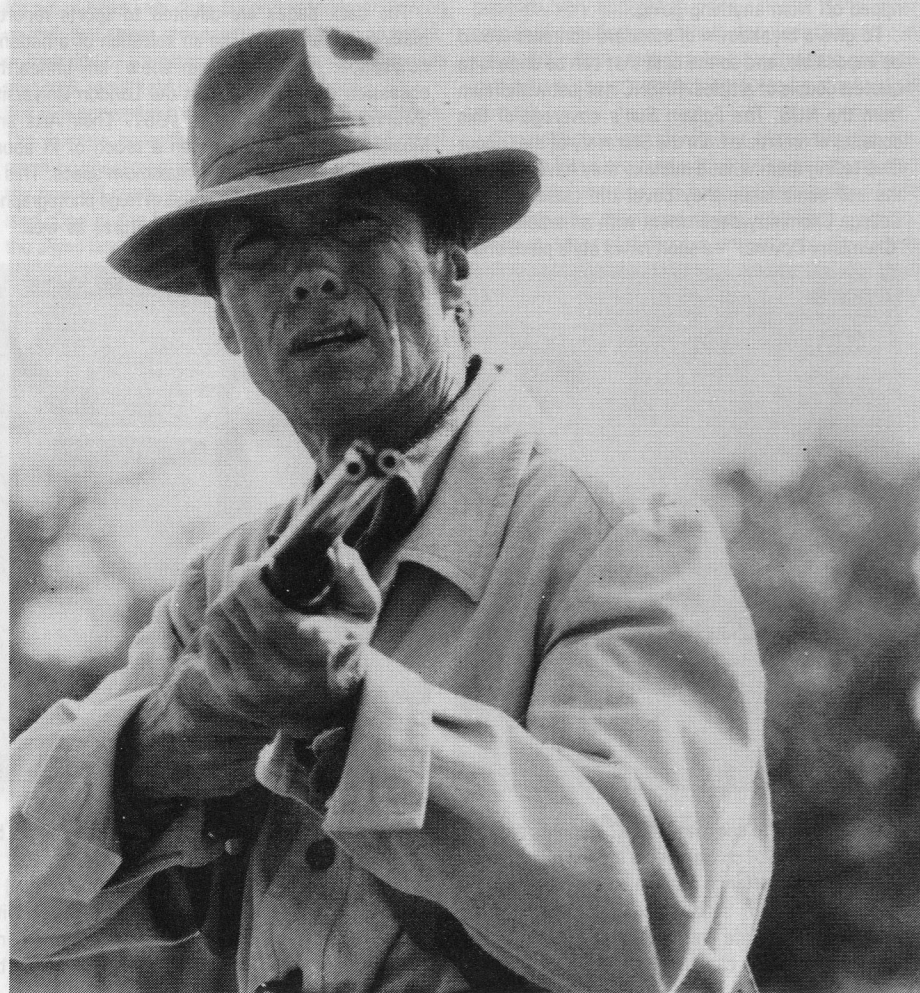
Shock! Horror! Hang on to your popcorn as Adam Tinworth reveals....

Space Aliens ate my previews!

Last summer the film industry was under the shadow of the bat. This summer it's...the hat? While not as over hyped as *Batman*, *Dick Tracy* (released July 6) looks set to be the summer film. Starring Warren Beatty, Madonna and Al Pacino with a huge number of cameos, including one by Dustin Hoffman, it is based on the Thirties' and Forties' comic strip. Tracy will be up against a wide variety of villains from Flattop to Pruneface, all to a backing of Stephen Sondheim music. Madonna herself sings and a tie in album has been released (See Music Pages). The film sounds intriguing...

Also likely to be popular are the sequels hitting the streets. *Gremlins II* (released July 27) sees the return of Mogwai and his human owners, who have to combat a whole new batch of these little beasties, this time in a tower bearing not a little resemblance to Trump Towers. *Back to the Future III* (released July 11) is reviewed on page 19.

The team behind *Top Gun* are back with Tom Cruise in *Days Of Thunder* (released 10 August) which will be probably be more of the same except with stock cars. Tom Hanks is still struggling to equal the success of *Big*, after the mediocrity of *The 'Burbs* and *Turner and Hooch*. *Joe Versus the Volcano* (release July 6) could be it as he teams up with Meg Ryan (When Harry Met Sally) to escape from a boring urban life and combat a Pacific volcano. Clint Eastwood will be striding back onto our screens in *White Hunter, Black Heart* (released Sept 21), playing a film-maker gunning for an elephant. Eastwood also directs and produces.



Well, at least he didn't do an Eddie Murphy and write it as well. Mr. Murphy himself will be back with us soon in *Another 24 hours*.

Woody Allen is playing the writing/acting/directing game again with *Crimes and Misdemeanors* (released

July 20th), co-starring Alan Alda (Hawkeye of M*A*S*H). It's (apparently) about love, reality, faith, delusions, success, failure, good and evil which gives him plenty room to manoeuvre. *Stella* (released September 7th) brings Bette Midler and John Goodman back to our screens in a touching tale of a mother's love for her daughter and the self-sacrifice she endures to give her the life she herself could never have. It is also a second remake! Sometime in September we may also see Robin Williams in *Cadillac Man* as a womanising Cadillac salesman who ends up in trouble with an angry husband.

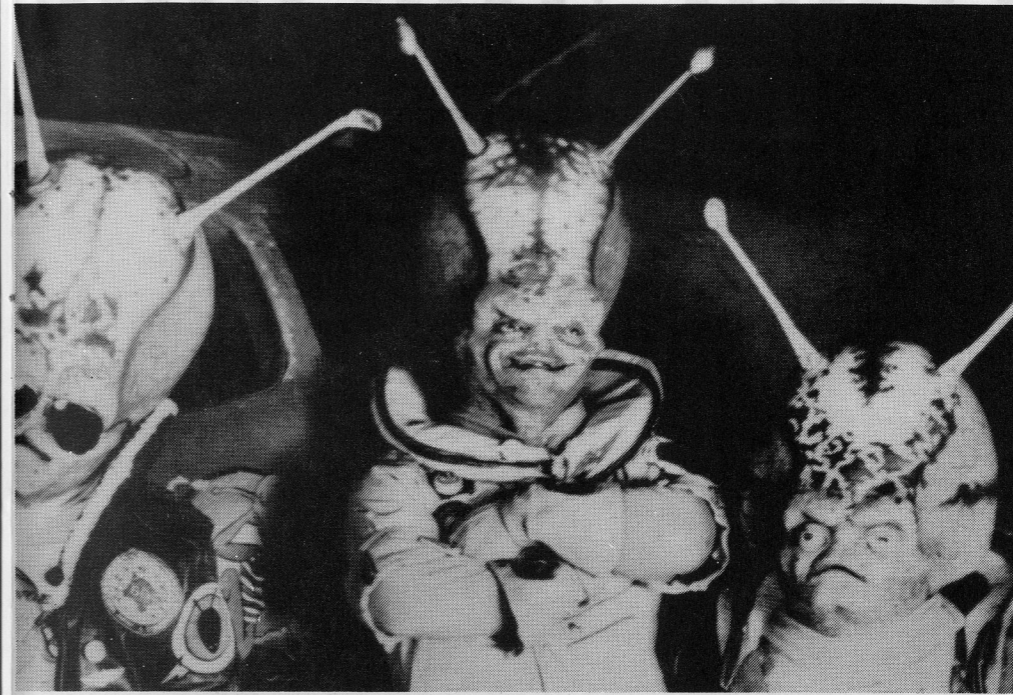
For horror freaks *Tremors* (released 29 June) is a traditional monster movie combining science fiction and humour. *The Guardian* (released 31 August) is not, despite the name, the first movie adaptation of a newspaper, but a tale of a young couple moving to the country. After employing a nanny to look after their young son they get caught up in the forces of evil. This fairly standard horror flick stars Jenny Seagrove.

While on the theme of children we have *Problem Child* (released 7 September). This seems like a leftover from the flood of baby movies we had about a year or so (*Three Men and a Baby* et al.). A suburban couple adopt a seemingly lovable child who provokes havoc in their household. Sounds enthralling.

The 'wacky comedies' are coming at us at a fair old pace. *She's Out of Control* (released 13 July) tells of an awkward adolescent girl who suddenly blossoms into a beautiful young lady. The boys are predictably delighted but her father, equally predictably, is not.

Crazy People (released 14 September) sees Dudley Moore bound up the corporate ladder with a unique idea - truth in advertising (Actually, it may not be so unique, wasn't *How to Get Ahead in Advertising* based on a similar theme?). Daryl Hannah is along for the ride.

I Love You To Death (released September) has Tracey Ullman trying to murder her husband Kevin Kline with the conspiratorial help of Joan Plowright, River Phoenix and William Hurt. She tries five times before being arrested, locked up then released to be



forgiven by her husband. Unbelievably this is a true story.

Cry Baby (released 3 August) is the latest John Walters oddity, the ultimate juvenile delinquent love story, proving that kids knew how to be bad before sex, drug and rock'n'roll. It stars Johnny Depp and Iggy Pop. *Of Spaced Invaders* (released 3 August) the less said the better, save that it is reviewed on page 18.

Shuffling over to drama we find *A Reunion* (released July) as a New York Lawyer travels back to Germany to find out the fate of his schoolboy friend, after they were separated by the rise of Hitler. *Listen To Me* (Released 6 July West End only) say two students who are determined to tackle the world their own way despite personal problems. They live in a world where brainpower rules and words are the weapons of choice. Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy are *Fresh Horses* (released 29 June). They are indulging in a passionate, tender, difficult relationship which defies logic and explosively intertwines their very different worlds. Pheew.

Memphis Belle (released 14 September) takes us into the skies with a B17 bomber on its 25th mission during the late spring of 1943. Its crew are either flying to fame or to destruction and the odds are tipped in favour of destruction.

A couple of the summer's releases will cater for action adventure fans. A bout of *Blind Fury* (released 13 July) will be unleashed by Rutger Hauer as he goes on a desperate mission to reunite a 9 year old with his father. The inevitable quirk is that he's blind! *Short Time* (released August) sees a cautious police officer decide on the eve of his retirement that he is more use to his family dead than alive. This film stars Matt Frewer and Terri Garr.

Lastly on the Cinematic front, Disney are re-releasing *Fantasia* in September. Take a younger brother or sister if you must, but go and see this classic piece of animation.

Remember, most of the films reviewed in FELIX will only recently have reached the regions, or come out on video, so see our review of reviews, starting on

page 59.

For those of you in London over the summer, remember that it's the RSC's last season in The Barbican and The Pit before the temporary shutdown. The much acclaimed *Singer* moves up to the main



Barbican Theatre from the Pit, where it is joined by Gorky's *Barbarians* and *Moscow Gold*, telling of the rise of Gorbachev. *Coriolanus* and *As You Like It* (reviewed in FELIX) remain. In the Pit, *Earwig* and *A Dream Of People* (directed by Janet Suzman) join *Pericles* and *The Duchess Of Malfi* in repertoire.

The RSC can also be seen in Stratford, as ever, with the season that will NOT be transferred to London and on tour with *Show Boat* and *Les Liasons Dangereuses*. *Show Boat* will travel from Liverpool to Nottingham over the summer and *Les Liasons* will visit Glasgow and Leeds.

Most of the plays at the National reviewed recently in FELIX will continue to run over the summer. *After The Fall* is the second Arthur Miller play to open after *The Crucible*. Replacing *Sunday In The Park With George* in the Lyttelton will be productions of *King Lear* and *Richard III*, which will then go on tour.

The Glasgow - City Of Culture - events will be continuing all over the summer, and the Edinburgh Festival will be taking place in early September.

Late August sees the *Greenbelt* festival of Music and Theatre. Bands playing this year include *Deacon Blue*, *Runrig* and *Fat and Frantic*, and theatre will be provided by Virginia MacKenna, Polly March and Milton Jones. Details can be had from the *Greenhouse* on 071-700-1335.

Wherever you are in Britain or abroad there will be cultural events of all types going on. Make the most of your 'free' time - investigate, explore and enjoy.

Thinking of getting a computer to help you? It may create more problems than it solves. Liz Warren explains why 'information systems' are a minefield for the unwary.

The Dream Machine?

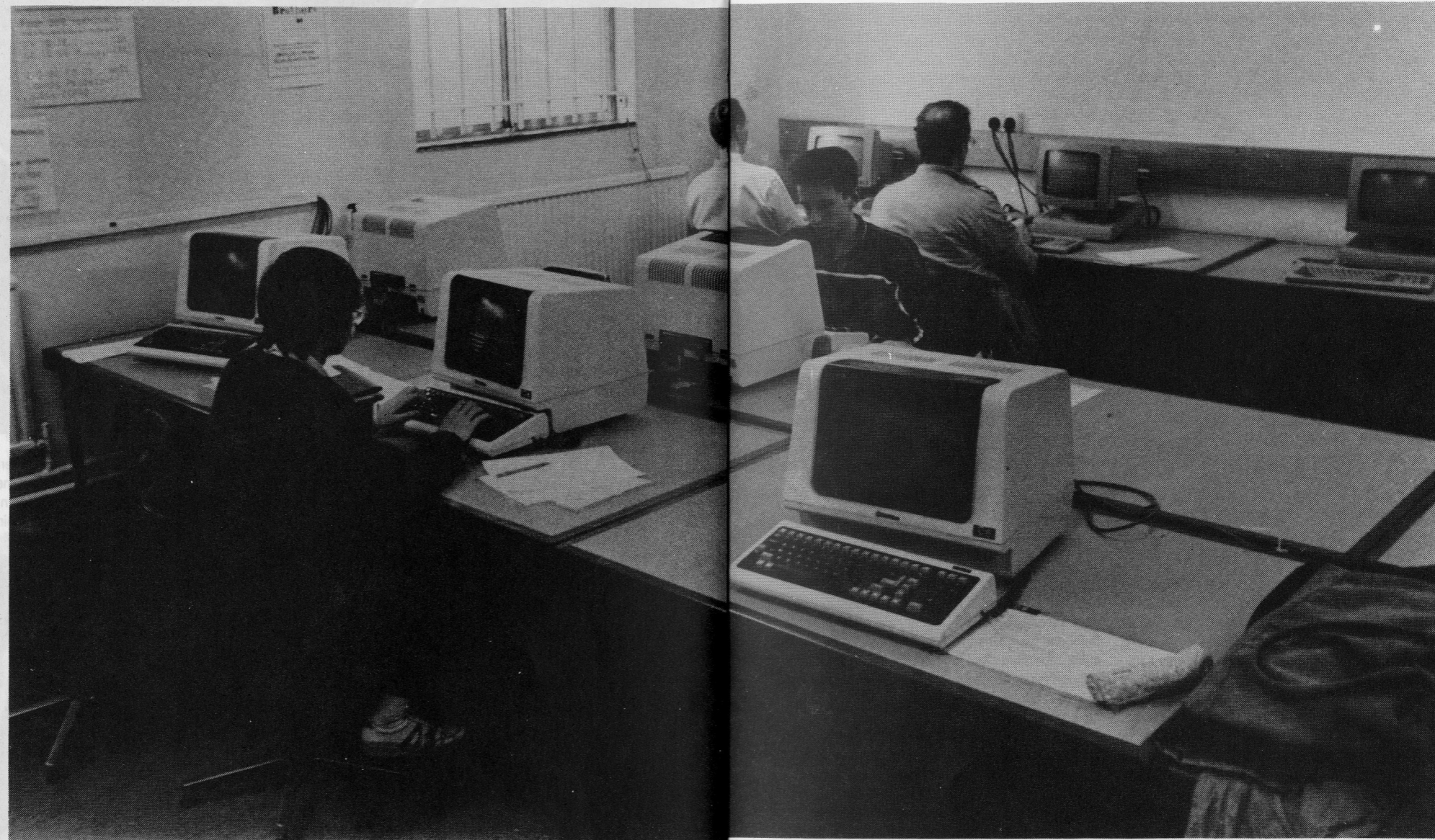
The term 'Information System' can equally be applied to a humble card index as to a multi million pound IBM mainframe running sophisticated software. But the last thirty years have seen unprecedented growth and increased complexity in the area of 'information systems', from the punched card systems of the fifties to the 'fifth generation' languages and 'artificial intelligence' of the late eighties. At the same time, there has been a revolution in the general level of 'computer literacy' fuelled by the advent of the home computer and pledges by certain companies (promoted by certain computer manufacturers, who might be described as having an interest) to have 'one per desk'. Everybody can believe they are a computer expert. Or can they?

With the advent of more sophisticated 'information systems' has come an increase in incomprehensible jargon. The non-specialist is left fumbling with MIPS (million instructions per second), EPROM (Erasable Programmable Read Only Memory) and CASE (Computer Aided Software Engineering). The non-specialist is usually the person, such as the departmental manager, who is responsible for acquiring the 'information system', whether it be an accounts package or an ordering system. The rise of jargon, and the lack of explanation by those who understand the jargon to those who do not, can be a major stumbling block in the choice and implementation of the 'right' information system. Without the 'right' choice, the system is bound to fail to some degree.

The jargon and mysticism of the experts has led people to over-estimate the potential of a new 'Information System'. Managers frequently expect, or are led to believe by computer specialists and consultants, that the 'white heat of technology' will not only solve their current data processing problems, but also, in some mysterious way enhance and improve their whole working lives. One senses they are sold it with some vague promise that the system will generate orders in a stagnant market, solve all their staff disputes and even make a jolly nice cup of tea! Given that only rarely is a totally appropriate system installed, managers feel even more disillusioned because the system has not lived up to their unrealistic and inflated expectations.

Why do systems not live up to those expectations? A prime reason is that the system simply does not do what it is supposed to do. This may seem subtle, for example an accounts package does not produce a desired report: it may be possible, with the expenditure of yet more money, to 'fix' the problem by paying someone to add another program. (This is evidence of an organised mafia amongst computer programmers to build in 'bugs' so that they or their colleagues can be kept in work sorting them out.) This sort of inability to provide the information required by management to help it take decisions is actually a major failing by the system, since this providing such support is one of its main roles.

Alternatively, the system may be completely unsuitable, in scale or methods, for the task in hand. Where one company installed a complicated automatic cheque generation system which produced about four hundred cheques a month, another company, which produced that many cheques in a



week, could operate far more efficiently using a manual system.

A system may also be suitable for the short term needs of the company, but unable to cope with long term development plans, which may produce more data than the system is capable of handling. One company originally had a stock control system for about 100 different types of stock. When they expanded, this increased to about 2000 different types of stock. The system which had worked well when handling small numbers simply clogged up and became unwieldy when faced with the much larger number.

So, why are systems often so wide of the mark? This is mainly due to a lack of information and communication, ironic in an industry so obsessed with the processing of information and data. The system may have been incorrectly specified, perhaps because the people requesting the system did not fully understand their current system and their future needs, or perhaps because the analysts from the system suppliers did not understand the explanations

of their clients. (Believe me, it's quite possible for analysts, when faced with a simple procedure for deducting 10% of an invoice to be paid at a later date - quite common practice in engineering firms - to turn this into a system which added 10% to every invoice. I've seen it done by a 'reputable' software house who were official agents for IBM.) Although the analysis of requirements is frequently seen as very expensive, especially as part of a 'preliminary' study, money spent here is usually well invested and can help to avoid major problems arising later.

Another reason for failure is the 'gadgets' attraction that specialists can imbue systems with: 'For only a little more money, it can do this, this and this,' they may declare, impressing their client with technology which may be irrelevant or, even worse, actually damaging to the way the client wishes to work.

Finally, there is a large market for 'off the peg' systems, or 'packages'. While some packages are excellent and live up to their advertising puff, many are written to suit everybody and frequently suit nobody.

Even assuming that the system has successfully avoided the pitfalls described above, it is likely that it has not been considered in the wider context of the organisations overall information systems needs. An example is the engineering company which had recently acquired an IBM mainframe for its accounts and costing system. The department responsible for tendering for contracts was at the same time installing a computerised version of its tendering system, based on IBM Personal Computers. When the company won a contract, the tender became the budget for the contract and was transferred to the accounts costing package. To do this the data had to be re-entered by hand onto the accounts mainframe. Both systems were excellent in their way, but completely incompatible. The data even had to be recoded because the two departments used different codes for each part. No-one had considered that the large investment in both systems should be coordinated to ensure that they worked harmoniously.

The investment in and 'return' from systems is another area where systems are frequently

disappointing. A study by TRW, one of the leading software contractors in the US, has shown that initial estimate for the cost of a system can be anywhere between a quarter and four times the actual cost. While you may be happy if your system costs one quarter of what you expected, you are not likely to be very pleased if it takes four times as much to make it even do part of what you wanted. The reasons for this uncertainty lie in the very nature of software: without a specific knowledge of the system unavailable before the system is almost fully developed, the cost of, for example, programming, can only be guessed.

Efforts can be made to improve the estimate of costs, using for example 'software metrics' which measure either a characteristic of the software, such as the estimated number of lines of code, or something about the software production, such as the number of man hours used in a certain phase of the development of the system. From these measurements and estimates, forecasts about the system can be made which may be more accurate

than simple guesswork. However large scale computer systems are still characterised by overruns on costs and late deliveries.

Another popular misconception is that by spending money on information systems, companies can save money. Suppliers, obviously interested in selling their products, will make claims for 'increased productivity' or 'throughput' which can be totally unfounded. Management consultants Price Waterhouse have indicated that 'cost justification studies with the supplier aren't really worth the paper they are written on. It's in the interests of the supplier to make the figures look good'.

A forgotten aspect in many information systems when they are being designed is the needs of the end users. The VDU operators who have to input the raw data seemed to be consulted rarely during the planning and specification stage. They often find the new system inflexible, awkward and irritating. They may find it difficult and bewildering to use. Retraining is often neglected and poorly trained staff who do not understand the system properly are likely to be a major cause of machine failure - simply through pressing the wrong key at the wrong time. Steve Jobs built the market for the Apple Macintosh on its ease of use and by providing a standard 'user interface' or way in which the users interact with programs. This results in low training costs and almost immediate productivity. IBM have developed a similar strategy recently, called the Standard Applications Architecture, to be implemented by software developers on some of their machines.

As an interesting diversion, it is amusing to note just how many supposedly computer literate people are really rather frightened of computers. If something goes wrong, they will invariably claim, 'I never touched it!'. It usually turned out that they pressed keys X and Y in the wrong order and the system fell over and waved its legs in the air. This is the designer's problem, not the operators, but from the way people talk and react, you'd think it was the other way around.

So if many of the problems associated with systems failure are so easily avoided, just why are so many unsuitable systems implemented. The fault rarely lies with the technology itself, but with those who manipulate it. Many schemes start off as private 'babies' for certain managers or departments, who see them as ways of gaining power over other managers or departments and who push them through regardless of their merits. Clients are also frequently victims of their system suppliers, who are interested in selling more of their products (and ensuring a steady stream of system support work) rather than satisfying their customers exact needs. 'Impartial' management consultancies these days are quite likely to have their own systems houses under their wings and can promote the 'best' solution because it is the best for their own company, not the client's company.

Information systems are not inherently doomed to failure, although at times they may seem to be. But careful management, and an examination of the real needs and motives of those involved, are and will continue to be an integral part of their successful implementation.

STA manager Roy Hughes and Wendy Parks describe experiences of a mini world tour and how to plan one.

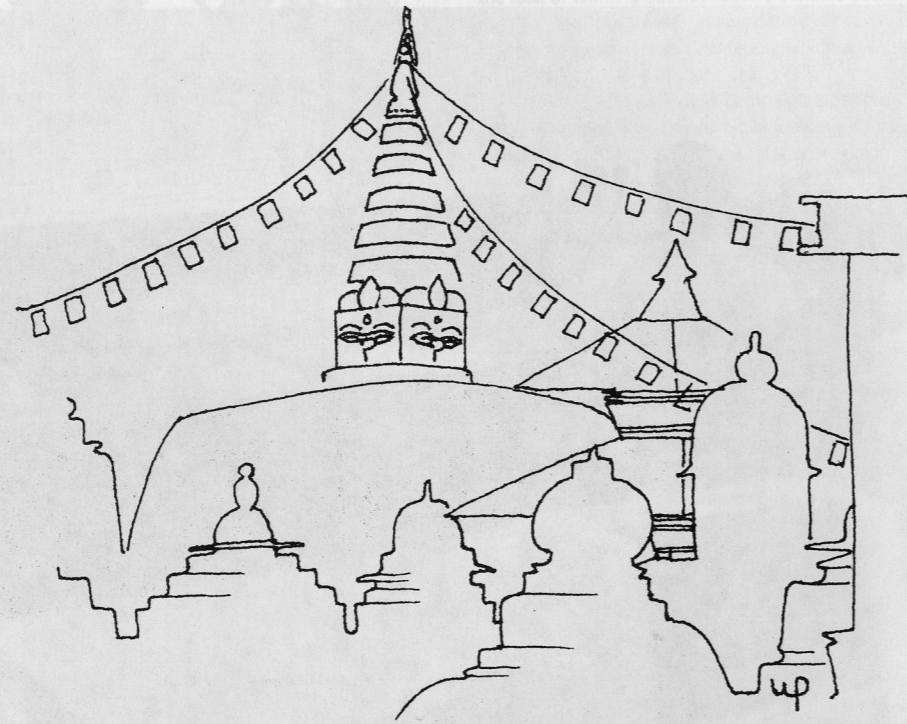
Catching the travel bug

It is not inconceivable that in the darkest recesses of each of Britain's universities there is a meteorological department with the sole responsibility of ensuring that during the period leading up to exams the weather will be extremely hot, sticky and generally not very conducive to spending hours locked away in a library, bedroom or wherever else silent sanctuary is to be found. For most people this is an intolerable situation, for experienced travellers it is the nearest thing to purgatory and for others this is the time that the embryonic idea of 'getting away from it all' takes serious root.

So what constitutes 'getting away from it all'? For some people it is nothing more complicated than two weeks of hedonistic pleasure in a mediterranean hotspot; for others it is an Inter-Rail pass, a tent and a stout pair of hiking boots. Some hardy souls, obviously deeply disturbed by an excess of academia, beg, steal or borrow the required finances and set off on a round-the-world ticket (purchased from STA, of course). A prerequisite for this latter group is a sense of adventure and/or a degree of temporary insanity.

For all potential travellers the easy part is deciding to go. Difficulties begin to arise when choosing a suitable destination (or destinations). I have lost count of the number of people I have spoken to over the last two years with STA, who have uttered those near Walthamstow-ish classic lines; 'I want to go on holiday but I don't know where'. ('There are people in the air...they think it's all over...'). Unfortunately for me these people usually expect an immediate solution—as a matter of interest, my usual answer is 'Laos', as I have yet to meet anybody who has successfully negotiated their way either in or out of the country. On the other hand there are people who collect 'sets' of countries; one of our intrepid consultants in another branch of STA went to the extremes of visiting Tirana in Albania sometime last year so he could complete his 'European set'. I have to admit to being one of these irritating people and I am, at present, working on a collection of 'One Party States' which is quite an interesting one as new ones crop up all the time, while others disappear.

As some indication to where independent travellers are heading for at the moment, I would tentatively say (after a quick straw poll in the office) that the most popular destinations are the perennial favourite, the USA, and a relative newcomer, Thailand. The latter is fast becoming the Hawaii of South East Asia, so it would be advisable to get there before it's too late. A couple to watch out for in the future could be Indonesia (especially Sumatra) and a rank outsider The Maldives; a factor not entirely unconnected to the fact that they are sinking and it is somewhat of a novelty to visit islands that might not actually be there in ten years time. Whatever your final choice of destination, the next step is usually the most difficult, the pre-travel preparations.



'SWAYAMBHUNATH' THE MONKEY TEMPLE
KATHMANDU

It was during my student years that I caught the 'travel bug', backpacking around Europe as much as time and money would allow. Although I then settled into a teaching job, I longed to travel further afield and after two years I started making plans for a year's trip. These plans and the necessary preparations took me almost six months.

My first task was to decide where I wanted to go. I read books and brochures which made me want to go to almost every destination in the world. Studying the seasons, I laboriously worked out a round the world route which avoided the monsoons as much as possible. I took this route to a few travel agents for a quote, but when figures in excess of £3,000 were thrown at me I decided it was time to rethink! I also became more realistic about just how much of the world I could see in a year. This became even more apparent once I had travelled for a while and I realised that the more countries or towns I tried to visit the less I actually gained—it was impossible to scrape below the surface if I was constantly on the move.

I would be travelling alone for three months through Asia before arriving in Australia to spend Christmas with friends. As I was unsure at this stage about being in Asia on my own, I found out about a number of treks and tours specifically geared towards budget travellers. While I was busy sorting out my route and a tour I also had to work through a long list of many mundane and time consuming procedures: obtaining a new passport, relevant visas, international driving licence and YHA card, insurance, making several visits to the doctor for a series of inoculations and then equipping myself with a new rucksack, walking boots, sleeping bag and other necessities.

Meanwhile, the actual trip was falling into place. I

had booked to go on a trek in Northern India in September and then in November I would go on a tour from Kathmandu to Bali. All I needed was a flight to Delhi and then a flight from Bali to Australia, I was quite impressed how well I'd cut down my flights although the planning had taken me so long that by the time I returned to STA to book them the cheapest fares were already full.

And so for the first three months everything was rigidly planned. I went on the trek in Northern India and then travelled overland to Nepal where I spent a month before joining the tour that was to take me to Bali in an astounding five weeks...While this tour offered me security and a hassle free trip, I found it frustrating travelling through five countries at such speed and not having any real contact with the people and their ways of life and so I was quite relieved to spend another two weeks in Bali on my own after the tour had finished. During this time I developed a real love for the island, with its beautiful scenery, incredibly friendly people and relaxing lifestyle, and I made the decision to return at some point. It should be noted that there are two sides to Bali—the southern tip of the island is to Australia what Benidorm is to the UK—for people who just want to drink, eat and surf cheaply it's great, but Kuta is not Bali. Fortunately, it is easy to get away from the tourist area and elsewhere in Bali, life continues as it has for hundreds of years...with a culture that is fascinating and unique.

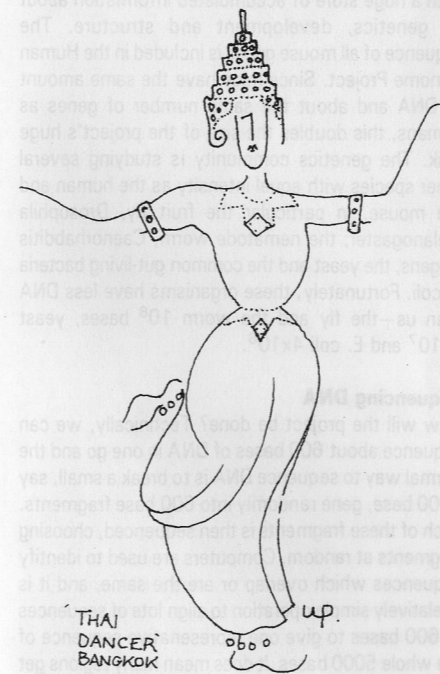
I flew on to Australia just before Christmas and suffered from culture shock for the first time since leaving home! I spent the next two months visiting friends and picking fruit to earn some quick money. I then headed for the bright lights of Sydney, where

I bumped into a girl who I'd first met in Bali. Before long we decided to travel together, with Bali as our final destination.

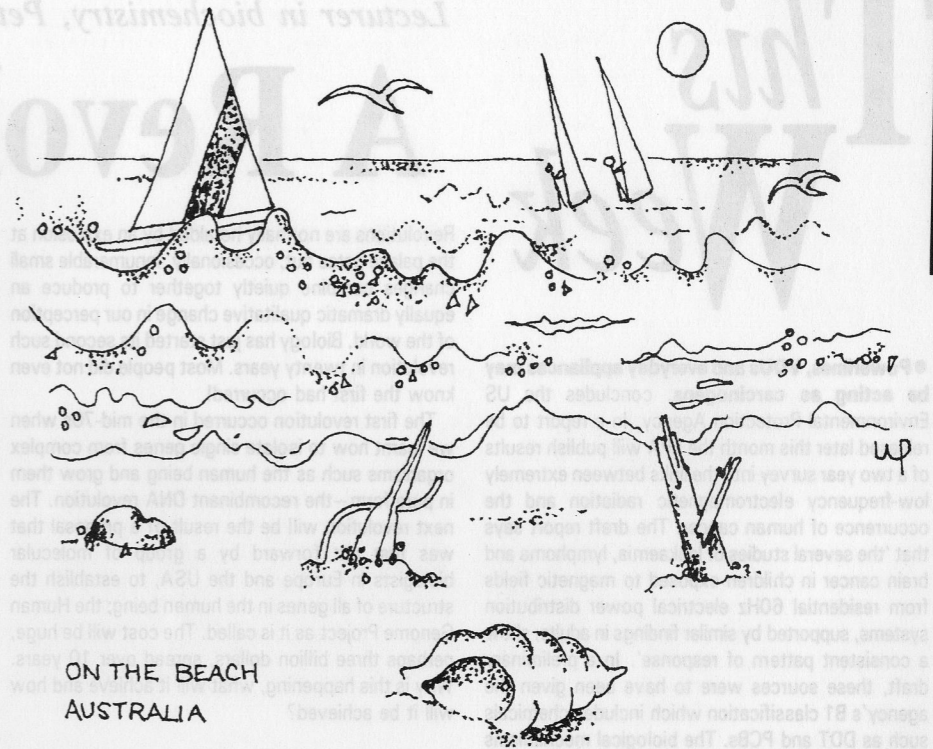
We travelled mostly by arranged lifts, as advertised on hostel noticeboards, and had one adventure after another. It was by far the best time I had in Australia. We took a month to travel from Sydney along the coast to Cairns to see the Great Barrier Reef and then across the outback to Darwin.

Here we discovered flights to Bali were not as cheap as we had hoped for but we could fly to Timor for £250 return. We were also told we could leave the next day and as we were desperate to leave Australia by this point we spent the rest of the day rushing around like demented ants getting injections, travellers cheques, etc.

The next two months were superb as we travelled across the lesser known islands of Timor, Sumba, Flores and Lombok before reaching Bali. Tourists have yet to reach these islands, which means conditions are basic, but the people are very friendly and were always inviting us to their homes and giving us food. This was sometimes difficult coming to terms with, in the light of their relative poverty. I loved Indonesia so much that I ended up spending a further four months on my own in Timor, Bali and then travelling on through Java and Sumatra. I was so glad at this point that I had not booked any onward flights from Australia before I'd left home as this allowed me to be more flexible. I eventually made my way up to Penang from Sumatra and spent a final five weeks in Thailand before buying a cheap flight back to London from Kuala Lumpur.



THAI
DANCER
BANGKOK



ON THE BEACH
AUSTRALIA

Wherever you want
to go.....
We'll get you there
for less

- Low Cost Flights on Quality Airlines
- Special Fares for Students
- Weekend Breaks, Tours & Group Bookings
- Well Travelled Staff to Guide You
- Over 100 Offices Worldwide



WIN
TWO TRAIN TICKETS
TO BERLIN
DETAILS FROM YOUR ULU TRAVEL OFFICE

ULU TRAVEL
Sherfield Building
Imperial College



ULU TRAVEL

This Week

● **Powerlines, VDUs and everyday appliances may be acting as carcinogens**, concludes the US Environmental Protection Agency. In a report to be released later this month the EPA will publish results of a two year survey into the links between extremely low-frequency electromagnetic radiation and the occurrence of human cancer. The draft report says that 'the several studies of leukaemia, lymphoma and brain cancer in children exposed to magnetic fields from residential 60Hz electrical power distribution systems, supported by similar findings in adults, show a consistent pattern of response'. In a preliminary draft, these sources were to have been given the agency's B1 classification which includes chemicals such as DDT and PCBs. The biological mechanisms causing cancers by these actions are, as yet, unknown.

● **Two factors contributed to the low number of fatalities from the Romanian earthquake**, measuring 6.9 on the Richter Scale, on May 30th. The first is that the epicentre was 90km below the surface, compared to 3km for the 1988 Armenian event. The second is that all the fragile buildings prone to damage in an earthquake had all been demolished after an earthquake of size 7.2 in 1977, says Professor Nick Ambraseys of Imperial. Two thousand people died in 1977 when multi-storey concrete buildings collapsed after being weakened by an earthquake in 1940.

● **Brazil is on its way** to being capable of building an atomic bomb. The Brazilian Physics Society reports that once a new uranium-enriching centre is completed, they could have one seven days and £2 million later. By a happy coincidence, the US representative to the International Atomic Energy Agency, Richard Kennedy, was touring Brazil. He urged Brazil to ratify the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Brazilian diplomats retorted that the treaty was discriminatory and would sign only if it was changed. The centre is to provide fuel for a submarine reactor. Kennedy has struck back, criticising Brazil's role as a major arms exporter to Iraq. Brazil and the United States look destined not to meet in the World Cup.

● **'Paintballing' may be having an adverse effect on ancient woodlands**. The 'sport' involves hoards of war crazed executives (and occasional student groups) trampling vulnerable new growth underfoot. The Government's watchdog, the Nature Conservancy Council, is to monitor this mindless destruction over the next 12 months at a site in Cambridgeshire. The 100,000 vandals of nature are putting at risk ash, oak and hazel trees, which have not yet adapted themselves to the mindless invasion of would-be James Bonds. A British Paintball Association Committee member said 'We...play...to damage'.

Lecturer in biochemistry, Peter Little, describes how Imperial is playing its part in...

A Revolutionary science

Revolutions are normally heralded by an explosion at the palace gates but, occasionally, innumerable small changes combine quietly together to produce an equally dramatic qualitative change in our perception of the world. Biology has just started its second such revolution in twenty years. Most people did not even know the first had occurred!

The first revolution occurred in the mid-70s when we learnt how to isolate single genes from complex organisms such as the human being and grow them in pure form—the recombinant DNA revolution. The next revolution will be the result of a proposal that was first put forward by a group of molecular biologists in Europe and the USA, to establish the structure of all genes in the human being; the Human Genome Project as it is called. The cost will be huge, perhaps three billion dollars, spread over 10 years. Why is this happening, what will it achieve and how will it be achieved?

The function of DNA

Genes are made of DNA, whose elegant and beautiful double-helical structure has become a totem of the new biology. Genes code for proteins in the same way as tape codes sound or video pictures but instead of using electrical storage, it uses a sequence of simple chemicals, the bases.

Bases can be A, G, C or T (the full names are irrelevant) and DNA stores information in the triplet genetic code. A small region of DNA could have the sequence of bases GGATCTTTT, for example. Broken up into triplets of bases we have GGA, TCT and TTT. The cell uses this information to put a protein together.

Proteins are the catalysts of cells. They can manufacture almost all of the complex organic molecules needed to 'make a human'. A protein is made up of a long, specific sequence of amino acids, 20 of which are used in the body, put together in a unique order. The order determines the biological properties of the protein and it is this information that is stored in DNA. So, in our example, GGA codes for Glycine, TCT for Serine and TTT for Phenylalanine and the protein will have these amino acids in this order.

So far I hope this is simple to understand. The problem is that there is a vast amount of DNA in each human cell, 6×10^9 bases, and only 5% of this is 'genes'. The rest is the space between-genes. All this DNA is called the human genome.

How many genes are there in a human being? Probably between 10^4 and 10^5 , all of which are present in every cell of our body. Of course, all genes do not work in all cells: brain cells are very different from sperm cells and these differences are reflected in the genes that are expressed in the different cell types.

Genetic Diseases

That the system works at all is the product of three billion years of evolution, but it is still touch and go. One per cent of all live births in this country will have a genetic abnormality that will either kill or result in requiring medical support, sometimes for life. It is this that has powered the surge of work on the genetic basis of development. Genes that are responsible for life threatening diseases such as cystic fibrosis (carried by 1 in 20 of the white population of the UK) sickle cell anemia, phenylketonuria, thalassemia and Tay Sachs disease, have all been identified and the

defects that cause disease are now becoming understood. At present, the best we can do is to offer diagnosis of the condition before a baby is born—antenatal diagnosis, followed by therapeutic abortion, if this is requested (it is not always). Perhaps later, as the normal function of the gene product is understood, we will be able to offer treatment rather than this unpleasant method of prevention.

Not all genetic diseases are caused by single gene defects and a complex of genes interacting together, perhaps as many as five or six, can lead to, for example, a predisposition to breast cancer or coronary heart disease. Unless we have this gigantic picture of what normal genes look like in humans we cannot establish what the normal pattern of variation is within the genes, to decide which may contribute to the disease. The function and structure of perhaps 5% of our genes are partly understood. The rest of the genes are a complete mystery, of unknown structure, of unknown function and of unknown effect upon humans.

After the sequence, what next?

What happens when we achieve the goal and establish the sequence? The quick answer is that then the work really starts. How do we establish the function of a gene knowing only the sequence of amino acids it contains? In principal, the techniques of genetic engineering and molecular genetics allow these problems to be answered, but we quickly run into ethical problems. Genetics is carried out by the breeding of animals or plants together to examine the effects of a gene on the offspring. The idea of breeding humans is repugnant and ethically unacceptable, so how do we get round this problem? The obvious answer is to use another species and since we are ultimately interested in humans, it must be a vertebrate. The common house mouse is the preferred animal: rapid to breed, simple to keep and with a huge store of accumulated information about its genetics, development and structure. The sequence of all mouse genes is included in the Human Genome Project. Since mice have the same amount of DNA and about the same number of genes as humans, this doubles the size of the project's huge task. The genetics community is studying several other species with equal intensity as the human and the mouse, in particular the fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*; the nematode worm, *Caenorhabditis elegans*; the yeast and the common gut-living bacteria *E. coli*. Fortunately, these organisms have less DNA than us—the fly and the worm 10^8 bases, yeast 4×10^7 and *E. coli* 4×10^6 .

Sequencing DNA

How will the project be done? Technically, we can sequence about 600 bases of DNA in one go and the normal way to sequence DNA is to break a small, say 5000 base, gene randomly into 600 base fragments. Each of these fragments is then sequenced, choosing fragments at random. Computers are used to identify sequences which overlap or are the same, and it is a relatively simple operation to align lots of sequences of 600 bases to give one representative sequence of the whole 5000 bases. It does mean many regions get sequenced several times—on average 4-5 and this may seem a labour intensive method as a consequence. It is not, because the process of DNA sequencing is automatable, but the process of identifying specific 600 base fragments to allow the

5000 bases to be sequenced by about 9 unique 600 base pieces, is not and is hugely labour intensive.

Can we do the whole of human DNA like this? The computational problems alone would be tough, since 3×10^9 bases would require 5 million 600 base fragments, all sequenced 4-5 times. This is difficult but what makes it impossible is that some pieces of human DNA are found at more than one location in this chain—they are repeated. One class of this repeated DNA is about 350 bases long and present 750,000 times. The computer, comparing 600 base sequences would have no way of knowing which of the repeats matched which and would get into a terrible mess.

Some technical help is needed

The way round this is to break the DNA into smaller pieces. First let us look at chromosomes: there are 46 of these in humans, so we can analyse just one at a time. This is technically possible. The average chromosome is about 3×10^8 which is a reasonable figure but still too large to sequence directly. So the next step is to make a 'map' of particular sorts of sequences along a chromosome, since this map lets us break the DNA into smaller regions. We can then construct sets of fragments of DNA each being about 40,000 bases long and partially overlapping to cover the whole region. We can now sequence these 40,000 base fragments by computerised analysis and since we know the precise relationship of 40,000 adjacent fragments, we never need worry about the whole of the human DNA, just the fragments either side. This is technically tough, but again possible and is the work that my lab is most involved in. We know which fragments contain genes that we are already interested in, so we can overcome the problem that 95% of DNA is not gene and to start with just the bits we know are interesting. Later we can do the rest and find totally new genes. That will be the real excitement!

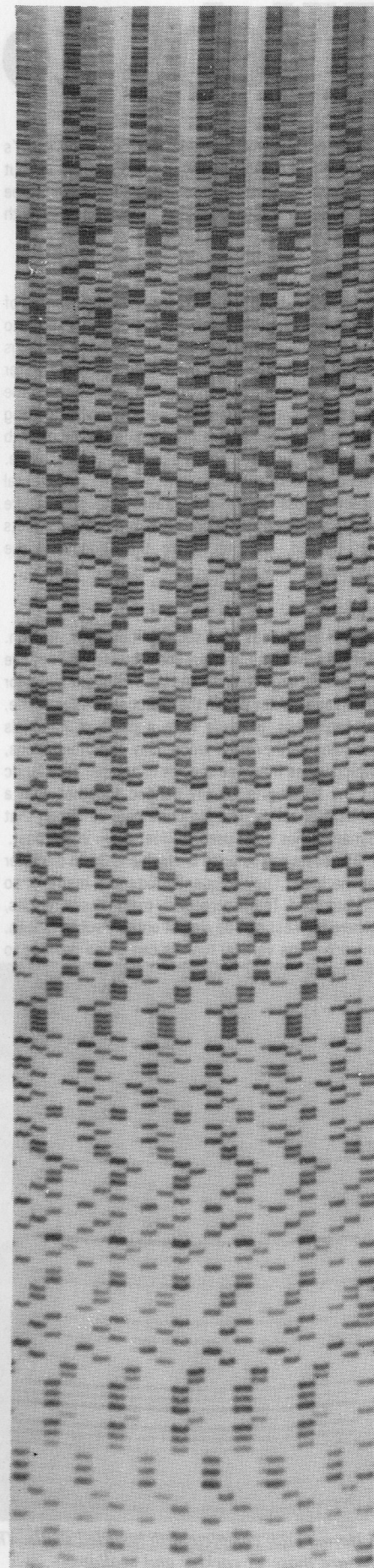
The future?

We will need large computers and robots, to make sequences and handle DNA, and very careful work in our laboratories. The scale of the project will require international coordination, probably under the Human Genome Organisation (HUGO), a group of some 300 leading figures in human genetics, myself included. The future course of the project is gradually becoming clear even though, as in any big money project, politics sometimes takes more time than actual work. If you want to see how this work is actually done, why not come and see my research team for yourself?

The revolution has started and there was no explosion at the gates. That doesn't mean it is any less revolutionary.

The determination of DNA sequence. Each band on this analysis represents a base.

The sequence is read from the bottom going from band to band incrementally up the track. Each group of 4 represents all 4 bases G, A, T and C, and there are about 200 bases on this analysis. Human DNA would require about 10,000,000 similar pictures for a complete analysis.



25 YEARS AGO

This Week

● **Transistors have led to an incredible development in colour television**. Developed by Japanese scientists, the portable set has a screen $7\frac{1}{2}$ " across and weighs 16lbs. Transistors were required for all but the high voltage rectifiers and picture tube in order to pack the electronics into a $10''$ cube. Thanks to this, power consumption is kept down to 30 watts, one tenth of that normally needed. Another change is the use of one electron gun rather than three. The single gun presents red, blue and green colour information sequentially. The set, developed by the Yaou Electric Company of Kanagawa, is to be introduced to Japanese and American buyers shortly.

● **Lifts getting you down?** The logistics of lifts; where they go, the number of stops they make and how many there are have always been within the domain of architects and engineers. But Miss Helen Parlow, a research assistant at Imperial, has just completed a study of these factors on traveller's waiting times. Most of the lift companies' work deals with offices, which only require the filling and emptying of the building in two half hours per day. Universities and hospitals have different needs, which has prompted interest in the report from the Ministry of Health.

● **'Consort', the University of London's research and training reactor** has been officially inaugurated at Imperial's field station at Silwood Park in Berkshire. It is water cooled and designed to run at 100kW. This compares to the 10kW reactor originally envisaged. Working closely with Imperial, designers GEC-Simon Carves began about five years ago. The total cost is estimated to be about £100,000. It incorporates many research facilities, notably the large 'bare face' between the inner tube and concrete shielding. Access to the face is possible within 24 hours of a shutdown.

Three years ago the University of London turned down an offer of a 'Merlin' reactor as a free gift from the AEI Company.

● **Concord, the supersonic airliner, is to carry a specially designed cosmic ray meter**. The monitor, still in the experimental stage, has been developed by the Atomic Energy Authority. It will be capable of detecting all types of rays, including neutrons, present at the 12 mile level that Concord will be flying. Green, amber or red lights show depending on the dosage. Green is safe, amber is a warning light and red is dangerous. Action on a red light will be to descend to 9 miles where the density of the atmosphere should be enough to absorb any dangerous rays, although this will probably require a return to subsonic speed.

● **The Mathematical Association has published its report on the teaching of mechanics**. It is intended as a guide for teachers, and insists that mechanics should be taught as part of a mathematics course rather than in science lessons. But it is feared that this approach may lead to too much abstraction and kill interest in the subject. Problems in the physical world cannot be ignored by students' learning methods in so-called 'applied mathematics' they say. The report deals with teaching to pre-university level.

50 YEARS AGO

This Week

● **The effects upon workers**, of blacking-out windows in factories are being investigated by the Industrial Health Research Board. Artificial lighting tolerated under peace-time conditions is no longer acceptable in present circumstances, with longer hours being worked. Pre-war practice was mainly concerned with adequate levels of illumination. Poor illumination can lead to psychological problems causing a decrease in output of a factory. When natural skylights are blacked out, distracting glare and dazzle can produce an objectionable tunnel effect. New means of lighting may be designed to conserve mental and physical reserves.

● **The electron microscope in the McLennan Laboratory at Toronto** is now claimed to have a resolving power of greater than 60 Angstroms. In a paper last year, the suggested limit was a resolution of 200 Angstroms. The improvement is a result of the control of the illuminating beam of electrons, and the nature of the specimens used.

● **Imperial's offer to HM Government** of the services of the Biological Field Station at Slough has been gratefully accepted. This commitment during the war will provide research areas for study on insect infestation of food produce. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research now takes all staff engaged on this project under its own employment and, with the consent of the College's Governing Body, secures Professor J W Munro as a consultant.

● **With pressures on the economy rising**, and unlikely to fall in the foreseeable future, the utilisation of waste products is being emphasised by the Salvage Department. The sixth report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure recommends the appointment of a national controller of salvage, supervising the salvage work of all departments. The Minister of Supply has made it obligatory for local authorities with a population of more than 10,000 to arrange for the efficient collection of salvage.

The collection of waste paper doubled between November last and April to 9,000 tons. Even banana stalks have an alternative use as valuable fertilizer. The household cooked bone can provide one eighth of its weight in cooked fat and one eighth in glue, with the rest used as feeding meal for cattle or as bone-based fertilizer. All these previously discarded materials are needed.

● **'What a lovely pear'** was previously an overgeneralisation used by fruit farmers describing their produce. Now all cultivated pear varieties can be classified using a system by M B Crane and D Lewis. The characteristics suggested are genetically controlled and can be used with confidence when the range of variations is known. They are: leaf-margin, mid-rib, shoot hairiness and leaf colour.

If we were the size of a typical insect the world would appear completely different. We all need homes to live in, however. Simon Haslam looks at the more unusual arthropod flat in the city...

Webs to nests

In the natural world, things that crawl the earth's surface find a wide variety of homes to live in. Out of over a million species of animals more than three quarters are arthropods, that is invertebrates with jointed legs.

Spiders

Arthropods build an incredibly diverse range of structures for themselves and spiders are no exception. One spider weaves a cocoon and hangs onto its underside when swimming below the water surface. This traps a small pocket of air allowing the spider to breathe underwater, very much like a diving bell. Another spider, the grass spider, spins its web in such a way that it forms a dry tent-like enclosure. Money spiders construct large webs in a horizontal sheet across gorse and grass. The sheets are supported by vertical strands in which hopping insects get tangled, later to fall to their dooms in the hammock.

Termites

Not all arthropods lead such solitary lives, though. Termites, like ants, are very social creatures. They live together in large colonies and have different forms for their various roles within the microcosm. Their castle, a termitarium, is made from a range of materials including earth, rotten wood, clay and other debris, which varies from one species to another. The fabric of the building is usually bonded together with a cement of saliva. The structures are so strong that dynamite has been used to clear them in the past.

The nests can be up to 5m high and 3m in diameter at the base. They frequently extend a metre or so underground. This is particularly true in desert regions, where the nest can be almost entirely subterranean. In such nests vertical tunnels can go so deep as to

reach the water table, thus enabling the nest to be kept damp.

In wet environments, termitariums have pitched roofs to allow the water to drain away. The nest itself contains a series of chambers interconnected by tunnels with the central areas being reserved for the king, queen and young brood.

The *Mastotermes darwiniensis* termite, which lives in Northern Australia, is one of the most destructive insects on the planet. There can be up to a million termites per nest, which will attack almost anything. Abandoned farms have been turned to dust in less than three years!

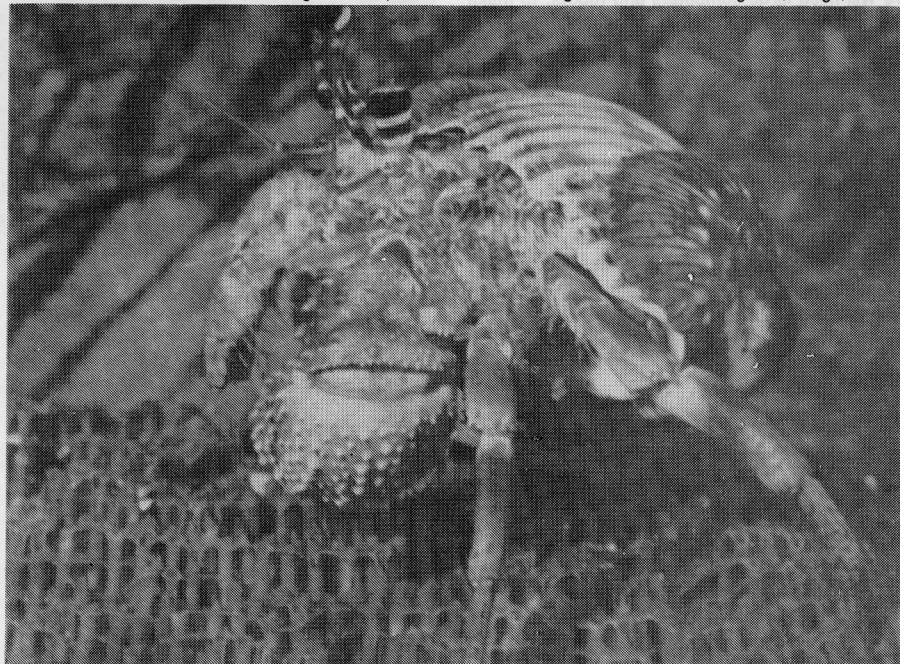
Wasps

Wasp colonies thrive in nests at a temperature of 26-36°C, some 5-15°C above the temperature outside. The layering of the nest's structure provides good insulation, and central heating is generated from active worker ants and larvae digesting food. Potter Wasps build mud containers in which they lay eggs and deposit paralysed insects, in the larder as it were, for the larvae to feed on later. A variation on the nursery theme is the female Praying Mantis who lays her eggs in foam which hardens in air so encapsulating and protecting the eggs.

Ants

The most common ants' nests are built in the ground, often under a log or stone. Dedicated worker ants build the nest, grain by grain. The constructions are built to last; some nests are more than twenty years old! The workers shift the brood to other parts of the nest according to whether the surroundings are dry or wet, hot or cold in order to give the right conditions

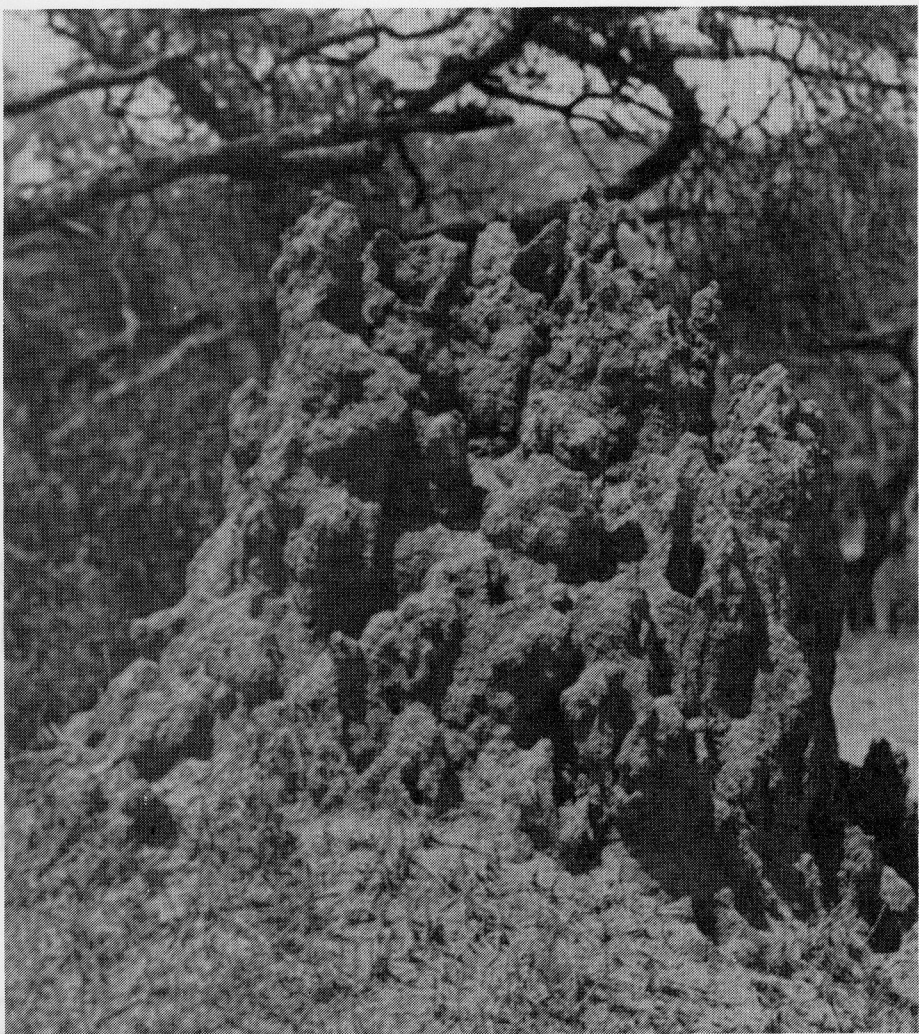
The intricate nest of the wood ant can be more than a metre high and is built from grass, twigs, soil and



A Hermit crab complete with hoarded shells. The shells shown are not the customary snail shells but are those of cockles and scallops.

100 YEARS AGO

This Week



A termitarium, rising out of the ground like ruins of some ancient building.

other debris. Like the termitarium it contains many living areas, larders and corridors.

Not all nests are ground based. For instance, the Indian ant, *Oecophylla smaragdina*, builds nests in trees. A brigade of worker ants pulls the edges of two leaves together in order to 'sew' them into a sheet. Where the gap between leaves is wide, the ants form chains, holding onto each others legs! The thread is produced from a grub, held in the mouth of another ant. The grub produces a silk thread from its lower lip and this is criss-crossed between the leaves to sew them together. Eventually, enough silk is present to form a solid joint.

Bees

The bee is a well known social insect, whose colonies often contain 60-80,000 individuals. Wild bees frequently live in a hive, hanging from the branch of a tree. The hive is composed of hexagonal cells in combs. The size of the cells varies between species and can be specialised for certain uses. The bigger cells are often used for the rearing of drones and the largest are usually reserved for queen bees. Some species prefer a more out of the way habitat such as caves or hollow trees.

Crabs

The tiny, pink-bodied pea crab lives inside the Common mussel and grabs its food from the mussel's gills while the aptly named Hermit crab supplements its own skeleton with empty sea snail and whelk shells. Nereid worms, which are a type of ragworm, often live with the Hermit crab for protection.

The Human home

Not all arthropods live in remote or secluded places

like rain forests or damp cellars. The human body is home to many, otherwise homeless, creatures. There are often over 2000 mites on one human being, not that this is something to worry about. Eyelash mites, which spend their days, as their name suggests, in the roots of eyelashes, help to keep the lashes clean. There are other mites living in hair follicles all over the body. Some mites have strong anchorage spikes on their feet and powerful jaws to allow them to feed on soft human skin, often a cause of itching.

On a larger scale, are the blood sucking insects. The Tsetse fly grips onto a suitable blood donor, inserts a tube known as the proboscis and feeds until its body is so distended that it can drink no more.

More revolting still is the habitat of the human blood fluke. At the larval stage it leaves its first home, the water snail, and remains in water until it penetrates the human skin. The fluke works its way into the blood vessels and grows in the veins. It lays eggs that have a sharp single spine, which permeate to the bladder and are passed out. In some cases the eggs may cause damage by trying to tunnel their way out through the bladder wall.

In the home, huge armies of creatures, which look ferocious under the microscope, live in beds, furniture, carpets and curtains. The booklouse, probably a distant relative of that well known animal the bookworm, lives on the mould that grows on damp books. It belongs to a group of over 1000 species, the majority of which are winged, living in forest and woodland on a diet of leaves and bark.

The homes of the arthropods are tremendously varied. Their ingenuity is often awe inspiring and a result of many years of evolution and adaptation. Maybe man could learn something from these so called 'creepy crawlies.'

● **Next Friday will see the lighting of the Natural History Museum** with the use of electricity. The scheduled function is that of the Society of Arts and it will allow the authorities to test the effectiveness of electric lighting in the building. If successful, the lighting seems likely to be made permanent. At the British Museum, where electricity is already used, members of the public have to be excluded for an interval at dusk, so that the lamps can be lit. This has not been successful, since the practice has started to discourage visitors.

● **'Is there coal in the south-east of England?'** is the title of a lecture to be given next week at Mansion House by Professor T McKenny Hughes FRS. It will be presided over by the Lord Mayor and supported by the 'Coal Search Committee'. The Committee consists of scientific and commercial men, donating their services free of charge. It was formed with the aim of locating and finding the extent of coal fields in the south-east.

● **Paris is to have its own University**, it was agreed last week. The General Council of the Paris Faculties held a meeting at the Sarborne and decided the University should have five faculties (Protestant Theology, Law, Medicine, Science and Literature) with an upper school of Pharmacy. Besides professional degrees, the University will grant diplomas of purely scientific studies to native and foreign students.

● **One million square miles of Canada is still unexplored**, estimates Dr G M Dawson in a paper just published. The area represents between one third and one quarter of Canadian territory. Dr Dawson believes that any intrepid explorer must possess sound geological and botanical knowledge together with a scientific training to enable him to make 'intelligent and accurate observations of any natural features or phenomena with which he may come in contact'.

● **The longest glass tube made is now in use as a water barometer** in the Saint Jacques Tower, Paris. Measuring 12 metres 69 centimetres with a 2 centremetre diameter, the tube forced contractors to create special openings in the tower to position it. Measuring and photographic equipment are connected so that thermometrical reading may also be taken. It will be useful thanks to its high sensitivity, especially during thunderstorms.

● **Progress in the fight against rabies** means that 'the muzzling order' will not be enforced throughout the country, Mr Chaplin said in the House of Commons this week. Rabies cases numbered 340 last year. Collars have been substituted for the muzzle in areas where rabies has ceased to exist, and there are no statistics to show the effect of such a universal imposition. Mr Chaplin anticipates effective control without resorting to these stringent measures.

FELIX

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FELIX

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Conniving Git?

Dave Smedley's year as FELIX Editor has made him the most infamous of all the sabbaticals. Most of you will have already dissected his character from the contents of his FELICES, while never meeting the man himself. But is this fair? Is Dave really vindictive and scheming, devoid of morality? Well...

Like many before him, his editorship followed a year as news editor, one of the most torturous of tasks known to man. After three years at IC playing in the Physics department, the stress was beginning to swell and showed in the cigarette intake. Like a genie from the Arabian Nights, Dave always appears in a puff of smoke.

Throughout the year this has not improved, despite the appearance of a subtle 'No Smoking please' sign in the typesetting area. Indeed, there is trouble in the air if you catch him without a fag in his mouth.

Maybe one of these troubled periods preceded the Valentines edition of Broadsheet, for which he was editor at the time. Was it produced A0 or A6 size? No. It came out in heart shaped format and his name has been mud ever since.

Speaking of Valentines, Dave has been the first FELIX editor in a long time who has led a covert relationship for the better part of the year. The identity of Smedder's sweetheart remains a mystery to this very day. Indeed, clues as to the existence of such a relationship have been few and far between. Perhaps the largest one was uncovered by one of the sabbatical candidates back in March. Knocking on the door of Dave's penthouse love-nest in Selkirk Hall, the prospective President heard much groaning and moaning coming from within. Mr Smedley eventually answered the door looking most disheveled claiming that the noise had been a steamy item on television. A cursory glance at the TV Times reveals that televisual delight was none other than Coronation Street.

His degree of contempt and disillusionment concerning the Union and the College has not grown since taking office, because it was bad enough already! In that light he has been firm but fair in his reporting of the cock-ups that always abound. His hate of committees is paralleled only with his hate of Dave Williams.

A frustrated photographer, bitter after losing his artwork from school, he had his big break during the summer. Mrs Thatcher deigned to grace IC with her presence, but Dave lost his nerve. Shooting from the hip, he didn't realise that he had left his Colt 45 in the office and mistakenly picked up his OM 10 instead. The result, a blurred photograph and the continuation of the UK under tyranny. Yes Dave is the man responsible for the state of edukayshun that resides today.

Dave could be described as a man with a rapier wit but only if the rapier concerned was poison tipped. Every editor has his own preoccupations: his was to wind up as many people as possible.

This included the staff. Dave's idea of a deadline for a 4000 word article is 'anytime within the next ten minutes.' Many a staff member has been spotted hopping around the room, gibbering after being given seven pages to write.

The formation of the 'conniving git' award in his Freshers issue marked the advent of subtle criticism for the year. The recipient, the then non-Sir Eric Ash, the rector, made no comment, until it was pointed out to him several weeks later. Though cringing at each letter that Sir Eric sent, he played fair and included them in the letters page for our amusement.



Most editors go through a frantic stage (for this to be put in perspective take your definition of frantic, add it to the News editors view of frantic, multiply by 10 and you're about half way there). In many it inspires complete lunacy, schizophrenia, paranoia and delusions of grandeur (George the III style). The final straw in Dave's case was the photo-story 'A Fistful of Parking Permits'. After a postponement of two weeks and then a couple of all-night developing and paste-up sessions it was all too much. But for Dave none of the tell tale signs became apparent.

The bubble did burst though and from it was born the Pornography special. 'Are You Feeling Yourself Today' asked the front cover. 'Piss off' said the Dean of St.Mary's, Professor Richards, in a move that condemned 500 copies of FELIX to incineration.

Dave was not happy. A feature with a message and a serious approach became the most controversial product out of the FELIX stables. Though inflaming the outspoken and misguided views of a number of groups in college it was also the most sought after. People came in from miles around to obtain a copy of the one they missed. 'Excuse me, but I don't seem to have a copy of Issue 850, have you got any left?'

Ace columnist, and Dave's collaborator in many dodgy scams, Paul Shanley, took as much an exception to the sacrificial burning as Dave. In a move designed to bring Dr Richards back to earth with his tail between his legs, Shan phoned first Private Eye and then some newspapers, including the Evening Standard. His ignorance of this newspaper was his downfall as the story they gave was mis-quoted and turned on it's head. The faxing of the cover, which had been printed in a subdued hue of orange to limit image definition, produced a sharp black and white copy for inspection. This revealed quite unashamedly one of the biggest orgies since Roman times. Dave instantly denied encouraging Mr Shanley in this venture when the paper came out the next day, but we know better.

Not content with the volume of letters from readers, another controversial issue was explored. 'Thatcher's Girls', a feature on prostitution in issue 868, gave the bare facts on an issue that is ever contemporary in a world of ever changing values. This cheap ploy failed to work, spawning only a few letters, less in fact than an ordinary book review in the same issue (giving Dave something else to rant about).

However, the effect was more pronounced than first appeared. Dave began walking around all the local phoneboxes. Now the research was over he knew exactly what to write on his sticky labels to attract the punters.

Dave encouraged the works of Dave Peacock, the Union Business Manager, and Ian Richards, the Snack Bar Manager. The Union office let him get away with doing the job he was doing, despite wanting a PR man and not so much of a newspaper man. They did however realise, far behind the FELIX staff and the religious societies, that Dave was the Anti-Christ. This shocking revelation came after the news that nobody in the Union office was working at all. In fact they had all been on holiday in Barbados at a wedding. In all honesty, how could this be true? Such a thought was unheard of, well, unspoken up until now anyway.

All was sorted out in over zealous celebration at the President's Dinner. Hugs and kisses on the central staircase of the Union were much in evidence (£10 or we publish the photographs).

The one major fault in this year's FELIX is the lack of proof reading in certain Sci Fi Soc articles and the What's On page, allowing mistakes like PRICKOCOIN to slip through.

At this point Dave would like us to say: the last year has been great and Dave has kept everyone on their toes. He's been the most **professional** and **organised** of the editors we've worked with. A good friend and an inspiration for us all.

Is that OK Dave, do we get our money now?

FELIX Editor Dave Smedley, exhausted and cynical, gives his view of those wonderful people who've put up with him all year.

The Staff

The staff in the FELIX Office have been fretting for weeks, ever since I promised to write an article about them for this issue. They have a totally unreasonable mistrust of me. In certain cases, they think I am going to poke fun at their excessive hair loss, their rather young age and their eating habits. As any regular reader of FELIX this year will know, I am totally trustworthy and would never stoop to the depths of knocking my fellow workers. Or would I?

One of the biggest stars of this year has to be Adam Harrington. As news editor, he has not only been short of a news team, he has often been short of news as well. Adam has attempted to force Kulture down the throats of the ignorant masses in the FELIX office by playing classical music at every opportunity. This has been much to the distress of the music editor, who prefers Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine to Beethoven. Although I have almost tripped over him on occasions 'The Weasel,' as our diminutive news editor has become known, has been irreplaceable and I owe him more thanks than I am capable of giving in these few words.

If you look at the photograph on this page, you will notice one spaced-out individual who does not appear to be on the same planet as everybody else. Staring into the distance is one thing Adam Tinworth has been forced to practice on many occasions this year. As theatre reviews editor he has seen some appalling plays as well some good ones, and has now gained the ability to switch on that glazed look at a moment's notice. Adam has pasted a vast amount of this issue and has written a sizeable chunk as well. Although he is the youngest of the staff, he doesn't act it.

Jeremy Burnell acts this part out perfectly. He has provided the FELIX Office with a jovial atmosphere, although his humour does tend to verge on the sick side. In his attempts to emulate an RCS hack, Jeremy, or 'Soft-Scoop' as he is usually known, has become a scavenger of late. He frequently roots around telephone boxes late at night in the hope that some distributor will have left a pile of vouchers for some useful food products. Soft-scoop's latest acquisitions include a wad of 'buy one get one free' vouchers for the local Burger King. Jeremy is now the only person I know capable of eating seven 'Whoppers' in one day. Apart from stuffing himself silly with fast food, Jeremy has worked incredibly hard on the money side of FELIX. Without him, very few bills would have been paid or sent this year and I would probably have had a nervous breakdown. I am very grateful for all his help this year, even if he has got a silly laugh.

Book reviews have appeared this year, courtesy of Ian Hodge, hereafter referred to by his nickname, 'Bodge'. Bodge came to the FELIX office an innocent fresher, pure as the driven snow. Sexual innuendo would pass him by, leaving him standing as the office fell about laughing. Not so now. Bodge now has a more perverse sense of humour than a jester in a brothel. I feel FELIX has ruined the touching naivety which Bodge once had, and which I preferred to the constant Finbarr Saunders persona that he has now taken on. Despite all this Ian has been a constant source of help on FELIX, and has written and pasted up more than I dare imagine. He has my immense gratitude for all he has done on FELIX and my sympathy for deciding to edit the Union Handbook.

Toby Jones has been this year's cinema reviews editor. With his chatty writing style he has added a Page 84



great deal to the reviews pages. His filing system is still a mystery to all but the inner circle of reviewers. The 'system' seems to go something like, 'take one desk drawer and a pile of information and photographs and combine with a liberal sprinkling of chaos.' Along with Toby's filing has come his eating. Toby's mind is never far away from the subject of food and when he'll be eating it next. If you want to spot him on the photograph, he is the one on the far right, leaning down to grab an illusionary doughnut on the ground. Many thanks for your help Tobes, you've been a laugh and fun to be around.

Beards are an accessory which featured heavily in the FELIX Office at the beginning of the year. Then bearded science Editor, Jason Lander, was later replaced by a similarly bearded Simon Haslam, who has often rushed in on a Thursday with a science article, exclaiming 'I'll paste it up this afternoon.' Jason's beard has since left his chin, along with an inch wide strip of hair from his head. The top of his head now resembles a miniature wooded golfing fairway, which probably explains why I have often felt like clubbing him. Jason and Simon have provided some good science coverage and a massive thanks is again due to both of them. I should mention at this point that Jason, with the aid of enough coffee to keep an elephant high for a week, has stayed up for a large part of the round the clock production of this issue; he's a hero, albeit a cynical one.

One of the hacks from last year, Liz Warren, has proven to be another mainstay of this year. Almost as addicted to caffeine as the aforementioned 'Space' Lander, Liz has made more cups of coffee and written more 'instant' features than anyone else in the office. Best known for her mammoth features, specifically the pornography one, Liz has the ability to write a minimum of 1000 words on any topic of conversation imaginable. She is the kind of person who, when filling out a form, always has to use the separate sheet of paper provided. Many thanks are due to her for steadfast late night pasting and subbing on this issue especially.

The photographic section of FELIX has expanded massively this year. With every photographer aspiring

to a job on 'Playboy,' the darkroom has been continually drained of materials. My theory is that they are producing dirty pictures in there. Photographers this year have included Richard Eyers, who has worked immensely hard on this issue, and Roland Flowerdew, who produced most of the photographs for this issue's 'Just 7.'

The subject of Just 7 raises the question of what drove Music fiend, Sarah, to volunteer. As the office goth, Sarah has always been the person who made sure the music pages appeared. Under the manic rule of 'Dingly' Del, she often saved the day with a quick paste up. I am very thankful to her and DEL for the music pages this year, even if DEL has driven me round the twist on more than one occasion. DEL I hate you, but thanks.

Darlings! The biggest nutter in the FELIX Office this year has had to be Adrian Pagan, alias Edna, alias Fruity, alias 'Darlings.' With his pretentious reviews he has added that daring dash of suave sophistication that the FELIX Office has always lacked but never wanted. Fruit, you've been fun to work with, many thanks for fashion especially.

And so to the permanent staff. Our printer, Andy Thompson, has been the hardest working printer I have known. Working late hours on Thursdays and overnight during the sabbatical elections, Andy has never failed to amaze me. I admire him both as 'boss' and fellow worker, and I hope he succeeds in his intended career as a musician. (I can't be rotten, he has to print this.)

Both Andy and Rose Atkins have been more like friends than staff this year. As typesetter operator, Rose has worked incredibly hard and has still been able to laugh along with all of us. Her drinking tales and Spanish holiday recollections have kept us amused and amazed at the levels of alcohol the human body can take. I wish her the best of luck in all she does in the future and just hope that I will remain in contact with her and Andy after this year.

Finally, Chris Stapleton. A great support and a good friend, Chris has escaped the net of this article. His demise, after all, is the prerogative of next year's staff.



This is the last editorial of my year as FELIX editor and, as such, it contains a great deal of my own personal conclusions and heartfelt regrets, some of which I have been unprepared to voice before now. I hope that what I am about to write will not be taken as a personal attack by anyone, but as a comment upon their position within the college in a professional setting.

The Union

I started the year determined to cooperate with the union. I had seen the unproductive results of past media campaigns against the body which supposedly represents the students and I had no wish to repeat these tragedies.

As the year progressed I began to find it harder and harder to accept the ineptitude of one sabbatical who shall remain nameless. A sabbatical should be someone who sets good examples, I thought. I was wrong. I had not comprehended who really runs the students union. The union is not really a representative of the students. It has a management committee, called council, full of students, 90% of whom have been spineless knobs, not worth the job title they aspired to for its CV credibility. It has a sovereign body, the UGM, which is poorly attended and does very little. In short, the Union has no input from students. It relies upon discussions around the union office and the, often unwise, advice of the permanent staff.

The Union's entire raison d'être is now just self fulfillment. Many of the plans for the future involve expenditure on things 'for the union office.' The students have become a secondary aspect to that of the growing number of trading outlets and the needs of 'the union.' Few ex-sabbaticals would have envisaged the purchase of a computerised network for the union office next year, but this will be a major part of this year's spending. At the same time, clubs

and societies have been pushed into cutting their budgets. The clubs are where the *real* students meet the Union. The end result will be a computerised union office, which nobody will be able to operate, and an even greater degree of bureaucracy as students will be required to enter numbers etc 'for use on the computer.'

It is about time the union started to think of itself, once more, as the 'union' rather than 'the union office.' The sad fact is that I cannot see a great deal of change forthcoming. The union has been stagnated by the dogged opinions of those who think they know better within the union office. Until these mini empire builders leave there is little hope for progress beyond the petty power politics which currently prevail. The best thing that could happen is the abolition of NALGO amongst the, now divided, staff of the union.

The College

I started my year as FELIX editor with some frank opinions about the rector. These have not changed. I am sorry to say that the rector would make a far better politician than a manager. Every reply he has written this year has skirted the issue I previously complained about. This is a crazy college, where the man who is nominally in charge is really the court jester.

The entry of Angus Fraser as managing director may have a long term influence upon the college's poor organisation and internal communications. And it may not. Mr Fraser has arrived at Imperial with a fresh outlook. He wants value for money, he says, which is more than anyone ever asked for before at IC. I just wonder how long his initial enthusiasm will last.

Somebody once told me that the problem with Imperial College is that it is made up of a large number of independent empires, known as departments. What may be acceptable in one department may not be in another. For instance, the mathematics department

is a no smoking zone. There is no clear cut college wide plan on whether every department should be a no smoking zone. This would require somebody to tell the departments to do something, which they would reject out of hand, on the principle that departments cannot be preached to. You can recommend a great deal, but each department will eventually perform its own wishes, and sod the group decision. Angus Fraser has to face the task of co-ordinating the heads of these departments if he is to succeed where others have tried and failed. His chances are very small. Very few of the Heads of Departments know much about management and fewer still know the meaning of the words 'value for money.'

I shall be interested to see the fruits of Mr Fraser's attempts in three years, when I believe he will have given up and left.

Attitudes

Imperial College has an ethos of its very own. This is probably best summarised by the phrase 'I'm alright Jack.' Students at Imperial College typify the self-centred attitude which is usually prevalent in children rather than adults. Distributing FELIX this year has taught me more about human nature than ever. I still remember the days on which, after successfully battling to hold open the double set of doors at the entrance to the mechanical engineering building with a trolley full of FELICES, I was confronted by a student barging through the opening I had spent five minutes trying to secure. The people who held doors open for me were generally staff. The average student seemed far too wrapped up in himself to even consider helping me. I cannot see this narrow minded, selfish attitude abating. My time at Imperial has taught me to be hard nosed to this kind of person. Maybe this is IC's idea of a preparation for the real world. I hope not.

Committees

One breed of creature so prevalent at Imperial is 'Mr Committee.' Both the college and the union love him. The best sort of committee in their minds is one which is guaranteed to last more than 3 hours, involve a damned heated argument and result in practically no change. This description fits almost all of the union's committees and most of the college committees upon which students are represented.

The academic committees are self sustaining PR exercises, designed to make you feel better as you endure some of the worst lecturing techniques around. They help produce lecturer evaluation questionnaires, whose results are posted upon noticeboards. Students are left to decipher their meaning from a list of numbers and letters (just look in the chem eng department if you want to see an example of such a badly presented report.) The end result of the whole exercise is a set of answers which the college wanted to hear, from a set of questions designed to extract such a response. The



questionnaire never asks 'Did the course kill your enjoyment of the subject?' No student is ever asked why they decided not to follow a career related to their course. The college chooses the questions, and, with them, the answers.

Cynicism

By now you are probably beginning to bemoan the cynicism of this old fool. The cynic is the natural inhabitant of the FELIX Office, however. People who work on FELIX tend to learn a great deal more about the college and the union than the average student and it is this knowledge that fuels a growing degree of cynicism within them. After a year of reporting upon the college and the union, I cannot recollect

many examples of something for us all to aspire to. The rector *et al* would love me to print those 'good news' stories which appear in Network, telling of Elsie Bassett drinking the millionth cup of tea from the vending machine in QT, as well as other such dull and banal tales. I refuse to stoop to such depths. There is no such thing as good news, only news and PR.

Idle gossip

Everybody indulges in a little idle gossip from time to time. Southside bar is full of it. Imperial College is such a close knit community that word gets around quickly. Last week's death in Southside Hall is a case in point. Within a day of the incident, the security guards were spreading rumours, 80% of which were utter rubbish.

The frightening part of this is that Chief of Security, Geoff Reeves, took part in the gossip, disseminating his own flavour of bullshit. Mr Reeves should already be in enough trouble since the security guard on duty when the student fell was unable to open one of the doors to allow a stretcher through. The spreading of these rumours merely compounds Mr Reeves' sins. In the time honored fashion of any college official, Mr Reeves has already passed the buck by saying that the security guards had a key, a fact that cannot be disproved. His arse was covered from day one, since college officials will always look after each other and cover up each other's incompetencies in these sort of circumstances.

This issue

At 88 pages, this issue is now the biggest ever. I cannot see this record standing for long. Next year's editor, Chris Stapleton, has an ego which is even bigger than mine and he has probably planned a 100-pager already. All this said, I believe this to be the best issue under my editorship. Every member of staff has contributed as much time and effort as has been humanly possible. The issue has been produced by day and night shifts, with the office running 24 hours a day for the last ten days. The issue represents more man hours than I could even begin to calculate.

Although it hardly seems much, I have to thank Wouter van Hulsten for the cover design, which was printed in the ICU Print Unit, and, specifically, the following superheroes, many of whom were working 20 hours on, and 4 off, per day: Jeremy Burnell, Jason Lander, Adam Tinworth, Toby Jones, Liz Warren, Richard Eyers, and Ian Hodge. Thanks also to all of the contributors for this issue; there are too many to mention. The list at the end of this editorial is designed to be one for the complete year.

Goodbye

Despite my jaundiced views, I have enjoyed my year as FELIX editor. The year has been all too brief; I just about seem to have the knack of it now. If anybody is still looking for the regrets I mentioned earlier, I have none. This has been a memorable experience, and I hope it will prove so for Chris next year. Goodbye to all those people I have known at Imperial and hello brave new world. Adios!



Dave Smedley, FELIX Editor 1989/90

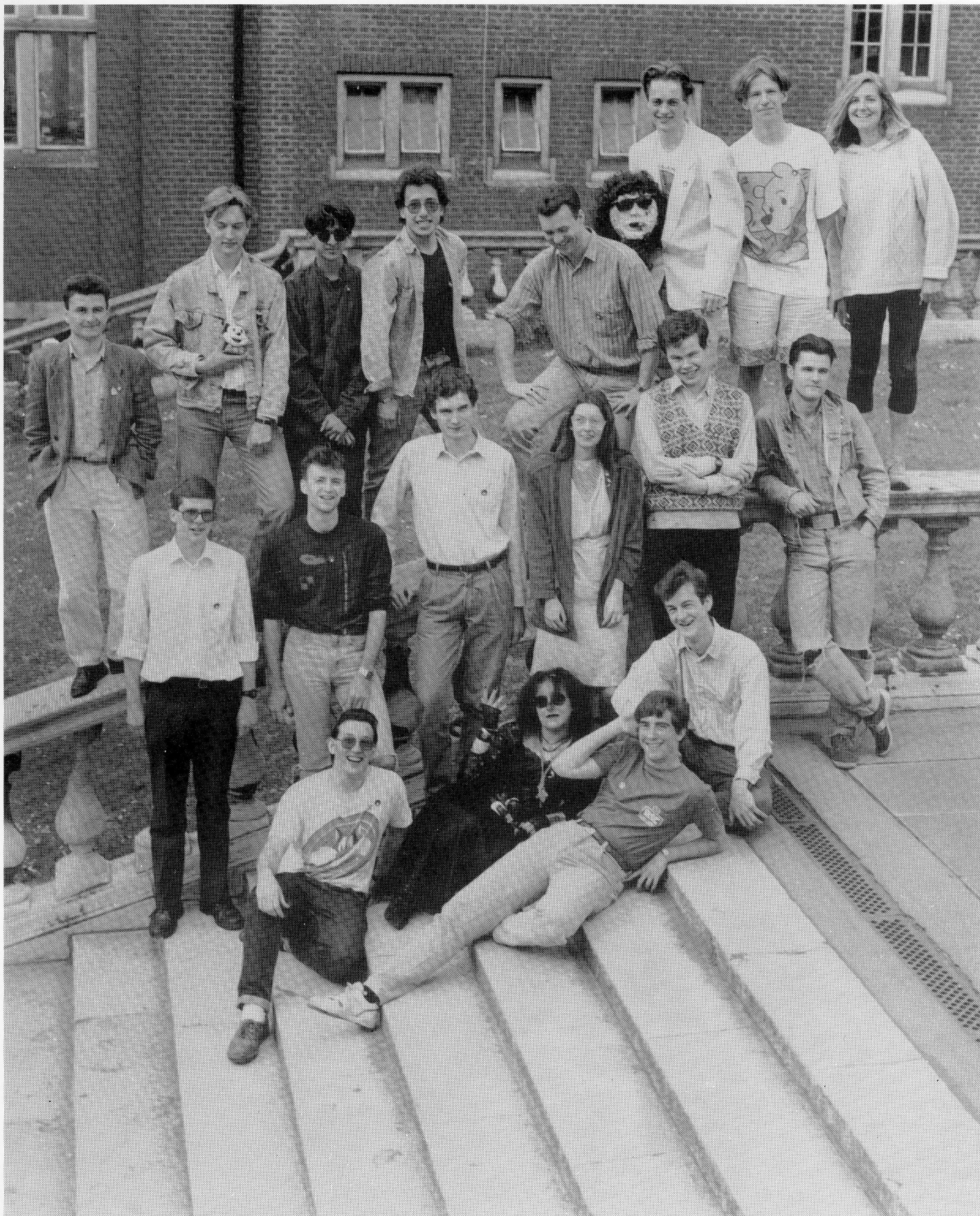
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Roll 'em cowboys...

Chris Adams, Don Adington, Kaleem N Ahmed, Malcolm Aldridge, The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine, Joseph Andrews, John Antoniadis, Susan Appleby, Kenan Ardali, Valeria Arrighi, Rose Atkins, Darren Austin, Azhar, Bad Moon Publicity, Sunny Bains, Alex Ball, Andy Bannister, J Batson, Andy Bell, Sumir Bhardwai, BJ, Martha Black, Mark Bland, Reggie Blennerhassett, Anna Bodge, Julian Bommer, Adrian Bourne, Simon Bradshaw, Briefly Su, Edna Broadbent, Pete Brookes, Chris Browne, Anke Bruning, Kenneth Brylliantine, Jeremy Burnell, Jeff Burnett, Adrian Butt, Hal Calamvokis, Michael Carlile, Jo Cartwright, The Caterpillar Cafe Staff, Alex Challis, Stephen Chisolm, City and Guilds Union, Claire, Phil Clapp, Pete Colins, James Connolly, Tom Coombes, B.A. Costello, Angela Creissen, Richard Crouch, Mike Dalton, DAN, Nick Danson, Paul Darby, Dave and Tom for The Flocculents, Colin Davidson, Martin Davies, Clare Davis, Niall Davis, Jackie Denial, Derek Chapman (DEL), Phil Done, Rony Douek, Paul Douek, D Doughramachi, Cath Drake, Chris Edwards, Hugh Eland, Simon Elliot, Dominic and Graham and all from Ents, Bryn Evans, Richard Eyers, Steve Farrant, Joe Fernley, Roland Flowerdew, Roy Francis, Ian Frith, Frog, Fruit, Dan Ganeshaw, Steve Gargett, Nomtha Gawie, Dr Gerrard, Sunny Ghaie, Rob Gimeno, Ben Gladwyn, Mark Godfrey, Alastair Goodall, Kath Goy, Jon Graham, Ralph Greenwell, J.D. Griffiths, Andrea Grillo, Hamish from Rag, Rhydian Hapgood, Sydney Harbour-Bridge, Rebecca Hardy, Sarah Harland, Adam Harrington, Simon Haslam, John Hassard, Simon Hawkins, Richard Heap, Su Hendy, Guy Hilton, Ian Hodge, Liz Holmes, Chris Horne, John Hufford, Roy Hughes, I Hussain, Lisa Ingram, Ben Irons, Rufus Issacs, David Ivory, Jake, Jalisi, Jan, Janus, Fermi Jhooti, Matthew Johnson, Jelly Johnson, Toby Jones, Gwynn Jones, Justine, Kaveh, Ramez Kawar, Craig Kenny, Claire Kerry, Nigel Khakoo, Vinita Khanna, Shadi Khoroushi, Doug King, Jonathan King, Wendy Kite, Graham Lamlor, Emmajane Lamont, Jason Lander, James Larkins, Laurence, Neil Lavitt, Nick Lay, Chris Leahy, Mylan Lester, Nathalie Lieske, Graham Little, Dr Peter Little, Louise Lucas, Jim Lucy, Chris M., MAC, Fizz Marsh, Henry Marshad, Rory Masterton, Kevin McCann, Cath McClay, Neil McCluskey, Nick Merriam, Steve Meyfroidt, Dave Millard, Carrie Miller, Pete Miller, Harshad Mistry, Ajay Mistry, Tom Monk, Mike Mullen, Richard Murray, Ramin Nakisa, Newman and Woolley for Megalomeida, Michael Newman, Tim Newton-Smith, Fiona Nicholas, Chris Onof, Operatic society, Adrian Pagan, Colin Palmer, Bruce Parker, Wendy Parks, David Peacock, Gavin Pearson, Sitham Periasamy, Ian Pexton, Phil, Morgan Pimblett, Jon Radcliffe, The Rector, Liz Rickwood, Athos Ritsperis, Lorraine Rogerson, Ruth, Stuti Sadajpal, Anjali Saini, Pippa Salmon, Dr Mark Saunders, Dick Savage, Jackie Scott, Richard Scott, Doug Sebastian, Rumi Shah, Paul Shanley, Danny Shiu, Emma Skitt, Stef Smith, Andrew Smith, Ian and Yvonne from the SnackBar, Tony Spenser, STA Travel, Chris Stapleton, Anna Stebbings, Iain Stewart, Stone, Alex at Streets Ahead, Dominic Strowbridge, Sumit, Chris Tamdjidi, Mike Tarry, Anna Teeman, Jay Thakrar, Hina Thakrar, Andy Thompson, Adam Tinworth, Charles Tomkins, Colin Toombs, Sonia Torrenco, Carlyne Toynbee, Paula Turner, Benjamin Turner, Simon Turner, Shamil Uwais, Wouter van Hulsten, Richard Vaughan, Tim Wadsworth, Andy Waller, Michael Wappelhorst, Vo Ward, Liz Warren, Alistair Webber, Edna Welthorpe, Wendy, Christie White, Mark Wilde, Dominic Wilkinson, Sez Wilkinson, Murray Williamson, Rachel Wilson, Jo Wright, Tom Yates, as well as the inevitable 'anybody I've forgotten,' and the anonymous sources, which shall remain forever so.

The FELIX Staff



*Top row, from left: Adam Harrington, Jeremy Burnell, Sumit Paul-Choudhury, Richard Eysers,
Paul Shanley, Edna Welthorpe, Adrian Pagan, Ian Hodge, Rose Atkins.
Middle row, from left: Roland Flowerdew, Chris Stapleton, Michael Wapplehorst, Liz Warren,
Andrew Waller, Andy Thompson,
Front row, from left: Toby Jones, Sarah Harland, Adam Tinworth, Dave Smedley.*