

Friday 14th December  
Issue Number 887

Extra special super dooper and  
very late bumper Xmas issue







# QMW Fights Cuts

The proposed cuts to Queen Mary and Westfield College (QMWC), as reported in the Felix of two weeks ago, caused about a thousand students to march from the University of London Union to the Universities Funding Council (UFC) the Wednesday before last. A student posing as a bicycle courier managed to infiltrate the UFC and drop a banner from the roof protesting about the cuts. When a delegation was allowed in, the UFC claimed that the Government were responsible.

Last Monday (10th) an Academic Board Meeting at QMWC was stormed by students and had to be abandoned. It was rescheduled for the following Wednesday in the Geography building of the college. This building was locked by the college authorities and guarded by college security. Some students say they saw the Police involved as well.

All the lectures were scheduled elsewhere, much to the inconvenience of the students concerned.

Yesterday, Thursday 13, saw the College Council Meeting which had the final say on the cuts. When students started to assemble in the college, the meeting was postponed. The QMWC union representatives were told of the new location of the meeting three quarters of an hour before it was due to start. When the students learned that the meeting had been relocated at Senate House, several miles away, they got there to find it had been locked up, including

the library which was normally open to all. This meant that the later arrivals to the meeting and the Union Representatives could not get in. They were eventually allowed in, on the proviso that the mass of students outside would not try to rush the door.

Fifty students managed to gain entry through an open ground floor window, and sang Christmas carols in the building's lobby. Another twenty got in by the front doors when they were opened by mistake. The seventy students eventually spotted the meeting and crossed the roof to sing outside the window of the room in which the

meeting was being held until they were eventually admitted. They kept quiet once inside.

The meeting finally agreed to give the Mediterranean Studies department a reprieve of one term, in which it is expected to raise £200,000 or it would be closed. No students will be admitted next year. All departments will be severely cut except Russian, Drama and German.

QMWC Student Union said that the students had not committed any criminal damage and the College Council said that though they disapproved of their actions, the students' behaviour had been exemplary.



## Security

The College Security have warned that as the Christmas season approaches many petty thefts are occurring. People have been bringing a lot of money into College for shopping and this is proving to be rich pickings for the thieves.

Geoff Reeves, Chief Security Officer said there had been a lot of petty thefts 'all over the place' with no particular pattern, though there had been quite a few in Electrical Engineering. Patrols have been stepped up in an attempt to halt the crime.

## Green?

The Student Union has bought a new van for £15000. The deal includes a respray - to green - and a tachograph. The Union will also be receiving six bottles of Scotch into the bargain. Michelle Began of the Union staff said that 'the poor bloke didn't stand a chance' as she phoned around all the dealers claiming she had better offers elsewhere.

## Beware Hackers

The college has passed a policy stating that anybody found misusing computers in the college will have immediate college disciplinary action taken against them. This follows an incident earlier this week when a hacker was discovered in the Maths Department. The departmental staff said that a so-called 'Trojan Horse' program had been used, and that the appropriate action was to be taken against the culprits. The staff refused to comment further.


A computer virus struck the physics department recently. The program, called the 'Stoned' virus, affects IBMs and IBM clones when they are switched on or

reset. Members of the department were advised to check their disks before use, and all machines have now been disinfected.

## New IRC

A new Interdisciplinary Research Centre (IRC), the 'Global Environment Research Centre' (GERC) has been launched. The college hopes to raise £2.5 million to fund it by 1993. The college is now home to a large number of such IRCs.

**Mend-a-Bike**  
PETER THOMAS



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# Career's Office Cuts



Three Careers Advisors may be lost from the Careers Office if College do not agree to pay an extra £100k pa to the University of London (UL). The three Careers Advisors (CA's), are employed by the University of London Careers Advisory Service (ULCAS) who have posted them at Imperial. This currently costs Imperial £55k pa. Due to changes in UL funding, however, the College has been asked to pay £105k this year and £148k in future years.

There were indications last August that College may decide to run the Careers Service itself although there is no plan so far. In an emergency meeting of the Careers Advisors Committee last Monday, which included Union representatives but at which none of the CA's were present, it was noted that the proposal to pull out has not yet been costed. Fears as to the future quality of service were also expressed.

One major disadvantage of pulling out of ULCAS is that Imperial will not be able to take part in the UL milk round. Imperial has its own milk round, attracting 120 companies, but students can meet a different and varied set of

companies at the UL event, over 130 this year. Brian Steptoe, the Director of ULCAAS, has told Angus Fraser, Managing Director, that if College does not pay the £105k this year then ULCAS services will be withdrawn on 3rd February, in the middle of the milk round. It was for this reason that Benjamin Turner, Deputy President, said that it was 'vital to negotiate quickly'

Benjamin was also worried about the future impartiality of the Careers Service. At the moment the service covers a wide range of interests, but this might be cut down to science based subjects if run by College. Benjamin commented that 'impartiality is important'.

The change in the fee for ULCAS has been brought about because Imperial has been asked to pay its share of the overheads at Gordon Square (the headquarters of ULCAS). In the past the overheads have been paid for by the University of London, taking the money from the grant it receives from the University Funding Council (UFC). UL would then split the remainder of the grant between the colleges.

For over ten years, however, Imperial

has received its own grant directly from the UFC, meaning that it did not pay any money towards the overheads, the cost being borne by the other London colleges. Now, changes to the funding mechanism will mean that UL will split its grant between the colleges before paying for overheads. Each college will then be billed separately for overheads, thus increasing the cost to Imperial by £100k.

Ironically, a study on central administration requested by Lord Flowers the feasibility of federal funding around UL based upon the number of students supported by a service was commissioned by Lord Flowers, a previous Rector at Imperial, and carried out by John Smith, the College Secretary of Imperial at the time. The position of College Secretary does not now exist, the job has been replaced by Director of Imperial College, held by Angus Fraser.

Communications between College and Brian Steptoe suggest a minor step-down as Angus Fraser has said that there will be further discussion on the matter. The precipitous action originally considered has been deferred while final figures are agreed.

## Union Win

The Union Speculation team have won the Finance, Business and Investment (FBI) Society's portfolio share competition. The team, comprising of the Union President Paul Shanley, Deputy President Ben 'Boesky' Turner, Union Finance officer Reggie Blennerhasset and his assistant Louise van der Straeten, issued a collective statement - 'Ha! We beat the lot of you wankers!'

## Balls

The Mines ball has been sold out and the City and Guilds ball have sold 120 of the 200 tickets already. The Mines ball is this evening (Friday), and the C&G ball is next term.

Henry Langdon, president of the Mines Union, and Kurt Budge have raised £105 through having their heads partially shaved.

## Ironised

The inviolate mascot of the Royal College of Science Union, Jez the Fire engine, has been in a poor state of health since the summer and is about to be repaired. A conspiracy of faulty gauges and a lack of oil caused parts of the engine to fail. The radiator also needed rebuilding and this has now been collected from Brighton. It cost £1200 and was paid for on a five year plan which was approved last February.

She is expected to be back on the streets by the second week of next term.

## Gremlins Aack!

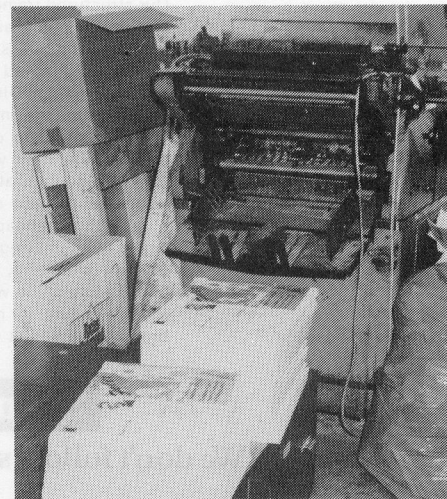
Gremlins hit the Felix office this week when everything, including the Print Unit Manager, broke down. The printing of this week's Felix was delayed due to a mechanical failure of the lithograph and the typesetting machine. These were compounded by intermittent faults with the bromide developer and personal computer.

The breakage of the offset litho on Thursday prevented any printing being performed for two days. All other print work had to be postponed, and the production of Felix was put back two days. The fault was caused by the over-enthusiasm of Felix Business Manager whilst attempting to remedy a minor hitch. The lever arm controlling the paper feed sheared and a replacement

part could not be delivered until the next day. Printing continued soon after, but the free gift planned by Chris Stapleton, Print Unit Production Manager, had to be scrapped.

The curse continued on Sunday when the typesetter processor also failed. A switch burnt out preventing the unit from being turned off, resulting in overheating. Not to be deterred, Felix staff developed a method of processing the typeset by hand, producing mixed results. The equipment was eventually repaired on Wednesday, the intended day of publication.

Commenting on the incidents, Chris Stapleton said that 'its a pain in the butt... but at least it gave us a news story in case things run short!'







# Spanish Bull Fights Police

On Tuesday night a Spanish gentleman entered the Union Bar and started harassing a young Spanish girl that he had followed from Spain. She was here as part of the Royal School of Mines International Week and the Foriegn Students representative from Mines, Nick Jarmen, became concerned. He called in security and they requested him to leave. When he failed to cooperate they called the Police and they tried to escort him from the premises as he was in Beit Quad

Arriving on the scene two Police officers went to remove the man from the premises and he threw some punches at them. Later in the day, at around 4.30pm he was yet again spotted around the Union Building and Geoff Reeves himself came over to sort out the situation. He managed to persuade the gentleman to leave the area and walked him along Prince Consort Road towards the Mines building. Mr Reeves said that since then he had not been spotted or caused any more trouble.

He was seen, however, on Wednesday

night outside Beit Quad leaning against a car but did not attempt to enter the premises, having been warned that should he attempt such action that the Police would again be immediately called. Mr Reeves stated that he was a large and powerful man who was not to be approached and that people should not become involved in any confrontaion. They should though call security straight away.

Geoff Reeves, Chief Security Officer, said that he then 'went bananas' and restled to the floor the three Policemen present. They regained control of the situation and handcuffed the man. Taken away to the Police Station he was later released.

On Wednesday morning the Spanish man was still loitering around the Union and the Police were again called. Security officers of the College have been instructed by Geoff Reeves that they should not be dragged into possibly dangerous confrontations and call the Police immediately.

## SOS

Have you registered with a doctor in London since you came to College? Have you got a medical card with your current address on it? If the answer to either question is no, you may have difficulty obtaining your full NHS entitlement. Come and see us in the Health Centre early next term to discuss this. If you live within the following postal codes, you may register with the College Health Service.

**SW1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10. W1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14. NW1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8. WC1 & 2. EC1. N1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 19. W6 Hamlet Gardens only.**

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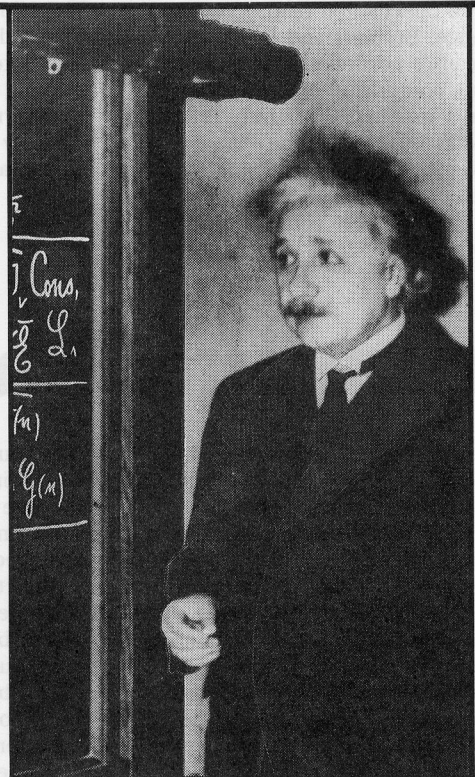
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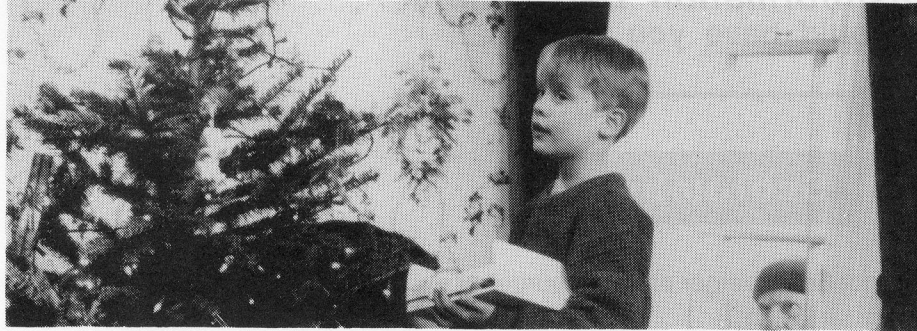
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# Home Alone

# Time and the Conways



**F**'Tis the night before Christmas. Little Kevin is alone in the house after being abandoned by his parents (they went to Paris). Outside are two burglars who want the house badly. It's time for Kevin to go to war...

It's that Christmas family movie again folks, the one you watch with assorted younger relatives, provided they've seen *Teenage Ninja Inane Bloody Turtles* by now. As a kid's film it's pretty good stuff. You've got revenge on grown-ups and brothers, the chance to do whatever you

want, and some real baddies to fight. Perfect fantasy for knee-biters. They're also going to love the gratuitously violent way in which Kevin sees off his attackers - and so will you!

Although this is a kids' film, and as such not one you're likely to see, if you do have to take assorted brats out this Christmas, you'll probably enjoy this more than you expected. This has been a FELIX Christmas survival message.

**Pendragon.**

*Old Vic*



**T**he Olivier family together, on stage! Directed by their brother! The headlines are a-screaming again as a hype machine swings into action. What is the performance like, though?

J.B Priestly's play is interesting, and amusing, but by no means a classic. The Conway family are a rich middle class at the end of the first world war. They are presided over by a matriarchal mother (Joan Plowright) after the death (by drowning) of the father. The children are all gathering to celebrate Kay's 21st birthday, and Robin's demob. Various other people have gathered as well, and they start to form relationships that will dominate their lives 19 years later. Which is, in fact, when the second act is set. After an act's worth of failed hopes and shattered relationships, we skip back 19 years again to find out what caused all those problems.

Olivier's widow, Joan Plowright, completely dominates much of the play, which only really sparks into life with her arrival on-stage. The majority of the cast also turn in as sparkling a performance as they can from her shadow. The task of swapping between two ages is not easy and is managed admirably by all. The characters are vastly different in some cases, but all are still recognisable (but not to the obtuse lady sitting behind me...). Perhaps the only disappointment was Tasmin Olivier who turned in a fairly wooden performance, until near the end, proving that acting talent may not be genetic.

The dramatic fabric the cast weave contains all the normal threads. They beautifully incorporate despair and hope, humor and grief, love and fear. The play is inherently bleak of message, without being disheartening. One does not leave the theatre depressed but thoughtful. In fact, as one impressed punter said as they left the theatre, 'It's rather good isn't it?'

**Pendragon.**

# Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde

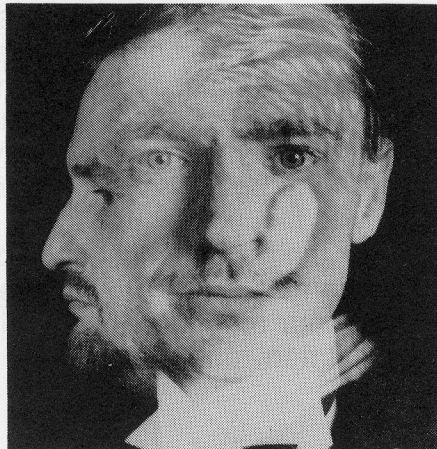
**T**his stage adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's novel works remarkably well. With a cast of only four, the Empty Space Theatre Company, who specialise in adapting the works of famous authors for the stage, manage to recreate the horror and suspense of the novel.

Dr Jekyll is a scientist fascinated by mystical things. He speculates on the possibility of separating our primeval self from our 'civilised' self—freeing us from the constraints imposed by conscience and society and leaving us at liberty to pursue the pleasures and the cravings of the flesh.

Despite scorn from his former colleague, Jekyll manages to isolate the essence to make this separation possible and starts to lead a double life. Fortunately Mr Hyde—as he calls his other half—does not have a physical resemblance to Jekyll and they therefore cannot be identified as the same person. However, it is impossible to avoid their names being linked and people are at a loss to understand why such a well respected person as Dr Jekyll should be associated with so despicable a chap as Hyde.

Jekyll leads this double life for a while until Hyde kills a man. Overcome with horror by what he, as Hyde, is capable of doing, he resolves to be done with Hyde. It is only then that he begins to realise the power of what he has released.

The staging is stark. A door and a carpet ripped in two down the centre. The torn carpet symbolises the split personality of Jekyll and Hyde—in fact a



conflict in all of us because we all contain these two opposing natures.

The door is a recurring image in the play: what goes on behind closed doors? Jekyll and Hyde transform, doors within the mind, secrets from people and, at the end Jekyll hides behind a closed door.

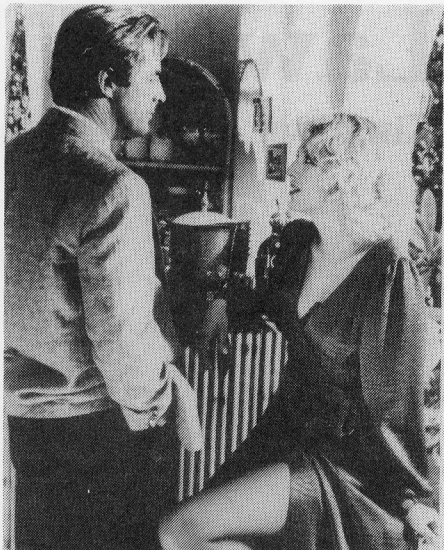
The play is well acted, the symbolism achieves its objectives—that of advancing and providing insight into the plot, and there are some very effective scenes and tableaux. The atmosphere and flavour of the book is evolved superbly and it is a very effective way of making this classic—of which everybody has heard, but few have read—accessible to the people.

*The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* is on at the Battersea Arts Centre until December 16 at 8.00pm from Wednesday to Sunday. Concessionary tickets cost £4.00 plus £1.00 membership.

**JLW.**



# The Hot Spot City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra



**F** A drifter arrives in a small town, so small in fact, he's informed, there's only two things to do and just one if you don't have a TV...Left with only this one thing to do, he gets involved with two women and then his troubles really begin.

*The Hot Spot*, directed by Dennis Hopper, follows the unscrupulous trail of Harry Madox (Don Johnson) a charismatic kinda guy who, finding himself in the blistering, godforsaken Texas town, quickly gets a job as a car salesman. The two women he comes across, one good, one bad, are both beautiful and complex. In the good corner is Gloria Harper, (Jennifer Connelly), a naive, young accountant whose life is mysteriously complicated by blackmail. In the bad corner is Dolly Harshaw (Virginia Madsen), his new boss's conniving, impossibly alluring wife.

The film has blackmail, heat, arson, heat, passion, heat, murder and a great bluesy soundtrack. By the way, did I mention it's a tad on the warm side? Based on Charles Williams' (Dead Calm) novel, *Hell Hath No Fury*, it's a film in which all the characters find their own levels in the end.

Johnson's cool, Madsen's hot, Connelly's cute and Hopper has a good eye, two in fact. Advertised as 'noir' for the 90s, they're not lying. *The Hot Spot* has a simple intensity that draws you in. If you liked *Body Heat* starring William Hurt and Kathleen Turner you'll enjoy *The Hot Spot*.

Rich.

**C** —Concert

**T** —Theatre

**G** —Comic/Graphics

**F** —Film

**C** This was a concert of contrasting halves in more than one sense. The programme was divided between two late eighteenth century pieces before the interval and an early twentieth century symphony afterwards. It also divided equally between the excruciating and the exhilarating.

The orchestra began *Haydn's Symphony no 70 in D* with a rich warm sound and performed the first two movements competently, but both their tone and composure deserted them in the third movement and were only slightly regained by the end of the piece.

Imogen Cooper bravely executed *Mozart's Piano concerto no 22 in E flat*, faced as she was with support from an orchestra and conductor rapidly losing control. By the end of the first movement, the lack of balance and some sloppy playing from the strings (especially in the opening twenty seconds) had

convinced me that writing anything in *E flat* was a mistake. The final movement was performed more creditably and the woodwind were noticeable for not lapsing into the general disintegration. Against this Cooper managed sufficient sensitivity in the piece to make it merely unpleasant.

After the interval, the orchestra swelled to full size and the change to the drama of *Walton's Symphony no 1 in B flat minor* altered the mood completely. The playing was crisp and full of gusto, doing justice to this magnificent score. Walton's work rivals anything being produced on the continent at the time and this half of the programme more than compensated for the disappointments of the first half.

Having been prepared to write off the CBSO at the interval, I must say that they can play - but only if they choose their programme carefully.

Liz W.

## Air America



**F** Many Mel Gibson fans will find this film a severe disappointment. Not once is his *Gluteus Maximus* exposed to the adoring masses, and he never once fires a gun (despite a rather threatening wave of an Uzi (9mm?)). So what does he do in the film then? Well, fly quite a bit, crash occasionally and generally act slightly barmy in a Buddhist sort of way.

He is a pilot for the CIA's covert airline acting in Laos, next to Vietnam, during the Vietnam war. Officially they are not there, despite the fact they are flying out of an Airbase that is effectively the second largest city in the country. They fly aircraft illegal in the states, dropping anything from pigs to fire arms over local villages. Unfortunately they are also helping transport drugs for a local warlord who is helping them subsidise this war. When a senator arrives on a fact finding tour it is obvious that a scapegoat is going to be needed to take

the heat off the real organisers of this illicit trade. Gene (Mel Gibson) and newly arrived Billy (Robert Downey Jr.) seem the obvious candidates.

This film is one of the very few that I have seen that manages to combine both entertainment and message. The film is funny when it needs to be, serious when it needs to be and exciting when it needs to be. The antics of Mel and the rest of the pilots, (the sort of people who justify the cliché 'living on the edge'), encompass elements of both comedy and tragedy, while their superiors mix humor with threat. All too often films which refuse to pin their colour to any set genre end up muddled and lost, but this has avoided that trap.

A Comedy/Action/Adventure that taught me a lot about the hypocrisy of the American Government, and loss of belief, while entertaining me. This deserves to be a blockbuster.

Pendragon.





# Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Conducted by Geoffrey Simon

**C** This was an evening of powerful emotion and superb playing, making full use of the extra brass engaged for the Walton. *The Bliss* fanfare showed that the Barbican Hall's excellent acoustics operate from all parts of the hall, with the additional trumpets and trombones perched at either end of the first tier balcony. Their playing was crisp throughout.

Paul Patterson is a young composer whose *Te Deum* is part of a trilogy of works (the others (*Mass of the Sea* and *Stabat Mater*) are associated with the Three Choirs Festival. The *Te Deum*, written for the 1988 festival is, in places, brooding and sinister, mood at odds with its message of joyful praise, although there are many passages of pure exultation.

Unlike many settings, it is as much an orchestral piece as a choral work; the opening section contains fanfares and unsettling percussion. The vocal sections range from plain song-based passages to a more operatic style: a necessary variety

in a piece of this length. Both the adult and children's choirs produced strong, clear singing, while the pure, assured tones of the Polish soprano, Malgorzata Armanowska floated clearly above the accompaniment.

Walton described his oratorio, *Belshazzar's Feast* as 'a beastly noise' and the setting of verses from the Old Testament concerning the downfall of Babylon is certainly not fainthearted. Nor was this rendering, from the opening fanfare, through the full-blooded praise of the pagan gods (whimsically coloured by different instruments such as percussive wood) to the final joyful alleluias. Sadly, while Stephen Roberts sang the solos accurately, they lacked passion or expression, robbing the piece of some of its drama, particularly in his announcement of Belshazzar's death. Still, this is compensated for by the magnificent singing of the Brighton Festival Choir, who showed no signs of stress from two such demanding pieces.

Liz W

# The Sheltering Sky



**F** Epic. Bernardo Bertolucci's films have a tendency to be epic, from *Last Tango in Paris* to *The Last Emperor*, and this is no exception. Epic actually means several things. Firstly, long, and this certainly is, at over 2¼ hours. Epic also has something to do with impressive landscapes, and we have them. Sand by the desert load, from the hard, baked variety to that horrible blowy stuff that gets trapped between your toes. Epic means a broad vista of human feeling and relationship, or to put it more simply, two people going down the plughole of life.

Kit (Debra Winger) and Port (John Malkovich) are two American travellers—not tourists, because tourists are thinking of going home, travellers, apparently, are not—in North Africa. Their marriage is on the rocks, and attempts at sex are abruptly ended by a severe outbreak of philosophy. Port seeks solace (i.e. sex) with a local prostitute, who in turn seeks

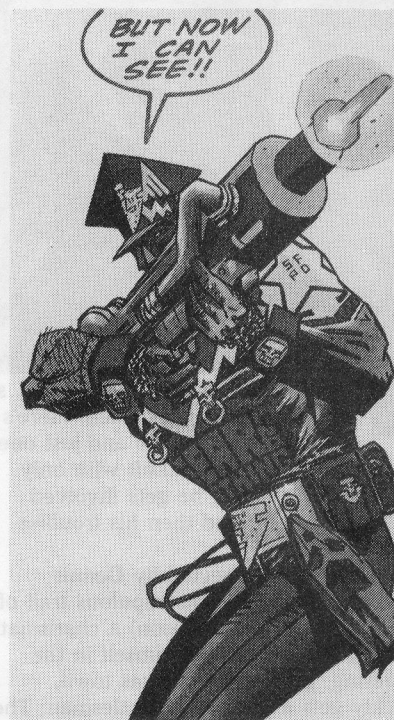
only his wallet. Kit has an alcoholic fling with fellow traveller Campbell, but this aids nothing. Campbell quits, Port croaks and Kit heads for the desert.

All (mildly) entertaining stuff. Mixed in with this lot are a pair of English grotesques who foist themselves on our hapless heroes with pleasing regularity—they liven up the film no end. Otherwise we are stuck with endless shots of hills and dunes, all of which are very impressive but not terribly entertaining. The characters go through their paces, learn not to get too cocky abroad and suffer for doing so. Paul Bowles, author of the novel on which this is based, makes a few irritating appearances as a narrator—irritating because he's the only one who seems to know what's going through the characters' mind. Meanwhile we watch the camels. Harmless, and mildly boring—read the book.

Pendragon.

# Marshal Law

Kingdom of the Blind



Law finds God...

**G** To anybody with any taste this title alone should be enough to drop Felix, rush off to the nearest comic shop and buy the new comic, from Apocalypse, a new British company. To those of you who haven't had the pleasure to read the previous stories, I'll explain.

The strip is set in the near future in the ruins of San Francisco (now called San Futuro). Genetic manipulation, drugs and operations created by "Dr Shokk" have allowed America to create super heroes for wars in South America. It is only when the super-powered men return to "normal" life, suffering from the psychological hang ups caused by the wars, that all hell breaks loose. So the police department hires an ex-Shokk Trooper to help deal with the problem. Enter Marshal Law.

The strip has always dealt with the consequences of super powers in the real world, in a similar vein to the brilliant *Watchmen*, but with a much more brutal but darkly humorous style. *Kingdom of the Blind* is a continuation of this, based around a parody of my old favourite, Batman. Suffice it to say that it is as excellent as the previous stories, the whole product being a superb example of what a modern comic should be; intelligent, funny, thought provoking, and with some serious points to make. Not to mention the artwork! Once again, BUY IT!

Alien Sex Fiend



# Un Monde Sans Pitié



**F** Another modern romance in Paris? Hippo (Hippolyte Girardot), a young, casual, contented and spontaneous man, lives his life partly by playing poker and partly by being supported by Xavier, his younger brother who deals in cannabis but known by their parents as a student. Nathalie (Mireille Perrier), whom Hippo meets one night and falls in love with immediately, is an ordinary university student. Despite her judgement that they can't be lovers because of different lifestyles, Nathalie still surrenders to Hippo's raffish charm.

Of course, the love story of such a contrasting pair won't be so simple. Their relationship comes to a question mark when Nathalie is given a one year's teaching post at MIT in Boston. Hippo finds it impossible to leave Paris and follow her. But he changes his mind after Xavier is caught for dealing in cocaine and his parents accuse him of not taking proper care of his brother. On his way to tell Nathalie that he is going with her, he is stopped by police for driving a stolen



car (which he thinks is abandoned). In the end he doesn't manage to contact Nathalie. A year later, Hippo waits at the airport for Nathalie to return from Boston...

Though the character of Hippo reminds

me of the one by Jean Paul Belmonde in *Bout de Souffle*, Monsieur Hippolyte Girardot manages to bring some freshness. One cannot deny being attracted by his charm just one minute after the film has started, when the camera focuses on him walking home casually with a smile so full of self-confidence. No wonder he won the French 'Oscars' for Most Promising Young Actor with this film!

This first feature of the promising, young French director Eric Rochant won him the Prix Louis Delluc and French 'Oscars' for Best First Film. He successfully catches the contemporary minds of young Parisiens, as condensed into Hippo and Nathalie's characters. The carefreeness of Hippo and the positivity of Nathalie, as well as the characters of others such as Xavier, Hippo's friend Halper, his ex-girlfriend Francine and his parents, blend well into this charming tragi-comedy, that could easily be the most contemporary film so far this year.

S Su.

## Fantasia



**F** For its fiftieth anniversary this classic has been given a good clean. In 1988 the original three strip technicolor was cleaned and restored to try and restore the magic of the original.

Whether their efforts have made any difference is uncertain, but one thing is still true—that there is only one *Fantasia*. It is two hours of pure entertainment with every conceivable emotion portrayed through the brilliant animation. From evil to saintliness and joy to sadness, it's all here.

Everybody knows the Sorcerer's Apprentice but for me the best section is the dancing hippopotamus. Watching the frantic chases as the alligator pursues his true love causes the whole audience to erupt in fits of laughter. It is rather reminiscent of the football match scene from *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* with numerous collisions and general confusion.

If you haven't seen it before the go and be entertained. If you have (and I mean more than the clips they show at Christmas) go again.

Ian Hodge.

## Come See The Paradise

**F** Atrocities didn't just happen to soldiers during the Second World War—but I'm not talking about occupied Europe here. America, land of the free, home of the American Dream, locked all Japanese immigrants in concentration camps within months of the bombing of Pearl Harbour. Even people who were only 1/16th Japanese could be forcibly evacuated under Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066. A fascinating and not a little horrifying story, and one worthy of being debated on film.

It is not the only theme that Alan Parker (*Mississippi Burning*, *Fame*, *Bugsy Malone*) chooses to address in his latest film, but it is by far the most significant. The start of the film is a blind, a set up for the character of Jack, an Irish American and active member of the Film Projectionist's Union. Jack (played by Dennis Quaid, back on form after the dire *When I Fall in Love*) ends up working in a small Japanese Theatre owned by Mr Kawamura. While taking a lunch break with Charlie, Kawamura's son and an all-American boy, Jack sees Lily through a shop window, falling madly in love with her. Facing prejudice from the Japanese community they elope and marry, but when Jack gets arrested on a demo Lily returns home, just in time to be evacuated with the rest of her family. She ends up in a camp in the middle of a desert, and Jack in the army.

What starts off as a love story, with a bit of working class agi-prop, suddenly veers off into a tale of prejudice, hysteria (similar perhaps to that which fueled Alan Bailey's letter to this very organ) and



man's ability to be cruel to each other in direct contradiction of all that they purport to stand for.

Technically, the film is stunning. Well shot with beautiful period detail, it could almost be contemporary, but for the message and colour. The emotional charge is strong, and the film moving. I would wholeheartedly recommend this film but for one reservation—at 133 minutes it is a little over-long, and could have done with a little compression of the opening sequence. With the love story, and the serious prejudice theme perhaps this can be best described as an intellectual date move. See it anyway.

Pendragon.





Felix presents the details of a new development in research at Imperial College



# Quadspace: Found, One Dimension

On Monday this week, the Space-Time Interdisciplinary Research Centre (IRC) at Imperial College announced that a ground-breaking new paper is to be published in the near future. The paper details a radical new area of dimensional research and is titled 'Quadracyclic Dimensional Anomalies and their effects on the Space Time Continuum'. It was written by two independent researchers working at the IRC, J Briant and A Butcher. The pair have been working on

the concepts outlined in the paper for most of their lives and met at Imperial College.

The research began several years ago when Briant and Butcher, quite independently at the time, became fascinated by the number of times objects apparently disappeared without a trace, only to be found again later with no difficulty. However, it was not until they met at Imperial that the vague theories that both had coalesced into the current

research. To explain: how many times have you 'lost' an object, searched thoroughly for it and not been able to discover its whereabouts, only to discover it, after a period of time, with relative ease? Probably hundreds, yet few people have ever stopped to question this phenomena. This week Felix is able to bring you an exclusive preview to the paper, written by the researchers themselves.

## Quadracyclic Dimensional Anomalies and their effects on the Space Time Continuum—an overview

Before beginning this discussion of quadracyclic dimensional anomalies, and in order to simplify the following concepts, it would be advisable for us to explain some of the terms which are commonly used in conjunction with this research. 'Quadspace' is used to refer to the whereabouts of an object that has been the focal point of an anomaly. Thus an object is referred to as being 'in quadspace' and when an object enters quadspace, it is said to have been 'quadspaced'. Furthermore, the point at which a quadspaced object returns to real space is termed the 'exit point'.

The research into quadspace has progressed slowly, owing both to a lack of funding, and the inherent difficulty of the work. By its very nature, quadspace is extremely difficult to investigate, and is a perfect example of various uncertainty principles; when actually looking for a quadspace anomaly one almost never occurs, yet when your back is turned, so to speak (sometimes quite literally), one occurs. Despite these problems, however, we have managed to make some progress, which we shall attempt to explain herein.

While initially all aspects of quadspace effects appeared to be random, after some investigation, and the application of modern chaos theory, it was found that certain patterns existed, and certain principles appeared to be acting.

We shall start by examining the observations and hypotheses that have been arrived at relating to quadspace effects, and then continue by discussing the theories that we have proposed to explain these effects.

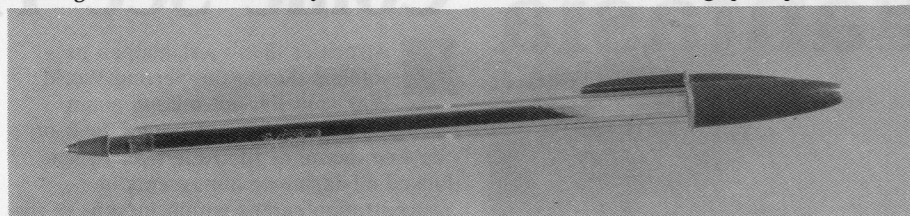
Any object can be quadspaced, with the transition of an object at the focal point of an anomaly from real space into quadspace appearing to be instantaneous. However, certain objects appear to have an increased likelihood of being at the focal point of an anomaly. Some appear to have an inherently higher probability associated with them, but those of a small physical size, and/or large level of 'importance' have been shown to possess

a much higher probability of becoming quadspaced.

It is the second of these criteria that has caused the largest amount of controversy in this research. The implication that the human brain's perception of the need for an object at any given time can in some way affect the physical properties of the said object within the space time continuum is nothing short of revolutionary. It has led

are poorly understood and often based mainly on obscure and complicated mathematics that are beyond the scope of this article.

Obviously, the SPLIF value of a given object will vary with time. It appears that the rate of increase of an object's SPLIF value also has an affect on the probability of the object being quadspaced. Thus if an object suddenly becomes important, the chances of it being quadspaced also



A Bic biro

to the definition of a new property of matter, the Specific Perceived Level of Importance Field, or SPLIF. The SPLIF is the level of the value of or need for a given object at a given time as perceived by a given person. Items that typically have a high SPLIF value include such things as keys, writing implements, cheque books, credit cards, contraceptives, cigarettes, matches or lighters, and scraps of paper with phone numbers or lab results written on them.

Thus, at a given time t

$$p(\text{quad}) \propto \frac{1}{V_{\text{object}}}$$

and

$$p(\text{quad}) \propto \text{SPLIF}_{\text{object}}$$

Where p(quad) = the probability of the object entering quadspace  
 $V_{\text{object}}$  = volume of the object

$\text{SPLIF}_{\text{object}}$  = SPLIF value of object at that time.

It should be noted with these and any following formulae that they are very inaccurate approximations of very complicated relationships, many of which

increase, apparently in a loose exponential relation. This explains the so called 'safe place' phenomenon: when an object is stored in a safe place and then, after a period of uselessness, becomes needed quickly, it has suffered a quadspace anomaly. Examples are sports equipment stored out of season, and important but little-used documents (birth certificates, etc).

Thus at a given time t

$$p(\text{quad}) \propto \left(\frac{d\text{SPLIF}}{dt}\right)^2$$

In addition to this there also appear to be areas where quadspace activity is abnormally high. Investigation of these 'Quadzones' has led to the theories of SPLIF value addition and quadzones. A quadzone is an area of real space that has a high level quadspace activity. The only explanations for this involve some very high level mathematics which are beyond the scope of this article.

However, the principle behind SPLIF value addition is more within the scope of this discussion. In an area where there is a high proportion of objects with high SPLIF values, they appear to create a combined effect that is larger than the

sum of their values.

$$\text{Thus, in a given area } p(\text{quad}) \propto \left(\sum_{i=1}^n \text{SPLIF}_{\text{object } i}\right)^2$$

where n = number of objects

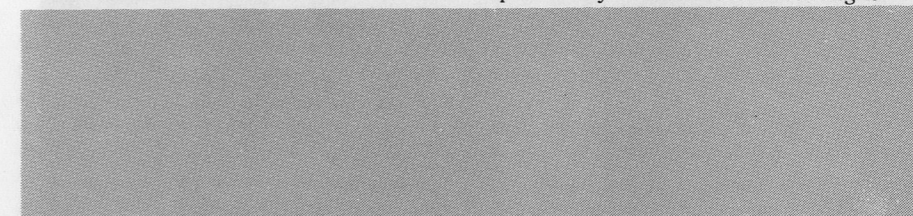
Once an object has been quadspaced, the amount of time spent in quadspace is largely random. However, in common with other aspects of quadspace phenomena, there do seem to be some underlying principles. The amount of time an object spends in quadspace is apparently proportional both to the amount of time spent searching for the object, and the level of the SPLIF value for the object as it changes with time.

$$\text{Thus } t_{\text{quad}} \propto t_{\text{search}}$$

$$\text{and } t_{\text{quad}} \propto (d\text{SPLIF}/dt)^2$$

Where t(quad) = time spent in quadspace

t(search) = time spent searching



Quad Space in action

The exit point of a quadspaced object, in common with the time spent in quadspace, is totally unpredictable by any current scientific means. Paranormal techniques have also proved unsuccessful to this point. However, also in common with other aspects of quadspace, there do seem to be some basic laws. Quadspaced objects never exit to a point currently under observation by any known method. The exit of an object from quadspace appears to be instantaneous. Also, it is entirely possible for a quadspaced object to exit to a point that was clearly in view or had been searched several times during the course of attempting to find the object. This has occurred in several cases, as has the occurrence of the exit point in some place that said object could not have reached by any other means. It was the combination of these two factors that lead to much of the early research into quadspace.

There have been several hypotheses suggested to explain the underlying principles behind and the nature of quadspace. All have been investigated, and there are two that appear to be the most correct.

The first revolves around the theory of dimensional 'twisting'. To put this simply,

all objects in real space exist in four dimensions. If one imagines that the space-time in a localised area 'twists' or rotates around these axes, then the t axis would, for example become the x axis, the x axis would translate to the y axis, and so on. Thus to an observer outside the area of this Rotationally Operative Anomaly Centre Hysteresis, or ROACH, an object at the focal point of the 'twisting' would vanish.

It seems, however, that space time has a resistance to this effect, akin to a level of elasticity. While a ROACH can occur given the right conditions, it can only exist for a short time before space time reverts to its previous state, and any object caught at the focal point of the ROACH returns to real space. However, due to the translational effect of the twisting, and the relative movement of the object's original position over the period of the ROACH quadspace effect the exit point of the object from it will often be at a different position in real space than that at which it initially held.

As discussed above, it appears that the probability of a ROACH occurring is

affected by various conditions, including the SPLIF. The resistance of space time to the twisting would appear to increase with the volume of real space involved, explaining the relation of p(quad) to the volume of the object. It has been theorised that there exists a ROACH potential, which can be visualised as a form of potential energy. When the ROACH potential reaches a certain level a ROACH can occur, or can continue to exist. The higher the potential above this point the higher the probability of the effect occurring or continuing. Once the potential drops below a certain level space time reverts to its previous state. Unfortunately, no acceptable scale or means of measuring the potential at a given point has been discovered to date. It can be inferred, however, that most of the observed relationships discussed above relate to this ROACH potential, and when the various conditions exist at certain levels the probability of a ROACH quadspace event occurring is increased.

The second hypothesis deals with the consideration of quadzone existing in a separate sense to the continuum in which we exist, as opposed to the above view, wherein quadzone is seen to be a characteristic of real space.

The universe is apparently infinite within the four common dimensions. However, it is possible that other 'universes' exist in parallel to it, utilising others. Quadzone may be such a parallel. If this is true then several observations can be arrived at as to its nature. Most importantly quadzone is obviously closely associated with our universe. It is this that allows quadzone effects to occur, when an object from real space enters or leaves quadzone. The nature of this travel is a matter of some discussion and conjecture, but the most likely means are based on an obscure branch of geometrical mathematics, which can be used to show a process by which objects could enter or leave an area such as quadzone. The key equations, whose complexity precludes a detailed analysis here, combine to form the Dual Optimised Permissibility Expression, or DOPE.

This process is best imagined as an overlapping of real space and quadzone, and then the formation of a temporary link between them, caused by specific circumstances. The Extrapolation of the DOPE also leads to some other inferences about quadzone and related events. The DOPE clearly shows that the probability of the link occurring is related to the size of the focal area of the link, with smaller focal areas much more likely than large ones. Once again this explains the relation between p(quad) and  $V_{\text{object}}$ . It would appear likely that quadzone is not infinite in the same way as this universe, or at least does not have the same infinite capacity for objects from real space. Thus the higher the total volume of real space objects in quadzone, the less chance of another one entering during a link, and the more chance of one returning to real space.

It also appears that real space objects have a low affinity for quadzone, but this affinity may be altered by certain conditions, and varies with certain properties of the object, such as its current SPLIF value. Thus an objects affinity for quadzone may be raised to the point where it can exist there, by increases in factors such as the objects SPLIF or by the combined SPLIF values of objects near to it in real space (see the equations above). However, if these factors then change, the objects affinity for quadzone may drop below a critical level. At this point the objects foreign nature will cause it to be expelled from quadzone at the next link. The reason why objects tend to be expelled in an area close to that where the initial link formed are not known at this point.

We would like to thank all those who have helped us with this research, and to extend this thanks to IC itself, for allowing us the facilities we needed.





FELIX

Richard Eyers investigates the twin dangers facing cyclists in London

# Peddling Death on London's Streets



FELIX



Is London really safe for cyclists? This is a question that a lot of people ignore, despite knowing the answer. They have, in some cases, known for years that London is not a particularly safe place to be on a bike, and yet they apparently accept this. Why?

The recent cycle rally at Trafalgar Square showed that when just a small group of London's cycling population get together they are a force to be reckoned with. Changes could be made to improve the safety of cyclists, if they show that they need them. Part of the whole problem is that people do not realise just how bad the situation is. For example, between the years 1988 and 1989 there was a 25% increase in 'pedal cycle accident casualties' in London.

You generally accept that you are taking some risk every time you set out on your bicycle. This is regardless of the length of the journey. The risk, as far as most are concerned, is of some sort of minor accident, a brush with a car or something fairly trivial. Most take an 'it-won't-happen-to-me' approach: unfortunately there is an increasing chance that it will. In fact these people are probably more at risk because of this foolish approach.

There has now, very definitely, been

shown to be a second serious threat to London cyclists (and pedestrians). Pollution, is at dangerously high levels in our Capital. This may sound to some like scaremongering, but when you read of the possibility that Central London will have to be closed to traffic at certain times of the day, this has to be at least thought about. You can't help but notice, when you walk or ride around the city, the level of unpleasantness of the atmosphere. The air feels heavy to breathe and your clothes and hair become dirty in one afternoon. If you leave windows open, things accumulate a thick black dust. Yet the attitude in general is the similar to that of taken about accidents: that if you ignore it, it will not affect you as an individual, and if you aren't affected, then you don't care! This attitude is both selfish, and as the following shows, very naive. In putting together this article Felix has discovered some very disturbing information. This article is not based merely upon the personal opinion and guesswork of an individual, but hard, and mostly substantiated, facts!

## Accidents

The information that follows on accidents may not be common knowledge, but it

has all come from published Metropolitan Police and Department of Transport reports. Before continuing, it is worth realising that the majority of accidents, including those where injury is caused, go unreported. A report published by the Department of Road Research in 1989, showed that 68% of reportable accidents were not recorded. It may seem like a lot of hassle reporting what you may think is a trivial accident to the police, but in becoming a 'statistic', you would increase the chances of improvements being made.

Anyone who has ridden a bike in London, particularly Central London, will have experienced the way perfectly sane people can behave when they get behind the wheel of a car. Experience tends to indicate that buses and black cabs are quite considerate towards cyclists, whilst lorry and private car drivers are not. The bus and cab drivers are, on the whole, both more experienced drivers and have more to lose if they are involved in a serious accident. The worst offender of all seems to be the private car driver who is only in the capital for the day, and doesn't want to be here at all. However, there is often fault on the part of the cyclist, whether they are a student, dispatch rider, or ordinary person. There is no excuse, whatever the dangers on

the main roads, for cycling on pavements, down one-way streets, or through red lights. Most cyclists break the law at least once on their journey.

Statistically, the two most dangerous times to be on the road are between 8.00am and 9.00am, and between 5.00pm and 6.00pm. These times reflect both the increase in cycle and car journeys to and from work. These peaks of accident potential also coincide with the time many are cycling either to, or from, College: starting the day earlier would place us in the middle of the first peak! There is no doubt that pedal cycles are becoming increasingly more popular as a cheap and fast means of transport, but the proportion of cyclists involved in accidents per week is also increasing. Inner London shows the biggest increase, in 1989 it accounted for 52% of all pedal cycle accidents in the UK. The borough of Westminster, containing Imperial College, had the highest reported rate of accident per person.

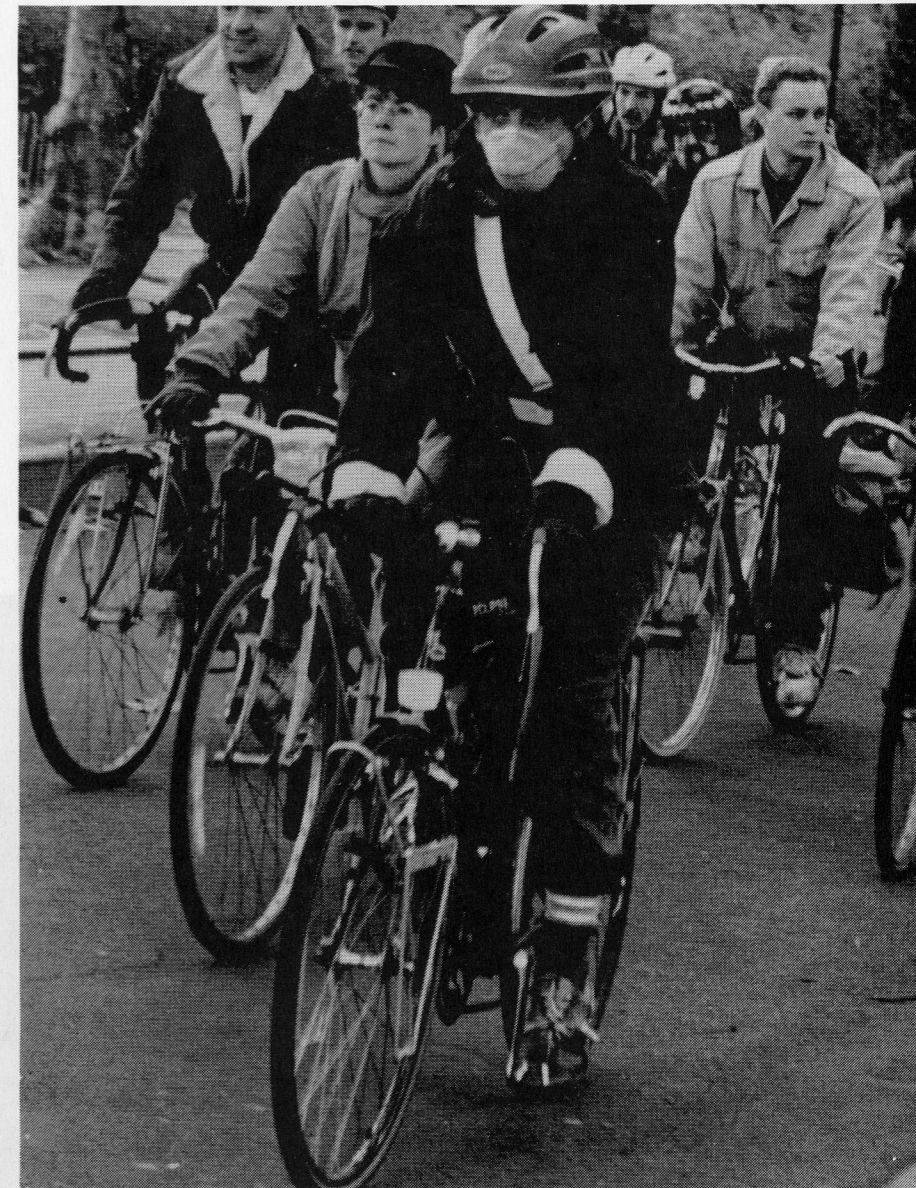
So what can you do to improve your chances? Surprisingly enough, common sense is quite useful, as is the use of lights at night! Physically, there are some precautions that you can take. So-called 'conspicuous aids' also prevent accidents; a large number being caused because a vehicle driver didn't see the cyclist. Helmets, hard-hats, lids, call them what you want, may not look particularly good but they do reduce head injuries. These are becoming now 'accepted' as part of the gear used by cyclists, and the argument that they make you more of a target for motorists is ridiculous.

Until the government instigate their plan for a 1000 mile cycle network around London the risk to life will certainly increase.

## Pollution;

The continual stream of traffic, that flows 24 hours a day through and around London emits a constant flow of waste and unburnt products. Some vehicles may run on unleaded petrol but lead is only one of hundreds of chemicals expelled during even a short journey. Cutting it down is only a start. The list includes carbon monoxide, a host of hydrocarbons, (up to 100 per vehicle), nitrous oxides, carbon dioxide and even ozone, and of course it goes on, and on. The actual balance of quantity and rate of emission depends upon the type of fuel, and the engine. This is not the place (and it shouldn't be necessary at IC) to explain the environmental effects of exhaust emissions. However one particular secondary pollutant has, in recent years, earned itself a mention: ozone. It is thought that hydrocarbons and nitrous oxides interact, catalysed by sunlight, to form this favourite nasty of environmentalists.

There are two ways to reduce the pollution in your lungs, by prevention at



source, and by protection. Prevention at source is out of the hands of the cyclist and pedestrian, though they can influence it if enough are bothered. This process only begins with unleaded petrol, there are technical, but currently expensive (probably because of their rarity) methods that can be employed. These include the fitting of cats (catalytic converters) that convert emissions to less harmful compounds. Cats are already mandatory in Scandinavia, USA and Austria and they will have to be fitted to every new British car from 1 January, 1993. There are negative points to them; they are complex, requiring tuning of the mixture passing through them, and they use finite resources, though for a very good reason. Lean burn, low air/fuel mix engines, are another way of improving the emissions from vehicles. Finally, 'carbon canister' technology will have to be used in the EEC from 1992, if draft proposals are passed. This technology reduces released

petrol vapour.

Until emissions are reduced (and there is a good chance that it will be) there is a precaution that you can take. Like helmets, face masks are becoming more and more popular, and if they are properly worn, they probably do improve the air breathed. However there is no British Standard, and there is significant doubt as to their effectiveness during strenuous exercise, and as to the length of their useful life.

There may be some hope for the London Cyclist, but improvements depend upon individuals actually bothering to complain about the current situation and then persuading legislators to do something about it! If you do care about the current dangers the only organisation that is active in London is the London Cycling Campaign. They are based in Stamford Street, SE1.

**Richard Eyers, Cyclist!!**





FELIX braves the Beers Steers and Queers in a daring encounter with...

# The Revolting Cocks

If you walk into a hotel bar, full of rejects from the set of *Spinal Tap* and shout 'Okay who are the *Revolting Cocks* then?' you expect an unusual response. Mine was; 'Yep that's us'.

They sat me down and introduced themselves: Alien called Al wore a cowboy hat, shades and had three days stubble over his entire head; Chris was Levi-clad with straggly hair looking like he had spent most of his life glue sniffing and Paul Raven bassist of *Killing Joke* adding some weight to the interview, as if to prove the *Revolting Cocks* had to be taken seriously.

The *Revolting Cocks*, have a bad reputation; banned on Radio and TV and not allowed to play gigs in this country, after a campaign against them by Conservative MP Teddy Taylor. As well as this, members of the band have been arrested for male prostitution and charges of bestiality on stage. *The Revolting Cocks* have come to clear their name. They set about this immediately:

Al: It's a pack of fucking lies everything you've read...

Me: I haven't read anything honest!

Paul: Well, it's all true then.

Chris: Yeah, let's make up some new ones.

Al: What we do on stage is very strange, five or six of us go on, with our backing tapes and play instruments! This happens still! I don't wear leather pants or scream into an echo plex we don't do that...

Me: So where has the hype come from?

Al: I don't know, I'd like to find the bastard that did and beat the crap out of him, or give him 50 quid, I don't know which. I mean, as far as the guitar player getting arrested, that's true, the herd of cattle, the electric fence, no that's not true, who would have an electric fence on stage? It's nothing but lawsuits for the rest of your life.

Paul: Why not razor wire or flame throwers?

Al: Here's what I think happened. We have a lot of girls who want to dance with us on stage everywhere we go, we don't care, race, colour, creed, whatever as long as they don't touch our deli or drink our beer, fuck that's great. In Houston we had a bunch of girls none of them under 20 stone. Then someone comes backstage and shouts 'There's a bunch of cows on stage!' and by the time it gets back to the English press, I've ridden a mechanical bull on stage, fucked one of them, used a cattle prod on the rest. I mean, this is just what happens.

Chris: Yeah we're a bunch of fucking choir boys.

Al: Right we're nice lads, we're from Basildon really.

Me: What's your version of the guitar player being arrested then?

Al: I mean there's a lot of grains of truth

in these stories, he was pissed out of his brain and wandering a section of Houston known for male prostitution, cause that was where the club was at and Marc was out drunk and tried to flag down a taxi, only it was a police car and as it passed he got mad, 'cause he thought it was a taxi, picked up a rock and threw it. As they saw he was wearing a 'Beer Steers and Queers' t-shirt (their latest album) thought he was a prostitute so they arrested him, in the process found two sleeping pills on him because the poor bastard can't sleep on a tour bus all the rocking and shaking, and that gets blown out of proportion, so he was giving blow jobs in an alley with five hits of LSD on him, what gets me was he was in a cell with a child molester facing six months and Marc could have been up for 8-10 years, he did get off on all charges, which is good.



Me: That's fair enough. OK, how was the Sunday Sport party?

Chris: It was really great, it was the best party I have ever been to, there was two kinds of people there, bimbos with massive tits and lecherous old men, and me, I got my photo like with two babes sittin' on my knee with their tits hangin' out, great man.

Al: When we got back there was a Spanish maid cleaning our rooms, so I used all my Spanish on her which is drop everything and let's fuck! She left fast...!

Me: Do you ever get banned or thrown out of places?

Al: No No, we get out of places like this, this is a rock flea bag more bands per capita, you know after you've seen Iggy Pop passed out in an elevator throwing up on himself, once you've seen one pukeathon you've seen them all.

Chris: When we were touring with

*Ministry* we got booked into a hotel under the pretense we were a religious sect in Denver Colorado for four days.

Al: Five days.

Chris: Best fucking five days of my life. Al: Year of course we poured soap suds in the pool, set off all the alarms, all the basic shit.

Chris: These people were tripping their brains out!

Al: This was the first time the band and the actual bus driver went wacko. We had two bus drivers; a husband and wife team. He pulled a 45 on her, we were 'all tripping so we got our cameras and started shooting, while the police and the squad team came in he was on the 6th floor trying to throw his wife off, he'd drawn both buses up to the entry, it was like a semicircle so there was no way in or out, and had thrown all the luggage out and cut the fuel lines so there was

fuel everywhere, this happened during happy hour so we were all in the bar tripping and rooting for him with Japanese tourists taking pictures of the whole thing.

Chris: He'd like taken a bunch of crystal methadryne then hallucinogens and half a bottle of segrams, he was out of his fuckin' head, he drank a bottle of whisky at seven in the morning.

Al: He just lost it, he just had a bad day...just a bit!

Chris: It was just the ministry tour.

Al: That was the time Martin got accused of rape.

Chris: That's right.

Paul: This is obviously a well kept secret.

Al: Ask him 'Ask him'.

Paul: Should go down well at the right dinner party!

Al: Here's the rub man. This is Martin Atkins of *Public Image*, *Killing Joke*. First

night in Denver, and some roadie asks a girl back to the hotel, and they're sitting in the bar drinking and her boyfriend walks in and says—I wanna talk to you, what are you doing with these heathen scum, she goes out—says 'They kidnapped me and tried to rape me'—and figured Martin, he's the high profile band member, he drags her up to this party on the sixth floor and goes round saying 'Where's Martin, I wanna find Martin', I say what for—rape—so I knew it was a crock of shit cause Martin's, you know...so I grab the guy and her in the elevator, it's kinda like blackmail, and said 'now say it isn't true' and it wasn't, she says it was so I hit '1' and keep hitting the guy 'til we hit the first floor and the doors open, and it was a glass elevator so everyone was cheering me on in the lobby, and she says 'it was true, it was true, so I hit '6' and we goy sent back up. After the 3rd trip down and he's got blood pouring everywhere, she goes 'I lied, I lied', so I let them both go, and they went off to the police and they didn't go after me or Martin but John our tour manager, so the squad team descend on John's room right and break down the door and John is in bed with another girl whose more than willing and able so he obviously didn't rape her and the police are going 'he doesn't look like a rapist to me' and the girl has sheets around her neck going 'what's the problem officers?' so he got off. He had to go and see them in the morning. Not that I'm like advertising what we do just take it or leave it. That's what we are, man.

Chris: At least we're not banned here. Me: You are.

Al: what's this man?

Me: You're banned, they can't play you're record on TV or radio.

Chris: But they just did an interview with me, they can't do that and not play the music, and I say fuck every other fuckin' word.

Me: They'll just block it out.

Al: That's what we mean man, let them ban us we don't care, we just want to make records, we don't even want success, if we had money we'd just build a studio. I mean Teddy Taylor wants us out of here, but Chris last night caught him sucking some girls titties, at the Sport party we have photographs, so he's gonna lay off us.

Chris: And we're gonna make a lot of money!

Al: This is a scoop for you, a world premier, a couple of thousand students are gonna be the first to know about Teddy Taylor. So we're gonna come here in January and walk up to immigration and say we are the *Revolting Cocks* we would like entry to your fine empire and if they say no, then we'll start some shit...hey you don't know where I can get some cattle by any chance...

FELIX interviews...

# Swervedriver



Close to midnight, backstage at the Camden Palace. *Swervedriver* are due on stage soon. Introduced by their manager Richard, Adam, the lead singer and guitarist, and the drummer, Graham, seem relaxed and ready to take on the world. Of the other two members of the band, Jim, the guitarist is sitting with a group of friends and Eddie, the bass guitarist, is around somewhere!

*Swervedriver* have only really been a band for eighteen months, but have known each other for much longer. Adam, Jim and Eddie originally being in a band called *Shake Appeal*. Graham was in his first band at 12 years old, at least, one with real instruments. 'Before that, the bands I was in played cricket bats!'

Having just finished a tour of Scotland, Adam described it as 'Alright, but knacker, I'm pleased it's over!'. They are currently on tour in the UK until December 15. Whilst travelling to one gig, Graham reveals, his boots were knocked off the lorry!

Signed under Creation Records, *Swervedriver* have released two records to date, *Son of Mustang Ford*, their first single with which they did a UK tour and a four track EP, *Ravedown*, recorded in June-July of this year. In six weeks they will be back in the studio recording their album, and are then off to Holland.

All of their tracks have been written by Adam, although he admits they usually come from a jamming session with the band. When asked how they would

describe their music, having explained that it has been described as hardcore-ish, Adam replied 'Well, I'd prefer to say it was melodic!'

Listing their influences as 'rock in general', they were asked which gigs they went to see. 'Anything with a good guitar sound, feedback' replied Graham. 'We've seen *Killing Joke*, *Pixies*'. 'We've seen *Captain Beefheart* and *Miss White Pope*', added Adam.

Describing being compared to *Dinosaur Jr.* as 'fair enough'. They were asked what they thought of the Manchester scene.

'Well, I suppose *Fools Gold* was alright' replied Adam 'but the rest is shit, and you can quote that!'

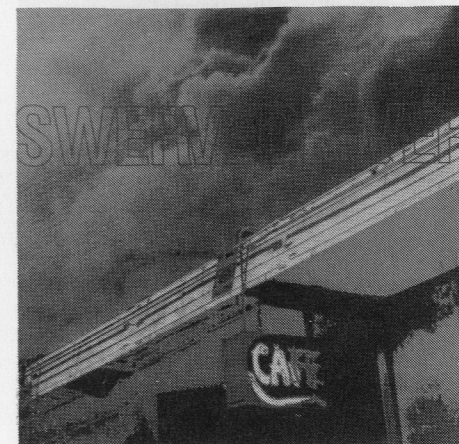
Out on stage, *Swervedriver*, themselves were definitely not shit, giving an awesome performance leaving many suitably impressed.

Returning backstage they were extremely modest about their performance, with Eddie describing it as 'Not as good as it could have been'. Having rated their performance as 4/10, they rated their enjoyment of the gig 9/10. 'If you don't enjoy anything you do then it's definitely not worth doing', stated Jim.

Adam had referred to the bands name to 'being out of control'. *Swervedriver* are far from being out of control, and should be heading straight for the top.

DJ.

## Rave Down EP



This album is not for baggies, but they're welcome to buy it into the charts. In fact, *Swervedriver* are more of a *Dinosaur Jr* meets *My Bloody Valentine*. The result is a relaxing medley of roughly produced guitar and extrovert harmonies which melt delectably under the drawling vocals.

It's still something that *Ride* do a lot better, but if you go for that raw, fuzzy sound, then these guys will be an instant hit.

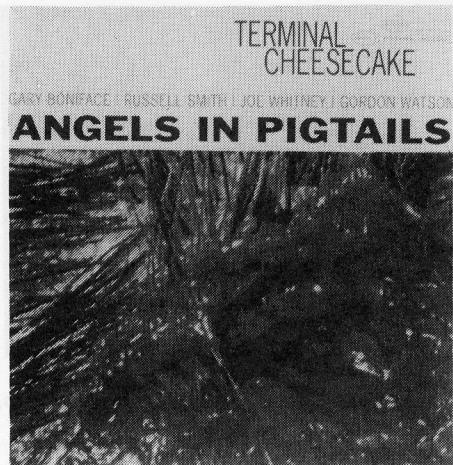
SJH





# Terminal Cheesecake

*Angels in Pigtails LP*



There's a very strange story on the back of this LP concerning a Mr Dan Gane. This is his story. Mr Gane is an ordinary guy who goes through what may best be described as a 'mid-life crisis' and comes out of it hearing voices telling him to kill people. The story gets quite disturbing until you pay attention to the people he kills—Mary Graphite (student), Fred Perry (old man) and Henri Tombstone (priest) amongst others. The tale was written by a certain *Nat Jerkoff*. Hmmm.

So to the record. I've got no option but to tell it like it is I'm afraid I lost patience with *Terminal Cheesecake*. They attempt serious songs but throw in samples and stupid little nursery rhyme beginnings. They provide light relief from tracks

caked in grunge, but add nothing in themselves. Oh, there's a *Residents'* cover (*Hello Skinny*) to let us know exactly where the band are coming from.

If I was feeling in a good mood I could glibly throw in a couple of pretentious references to *Terminal Cheesecake* plough the fields of Ciccone Youth's barren landscape. Sorry, couldn't resist. They quite nicely use noise and silence by way of contrast, I suppose, and you could blunt a knife on the vocals. My enthusiasm is almost carrying me away here! This isn't a good enough album to make me turn up the volume to maximum and stick my head in a speaker. So it's back to the drawing board boys.

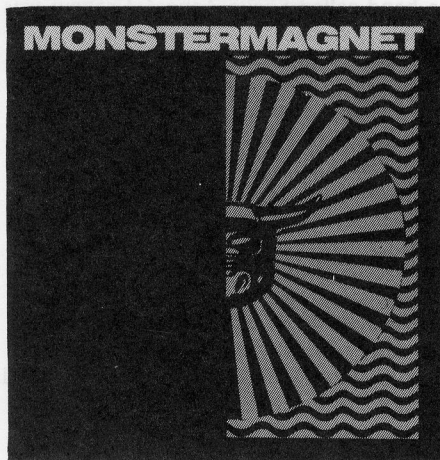
JDF.

## Glitterhouse

Hailing from some far corner of the USA, *Glitterhouse's* *Monstermagnet* release their first LP, cunningly titled *Monstermagnet*. This is a harsh guitar album of five songs which on first hearing is a dire, dirty animal wallowing in its own excrement, with a carnal desire to be sick in your face. This is a most laudable attitude (one Phil Collins could take note of) no doubt learned from living in some David Lynch type town in nowheresville.

There's a raw no-nonsense energy that pervades the album, very reminiscent of *Dinosaur Jr*, but lacking his effortless vocal style. Still peel back the surface layers and you'll find some breakneck tunes running through the album (more apparent on the quiet(er) *Freak Shop USA*). As much feedback and grunge as

you can take, with even the vocalist (dare I say singer) enthusiastic in this



department too.

In fact, if he's not singing through what I presume is a megaphone, he's playing the 'sing from the back of the recording studio whilst the microphone's at the front' game and I swear at one point the vocals are so far back in the track that he's singing from outside, with the door closed. Still, this purveys a sweet attitude to rock. Not to be called inconsistent, it's carried through to the back cover picture of one of those roll-your-own cigarettes. This type of hardcore album isn't going to win over any new fans, but it sounds like it was fun to make and an attitude rather than ideas come across.

They definitely sound like an act to go and experience live, and on that basis I'll give them six out of ten on the monster scale.

JDF.

## The Fall

Lou Reed once said of himself, 'I can't sing, I can only reach a few notes'. This is a noble confession, one we all know, but nevertheless it takes a brave man to admit it. The atonal Mark E Smith knows he can't sing. He delights in the fact. He also manages to write consistently great songs with totally innocuous titles ('British people in hot weather, pay your rates, big pizza').

Within these songs Smith vehemently spits out seemingly random words that mean nothing placed next to each other, but when considered in the context of a song make a sort of jilted sense.

Each song hangs on cleverly interjected phrases, repeated through his babble. Juxtapose this with an urgent guitar

sound and the gospel according to Smith becomes an essential, breathing sound.

Translated to a live format however and *The Fall* begin to fail. Brix's departure left a gaping hole in Smith's head, and the band's string section. Neither have completely recovered. Secondly, Smith has a xenophobic attitude towards his audience, frequently turning his back on them. A wry smile piercing his sour expression only once this evening. For Christ's sake—what's the point of doing gigs if you're not going to enjoy them?

Smith's nonsense-speak becomes a frustrating armour-plated screen. Nothing can penetrate it. You can't fathom him out through the welter of sound. *The Fall*

*Brixton Fridge 3.12.90*

become a mystic spectacle, failing to entice you into their sound. Leaving you cold in the audience. Their set consisted of most of *Extricate*, *Mr Pharmacist* (the best song of the evening) some b-sides, a butchered *White Lightning* and the new single, *High Tension Wire*. All the songs reached the (government) minimum standard, but nothing ever threatened to leap off the stage and take off down Brixton High Street. Sadly *The Fall* lacked sparkle tonight.

JDF.





Graeme Shan interviews...

# The Shamen

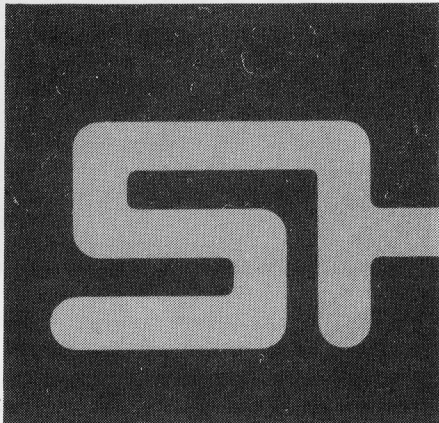


For those of you who don't know of the *Shamen*, they're shit hot. Simple as that. There's much more than an element of truth in the now widespread belief that they, more than anyone else have their finger on the biggest pulse of club music today.

There are only two human members of the *Shamen*, Colin and Will, though the technology could be classed as a worthy third party. Credited with being the first band to make the indie dance crossover back in 1988, their music is now almost totally house, but with a melodic feel.

'We came down to London in, what, May 1988...We're from Aberdeen and had heard some tapes with the early house sounds from down here. The scene up there is non-existent so we had to come down.'

It was at this time that *The Shamen* produced *Transcendental*, their first experiment in acid house. An album followed (*In Gorbachev We Trust*), a mixture of rhythmic indie tracks and their new acid influences. A remix of *Transcendental* with Chicago house king *Bam Bam* received limited play in the



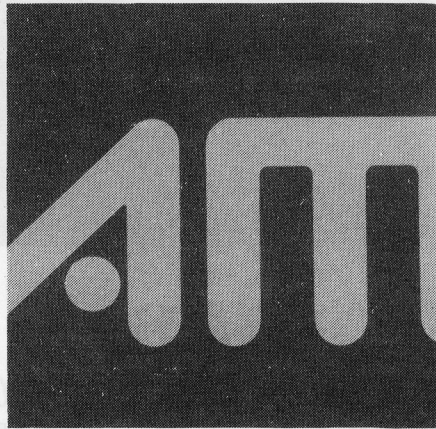
clubs, but still their indie label lingered prejudicing club dj's. A further step was evident in the next aptly named LP *Phoreward*, featuring tracks remixed by hot dj Evil Eddy Richards (he played Imperial College at New Year's Party). However, their journey was not complete until the release of the new album *En-tact* last month. Acceptance finally came with it a whole host of addictively dancy tracks. 'With all respect, the reason we weren't accepted was that we weren't good enough!'

This could be true. *En-tact* is certainly the most professional package to come from *The Shamen*. The production is superb. Presented as a 2 x 12" to improve quality and aid mixing between turntables, it's fully geared for clubs and home dj's.

*Hyperreal* will be the next single released from *En-tact*. '*Hyperreal* is my favourite...because of the way it came together. Originally I had done the track as an instrumental and then two days

before I was due to take it into the studio I got this demo tape of Plauka...I'd been waiting for it for months...it was a bad demo but there was obviously vocal quality there...I wrote her some vocal lines that night, recorded and sampled them next day...'

Colin explained the One Little Indian



deal... 'We wanted to continue doing the *Synergy* thing...financially it wasn't as secure as the majors' offers but they (One Little Indian) were more interested in what *The Shamen* are about long term.'

'We want to get into the Top 40; to get a US deal. They won't give you a deal unless you've been in the Top 40...Obviously I'm more pleased that we're highly regarded in the clubs, but we do need to break into the US market...' After all, you have to feed yourself?'

'Well, we sell enough albums to do that but, actually it's the first time I haven't lived in a squat in London. I have a flat now!'

In wondered if Colin had any opinions about the end of the house scene, the next stage...

'I think the basic acid beats are here to stay now, it's just what you lay over them. Samplers and sequencers are the instruments of the future...I can't understand the amount of techno-fear some people have, especially drummers...drum machines only make their job easier.'

So what is *Synergy*. Colin provides a definition...

'It's a word meaning when you get more energy out of the combination of two things...than (the sum of) the energies of the two things themselves. That could be a combination of two drugs, or music and lights, or music and audience participation.'

This relates to what the *Synergy* club concept is. *The Shamen* take a whole club on tour—dj's, mc's, lights, projectors plus numerous other acts to produce a physically astonishing night. They play a set themselves though the dancing doesn't stop and they're mixed in and out, on beat, like any other tracks played.

Nothing stops until after 2am when all the happy people either wind down or tramp off to some party somewhere.

Last Saturday, *The Shamen* visited the London Rocket Club to convert a few more Londoners to the joys of *Synergy*. Competition for tickets was harsh—they oversold the venue by 400 (at the time I interviewed Colin, it was still not clear whether the doors would be opened at all, for fear of licensing laws and fire risk). People had come from everywhere, even as far afield as Scotland, and were noticeably more like ravers than the audience at last year's *Shamen* gigs.

The extent to which *Synergy* attempts to create something new is shown by such things as 'The Mind Gym'. Some sort of electronic headgear/goggles is worn, and the eyes closed. Pulses of light and sound bombard the brain, separating and dephasing each side to make the wearer feel like his body experiences some sort of metamorphosis. I am told a 15 minute session costs £15 at 'The Brain' clinic, but here at *Synergy* it's free to anyone who queues up. One of the people running the brain machine was a 65 year-old woman, dressed in silver rave wear, totally off her head, grooving down to acid house—brilliant.

*The Shamen* set was fantastic, the high-point being *Make it Mine*, during which the the energy in the audience soared to a peak. This is ironic since it is the only track with a guitar riff...

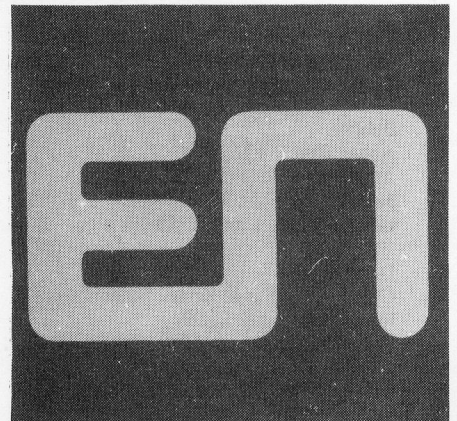
'I was messing one day on the guitar and came up with this riff. I thought it sounded just like those heavy rock riffs from the seventies...I wanted it to sound like a sample from one of them.'

Colin has been known to attribute a lot of his music to the feelings he's had from drug experiences...

'Drugs have always been associated with music...always...*The Pogues* is whisky music. Our's isn't, that's all'.

Re students:

'I did that once...most respectable way of being unemployed!'



## Technical Bit

*Shamen* use a Steinberg Cubase and a C-lab Midi Package both run on Atari ST.





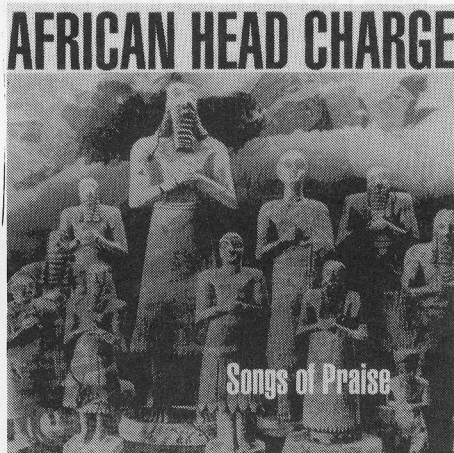
# African Head Charge

*Songs of Praise LP*

*African Head Charge* is the product of On U-Sound maestro Adrian Sherwood's efforts to bring his own distinctive sound to traditional African percussion and reggae (of sorts). As such this is a vigorously odd record, mixing deep dub rhythms with bizarre electro effects and the odd haze guitar, which in most tracks on this album combine to form an indescribable mantra. John Peel has been giving this a spin of late.

Words fail me. This is a fascinating album.

Stone



# Robert Reilly & The Buffalo Club

*Temptation LP*

According to the press release for this record, 'Robert Reilly is already writing with maturity, performing with dynamism and creating his own unique brand of Rock/Blues' Unfortunately these are words guaranteed to enshrine Mr. Reilly in Q-magazine land. As far as this writer is concerned, 'maturity' = 'ploddingly unoriginal', 'dynamism' = 'turgidity' and 'unique brand of Rock/Blues' = 'the dullest parts of Rock and the most boring parts of Blues'. The man responsible for mixing this record is also responsible for Sade and *Everything But The Girl*. Cure fans spotting the near-miss title *Praying For Rain* will be disappointed. *Wet Wet Wet* fans spotting the title *Temptation* probably won't be. If anybody wants this record please drop a line in to Felix before I destroy it.

Stone

# 10,000 Maniacs

*Town and Country Club 26.11.90*

This was *10,000 Maniacs*' second visit to the T&C, marking the release of a collection of early material, *Hope Chest*.

The *Maniacs*' support was provided by John Lombardo, a one-time *Maniacs* bassist, and Mary Ramsey, an Irish singer-songwriter, who is a long-term friend of the *Maniacs*. They played a number of similar-sounding Irish folk songs, which signalled retirement to the bar for most of the audience. However, on joining the *Maniacs* for the main set, they showed their true (excellent) instrumental and vocal skill.

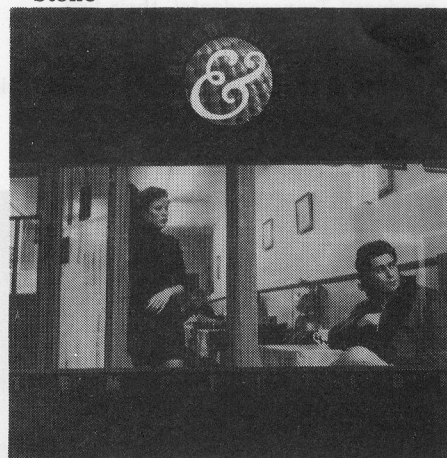
The *Maniacs*' set opened with an old 1950s promo film for Jamestown, NYS, the band's home. This is in deference to Natalie Merchant's (the lead singer) views on community power and alternative politics. It was, however, sufficient to confuse the *REM*-lookalikes in the audience.

Resisting constant calls from the

audience for favourite songs, Merchant & Co launched into some old material from *Hope Chest*. This was an enjoyable blend of Reggae, Jazz and Rock. However, a fight at the front early in the set had visibly shaken Merchant, who seemed to want to be somewhere else.

However, moving to the compassion (*City of Angels*) and militancy (*What's the Matter here?*) of the *REM*-influenced *In My Tribe* and *Blind Man's Zoo*, Merchant lifted her performance—talking to the audience, and inserting unplanned songs like Ferry's *Dance Away* to the bewilderment of the rest of the band.

Merchant, like her boyfriend Michael (*REM*) Stripe, appropriates many 60s influences for use on stage. Her stage presence is enhanced by her circling dance, thrashing about her flowing dress and long, dark hair. The rest of the band temper her wild abandon with a solid background, making for an electrifying,



intense performance, albeit somewhat short at 1¾ hours, but this, I suspect, was more to do with the early curfew at the T&C than Merchant's ability to continue.

Graeme H.

## A restricted bibliography of wines December 1990

### Sherry:

Sainsbury's Manzanilla (3.49)  
Sainsbury's Palo Cortado (\$2.99 half)

### Bubbly:

Angas Brut (\$4.75)  
Angas Brut Rosé (\$4.75)  
Seaview Brut (\$4.99)  
Blanquette de Limoux (\$5.49)

### Dry Whites:

Chardonnay Kanle Krum, Bulgaria—in found—(probably \$2.99)  
Touraine Sauvignon 1988, Cuvée Prestige, Oisly et Thesée (\$3.99)  
Seaview Chardonnay 1989 (\$3.99)  
Saltram Rhine Riesling 1989 (\$3.99)  
Montan Sauvignon 1989 (\$4.85)  
Saltram Chardonnay 1989 (\$4.99)  
David Wynn Riesling 1989 (\$4.99)

### Red—Cabernet/Merlot base:

Range of Bulgarians, (\$2.25 to \$5.89)  
Anne des Joyeuses 1988, VdP, Haute Vallée de L'Aude (\$2.99)  
Ch. Bellevue La Forêt 1989, AC Côtes Frontonnais (\$3.49)  
Seaview Cabernet/Shiraz 1987 (\$3.95)  
Seaview Cabernet Sauvignon 1986 (\$3.99)  
Saltram Cabernet Sauvignon 1986 (\$3.99)  
Maitre d'Estournel 1988 (\$4.19)

### Red—Syrah or related base:

Rasteau 1988 Têtes de Cuvée, Caves des Vignerons (\$3.99)  
Domaine de la Vallongue 1988, AC Coteaux d'Aix en Provence (\$4.29)  
Penfolds Kalimna Shiraz 1986, Bin 128 (\$4.49)  
Côtes de Rhône 1986, Guigal (\$4.69)  
Domaine Ste Appollinaire 1988, Côtes de

Rhône (Organic) (Sainsbury \$4.75)  
Crozes Hermitage 1987 Thalabert, Paul Jaboulet Ainée (\$4.89)  
David Wynn Shiraz 1989 (\$4.99)  
Taltarni Shiraz 1983 (\$5.99)

### Red—other strong flavours:

Tinto da Anfora 1987 (\$3.99)  
Mea Pipa 1987 (\$3.99)  
Montepulciano d'Abruzzo Colle Secco 1986, DOC (\$4.39)

### Sweet White:

Tolley's Pedare Late Harvest Muscat 1989 (\$3.35)  
Coteaux de Layon 1988, Cuvée Adrian  
Domaine de Sauveroy (\$4.99)  
Coteaux de Layon 1989, Chateau du Breuil (Sainsbury \$5.95)



*John Finley's brief guide to how not to stay sober with style over Christmas for under six quid.*

# Dr Finley On The Case



**Dr Finley's list of recommended wines can be found opposite below.**

—with apologies to Sir W.S. Gilbert, and also to the vast majority of wine merchants whom I have not consulted. My not so little list is based entirely on Oddbins, with a few interlopers from Sainsbury's, and very little recent practical research (alas). Many of the wines mentioned are to be found in other places. Chris asked me to do, in short order, a piece on wines for Christmas. The result is entirely idiosyncratic, as I refuse to be held to a particular pattern, and you should be warned that I tend to value a definite taste above subtlety.

The list is arranged in categories and should be regarded as the vinous equivalent of a bibliography. There is much good drinking amongst them, though some of the more powerful reds are perhaps 'more appropriate to the needs of the advanced student'. I have, with a few exceptions, kept to a price of £5 or less, not unreasonable for a celebration, and, inevitably, have a fairly lavish Christmas Dinner in mind.

Every Christmas Dinner I have eaten has arrived late, so we must have something to amuse the taste-buds to start with. Manzanilla is the lightest of the sherries, but very dry—safer, though, than the usual Amontillados etc... Serve cool and finish within 10 days. Unless you are prepared to pay a lot more, Sainsbury's is quite adequate. It will go well with most 'cocktail snacks' of the saltier kind. We are thinking of an occasion, though, and Bubbly restores the spirit. I have suggested three Aussies and one Old World. I myself am not a passionate adherent of dry wines, and find the slightly richer Angus more attractive than the Seaview. In particular, the pink wine is terribly 'moreish'—in my youth I would have thought it vulgar. The Blanquette is in many ways an old-fashioned wine with old-fashioned virtues and very much worth trying.

We then have to think of a first course which may not be there—say smoked salmon or fish in a fairly strong cream sauce. The Bubbly can carry on, or we can start on the White Burgundy substitutes. Nobody can afford the real thing. I have considered three types of wine. The classic grape is the Chardonnay. The Australians make it heavy, and age it in oak (for however a short time). The result is, in general, pretty robust. It will support a rich dish, and continue with a poultry roast. The Bulgarians produce a lighter wine which I find attractive, but possibly a contradiction of my predilection to a concentration of flavour. The Sauvignon wines are more acidic, with a definite gooseberry character. On the whole I think them—very pleasant—let-out. They are very clean and would cover the

range from pre-Dinner to a turkey roast. The Australian Rieslings are to me curiosities—they are not remotely like their German ancestors, which, in the reasonable price range, rely on lightness and scent, but are robust wines which, yet again, have been aged in oak. They will provide a solid background to fish in a sauce or the turkey main course and are slightly sweeter than the others.

The next major shift is to the red wines. I have again ruled out Burgundy, on grounds of price, and the principal red Burgundy grape, the Pinot Noir, since it does not seem to prosper away from home in the way that the Cabernet Sauvignon does. My groupings here are the Bordeaux-related grapes, Cabernet, Cabernet-Franc and Merlot, the Rhône based Syrah grape with some of its Southern cousins, and a trio of 'others'. The Cabernet tends to be tannic, but in the new World it is often a big fat wine in a way that the restricted climate of Bordeaux does not allow (elegance be blown). The Bulgarians have also produced a range of wines, from the Cabernet and its rival the Merlot, which it is very difficult to fault—particularly at the price. All these go well with turkey or with my preferred lamb, beef or game roasts. Of the individual wines I would say little except that the Maitre d'Estournal is a good classical Bordeaux, but would appear thin by comparison with the Aussies. Better for turkey or lamb than beef.

My own love here is the Syrah/Shiraz grape—definitely into lamb/beef/game territory rather than poultry. The taste is not so familiar in Britain, as commercial pressures have tended to calm down the definite peppery quality of the taste in generic 'Côtes du Rhône' wines. It is something that the Australians seem to have got instinctively and completely right, so much so that I welcome the utterly unclassic Cabernet/Shiraz mixtures. These are wines for serious food—though I would be happy to have the wine, even if not a perfect match, with turkey (think of the burnt bacon and sausages which are usually there as accompaniments). Particularly interesting is Sainsbury's organic wine, which I have found generally liked. The Guigal and the Taltarni are immense. Many of the others may feel initially light on the tongue, but will project all sorts of complicated tastes given a little time.

Amongst the reds I finish with a small seductive group which I cannot claim to understand. I have listed two Portuguese wines by Joao Pires which do not fit into the accepted patterns (try any of his others). They seem to be light on the tongue but extremely flavourful—but they are not light in alcohol. I find a family likeness to port, without the weight. There is also a lonely Italian of more

obvious solid character with a spicy quality.

The only proper wine for Christmas Pudding is sweet Champagne—but this is not only expensive, but very difficult to obtain since the decline of the Russian Court. Asti Spumante will not do. My own feeling is that a sweet still wine of sufficient character works well with the richness of the pudding, and that the clarity of the Chenin-based sweet wines of the Loire have an advantage over the more heavy botrytis-reliant wines of Bordeaux. I have listed a very young wine from Sainsbury with the necessary weight, and a lighter, cheaper, wine from Oddbins which might still prove refreshing. These wines, even when old (I still hold the 59's and 64's), present a fresh original attack of a kind of which the Bordeaux are incapable (though they may seduce) and can lighten the heart at the end of a lengthy meal. (If you see a Moulin de Touchais or a Clos St Catherine anywhere, buy!)

When nuts, fruits and other amusements follow there is no ordained accompaniment. Possibly Port—but I do not understand it. I would carry on with the sweet wine, the bubbly, or if (unlikely) embarking on cheese, one of the red wines. Here, however, enters the Palo Cortado sherry. These are fascinating heavy brown(?) wines with the weight of an oloroso but none of the associated sweetness. I feel that they could be drunk with any course of the meal above, except for the hypothetical fish course. Not, mind you, in quantity, but in moderation and with pleasure—and with a supply of good water to hand.

For pure pleasure, and with or without interaction with food, the best fruit juice I have encountered is the Tolley late-harvested Muscat—try it.

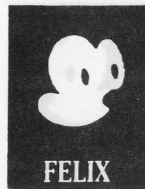
**John Finley.**

## City and Guilds DINNER AND DANCE

at the  
**Park Lane Hotel**  
Dancing 'til two

Contact Guilds Office for tickets





Chris Riley reviews Amnesty International's latest publication: Myanmar 'In The National Interest'.

# The Other Side Of Christmas

This month saw the launch of Amnesty International's campaign in Myanmar; to press for the release of prisoners of conscience, to end torture and extrajudicial executions, to prompt fair trials for political prisoners and to stop death sentences. To mark this launch, AI has just published their account of the situation, based on investigative journalism, and testimony from victims of torture.

Amnesty International bases its work on international human rights standards which are agreed by the international community through the United Nations and other inter-governmental bodies. The organisation addresses itself to governments because of the specific obligations they have under international law. Myanmar has ratified only one major international human rights instrument, the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

Civil unrest erupted throughout Myanmar (then Burma) in March 1988. Mass demonstrations led mainly by students, called for an end to one party rule by the military dominated Burma Socialist Programme Party (BSPP). Protesters demanded free and fair elections and the introduction of multi-party parliamentary democracy. The 26 year rule of BSPP came to an end on September 18th 1988 when Armed Forces Chief of Staff General, Saw Maung, led a military coup. A military State of Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) was established to head the new government and martial law was declared.

Thousands of people were killed in the first half of 1988 as the new military government used violent measures in an attempt to suppress the demonstrations. Thousands more were arrested in 1989 for non-violent criticism of the martial law administration and for participating in peaceful demonstrations called by the major political opposition parties.

Since July 1989, arrests of opposition party leaders and activists have been justified as measures necessary to combat 'conspiracies' and 'machinations' against the government by both 'communist' and 'right wing' forces.

Although elections were held in May of this year, the military government has refused to relinquish power. The SLORC has acknowledged that some 1200 people, including students and members of legal political parties, were arrested between September 18th 1988 and August 1989 in connection with their political activities. It is also acknowledged that most are still in detention.

It is general knowledge that political detainees can be held indefinitely and are

frequently tortured. A former civil servant detained in January 1989 said he had been interrogated and beaten for three days by military intelligence officers before being transferred to police custody.

Another former detainee, a 26 year-old student from Mandalay, arrested in late 1987, said he was interrogated under torture for two weeks by police special branch officers before being transferred to a regular prison. 'I did not see a judge or any official from the court for the following eight months I was held there. I just stayed in my cell, I had no trial.'

Detainees' relatives usually do not know the prisoners' whereabouts until

during interrogation to heal and to allow the prisoner 'to get and look better'.

Victims have said that torture was used both to punish them and to compel them to cooperate with interrogators. The torture also serves to intimidate others — arrest and torture is seen as an ever present threat by those contemplating any public criticism.

Torture methods seem consistent, and have been labelled with nicknames. 'A walk on the beach' involves forcing prisoners to walk on their hands and knees over sharp gravel or broken glass. The 'helicopter' involves suspension by wrists or feet from a ceiling fan. The 'wet submarine' consists of near suffocation. Prisoners subjected to the 'iron road' are

arrested. He alleged that he was tortured by special branch police.

'I was slapped, punched, kicked, burnt with cigarettes, hung from the ceiling and whipped, had iron rods rolled across my shin bones and was given electric shocks. At some point a team came in, stripped me of all my clothes, tied up my hands with handcuffs and hung me from the ceiling with ropes. They whipped me with a car fan belt 70 or 80 times until I lost consciousness. They treated my wounds by taking me down, pouring salt and curry powder into the cuts and finally urinating on my back.'

The student was held until demonstrators released him almost one year later on 27 August 1988 when

military takeover...Because I refused to respond they began ill-treating me...Throughout the interrogation period I was tortured unconscious twice, each time as a result of prolonged kneeling on sharp gravel. This caused severe pain. You first feel an intense pain and after a while your legs began shivering..your eyes begin to cloud over until you can see nothing, and then you lose control of your mind: you cannot answer the questions any longer. As a result they would beat you up...If you fell down, you would be kicked and put back into position...On several occasions I was threatened with execution...'

Numerous deaths in detention have been reported. Some occurred apparently

After a few hours, security personnel, possibly from the Special Branch, came in and took him away. The next day he was handed over to the doctor in Insein Prison's hospital. When the doctor examined him he discovered that both his limbs, from fingers up to elbow, and lower limbs, toes to knees, had been fractured several times, broken into pieces. The security people had suspected him of being involved in the bombing incident and interrogated him despite his already severe burns.'

The boy reportedly died 17 days after this. His body was secretly cremated in Insein prison hospital.

Myanmar's military government has persistently rejected calls for the investigation of reports of torture and ill-treatment. On 22 March 1989 Director General Ohn Gyaw of the Foreign Ministry's Political Department responded to reports of widespread human rights abuse:

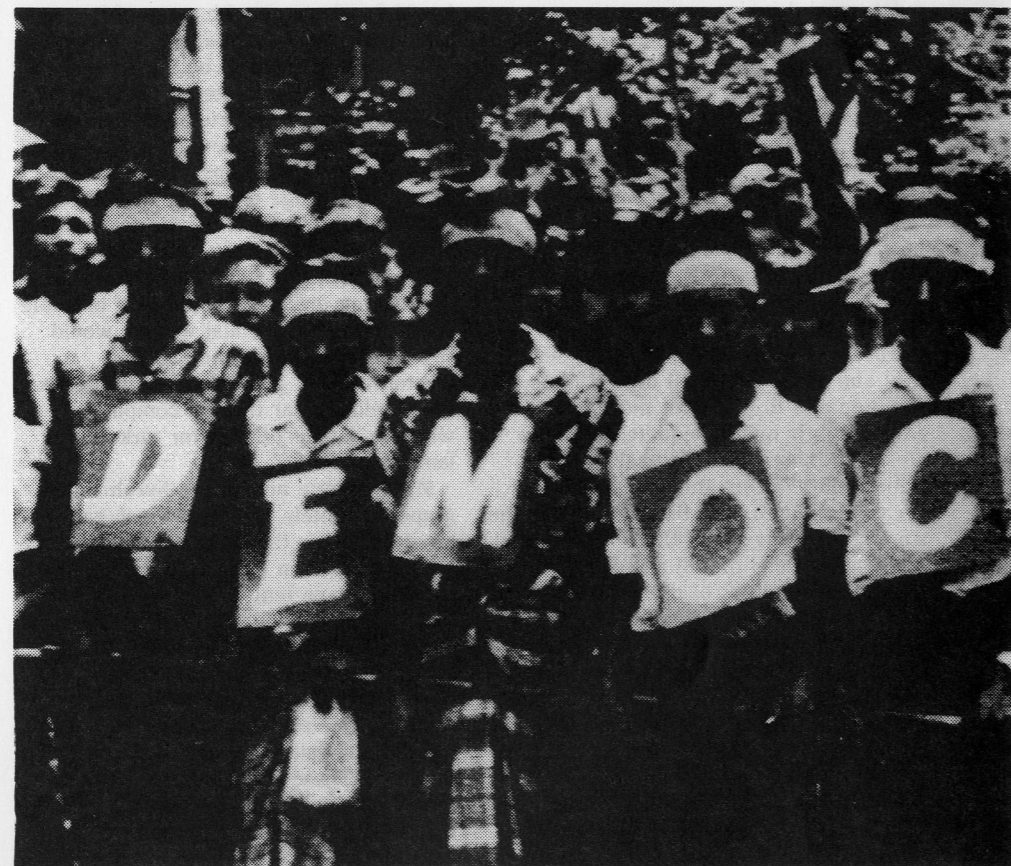
'People must understand that Burma is facing a difficult situation. There are not only human rights to consider...there is the national interest. Many accusations have been made about torture and the like while people have been in detention. The government has no record of torture taking place.'

## Amnesty International

Amnesty International (AI) bases its work on international human rights' standards which are agreed by the international community through the United Nations and other intergovernmental bodies. The organisation addresses itself to governments because of the specific obligations they have under international law. Myanmar has ratified only one major international human rights instrument, the Convention of the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

AI is a world-wide movement independent of any government, political persuasion or religious creed. It plays a specific role in the international protection of human rights; seeking the release of prisoners of conscience, working for fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners, and opposing the death penalty and torture.

A subscription to AI will give you access to information about human rights abuses produced on a global, independent and impartial basis. To join AI write to: Amnesty International, British Section, 99-119 Roseberry Avenue, London EC1 4RE. For more information come and visit the Imperial College group, committee room, top floor of the Union Building, Tuesday evenings at 5.30pm.



they are either released or handed over to police custody and transferred to a regular detention facility within the prison system.

Torture and ill-treatment of prisoners usually takes place during the first phase of the detention process. Most people arrested on political grounds in Myanmar are initially held in incommunicado detention for investigation and interrogation for six months or more.

Prisoners have maintained that prolonged incommunicado detention is sometimes ordered to provide the necessary time for injuries sustained

severely lacerated by bamboo sticks or police truncheon beatings.

Beatings, in many cases, were reportedly carried out after the body was padded with folded rice bags reducing external marks but providing no protection against internal injuries.

In September 1987 demonetisation was introduced. The three highest denomination bank notes were declared worthless, effectively removing 50% of all money from circulation and wiping out the life savings of many citizens. During the protests in Mandalay which followed a 26 year-old Physics student was

Mandalay was briefly in control of strike committees.

One month later the September coup prompted more incidents of torture and arrests. A 22 year-old student from Ayeyarwady Division was arrested in a tea-shop in October 1988 and interrogated for several days in a secret detention facility. He gave the following account of his treatment:

'They wanted to know...what organisation I was involved with, who was leading it, who were our contacts, what sort of activities did I carry out during the demonstrations and since the

as a result of ill-treatment, others because of the denial of medical attention. In March 1988, 41 students died in a police van because of suffocation arising from gross criminal negligence.

A former medical worker in Insein Prison's clinic described the case of a 15 year-old boy who he said died after torture in March 1988:

'On 17 March, a 15 year-old Muslim boy got severely burned on the abdomen and upper legs in an incident during which a car was set on fire by demonstrating students. He was taken to Yangon General Hospital for treatment.





Armed with blue rinse and pension book, dare you enter...

# The Bingo Zone

Outside in the queue, the buzz of anticipation grew almost instantaneously into a hum of excitement. Almost in reply, the all-glass doors swung open and the jostling crowd lurched forward to the hallway's beckoning leer. Devoid of any of the etiquette and manners instilled within them by years of meticulous patience, the clamors and shoving escalated. This was going to be a battle of the fittest. Canes swiped at the air above the clattering walking frames which skewered any offending feet, whilst the wheelchairs simply crushed anything in their tracks in the frenzy to the seats. The Top Rank bingo hall was now open.

Inside, the warm air calmed the pacemakers, and the freshly drawn pensions emerged, the wallets releasing the stale odour of mothballs and decaying people into the recently sterilised afternoon air. Having only just survived the desperate rampage to enter, I stood

who stumbled in from the cold.

Being such a poor fool, and now feeling all the confidence that being an IC Stude could instill, I confidently strolled up to the desk to buy my game-cards. Fast Flyer? Lucky Numbers? American National or Regional Countdown?... 'Oh yes, I'll buy them all.' And so I staggered away, clutching my tickets to fame fortune and other nice money things, desperately hoping that I had brought a pen with me. As I glanced at the massive pile of multicoloured card in my arms, I began to realise that this was not going to be quite as simple as nipping into a bingo booth for 10p at Hayling Island.

Slightly more cautious now, I decided to eye out the opposition and the tiers filled, fading the aurora from a gaudy orange of upholstery to a prevailing grey of ancient hair. All eyes glared at me, the imposter, wandering sheepishly to a spare seat.

Down on the tables below, the real

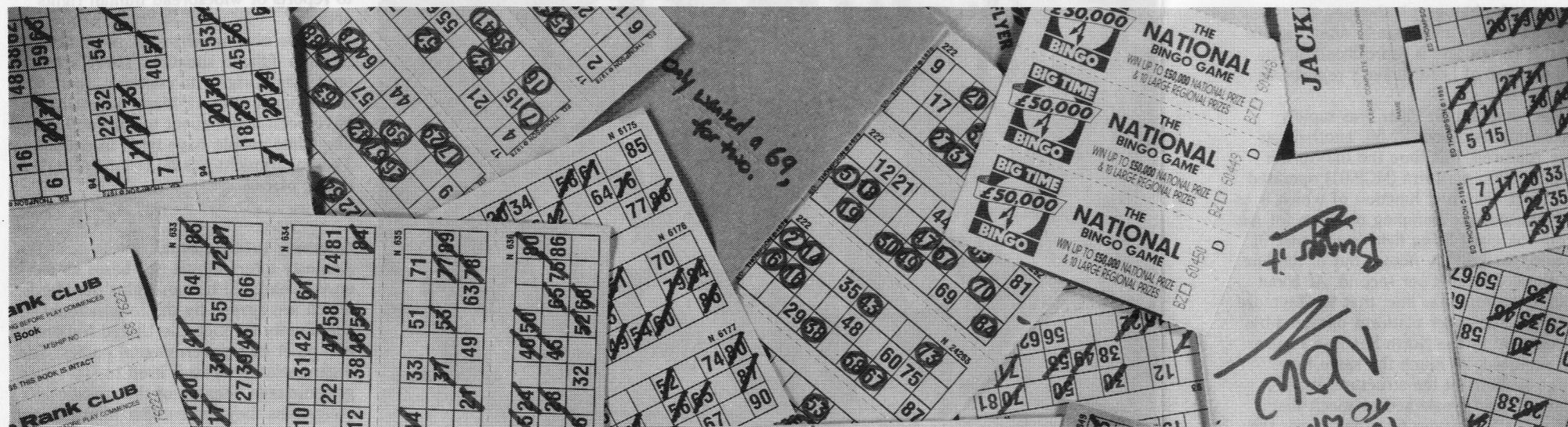
icy silence descended upon the Hall as the first game was called.

Fumbling to the lemon card (or was I holding the yellow or beige one?), I realised that the monotone pierce had already announced the first three calls. In blind panic I checked the domineering red screen which had suddenly become a blaze of lights. I was only just capable of tracing these missing digits as a shriek gargled from below. Frantic ushers leapt over the seats from all sides, apparently to aid the dying beast. Reaching for my Vodaphone, I had just dialed 999 to report a major coronary in Sheffield Bingo Hall as the jubilant winner's card number was announced and checked, and the £5 prize presented.

The next game was immediately started on the pink page of the countdown card. A wicked stepmother directed me to the page and I vowed to prove my worth against these deranged souls and keep

bitch, she always wins,' and the like were rife after each scream. At one point I was convinced that the lady behind was going to throw herself bodily at the lady in front in a rage of jealousy, with no heed for my unwitting obstruction. The usherettes and caller only just managed to sedate her before she did me any serious injury.

Now determined not to associate myself with these maniacs, I began to ponder the easy winnings. With what appeared to be the entire elderly population of the area here, left a lot of unoccupied houses. On realising that they spent all their money here and so would not have anything worth taking, I opted merely to await them at the end of the roads to mug them on return. Even better would be to spend the 50p entry and risk slaughter in the Hall to memorise the faces of the Big Winners and get'em on the way out...



back to allow the native savages to settle before confronting the great dilemma of which games to enter myself. The sensual slip of a forty-year-old at the desk had charmed me into becoming a free life member, and so I was to enjoy the privilege of a First Free Visit.

I had always assumed bingo to be an old ladies' excuse for an afternoon waddle into town to do a spot of shopping and then meet her friends over a relaxing chat, crossing off a few numbers every minute or so to stop their brains from switching off. I was beginning to realise that this was by no means the case. These dear old ladies had hatred and greed scoured into their faces. Despite the very reasonable bar, only a few would dare part with their bingo money on such a frivolous manner. It was only the foolish amateur middle-agers who were only in it for a piss-up. The jolly photos displayed outside of sweet dears enjoying their ice-creams hid a more sinister portent to any poor fool

hardened pros were setting up. In silence, they painstakingly arranged their books into game order, pausing only to memorise the numbers and opposition. Here it must be explained that game books are sold in sets of at least four cards which means that any person in a game is playing a minimum of four cards at one time. I was to find this alone nigh impossible, yet down on these tables sat mean and lean ladies who looked barely capable of holding a pen, poised, like praying mantises, to strike off twenty cards or more at a time. These are the ones that live bingo. Their days are spent on the phone arranging more visits or gloating over winnings, whilst their afternoons and evenings are spent in the Halls, winning enough to pay for the phone bill.

Time was drawing on so I retired back to my seat only to discover the problem of keeping track of thirty-odd cards without spilling them over my neighbours. The adrenaline rose and an

track of the numbers. In fact, it took all my concentration to keep up with the rabid caller, let alone be able to concentrate on what number I needed to complete one line, two lines or a full house as the game required. I cursed as again and again the animals screeched the instant a winning number was shown, before it had even been announced. 'They must know the manager,' I concluded.

Time and games progressed, and as I gained proficiency and broadened my concentrations beyond the tiny squares before me, I noticed some evil rivalry between these lovely old people. The stakes gradually rose to £120, £200, £500 and even £673. What these affluent misers did not realise was that had MY number come up, or had they kept quiet just one more number, that I would be able to pay off my overdraft and buy that stereo I'd had my eye on. Unfortunately, many of the other dears had similar schemes of their own. Murmurs of 'That

I was wrenched from my scheming by another gurgling cry. On glancing down, I realised that I too had won! The biddies around me commented dryly about first time winners as I whooped, jumped and rejoiced over the £10 I was to share with the rather frail gentleman in the third row. Staring down at my newly won fiver, I entered the last games with renewed gusto, hoping for more and drooling at the slap-up meal I could now buy at McBuggers after the gruelling three-quarter hour session.

The players left as quickly as they had arrived, probably all racing to the nearest telephone to tell Maud about their latest wins. Behind them the trail of wreckage had to be cleared by the next session. Plastic bags and dead cards interspersed broken cut-throat glass. Evidently someone else had the idea of gettin'em on the way out.

Sarah Harland

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine reviews...

# Nauseous Books

For Christmas

It's Christmas time again, and the publishing world are once again foisting all manner of atrocities on us in the name of the great God Consumerism. Apalling books by footballers from Kevin Keegan to Gazza are traditional, but now it seems that the music industry is getting in on the act too. So, if you're looking for the perfect gift for a particularly obnoxious relative, read on...

Starting, as ever, at the bottom, we present **Jive Bunny Saves the Day**. This book has to be seen to be believed. The Jive Bunny 'posse' have adopted a radical new technique whereby rather than cutting up the classics and pasting them back together they have created an 'original' (as it is called technically). Sadly this is even more pathetic than their audio drivel; aimed at the under-4's or the terminally sad this piece of mindless propaganda serves to diminish the one-dimensional charms of Mr. Git into second-rate lavatory paper (the pages are shiny, poorly absorbent and do not flush easily). The pages bearing the 'Jive Bunny' song are apt to deposit more than they remove. This book is only worth consideration for students of brainwashing; its attempt to convince those too young to defend themselves that 'Jive Bunny is the best music man in town' is truly sickening. And the pictures are crap too.

Little better is the latest effort from the **New Kids on the Block** marketing machine. Those charming lads next door have a book devoted to their sad little lives called **New Kids on the Block: Our Story**. The book invites you to 'Listen to them talk honestly, in their own words... What can we do but the same?'

'This book is dedicated to the ones we love - our families, friends and most

wanted to do any of it...I just wanted to hang out...'...the lady always tried to make me do solos but I was so shy' 'The kids couldn't believe how high I sang' '...they had everything : chickens, pigs, cows, all types of animals' '...just look out of the corner of your eye and then go and practise in your room at home' 'My dad's a bricklayer' 'My brother and I shared the 'little room' as my mother called it' 'Me and my mom would be at one end, my dad and my brother on the other, and the girls in the middle' 'My brother played with me a lot' 'For some reason I was sitting where the girls sit' '...she always said I looked like a chicken..' 'Performing was just something I did, pretty steadily, with rehearsals every Friday night..The one thing I loved more than anything else was the applause' 'She did some when she was in high school, but didn't try for a career in it..my mom had never even realised that it was there..she really loved it' '...so for him to stand up and say 'No, I don't want to do it' took a lot of character' '...she got behind us one hundred percent' 'I don't care about all that. All I want is a scooter!' '...we all clicked and hung together..' 'It's going to be dope' 'Yo I can't sing'. And he said 'Neither can I..' 'But Maurice was so jive' 'I breakdanced for him and he really liked that' 'He's real jive' 'Nynuk- that was their name at the time' 'Donnie was the one who picked on me the most' 'This one time, though, I didn't get it right off..they started calling me 'Slow Joe'. It was rough for me, really rough...I remember several times I would go home crying.' 'What's a Nynuk?'

Our final offering is the book of that epitome of good radio (and taste) **Our Tune**. Good ol' Simon 'Master' Bates has



especially, our fans.' 'It's kinda scary to think that someone might say one day 'yeah- that was the year Donnie Wahlberg was born.' That's crazy!' '...ashamed to have pimples..' 'Life is too short to worry about wrinkles in your jeans' 'Friday nights we'd all pile in her bed..' 'Two years in a row, me and Mark got dressed up as ballerinas..' 'I got into Michael Jackson in the ninth grade' 'It's really weird and I don't understand it' 'I was tiny back then' '...everyone used to enjoy grabbing my cheeks..My mom is a social worker who specialised in family therapy..Later on I found out that my mom was doing this for professional and for personal reasons' 'Our house was so wild that people could come over any time..' 'I used to bring my homework to him and he'd do it with me..' 'But I never

gathered in this tome the most precious of 200 000 letters which will move your soul (up, down left or right). Assuming that each writer only writes one letter this leads to the conclusion that I in 55 listeners writes in. Which leaves 54 voyeuristic parasites hanging on.

Granted the letters are rubbish that should be left in people's personal lives where they belong, but why is the music so appalling? Who in their right mind would have the **Blow Monkeys** as their Tune? Who felt **Wet Wet Wet** would express their anguish better than **Suicidal Tendencies**? Why would anyone choose to aggravate their trauma by playing it to a soundtrack of **KC and the Sunshine Band**? Where is **My Bloody Valentine** amidst this? Sad.





*Dr Stephen Richardson on the Public Enquiry chaired by the Hon. Lord Cullen into the...*

# Piper Alpha Disaster

Late in the evening of July, 1988, there was an explosion on the Piper Alpha platform in the North Sea. Within a matter of a few hours, 166 men had died. One more died in hospital twelve days later. Over 10% of this country's production of oil had ceased. The world's biggest offshore oil disaster had happened—and it had happened not in some remote corner of the world but in the UK. What had gone wrong on Piper? And why did it have such disastrous consequences?

The safety and operation of Britain's North Sea oil and gas platforms is, for the time being, under the control of the Secretary of State for Energy. One week after the disaster on Piper, the then Secretary of State, Cecil Parkinson, appointed Lord Cullen to hold a Public Inquiry to establish the circumstances of the accident on Piper Alpha and its cause. The Inquiry sat for a total of 180 days, 130 of which were concerned with the disaster itself (Part 1) and the remaining 50 with the future (Part 2). Lord Cullen's report was published on November 13 1990 and is extremely thorough and hence necessarily lengthy. The Inquiry heard evidence from a large number of witnesses—including most of the survivors—and from several experts. Much of that expert testimony was provided by three members of the Chemical Engineering Department at Imperial College: Ken Bett, Graham Saville and me. Of the total of 35 experts' reports produced in Part 1 of the Inquiry, 11 were produced by the three of us. As a result, we got to know a great deal about what had happened on Piper. What follows is a brief summary of the events leading to the disaster and some of my personal views (which I believe accord in all essentials with Lord Cullen's recommendations) on the way ahead.

The Piper oil field is about 120 miles north-west of Aberdeen. It was discovered by Occidental in January 1973 and was one of the first in the deep waters of the northern North Sea. Production of oil started in December 1976, so that less than four years elapsed between discovery and first oil, a record that has only rarely been beaten. Originally, only oil was to be exported. This was done through a sub-sea line 128 miles long to the purpose-built Occidental refinery on the island of Flotta in the Orkneys. Piper proved spectacularly productive. Indeed, one of its wells was the most productive in the whole of the North Sea. When Occidental sought permission to raise output from Piper, the then Secretary of

DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY

## The Public Inquiry into the Piper Alpha Disaster

The Hon Lord Cullen



Figure 1

State for Energy, Tony Benn, granted it only on condition that the excess gas produced with the oil, and initially flared at Piper, should be exported. Accordingly, a gas treatment plant was incorporated on Piper rather than as an afterthought. Gas export started in December 1978. The amount of gas exported by Piper was, however, very small (only about 0.6% of the total from the UK sector of the North Sea) whereas the amount of oil exported was large (about 10% of the total from the UK sector: Piper was the biggest single producing platform). In order to maximise the oil export, some of the heavier fractions in the gas (essentially, the propane) were separated as liquid condensate from the rest of the gas (mainly methane) and injected into the oil for export to Flotta, as shown in Figure 2.

At about 21.45 on July 6, 1988, one of the pumps for injection of condensate into the main oil export line tripped. Shortly afterwards, some gas alarms were activated, the first-stage gas compressors tripped and the flare was observed to be much larger than usual. At about 22.00

there was the first explosion on Piper. This rapidly led to fires in the part of Piper containing the oil/gas separators (see Figure 2) and oil export pumps. Flames and smoke rapidly enveloped the accommodation modules on the platform, in which the majority of the men on Piper were off-duty. At about 22.20, the fires had heated one of the high-pressure gas lines connecting Piper to another platform, the Tartan platform operated by Texaco (see Figure 3), to such an extent that the pipe ruptured and the gas in the line flowed out very rapidly, further fuelling the fires on Piper. Gas initially flowed out of the line at about 3 tonnes per second, which is of the same order as the rate at which the UK consumes energy. A photograph showing the fireball almost immediately after rupture of the Tartan line is reproduced on the front cover of Lord Cullen's report (see Figure 1).

The situation on Piper was rapidly escalating. At about 22.50, another gas line ruptured, this time the line to the compression platform (MCP-01) operated by Total, the chief function of which is as an intermediate pumping platform for gas from the giant Frigg field (see Figure 3). Again, gas initially flowed out of the line at about 3 tonnes per second. At about 23.20, the final gas line, that to Claymore which is the other platform operated by Occidental in the North Sea (see Figure 3), ruptured. At much the same time, large sections of the structure of the platform had weakened so much that most of the topsides (in other words the parts of Piper above the supporting steel jacket) fell into the sea. One of the parts of the topsides that fell into the sea was the main accommodation module, a four-storey building in which there were 81 men. All of them died.

In the early morning of July 7 1988, the only remaining part of Piper was the well-head module: three-quarters of the original platform had been destroyed and lay in a tangled mass on the sea bed. The fires from the oil and gas lines and wells were producing flames about 200 metres high, with a rate of energy consumption of order 100 gigawatts. The fires were extinguished finally only on July 29 1988. The remains of Piper was toppled on March 28 1989.

The disaster had cost the lives of 167 men, 2 of whom were rescue workers whose fast rescue boat was destroyed when the gas line to MCP-01 ruptured. 137 of the bodies of the deceased were recovered; 30 are still missing. Of the 137, 109 died from smoke inhalation, 13



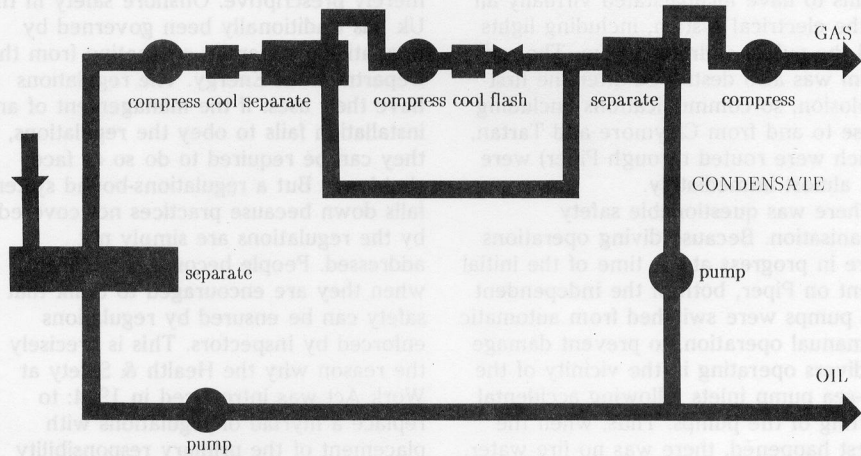
by drowning, 10 by severe injuries or burns. The cause of death of the remaining 4 has not been established.

In trying to establish the cause of the disaster, considerable difficulties were encountered because so little physical evidence remained and there were so few survivors who could give essential information. (Although 61 men survived, none was a senior member of Piper's management team). A large number (in excess of 30) possible causes were advanced. Relatively few of these could be conclusively discounted but many of them were extremely improbable, requiring several successive improbable events to have occurred. The most probable original cause almost certainly lay in the condensate separation and injection area.

Condensate was separated from the gas in a large vessel (see Figure 2) and then passed to two pumps operating in parallel for injection into the oil export line, as shown in Figure 4. On the evening of July 6 1988, pump A was isolated for maintenance of its motor drive coupling. In addition, its safety valve was removed for maintenance and a blind flange almost certainly fitted in its place. The flange was not, however, pressure-tested. When pump B tripped at about 21.45, the operators would initially have sought to restart it. They were not successful in this endeavour. Unless they could resume flow of condensate, they would eventually have had to halt production on Piper. This is because the condensate separation vessel would in the end have filled with liquid, which would then have been passed to the final-stage gas compressors. The compressors would then have tripped, automatically shutting down the gas plant and eventually all of the production.

Since the operators could not restart

Figure 2



pump B, the question arises: what else could they do? The evidence suggests that what they in fact did was try to restart pump A. They would have been aware that pump A was out of commission for maintenance—but that maintenance had not yet started. Because of the way in which work permits were organised on Piper, it seems almost certain that they would not have been aware that the safety valve for pump A was missing. Moreover, they would not have been able to see that it was missing since the valve in question was one floor above the pumps that they were operating (remember that gas and condensate processing was an afterthought on Piper: items of equipment were placed where they could be, not where they ideally might be). Thus they probably took steps to reinstate pump A, one step of which would have been to repressurise it. The most probably thing that happened next is that the condensate, after flowing extremely rapidly into the pump and then into its safety valve line, leaked at the blind

flange fitted in place of the safety valve.

The evidence of the sequence of gas alarms noted by the surviving control room operator and the strength of the initial explosion suggests that the leakage hole and an area of about 40 mm<sup>2</sup>. The line leading to the blind flange was a nominal 4 inch pipe, so that 40 mm<sup>2</sup> corresponds to lifting of the flange by only 0.1 millimetres. Thus the leakage gap need only have been very small and would have been consistent with an incompletely tightened flange. Perhaps 80 kilogrammes of condensate would have escaped over a period of order 1 minute. This found a source of ignition (which is unknown—but irrelevant: an inflammable material will generally find an ignition source) and led to the first explosion. This led to the initial fires and then to the sequential failure of the gas lines which caused the horrifyingly rapid escalation of the disaster.

How could this have happened so easily? Clearly, there were several failures, amongst which were the following:

- There was a questionable work permit system. Maintenance work on the safety valve of the condensate pump was conducted only during the day, so the work permit was suspended—and not displayed in the control room—overnight. Operators were thus unaware of the removal of the valve.
- There was questionable plant isolation. Condensate pump A was isolated only by closure of its air-operated suction and discharge valves (see Figure 4). There was no mechanical isolation and the valves were not locked shut. Thus the operators, unaware of the removal of the safety valve, were able to reintroduce high pressure hydrocarbons into a line, the integrity of which could not be guaranteed.
- There was questionable design. Gas and condensate processing was undertaken

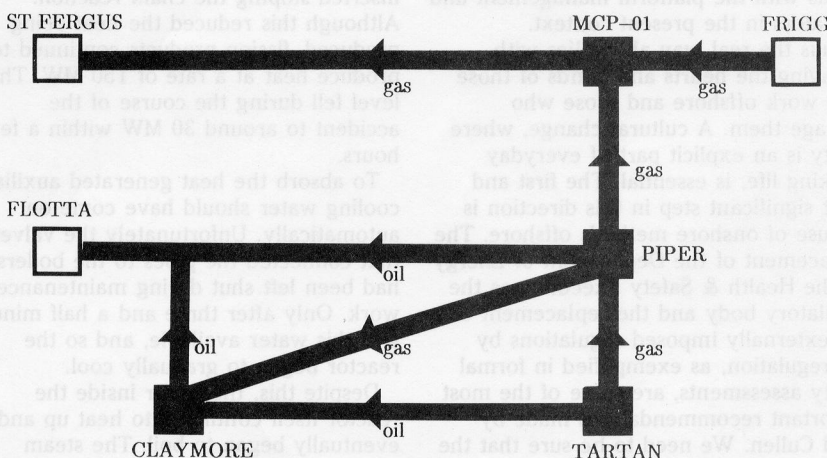


Figure 3





beside, and gas import/export and oil export underneath, the electrical power module on Piper. The first explosion seems to have incapacitated virtually all of the electrical system, including lights and the public address system. The radio room was also destroyed after the first explosion, so communications (including those to and from Claymore and Tartan, which were routed through Piper) were lost almost immediately.

● There was questionable safety organisation. Because diving operations were in progress at the time of the initial event on Piper, both of the independent fire pumps were switched from automatic to manual operation, to prevent damage to divers operating in the vicinity of the sub-sea pump inlets following accidental starting of the pumps. Thus, when the worst happened, there was no fire water.

remotely—a sufficient part. Safety also requires an appropriate management structure. But management cannot be merely prescriptive. Offshore safety in the UK has traditionally been governed by regulations, generally emanating from the Department of Energy. The regulations have their uses: if the management of an installation fails to obey the regulations, they can be required to do so or face shutdown. But a regulations-bound system falls down because practices not covered by the regulations are simply not addressed. People become complacent when they are encouraged to think that safety can be ensured by regulations enforced by inspectors. This is precisely the reason why the Health & Safety at Work Act was introduced in 1974: to replace a myriad of regulations with placement of the primary responsibility

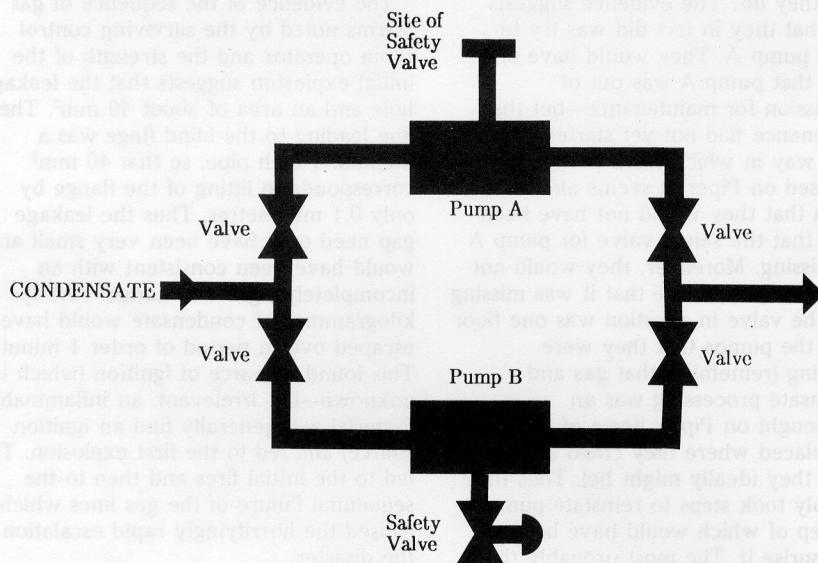


Figure 4

● There was a questionable evacuation procedure. The only person who could order abandonment of the platform was the Offshore Installation Manager, whose position was analogous to that of the Captain of the ship. He appears never to have ordered evacuation. Thus many of those who died were mustered (correctly) in the main accommodation module—and waited there while conditions deteriorated. Many who survived did so by ignoring the rules and taking their own chances.

What are the lessons of Piper? What is the way ahead? It is clear from the failures just described that there were some technical failures but more importantly there were management failures. The technically perfect system can always be circumvented. Thus while technical measures are a necessary part of safety, they are in no sense—not even

for safety with those who create the risks and those who work with them, in other words with the platform management and operators in the present context.

Thus the real way ahead lies with changing the hearts and minds of those who work offshore and those who manage them. A cultural change, where safety is an explicit part of everyday working life, is essential. The first and most significant step in this direction is the use of onshore methods offshore. The replacement of the Department of Energy by the Health & Safety Executive as the regulatory body and the replacement of the externally imposed regulations by self-regulation, as exemplified in formal safety assessments, are some of the most important recommendations made by Lord Cullen. We need to be sure that the industry takes them up wholeheartedly. Otherwise, we are just waiting for the next Piper.

# Three Mile Island

On Thursday 29th November Professor Graham Wallis from Dartmouth College, Hanover USA, gave the annual Newitt lecture in the Chemical Engineering department.

Three Mile Island was the first major accident involving a commercial nuclear reactor. During the course of the incident, which lasted for over two hours, radiation was released into the containment building with very little being released into the environment. It has been estimated that around thirty people have died as a result of the accident, all cancers caused by the release of noble gases long after the initial incident.

Following the accident the company responsible for the building of the reactor were sued for \$4.5 billion, more than the they were worth.

The pressurised water reactor (PWR) used 100 tons of Uranium Oxide to produce around 300 MW of heat. The fuel rods were made from pellets of the fuel contained within metal tubes. Hundreds of these rods stacked together formed the reactor core which is then contained within a pressure vessel approximately four by six metres with walls around twenty centimeters thick. The vessel was able to withstand a pressure of up to 170 bar.

The problems started when the main feedwater to the boilers was shut down due to problems with the supply. This was caused by ion-exchange resin, used to remove impurities in the water, becoming entrained in the water and blocking valves and pipes.

Within five seconds the residual water in the boilers began falling. In less than fifty seconds the boilers were almost dry. Thus the heat generated by the reactor was not being dissipated. The reactor was then shut down, control rods were inserted stopping the chain reaction. Although this reduced the heat being produced, fission products continued to produce heat at a rate of 150 MW. This level fell during the course of the accident to around 30 MW within a few hours.

To absorb the heat generated auxiliary cooling water should have come on automatically. Unfortunately the valves that connected the pipes to the boilers had been left shut during maintenance work. Only after three and a half minutes was this water available, and so the reactor began to gradually cool.

Despite this, the water inside the reactor itself continued to heat up and eventually began to boil. The steam produced escaped through a safety valve and began to flood the floor of the containment vessel. The level of water



# No Smoking

## The Questionnaire



began to drop inside the pressure vessel and sections of the reactor core became exposed. They began to heat up to around 1200°C. The tubes containing the radioactive fuel elements began reacting with the water and produced around a ton of hydrogen. There was very little chance of an explosion as there was nothing inside the reactor vessel to react with.

At this stage the new shift of operators came on, saw what was happening and corrected the situation. During the course of the next few days and weeks people attempted to get the reactor back into working order but with no success.

The reasons for the disaster are many and varied, the simplest one being human error. As Prof. Wallis said, 'we gave them a sports car and they crashed it'.

Left alone the emergency control systems would probably have brought the system under control and avoided the disaster.

In America today no more nuclear reactors are being built, none are ordered and those that remain are merely maintained.

Accommodating the rights of smokers and non-smokers has become an important social issue in recent years. To address this trend Imperial College is attempting to recognise these rights, and our task would be incomplete without the views of students. Please fill in the Questionnaire attached and return by 7th January 1991 to the appropriate location.

While filling in this questionnaire a few points to remember. Smoking in different social groups varies. In professional groups, 20 per cent of men smoke. Among unskilled workers the rate is 40-50 per cent. The smell of tobacco on clothes or breath is unpleasant to non-smokers. Smoking has an ageing effect. Heart disease and lung cancer are now serious problems amongst women smokers as well as men who die prematurely.

Most adults (two thirds) do not smoke and two thirds of smokers would like to stop. So most people evidently consider smoking undesirable. If you smoke and evidently can't give up, does it lessen your credibility to be in authority over other people?

Tobacco is a legal product. The legal

right to sell tobacco to over 16's is unquestioned. What is questionable is the morality. Would any socially-responsible person promote and advertise a dangerous product on which its victims become 'hooked', knowing, moreover, that most are hooked when they are young and impressionable and have not reached the legal purchasing age?

The argument is however, that if everyone stopped smoking a lot of people would be out of a job. About 20,000 people are employed solely in the manufacture and distribution of cigarettes. Up to 200,000 others are partially involved. We spend in this country about £5,500,000,000 (£5 billion) a year on cigarettes. A husband and wife each smoking 15 cigarettes a day spend between them £700-800 a year. This money would usually be spent on other goods and services—creating jobs.

If you are considering giving up smoking, the main source of help is the College Health Centre who is now organising small support groups to help people give up smoking.

Mary O'Sullivan, IC Health Centre.

## Mac operators wanted

We are a small desktop publishing company in Central London, producing technical illustrations for magazine and book publishers. Almost all of our work is done using Adobe Illustrator® 3.0 on Apple Macintosh® computers. Due to increasing demand we may need freelance Mac operators to do work on a contract basis using their own machines. Reliability and meticulous attention to detail is absolutely essential.

We also produce high quality typeset material by converting files produced in popular word processing packages into the 'T<sub>E</sub>X' typesetting language (Textures on the Macintosh) and then writing the format in T<sub>E</sub>X. We may also need help in this area.

If you think you may be interested in working with us in the areas mentioned above, or if you have any questions, please feel free to call us on **071 229 0107**—there's no harm in calling! We look forward to hearing from you.

## World Leaders in Student Travel



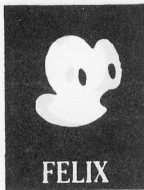
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**ULU TRAVEL**





Sir Clive Sinclair presents his vision of tomorrow...

# Inventing the Future

When Sir Clive Sinclair visited Imperial College on Wednesday 5th November, he said that his company, Sinclair Research, would be launching personal telephones and the composite-fibre bicycles next year. He addressed a tightly-packed lecture theatre on the subject 'Inventing the Future.'

In this he questioned the common belief that we are living in times of huge technological change, stating that, on the contrary, things have not changed a great deal over the last twenty years. He put forward the idea that this was because over the last couple of decades, technological companies have become global, swallowing competitors, until just a few monopolise the world markets. While this brought economies of scale, it also means that to invest in anything new becomes a huge risk. To change to a new technology means massive reinvestment in production lines in factories all over the world, and because companies tend to be run by cautious accountants rather than entrepreneurs, the risks are rarely taken, hence the stagnation in technology. The price of production efficiency is that it becomes too expensive to change.

To support this argument, he quoted several examples. Each year since 1976, the average speed of air traffic across the Atlantic has declined: this is because the number of subsonic flights has increased while supersonic flights have remained at a constant level. This is the monopoly of the Boeing 747, which has been flying for 25 years, yet no challenger has emerged since then. What has happened? Airbus Industries started a new family of aircraft, yet this was still based on the tube-with-wings concept, whereas it has been known for years that 'flying wings' offer up to 30% increase in efficiency. Why is this 'new' technology not used? The risks of failure are too great and the time-length of the product is too long (the new Boeing 777 has a design life of 40 years): large companies must not be allowed to risk going bankrupt.

For several decades, we have been promised large flat-screen wall-mounted televisions: Professor Gabor (famous for holography) worked on the problem 30 years ago, but the product is still "just around the corner". Improvements and new technology are "not because people don't want it or don't work on it" but because the unreadiness for change "seems to be a function of the concentration of the power" that manufacturers have.

He said that while products such as the IBM PC set standards, they also froze the entire industry, because no-one dares to make anything different. "We need companies to explore the territory so we can find the best." "We have lost the will to change": suspension bridges could be



Sir Clive with his phonepoint phone.

five miles in span using composite fibres. Why tunnel under the Channel using 150-year old technology when you could bridge it with five spans? "Incredible caution is the ultimate enemy of innovation. We must have people making decisions, prepared to take a leap into the future."

So where do we go today? The big, currently fashionable although age-old problem is the environment. He thought that, ultimately, "all transport has to be electric", using energy from wind generators, solar power, water power (tidal, waves, and hydroelectric), these sources being "very close to economic reality." Aircraft could be powered by hydrogen. He said that even the USA could generate all its energy requirements from wind. (Fossil fuels must go in the long term because of carbon dioxide emission.) He hypothesised that "invention is often the mother of necessity": before the invention of the ball-point pen or photocopier, no-one perceived a need for such things. The necessity follows the invention, but "the inventor has to pursue his own idea with incredible vigour" in order for it to succeed. "Inventions mean change," but we are genetically programmed to resist change, since, in the past it was mostly for the worse. Sir Clive also gave examples close to his heart, the pocket calculator and the digital watch. When he went round to various companies to find

out if they would produce them, none of them could see any market for them.

He concluded by outlining some of the research areas his company is working in:

- Artificial intelligence. This is a long-term project which he considers important in increasing human wealth in education, health, leisure and services. They are working on parallel processing, using silicon wafers containing thousands of processors running simultaneously.
  - Personal telephones that work anywhere in the world. He considers a very tight-packed cellular 'phone system combined with satellites to be the best solution. Babies will be able "to have their personal 'phone number tattooed on them at birth," the number remaining theirs for life.
  - Wind-power.
  - Electric cars. "The C5 was intended as a stepping stone." At the time of the C5, the C15, a four-seat electric vehicle had a range of 150 miles. The latest version has a range of 250 miles, max speed 80 mph, 0-60 mph in 7 seconds. He said "they won't suit everyone," but sooner or later plug-in recharge points "should become ubiquitous."
  - Composite-fibre bicycle. He hopes this will meet an as-yet unperceived need for an instant-folding, easily-portable bicycle that can be carried around by people, instead of leaving it locked up.
- Roland Flowerdew.**



Chris Riley tells a Christmas tale of massacre and corruption...

# Pining For The Fjords



## Christmas - catastrophe for Conifers?

Are native woodlands being bulldozed to make way for Christmas tree plantations or is it just another crop? Chris Riley investigates.

What would Christmas be without that glowing, tinsel clad Norway Spruce or Douglas Pine slowly dying in the corner? Many now make a habit of buying trees with roots intact, but even this doesn't guarantee the survival of the plant.

Since the dinosaurs roamed the earth, conifer plants have carpeted hillsides, but today, vast tracts of coniferous woodland are being felled for timber, the construction industry and the paper industry.

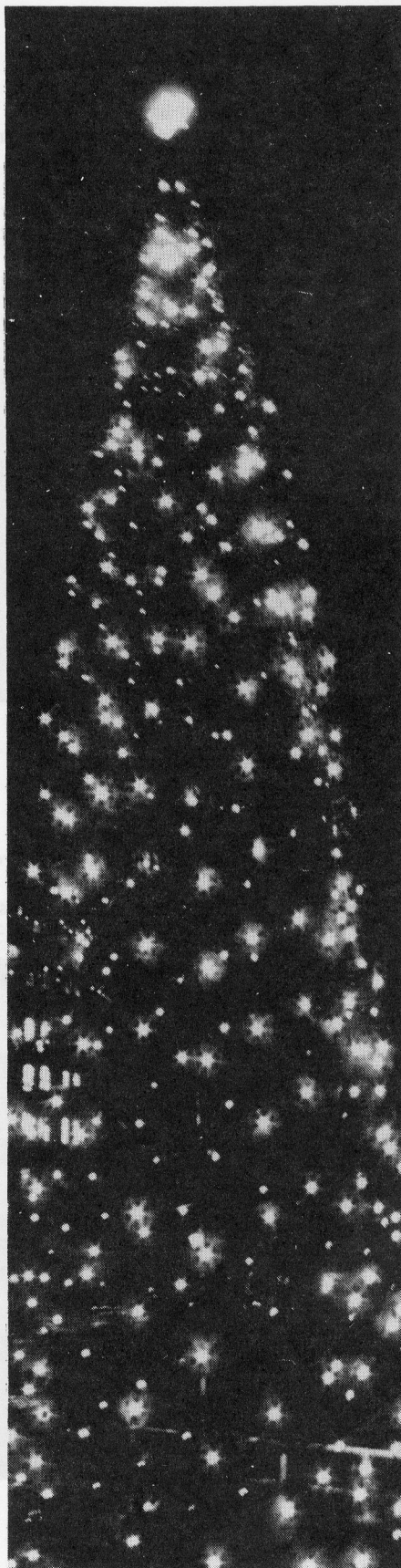
The amount of timber consumed world wide each year would fill the Atlantic Ocean twice. Forestry is big business; the average citizen of the northern hemisphere uses well over 150kg or over twice their body weight of paper every year. Britain alone gets through well over 50 million tonnes of paper each year. This is the equivalent of nearly seven years of continuous photocopying! Over three quarters of this comes from softwood trees like conifers. The third world uses about one third of this, but is on the increase.

In the past, felled trees were frequently replaced by single species plantations. They were often non-native and planted for their economic potential rather than for any ecological considerations. Today, the forestry commission follows strict planting regulations. A diversity of species are planted and the edge of the plantation is made to look as natural as possible by using species with different growth rates to produce trees of differing heights. Tree spacing is also increased towards the outside of the plantation.

Opponents of plantations still argue that with this increase in quantity of trees planted, the delicate balance of the forests is being upset. Ground is ploughed or ripped up and fertilizers are applied. The drainage pattern and soil chemistry is altered, causing increases in sediment and nutrient loads on rivers, and harm to freshwater fish.

Currently Britain only has around 15,000 hectares of coniferous forest (about the size of the City of London). Although 25,000 hectares of new forest are planted each year we still have to spend £7 billion a year importing 90% of our wood. Most of this comes from Scandinavia and Russia where forestry practice is not as strict. Hundreds of forest species are disappearing and many will be endangered in a few years.

The government tries to correct this shortage by offering tax incentives to landowners who devote land use to plantations. Within Scotland, where there are already 1,000 hectares of forest, popular musicians such as Chaz and



*Up in lights: the Trafalgar Square tree donated by Norway.*

Dave, and Ian Anderson, of Jethro Tull fame, have taken up generous Government tax concessions to establish large plantations.

Despite such planting programmes, the wood deficiency still exists. Many young trees are fatally damaged by sheep, deer and the effect of acid rain. The latter has receded from the public eye with the increases in awareness of global warming and ozone depletion. Unlike deciduous trees, conifers are particularly susceptible to acid rain. With their long lasting foliage they are unable to shed toxins in the autumn. Around 64% of Britain's trees show the effect of acid rain.

But what of Christmas trees? It seems that these little green clones are just another crop, grown on open land that would otherwise be used for arable land. No forests are cut down to make way for Christmas trees. All trees sold are between four and ten years old. By harvesting at this age, farmers argue that the crop is photosynthetically more active, using more carbon dioxide and producing more oxygen - good for everyone.

## How 'Green' is that 'GreenCard'?

To cash in on the new environmentally aware public, this Christmas the BCC card centre have introduced their 'GreenCard'. Predictably, the card is decorated with a globe and is presumably green. It is backed up by Visa and Master Card and is therefore accepted in 7 million outlets world wide. BCC advertise that funds generated from the use of the card go towards charities that help endangered species, pollution of seas and rivers or destruction of the rainforests. Two pictures show the Christmas lights in Oxford Street and a wildlife scene. The caption beneath reads 'GreenCard' welcomed here.....and here.

The prospective customer has a choice of interest rates. If they opt to pay an annual fee of £6 then the rate is 1.9%. Alternatively if you are one of these people who always pays their bills on time, then you can waive the annual fee and opt for a higher interest rate of 2.1%. The card reportedly donates money to over ten charities; not only world environmental organisations but also organisations like 'Care of Britain'.

So how much money actually goes to these charities? It turns out that for every £100 you spend using the card, BCC donate 30p to be shared out between the ten organisations. That works out at the generous amount of 0.33%! However BCC do stress that if you introduce a friend to the card, then they donate £5. So with such goodwill how do they still manage to make a profit? Like all other credit cards they rely on the bad financial management of their customers, consumer temptations and over spending.





Adam Harrington reviews the term's news.

# News Review

Even for one term there is such a vast collection of news that I had decided to categorise all the stories. The numbers of stories in each category gives an instructive overview of what has been preoccupying FELIX this autumn.

<b>Law and Order</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Rag Affairs</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Continuing Stories</b>	<b>9</b>
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## Law and Order

Even if you disagree with my categorisation there is no doubt that theft has been the biggest problem in IC this term. This leads me to believe that IC security officers, Messrs Briley and Reeves, are the only people in the College with a real job to do. Considering the vast amount of information they have given to FELIX over the last few years I feel they should be awarded an honorary news reportership.

It is tragic that after the landlord and the Government take their pound of flesh, the thief deftly removes the rest. To date since the beginning of term we have seen scores of bicycle thefts. We have had more walk-in thieves reported than there are things for such a thief to steal. A cheque book and card were stolen from a locker in Mech Eng. Personal stereos,

recorder and a microwave, probably to someone living in the hall, which only goes to show you that the non-student world doesn't have a monopoly on such vermin. In comparison to people who removed 20 metres of copper piping from under Sherfield which would have saved peoples' lives in case of a fire, the above vermin are positively benevolent. I agree with the sentiment that IC would run just as well (and probably better) if Sherfield ceased to be, but I don't think murdering the occupants is really called for.

words of the news story 'the RCSU mascotry team had been unavailable for comment...'. The most useful phrase in the reporter's thesaurus speaks volumes through insinuation. Last week there was a case of indecent exposure in a departmental library. He was probably trying to upstage the nude kamikaze parachute jump.

So what has been done to counter this catalogue of petty and not so petty crime? Two vermin (or bicycle thieves if you prefer) were spotted and caught by a



## Rag Week: a poor turnout

'Unsocial behaviour' on the part of some people resulting in lavatory rooms in Mech Eng being given new textured wall decoration in glorious shit-brown. It is a personal theory that the culprits were fed up with magnolia. ICU people were suspected of having vandalised the toilets

certain Mr Pitrola. Identity checks were started in Southside Bar. 'There are a lot of people who should not be in the bar and we must comply with the licensing law' said Bar Manager, Roger Pownall. This may have been the result of a serious fracas in Southside three weeks before which resulted in a man trying to escape from the police by running down the tube tunnel at South Kensington station. Mr Pownall's considered and reasoned response can be compared to Rob Northey's 'the next bastard who has a punch-up at Southside I'm going to turn the fire hose on'. The question remains whether the identity checks will prevent such drunken fights or help induce them. The security officers have been plugging bicycle D-locks and their emergency number (3372) like mad. Mr Briley summed up what us potential victims could do by saying we could 'show a little responsibility in shutting doors and using locks'. The bicycle coding sessions proved a great success with 130 people bringing items to code.

## Rag Affairs

This got a lot of coverage in the last few weeks. They have raised thousands of pounds so far. Monopoly raised £4,600, Tiddlywinking down Oxford Street £1,500. The Rag raid to Guildford raised £185, the Leukaemia Research pub crawl raised £430, the RCS Beer Festival raised £4,700 (and I was moaning about impoverished students!). The Hypnosis Lecture proved a great success making over £1,000 and the C&G Slave Auction



## Clayponds: Imperial's newest residence

cheque books and £220 were stolen from the Union Gym. A number of cars have been broken into near the Old Chemistry Building and a football kit was stolen from Southside. Fisher Hall lost a video

at St Mary's to the tune of £150—in revenge for a mascotry affair. The plaque from the Management School was stolen, and after this had been reported in FELIX it suddenly reappeared. In the damning



raised £700. £130 was made from the Bar Quiz, won by the FELIX team (I add in an unbiased sort of way). The Exec. Initiative proved once again that the Union Executive are bloody difficult to get rid of. This year they were all chained together and I suggest that to make it more difficult a large concrete block should be attached and the group thrown from Battersea Bridge. Any takers? The Nude Kamikaze Parachute Jump raised over £390 and the Mines Dirty Disco raised £250.

### Continuing Stories

As in previous years Southside locks were changed without telling the occupants. Last year this caught out the warden of one of the halls. Indeed, last year there was a serious cauffle over the keys so that the fobs that were handed out were out of date and so were useless.

There is to be a hall in Ealing called 'Clayponds' for 405 students, the buying of which was to be financed by the sale of Montpelier Hall. The latter aspect has temporarily fallen through due to problems in assuring the binding of any contract. This leaves a few concerned students hanging in mid air and confusion still reigns over the whole affair.

University College has finally sold bits of its union. The union, for its part, seems remarkably calm about this after the furore it kicked up last year. I get the feeling that some agreement has been made, or is in the process of being made, between the college and the union which is mutually beneficial and which they won't tell. Queen Mary and Westfield College has taken drastic action to save money—it has decided to close at least one department and severely curtail others.

Another old chestnut—the mysterious case of the collapsing ceilings. This has been going on in this College's older residencies for as long as I can remember. Two people whose names seem to appear whenever the word 'ceiling' is uttered are Joe Dines and Peter Hallworth. The latter is the Scarlet Pimpernel of estates. Amazingly, whenever another ceiling collapses he is suddenly booked up for meetings until the ceiling collapse ceases to be news. Quite an extraordinary coincidence. Far be it from me to deduce any deceit in this, I'm sure it's in the residents' interests that the knowledge that the building in which they live is unsafe is kept from them. They might decide to refuse rent, simply leave or start complaining. That would never do.

### General Stupidity

Towards the beginning of the year some contractors—probably related to the contractors mentioned in last year's FELIX, namely 'Bodgeit and Leggit'—were responsible for drilling a hole in IC

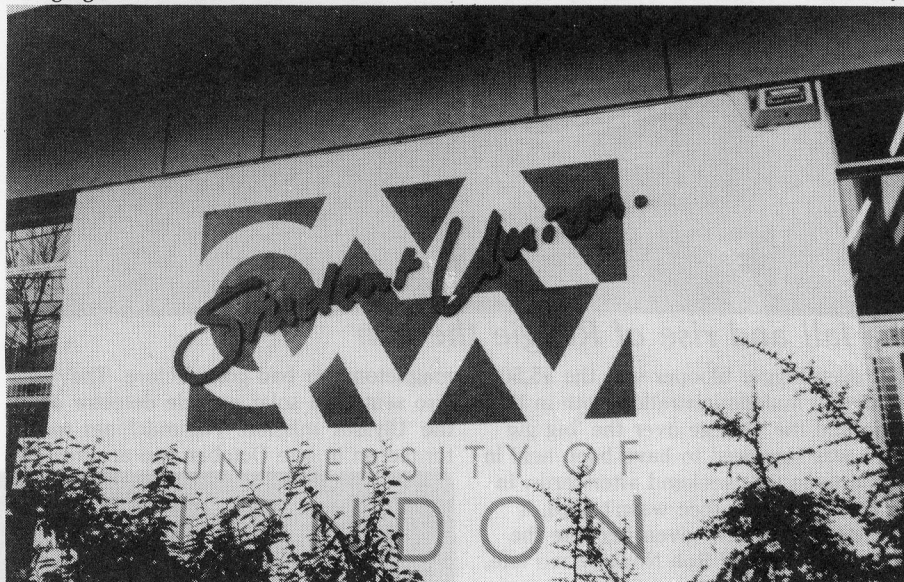
Science Fiction Society's Library door somewhere under Beit Quad. All they were required to do was to lay a power cable, but no, Bodgeit and Leggit enjoy making holes in walls, ceilings and doors. They get so little fun these days, poor dears.

On a somewhat bigger scale, the University Funding Council, a body producing a lot of hot air and very little money, refuse to fund the universities to the levels the universities thought they needed. In summary, universities must support more students to a better level of education with less money. Quite a good precis of Conservative Party policy. The net result of this is that students have to pay the difference. Things are getting very tight at IC, the membrane separating Imperial College from Imperial College plc is becoming dangerously thin. Already the London School of Economics and University College have considered charging tuition fees.

Tower's lions had been so seriously embarrassed that a deep red had suffused its otherwise stony cheeks. The culprit was probably from King's College and is not known. The red paint was removed soon after, costing over £200. The lion had been painted before and then had been sandblasted clean. Mr Reeves commented 'If we have to sandblast the lions much more we'll end up with a couple of bloody mice'.

### Resignation or Office Shifts

There was a startling coincidence between events of National Importance in the Conservative Party and our own homely college. Suzanne Ahmet resigned as External Affairs Office to become RCSU President. Soon after Geoffrey Howe resigned to become a nobody. Bad luck Geoff. When Reggie 'Madame JoJo' Blennerhassett, the libidinous leprechaun of the Union Office resigned, the shock waves penetrated the Conservative Party



### The axe-man cometh.

Continuing with another Government bugbear, the student loans saga, by the beginning of November only 200 out of 6,000 students had applied. This could mean one of two things—either students are so wealthy that they don't need them or they object to the idea of student loans. Anybody with half a brain would not find that dilemma too difficult to solve. Unfortunately the upper echelons of the Government sold most of their brains to the Devil on the way up.

Involuntary decapitation was the order of the day as scores of people watched the police deal with a suspected car bomb in Queens Gate. Fortunately it was a false alarm, but the IC security officers expressed concern that so many people were unaware of the possibly fatal consequences of an explosion.

There were red lions all round when it was discovered that one of the Queens

central office and out tumbled Margaret Thatcher. I advise Mr Major to watch closely, his fate is in the Union's hands.

Things were happening in Sherfield when Tom Stevens, IC Business Manager, was given the jolly old heave-ho. Angus Fraser, the man in the know, gave the ever-so damning 'no comment' and left it to our imagination. News reporters have fantastic imaginations so this was a rather silly thing to do—I suspect there were a lot of spinal injuries in Sherfield that week. This affair may have something to do with Rob Northey's announced intention to resign. Mr Northey was IC's Refectory Manager and has done a lot of work on the College's eateries. What little reason he gave for leaving was interrupted by meaningful silences and many a chuckled 'I'm not going to tell you'. The imagination runs riot.



### The Union

Our student union has kept its nose down this term, the sabbaticals are either being very conscientious or doing nothing. I incline to the former view as little in the way of complaint has come our way.

A major blooper was erecting the giant marquee on the Queens Lawn for the Careers Fair without telling the fifth floor bureaucrats of Sheffield who like to believe they are important. The Careers Fair was a roaring success in all ways except financial—it just broke even in comparison with the £15,000 to £16,000 profit it made last year.



### The fall and rise of Reggie the lion

An even bigger blooper was the £5,500 lost due to maladministration both in the Union and the College over the 'big gig' which was supposed to have been held in the marquee the weekend afterwards. In the event, the marquee wasn't used, a bar extension wasn't given because the application reached Rob Northey too late, a band pulled out and publicity was poor. The original ticket price was £7 but so few people had bought them that after repeated devaluation the tickets were given out free. Even so, only 350 people attended.

The Union General Meeting confirmed that the student body found the proposed changes to the College day unacceptable. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the present arrangement was not ideal—the College is one seething mass of humanity at lunchtimes—but the proposal would entail serious transport problems amongst other things.

### Important or Self-Important Visitors

This venerable institution has received visits from the Conservative Party's leading advocate for family planning, Cecil Parkinson, and farmers' friend Edwina Currie, courtesy of ConSoc. We've also had some decent people—the immunologist and poet Dr Miroslav Holub

of Prague and Professor Fang Li Zhi of China. Professor Fang Li Zhi was the dissident who hid out in the American Embassy in Beijing during, and a long time after, the Tiananmen Massacre.

### Interesting Irrelevancies

The Union had 3,500 unwanted student welcome packs foisted upon it at the beginning of the year. Who wanted them? Who knows? Oh well, I'm never to throw away a gift and the plastic bag makes a superb dustbin liner.

IC's space physics department built a magnetometer to boldly go where no

magnetometer had gone before. They also sent up a solar particle detector on the 'Ulysses' mission. The machines were turned on in late October and are now



### Felix: psychopathic non-sabbatical editor elected

pioneering the frontiers of science in deep space.

### Fire and Flood

Two fires reached the pages of FELIX—one in Weeks Hall due to a kamikaze wall heater which made a hell of a mess in the room where it committed suicide. The other fire was in Bernard Sunley Hall

when a grill caught light. In neither case was anybody seriously hurt, though in Weeks Hall one of the firefighters complained of a painful chest from the smoke.

An altogether more dramatic affair was when the water in a tank on floor eight of the Mech. Eng. department made an escape attempt. It appears that the water preferred lying around on floor seven, or even better, the basement. To reach this Nirvana of waterdom it took a short cut down the main power ducts, shorting out the department in the process.

### College Tyranny

The College administration has been relatively benevolent this term—by benevolence I mean the lack of malevolence rather than anything more active.

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, has been on record saying that there is not enough knowledge of maths on courses. He particularly wants to lengthen engineering courses to encompass more maths. Engineers already say that if there is any more maths in their courses they might as well call it an applied mathematics degree.

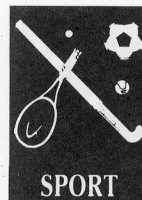
The grossly unpleasant overcrowding of the College has led to a proposal to lengthen the College day—with the same contact hours—releasing the pressure of timetabling and rooms. There has been opposition to this from students who say they cannot reach the College that early, or they will miss Hall meals coming back that late. There is also the suspicion that departments will cram the newly made space with even more work.

### Conclusion

Not much is going on in this particular corner of the Groves of Academe at the moment in comparison with the giant machinations that click the world ever closer to disaster elsewhere. What we need is a good scandal—College is altogether too dull.



# Clubs and Sports...



## The RCC Needs You

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

Computer Graphics Society  
Debating Society  
Graffiti Society

These clubs have Union grants and assets available to support their operation. If you wish to take on the duties of Chairperson, then please contact me—I can give you details of what is on offer. The best time to find me is at the RCC Treasurers' Meeting, in the Union Senior Common Room, 12.30 to 13.00 every Wednesday.

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

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

Clive Dodimead, RCC Chairman, 90-91

## Third World First

Third World First started late in the term but is now a fully functioning society meeting on Fridays at 12.45 in Southside Upper Lounge. The aim of 3W1 is to increase awareness in third world issues by education and discussion. For this year's campaign we have chosen the Third World Debt Crisis and will organise debates, talks and social events under this theme. Anyone who wishes to take part or become a group member is welcome to come along any Friday.

## Wine Tasting

The society is holding an extensive range of tastings this year. So far this term we have tasted wines from Oddbins, Wizard Wine, Australia, Germany, Bulgaria, France and Italy. The wines have ranged from expensive Australian boutique wines to the excellent and cheap Bulgarians.

You don't need to be a member to come, although members get a £1 discount and a free book on wine. So if you are interested in wine come along and find out more.

## Ski

Last Saturday Trawsfynydd, North Wales, was the venue for the 1990 England and Wales Universities Ski Council dry ski slope championships, and so a team from IC Ski Club went up to compete. Friday night, after a tour of London that would please any American tourist, Kiera, our driver, arrived with Daddy's meaty drivin' machine. In piles the five team members plus equipment, clothes, stoves etc, together with two UCL racers to make it cosy, and at 21.30 we left for Wales. We then went to Reading for an hour's coffee break and to pick up a Spitfire, renowned for its air conditioning. The wet and cold journey turned into a drive through blizzards across the frozen wastes of North Wales until at 03.30 we were somewhere near our destination. We soon realised that not a lot was open, so we drove into the nearest woods so Kiera could practice for the Lombard RAC rally. We were joined at the ski slope, where we were joined by about 130 other racers who had had a good night. Still freezing cold and wet, the first individual slalom course was set and the racing got underway as it started to snow again. The second run of the individual was run in reverse time order and Phil Wickens of IC took 3rd overall. For the team event teams of five from each University competed in a relay. However, Manchester made us a bit nervous, we were joined forces with UCL to form three ULU megateams. London C went into action, but because one of them hadn't waxed his head, they were defeated and confined to the bar—it was not all up to London A and B. Letting nothing stand in their paths, they flattened all their way until confronted by the Manchester team. The semi-finals saw defeat for London B into bronze but London A fended off Manchester in the final to claim gold. We could all now join London C in the bar.

## Fencing

### UAU Preliminary Round

IC—24

Kent—3

IC—23

Surrey—4

Following last year's overall victory the UAU tournament, expectations of a good result received some justifications as IC trounced both Kent and Surrey in the Preliminary Rounds. The team has almost entirely changed from last year.

We arrived bleary eyed and tired, only to be told that we would have to wait for two hours and that the organisers were charging a £22.50 entry fee to cover the cost of the sports hall. We queried this strange procedure, since IC held the preliminary round last year free or charge, and were firmly told what to do.

The foil team opened our account with a solid 9-0 victory over Surrey. Simon Leight, Robert Pluim and Tom Howard looked in control throughout their bouts. This changed somewhat in the following match against Kent when both Simon and Robert found the Kent 'secret weapon' surprisingly difficult. Despite the inexperienced presiding bouth of them managed to win in the end giving IC another 9-0 win.

By this time the epeeists were keen to start but had to wait as the sabre got underway. None of the sabre team specialised in sabre. However, Simon, one of the foil squad, Christ Quek and Justin Mellor are fenced well to give IC an unbeatable score against Surrey. Chris and Justin then resumed the use of their favoured weapon: the epee and joined Christ Huchon in the epee to give IC a final tally of 23 victories to 4 losses.

The day was wearing on and Justin had to go early after fencing all three of his sabre bouts consecutively. In a moment of pure genius, he looked at his opponent attack him feebly in the wrong line, said 'you must be joking' in a clear loud voice and was immediately hit by a clean concise renewal of attack. Everyone cracked up. Justin was undaunted and won all three of his fights.

Finally the day drew to a close with our epee team winning again. Special congratulations must go to Robert, Tom and Chris who survived the day without losing a fight.





# and Sports.....

## Football

Charing X 2nds—2IC 4ths—4

The 4ths got back to their winning ways with an easy victory over the bottom placed team. After missing several great chances as usual, Kev McCann latched on to a perfect through ball and gracefully lobbed the keeper to open the scoring. Several more great chances were missed and so IC began the second half feeling frustrated.

Things then began to get silly as the opposition actually equalised and even started playing better, but IC responded immediately with a superb move when a fine run and cross by Darren was well finished by Lee Davis. With about ten minutes left, a goalmouth scramble led to one of their players generously slicing the ball into his own net, but then, moments later, most of our players generously let them prance up the pitch and slice it into our net. At last the game was made safe when, in an excellent build-up, John Mottashed brilliantly headed home an inspired cross from Damon Thomas.

## Men's Basketball

IC—66 Middlesex Poly—61

On Wednesday 21 November IC Men's Basketball Team played their first game of the London College's League against Middlesex Polytechnic. After much difficulty in arranging the fixture, IC agreed to play at Trent Park, forfeiting their right to a home game.

After a shaky start, IC called a time-out minutes from the end of the first half. They were fourteen points behind and needed to rally the flagging troops. Brad set them the achievable goal of pulling back four points by half-time. The team managed this and the scores stood at 20-30 when they started back onto the court for the second half. A brave and slick performance allowed IC to draw 53-53 when time was called. Good defensive play had reduced Middlesex's scoring and clever offense had frustrated a team which saw easy victory slip away from them.

The first five minutes of extra time failed to decide the game. Middlesex played well but a well-timed three pointer from Marios enabled IC to hold them 60-60.

Marios opened a further period of extra time by sinking another excellent three pointer for IC. Middlesex were unable to recover their composure and failed to score again in open play. At 66-61 the horn sounded for the last time.

## Ladies' Football

Dribblers—2 Others—0

The triumphant Dribblers reasserted themselves as the best pissheads in the league by winning 2 boatraces in short succession. Both London Hospital's football team and Liverpool hockey team were devastated by the awesome drinking power of the mighty Dribblers. These super victories were aided by the absence of Gert, the usual handicap of the team.

Much of these victories can be attributed to the presence of old hands (notably the star keeper).

Nina Gascoigne was heard to say later: 'All I have to say is shit'—that tremendous creature of a girl (the Viking) is one huge bitch!!!'

In accordance with old times, the Dribblers, forfeited their leading role in the leave table (it was getting a bit boring) to lose 2-3 to the London Leopards. (None of which was the fault of the amazing goal keeper Emma 'She must be related to Billy the Fish' Simpson. Nina Gascoigne would like to finish off by extending a warm thanks to Permi and Debbie for assigning her to the Viking the entire f\*\*\*ing game.

## Sailing

IC vs Brunel & City Univs.

After a late (?) start on Saturday morning and with more than our normal quota of team members our team set off to Queen Mary Reservoir, home of City University Sailing Club. Despite certain delays on the way the IC team arrived well before our hosts and were forced to wait in the bar.

Finally City and Brunel turned up and we set about sailing a few races, although some wind would have been helpful.

Despite some terrible starting and unfamiliar boats the first race against Brunel was very close (normally Brunel are out of sight) IC losing by  $\frac{3}{4}$  point. The second race was close but unfortunately not close enough.

Against City, however, the IC boats dominated from the start cruising to a 1st, 2nd and 4th victory in the first race and in the second IC pulled through again to win the 1st, 3rd and 5th giving a few penalties (Green's) on the way.

Final Result

IC vs City

IC—6 $\frac{3}{4}$  City—14

IC—11 City—14

IC vs Brunel

IC—12 $\frac{3}{4}$  Brunel—12

IC—12 Brunel—7 $\frac{3}{4}$

## Yacht

30 to 40 knots of wind and high seas on the South coast the weekend of 24th and 25th November, ideal conditions for the First Class Europe chartered by IC Yacht Club for the Hamble Winter Series.

After a few rough weekends our boat, Not Us, was finally set to achieve good results.

First on the water (in our class, 8th out of 130 overall), taking the winner's gun, but second on handicapp, surfing with speeds up to 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots on a reach, this 37-foot ultra fast displacement boat left many one-tonners looking very slow and threatened the two-tonners.

Continued solid performance will give a good overall standing.

## Cross Country

Primed and buoyed by some recent murderous hill training, IC dealt a mortal blow to the hope's of London's less pithy colleges with another admirable display of athletic endeavour on the desolate wastelands of Wimbledon Common. Indeed we witnessed an historic moment as Imperial runners claimed individual glory in both men's and women's races. As her long-time leader succumbed to the strenuous challenge of the final hills, Edwige Pitel ousted her competitor in the final stretch. She thus became the first woman from this college ever to win a league race: a truly awesome achievement. In the men's event, a frantic early pace backfired on the leaders, and in third place with less than a mile left, Paul Northrop cut a sad and disconsolate figure. Yet his reknowned warrior spirit resurfaced, and with a final gut-wrenching effort he caught his rivals on the line, to extend his winning streak on a photo-finish. After showing well early on Frank Dudbridge let the better men go, content to equal his highest placing of fifth, while Bill Skales finally showed a modicum of competence to make 17th. With Carl Edwards 38th, there was a three-way battle for the final first-team place. Jim Watson (52nd) got the better of Dave Budgett right at the end, with Dunx O'Dell worse for wear after an altercation with a tube ticket gate, improving to 59th. We have finished the first half of the season with a comfortable 100 point margin over the nearest pretenders.



# .....and Sports



## Football

### IC II—2 St Georges—3

11 Dragons required, apply IC 2nd Captain! IC spent the first fifteen minutes totally outplaying St Georges. That's how long it took St Georges to realise that the referee was 'soft' and inexperienced and that they could get away with murder. So they spent the next 45 minutes kicking IC out of the game. They also tried in the last half hour but largely failed as IC took the 'footballing piss' as some semblance of calm had been restored by the presence of St John's Ambulancemen on the touchline. St George's cynically professional game gave them a lead by intimidation and IC a very injured goalkeeper. Two excellent goals by M Abdo were sadly not enough. IC will easily outclass them in the return but we need a hard man to give the game a 'calming' influence to allow us to play on equal terms. All welcome!!

## Water Polo

On Wednesday 28th November Imperial College played a very close and exciting friendly against the more experienced Charing Cross squad. Despite losing 8-9 our team played well, beginning to show the fruits of the recent training programme.

The UAU qualifiers are on December 8 and we should win through to the finals. We have two more friendly games, on December 2 and 6 against Cambridge and the University of London to prepare for the Championships.

For those who are interested we swim from 6.30pm on Mondays and Fridays and more swimmers are always welcome. We play water polo throughout the year in the Middlesex League.

## ULU League

### IC VI—6 KCH3—1

IC 6ths faced the only other unbeaten side in their division on Saturday but were nearly beaten by the journey before even reaching the ground. Two trains, a tube and a bus were needed as the captain did his best to get the whole team lost.

On arriving at the ground they found a side of giants but undeterred Andy Briscoe and Dave Phillips soon got stuck into some fierce tackles. IC played well in the hard fought opening stages and the inevitable first goal came from Keith Cordeiro bamboozling the opposition with his lightening pace. Akio Iwase made it 2-0 to IC while KCH, who battled well in midfield, were allowed few chances by the IC defence. Two superb goals by Andrew Stanniland (who surprised himself, not to mention the rest of the team) and another each from Keith and Akio left KCH dead and buried. A single consolation goal was all they could manage and so the 6ths go storming on with a little help from special guest Rakesh Muthoo.

## UAU Hockey

### LSE—0 IC—1

The whole team knew the importance of this match with regard to life in the UAU. A win was the only result that would allow IC to proceed to the next stage of the competition. With this in mind, IC went hard at LSE in the first few minutes, using such score-tactics as undercutting the ball at their opposite numbers. Some good midfield play enabled IC to open up many gaps, but a mixture of bad luck and a worse pitch allowed LSE off the hook and at half time the score was 0-0. Realising that they were nevertheless the better team, Imperial continued where they had left off, Lavercombe and Greenwood pretty much untroubled at the back, allowing more and more penetration up front as IC piled on the pressure. But then disaster struck and a, yet to be identified, person conceded a penalty strike. This proved to be keeper Steve Dodson's only test of the day, and faced with his first strike of the season, he managed to psych-out the taker, forcing him to push it wide. This sudden shock jolted Imperial into a higher gear, and almost immediately they gained a short corner. Portsmouth pushed out, Greenwood stopped and Landon struck home after his first shot rebounded off the keeper. 1-0 up, Imperial held on for the last 15 minutes, with both Marshall and Wright going close. IC qualify for the play-off stage.

## Hockey

### LSE 2nds—0 IC 2nds—8

Wednesday 28th November saw the return to form of the IC 2nds as they showed that they had perhaps the best chance in the UAU of any of the IC teams, with the annihilation of an LSE team, previously only beaten by a margin of just two goals by the other teams in the group.

With just a few minutes gone, IC took the lead with a well timed goal from Ian McGovern. This led to a team spirit, previously unseen this season, that piled on the pressure against LSE who never looked like scoring throughout the whole game! Short corner after short corner were awarded to IC by our umpire, but to no avail until Ian and John Blanshard realised that a pass to the right was in order for Dave Millard to power in his second goal of the season. More pressure led to another short corner, actually struck on target by John and getting a crafty deflection on the way to make it 3-0 to IC going into half time.

Not even the digging up of the pitch by the LSE farmers could stop the onslaught from getting worse in the second half as Dom Howe stepped up a gear to put another goal in. Then came goals galore as many a scramble in the LSE circle led to Ian and Dom getting their second and Ma Nog Tseung scoring with a particularly bad square cut into their goal. John Church popped up (again) to get his 8th of the season, and there wasn't time enough to make it more than 8-0.

Now the seconds face a really long road trip to Reading for the next round.

## Hockey

### IC 3rds—2 IC 2nds—4

Late on Saturday 24th November afternoon, the two most successful hockey teams at IC marched out for the grudge match of the year, both teams certain of victory.

About 30 seconds from the start, Dom Howard of the 2nds found himself in space, and put away the first goal of the game. The 3rds immediately rallied and equalised with a good goal from Nic Parfitt. The ball then stayed near the 2nds goal for the rest of the half, with Steve Hamilton taking the score to 2-1 to the 3rds. A major blow to the 3rds was the loss of Gary De Souza after 20 minutes with a fractured ankle.

The second half saw the 2nds taking full advantage of the extra space, Ian McGovern putting away a good goal, shortly after the re-start. Sadly, Justin Holdsworth collided with a raised stick and spent about 10 minutes having a cut eye checked. Now two players down, the 3rds were under pressure, and McGovern exploited the situation by sneaking one in for the lead. The final blow was a superb Millard score during a temporary collapse of the 3rds excellent defence.





*The facts of life: how each week's baby is produced.*

*By Roland Flowerdew.*

# Felix on Felix



*News in action; the stories unfold*

Felix, unlike certain other student publications, is not produced by three hacks and a photocopier, nor is it written internally then given to a commercial newspaper printer to publish. Felix is written, typeset, pasted-up, printed and collated entirely in house. About the only time when external printing is needed is either in an emergency (the press breaks down) or when full colour is required.

Three full-time staff are employed to produce Felix, although this is not the only thing they do: the print unit is used by other publications, generating revenue that subsidises your issue. Two of the staff are permanent (the typesetter and the printer) while the third, the editor, is elected every year on the same basis as the other sabbaticals. This year the situation is slightly different because we have a print unit manager, and a non-sabbatical editor.

The rest of the Felix staff are students from all over college, and we are always hungry for more. Why do these people devote a lot of their time to doing work over and above their courses? The best way to find out is to come and see for yourself: if you have any interest in photography, writing, seeing films or theatre, reviewing records, interviewing 'famous' people, digging up the latest scandals, drinking coffee, all absolutely free, come to Felix. The only catch is you will be expected to write something...

There are six stages that any article printed in Felix goes through: planning, writing and photographing, typesetting, pasting-up, printing, and collating. Most of these stages run concurrently: a common misconception is that something the size of Felix can be produced overnight on one press. A twenty page issue consists of

ten sides of A3 paper. The front cover is in two colours, so needs to be fed through the press twice. Around 4000 copies are printed, thus a total of 44,000 sides of A3 must be printed.

The initial planning for an edition of Felix takes place several weeks in advance. Various press officers are contacted, and review tickets for theatre and cinema and review copies of books and records requested. (Note: reviewers are often allowed to keep what they review.) Ideas for features are beginning to germinate, and press releases come rolling in. Pages are booked for

advertisements, providing more money towards your issue.

The reviews team is a large and dedicated group of people (they could always do with a few more), covering a wide range of interests. Although the reviews side of Felix is often criticised and accused of merely copying reviews from other magazines this is NOT TRUE - all film reviews are of the preview showing specially for critics. This term, for example, we have reviewed 62.5% of all UK film releases during the term.

Reviews split into two main sections, music (non-classical) and arts (ie everything that music does not cover). Both sections are the responsibility of a sub-editor, who coordinates who goes to see what, and is responsible for ensuring that their pages are ready for printing each week.

Features consists of two sections, science and general. Unlike reviews, features do not have a team of people to produce them. The science features depend on contributions, mainly from external sources. Especially welcome are features on interesting research at Imperial College. (For those of you engaged in research, Felix is the ideal place to present accounts of your work in the language of laymen.) General features are usually on matters relevant to students, but anything of general interest is acceptable. (Any budding feature writers out there? It looks good on your CV.)

Sections that are primarily written by you are the clubs and sports pages and, of course, the infamous letters pages, the bit most people read first. (Feeling like a good old rant? Write to Felix.) If you



*Reproducing artwork on a massive polaroid scale*





FELIX

have a genuine grievance about something going on, the letters page is a good place to air it: even the Sheffield desk-pilots read the letters. Note that anonymous letters will not be printed: if you do not want your name to appear just state this in your letter or article. Full confidentiality is observed.

Keep sending the clubs and sports articles in, with, if possible, accompanying photographs (black & white or colour prints). Other people are interested in what you do or how you get on, even if they do not have time to be involved themselves.

The last section to be written is the news pages, which are often not ready until 2.00am on the cover date to ensure you get the latest stories. (That is also why there are so many spelling mistakes.) This section is usually the most difficult to do because the interesting stories are always the ones people are keen to keep secret.

The next stage of production is the typesetting. This is where the text is converted from hard copy (ie what you hand in) into the form that it will appear in Felix. In essence, the typesetter is a crude word processor with a fancy printer attached. The clever bit is this printer: it is a bit like a laser printer, but produces very high quality text onto photographic paper.

Photographs go under the artwork



*Pasteup; hey wow, this glue smells good!*

camera, which produces 'bromides', which are the images used in the paste-up (see later). The camera is where artwork can be enlarged or reduced in size, and where photographs are dot-screened (converted to dots so that grey tones can be printed).

The paste-up is where everything comes together. The typeset and bromides are carved up into little bits, and are manually pasted onto card. Titles, icons, captions and page numbers are added, and the whole lot is handed to the printer. He takes the paste-ups to the artwork camera. Each paste-up is photographed onto special paper, that, when fed into the plate-maker, produces the aluminium plates used in the press. (Plates carry image of the page to be printed on their surface.)

The press, a litho, takes in stacks of paper, and (usually) ejects them complete with printed image. (If you want to know how the thing works go and see the printer.)

The printed pages are folded (by a machine that sometimes works) and are then ready for collating, where all the pages are put inside one another, to form complete Felixes. The collation is done by a varied group of people, and is eased by the free and liberal application of alcohol to those concerned... (Interested? Come and help produce Felix.)



*Collating; the final stage*





# Scribblers' Corner....

## Eager

Dear FELIX,

I am writing with regard to Alan Bailey's letter published in your issue of Friday 16 November.

I was glad to note from the response to the above-mentioned letter that I wasn't the only person alarmed by the nationalistic and racialistic questions in contained. However, none of the replies fully captured my personal feelings towards it.

Almost every country in this world has a period or aspect of its past of which it cannot be proud. Japan is one such example. Britain is another.

What is important however, is the manner in which a nation emerges from these dark periods of its history and what it learns from them.

The Japanese have reconstructed a cultured and humane society of which it may be proud. Japan's defence budget only takes up 1% of its gross domestic product—just imagine the vast resources which would be freed if other industrialised nations followed this lead.

In addition to this, perhaps in acknowledgement of its war guilt, Japan has become the largest single aid donor nation in the world.

The attraction of aid to developing countries is that it is free of the 'political strings' attached by other western nations.

If it is these achievements that Prince Charles was paying tribute to at Emperor Hirohito's enthronement, then so be it—they deserve wider recognition.

The Prince's support for important and relevant causes is most impressive.

Instead of beating the blind patriotic drum which would please Bailey even so much, he focuses attention on the real inadequacies of his nation—thereby making a concrete contribution to the society he lives in. Indeed, if it is true that for a nation to improve itself it must acknowledge its own faults, it explains why Japan is where it is today (and unfortunately where Britain is as well).

In Charles' support for saving the tropical rainforest he has his weight behind an issue of far greater importance to mankind than honouring the war dead who—it must be remembered—may never be brought back to life again. To argue otherwise, shows an ignorance of the real dangers facing us today. And it is not by saying how 'gloriously' our boys won the war that these problems will go away.

## Each

Dear Chris,

I would like to take this opportunity to wish Alan Bailey a very merry Christmas.

Unfortunately Bailey will probably not appreciate this as Christ (Son of God—a God accepted by the majority of this planet's population, not just by Bailey and several other right wing xenophobic bigots—have you looked them up yet?) had two major 'faults' according to Bailey's way of reckoning. Firstly the Son of God was Jewish i.e. not English so probably not a Tory. Secondly He was poor, so again probably would not have been too enamoured with Thatcher. (Before anyone criticises my use of past tense I

Sorry Bailey.

I do, however, have an honest word of advice for Bailey. I urge him to travel a bit around the world and see how other people live and think. This will: (a) enable him to put Britain, or his perceptions of Britain, in a proper perspective. That includes appreciating, both its role as an imperialistic aggressor and, its contribution to the intellectual and technological development of man. (b) Let him see what makes up a nation and a people—and how different that can be from the ambitions of a handful of politicians who claim to act in its interest.

It is the failure of these politicians which we acknowledge every remembrance day—the war dead being their victims.

Paul Hastings, Aero 2.

am using an historic perspective—look it up Alan.)

Over and above this, Christmas is 'The season of good will to all men'—ALL MEN black, white, yellow, pink, green, straight, gay, Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, Hindu, Shinto, agnostic, atheist, and yes even Alan Bailey.

So happy Christmas Alan, I wish you no harm (you seem to be good enough at that yourself) but do try to engage your obviously faulty brain before you spout off any more xenophobic (still not looked it up?) crap.

Yours,

Larry O'Brien.

## What's On

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

### WEDNESDAY

- Keep Fit.....12.30pm  
Southside Gym.
- Cycling Training.....1.00pm  
Meet at Beit Arch.
- Wargames.....1.00pm  
UDH. All welcome.
- Micro Club Meeting.....1.15pm  
Top floor NW corner Union Building. Every week.
- Kung Fu.....1.30pm  
Union Gym.
- Rowing Club.....2.00pm  
Putney Boathouse.
- Tenpin Bowling.....2.15pm  
Aero Foyer. Christmas bowl.
- Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan.....7.00pm

- Southside Gym.
- Basketball Club.....7.30pm  
Volleyball Court. Women's Team
- Kung Fu Club.....7.30pm  
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.

### THURSDAY

- Fencing Training.....11.30am  
Intermediate & advanced coaching.
- IC Labour Club.....11.30am  
Recruitment and Registration. JCR. Register to vote in a General Election (Kensington only).
- Pro-Life Leaflet Stall.....12.30pm  
JCR.
- Balloon Club Meeting.....12.30pm  
Southside Upper Lounge.
- YHA Meeting.....12.30pm  
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Postgrad Lunch.....12.30pm  
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens). See West London Chaplaincy.

- Fencing Training.....12.30pm  
Beginners Training.
- Fencing Training.....1.30pm  
General.
- Gliding Club Meeting.....1.00pm  
Aero 266. Come and arrange a trial flight. All newcomers welcome.
- Keep Fit.....5.30pm  
Southside Gym
- Midweek Service.....5.30pm  
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens). See West London Chaplaincy.
- Social Ballroom.....6.00pm  
JCR. Intermediate.
- Judo.....6.30pm  
Union Gym.
- Social Ballroom.....7.00pm  
JCR. Beginners.
- Latin American.....8.00pm  
JCR. Gold medal class.





# Eagle

Dear Chris,

It is surprising asking around College how few undergraduates at Imperial seem to have applied for any electricity shares. Here are three reasons I have heard from three different people.

- i) I couldn't be bothered.
- ii) I don't believe the Government should sell off the industry. I am against the principle.
- iii) I don't want to risk any of my savings.

To which I answered:

- i) You could be bothered to work 60 hour weeks during the summer cleaning toilets at £2.92 an hour so why not fill in this form, attach a £1,200 cheque and wait for an early xmas gift of at least £150 and all for 15 minutes work.
- ii) I am against the principle, however the sell-off will go ahead regardless, besides surely a more important principle is that by applying for shares you will deny Mr Loadsamoney in Chelsea of shares.
- iii) Any investment in shares involves risk, however if you study the accounts of the RECs (Regional Electricity Companies) and the multitude of circumstances behind this floatation (City Institutions with high liquidity 'problems' etc etc) you soon begin to realise it is riskier leaving your money in a building society. The only way you will lose money is if World War Three breaks out one minute into official dealings in the shares (in which case there would be no point having money anyway) or if you apply for too many shares in each REC (in which case

you might lose more interest in your money than capital gains from the shares you obtain because of anticipated heavy 'scaling down').

Let's be realistic by splitting £1,200 into £100 applications in each REC it will be virtually impossible to lose in the short term even after dealing costs. Even students with no savings could have made money by getting a student loan, applying for shares with the money, selling the shares straightaway and then repaying the loan early. For a College with such a right-wing reputation it is surprising how unenterprising many of its students seem to be.

This was a golden opportunity to make money, golden opportunities do not grow on trees.

*Yours sincerely,  
Mark Whiting, Physics 3.*

# Eagre

Dear Sir,

Are there any pros to religion? I don't think so. Just an awful lot of cons.

It was sad to observe in last week's article on religion, the complete misunderstanding about what true Christianity is all about. I have to say 'true' Christianity has nothing to do with Hinduism, Islam, or Buddhism. It also has nothing to do with Roman Catholicism or what the majority of the Church of England churches are telling us.

So, why is true Christianity any different? Well, it is not religion. Everyone is telling us that we must try

our best to please God and then we will be getting somewhere with him; check out all the religions on offer. Only true Christianity is saying something especially different. In fact, it is saying that you can't please God, it stands alone.

Religion is summed up by the words: ceremony, display and formalism. It changes the outwards appearance, maybe, but peoples' hearts are still the same. Mankind is inherently bad, or sinful. You don't accept that? Wake up. Take a look around. Religions are trying to deal with this problem at the 'effect' end of things instead of at the 'cause' end. No wonder religion is hypocritical.

True Christianity is not about rules and ceremonies dealing with effects. It is about supernatural power to deal with the cause—man's inherent sinfulness. It is about what god thinks, written in the Bible. It is about God, who is angry with sin because he is a God of justice. It's about the reality that everyone has broken God's Law. Everyone has sinned. It's about being regenerated—or born again—by God and having God living in you. Many people in this College will testify to this. It's their own experience. Lives are transformed. You get right with God not by things you do, but by what God has done for you. This is where true Christianity stands alone. 'Doing good' has to be preceded by being 'born again'. The cause must be dealt with before the effects.

This letter is one of information. Now that you have the information you can decide on it. Choose to ignore it or accept it.

Therefore, as God says, Choose Life.  
*David R Kirk, Aero 4.*

- Southside Disco.....8.30pm**  
Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run.....9.15pm**  
Meet Weeks Hall Basement to take food to London's homeless.

## FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding.....12.30pm**  
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and find out about weekend training. Weekly meeting.
- Yacht Club Meeting.....12.30pm**  
Huxley 413.
- Rag Meeting.....12.40pm**  
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers.....1.00pm**  
Southside Gym. See Islamic Society.
- Kung Fu.....4.30pm**  
Union Gym.
- C.U. Prayer Meeting.....5.00pm**  
413 Maths.
- Christian Union Meeting.....6.00pm**

- 308 Computing.
- Swimming.....6.30pm**  
Sports Centre. New members always welcome.
- Fencing Club Training.....6.40pm**  
Club training.
- Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan.....7.30pm**  
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo.....7.30pm**  
Sports Centre. Come along and join in.
- Southside Disco.....8.30pm**  
Southside Bar.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

- CHRISTMAS Carol Service: Everyone warmly invited to the Joint Christian Societies Christmas Service. 1.00pm, Thurs 13 December, Union Lounge. Including all your favourite carols.
- LOST: If anyone picked up a Liberty's emerald green scarf in Southside on Thursday 29 Nov by mistake could they please return to Meriel Jones, Life Sci III

●THANKS to all the hosts at the City & Guilds Cocktail Party last Monday week. Everyone had a great time and it was a resounding success. Love and kisses, Christie.

●WANTED: Good homes for pretty black and white kittens. Ready December phone int. 5053.

●CRICKET NETS will be available next term at Lords. Every Tuesday at 9pm from January 15 onwards. Players of all abilities welcome, however whites must be worn. A group will be meeting in the Mech Eng Foyer at 7.45pm or you can go directly to Lords. (St John's Wood tube).

### PERSONAL

●MIKE SMITH: Seeing as your knicker elastic doesn't hold up to alcohol, I'll buy you some more for Christmas. Lucy xxx.

●GUYS with polonecks and necrophiliac tendencies to indulge in wild drugs and sex sessions contact L Palmer, RIP 3.





# Ealdorman

Dear Chris,

Here we go again—another Alan Bailey epic only slightly more literate this time. I am glad to know that Alan has got some qualifications in History—he does a very good job of hiding it. In order to shorten my letter this time:

1. 'The person to blame for Hiroshima and Nagasaki is Hirohito'—patent rubbish. The atomic bombings of these two towns were nothing to do with Pearl Harbour directly. I deplore the pre-emptive strike made by the Japanese on the Harbour—I think Alan and I could agree on this one. This did exacerbate the Pacific situation leading up to the Pacific War, however, it is widely accepted that at the time of the bombing that the American forces were one step away from defeating Japan which was shattered and reeking with self-inflicted (read that one carefully, Alan) wounds after its many military exploits in China and Korea. However, in common with so much American policy before and since, the Truman administration could not resist demonstrating its technological superiority and going for the big one. It had a new toy and was itching to use it—twice. Go to the 'Peace Demo' (??—TS) or the 'Heiwakoam' in Hiroshima and you will see the result. Unnecessary overkill, when the Americans (and probably the Japanese) knew they were on the brink of the conventional victory.

2. If Alan could be bothered to look it up, the modern name for Japan is 'Nihon'. A small point, but important as it marks a deliberate departure from the word 'Nippon' which was more widely in used in World War II and was considered to have aggressive and nationalistic connotations.

3. 'Hirohito was little'—fair enough!

4. Oh good grief—do we have to go into the row about Margaret Thatcher. I do not write this to provide argument and a cascade of letters but I think the Thatcher years were an unmitigated disaster for this country. 'Sensible' and 'correct' are the two adjectives furthest from my mind. I could go on: Poll Tax, 15% interest rates, 10.9% inflation, no original members from 'class of '79', worst unemployment ever in the early eighties, more people on the bread line, further subservience to the USA...blah, blah, blah.

All that, a few tax cuts at the poorer sector's expense—just add water for an immediate illusion of well-being and another four year sentence.

5. The 'Hang Nelson Mandela' t-shirt incident—sorry Alan, I was wrongly informed—know the feeling?

6. The bit about Hirohito leading the worklike nation—re-read all the stuff about the figurehead monarchy and his subservience to the Diet, the Meiji

restoration and all that.

I believe that the true role of the emperor can be elucidated by noting that the only executive decision he ever made was the one to accept Unconditional Surrender when the cabinet vote was tied. He effectively ended the war for Japan (the records still exist!).

7. I do intend to leave College and enter the real world. I would like to know Alan's experience that allows him to comment so freely—an 'S' Level in Modern History does not count. I hope to work in Japan (surprise, surprise).

8. 'Well I know that I'm more in tune with the British population than.....you.' God help us (I mean it sincerely). The cry of the truly isolated, the cry of Margaret, what was her name? All I can say is—I hope not. Judging from the wave of letters against you Alan I would say not.

There are a few who you are in touch with. Norman, um, what was the name? A straw poll on the street would show the folly of your unsubstantial

# Earache

Dear FELIX,

When I pointed out the supposed aim of the Cultural Revolution, according to what Mao said: the empowerment of ordinary people, I avoided trying to summarise what really went on, or what Mao's real aim was, because I am too ignorant. It would not surprise me to discover that corrupt Party and State officials and other bullies used it as an opportunity to impose hare-brained schemes and persecute their opponents, supposed enemies of the people, when they themselves were the real enemies of the people (as one faction proved later by massacring pro-democracy protesters in Tiananmen Square) and Mao protected them from being exposed.

Ming Ri may have attributed to me, the idea that the State should control everything. No, the State should not exist. An alternative is a world without rulers, where people organise themselves and their resources on the basis of freedom and equality. This Communist vision is as much at odds with so-called Communist dictatorships as with the market system. These dictatorships are unnecessary, exploitative, parasitic and oppressive. They are Capitalist. President Bush supports the current regime in China, and many oppressive regimes in the world that rule in the name of anti-communism. As they were being gunned down, many protesters in Tiananmen Square were singing 'The Internationale'. Survivors compared Deng Xiaoping to Hitler.

In Britain the Left has burdened the state with a duty to provide health,

argument—I give it scant attention.

9. 'My letter was not racist'—if true then I think a few lessons in writing style are in order, you misrepresented yourself very badly. I think it's not true. This is based on my research—try doing some yourself, starting with your classmates.

10. 'Condescending', 'Stuck up', 'Isolated'—hmmm. I'm willing to consider criticisms. The only reason I'm not hurt is because they come from someone whose opinion I do not value at all and who, although I haven't met, feel that I've known for too long.

If condescending, stuck and isolated are used to describe a (hopefully) informed and considered reply and a widely held view then I plead guilty especially if they are used to describe a viewpoint far removed from his.

I expect there will be a reply—get your crayons out Alan.

Yours,

M Salter, Chem PG1.

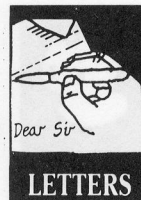
welfare and good education for all. The Capitalists oppose this and see it as a waste of money. Police here use violence to break up peaceful demonstrations, but thanks to generations of struggle by left-wing activists, the rules here dare not go as far as their Chinese counterparts for fear of a backlash that could sweep them from power. The Economic League keeps a secret and illegal blacklist of suspected leftwing activists, to spoil our job opportunities. The Right keeps campaigning to extend the Obscene Publications Act, to make publication of offensive letters like mine punishable by jail, and to tighten their grip on the mass media which have the power to distort our feelings, beliefs and memories.

The ideas and hard work of leaders can be very valuable, but when someone becomes a ruler (eg. in political or economic lives) they come to serve an addiction to power and flattery. We should think honestly and logically for ourselves and get rid of rulers.

Many people who value freedom of speech, resent its use by people with unconventional views, and take a vicarious pleasure in their persecution in other countries. But without those who insist on speaking out, and the much braver and more dedicated heroes who actively fight oppression, that freedom would disappear. Moderation only gives the oppressors more chances to murder people.

Yours sincerely,  
Jason Pike.





# Earl

Dear FELIX,

Why For Art Thou  
I would be grateful if you could pass my comments on the above article appeared on the last FELIX, to Athena, the author.

There was a surprising omission of Buddhism in the article above which discusses the pros and cons of religion. Probably, the author may not be having sufficient knowledge of the philosophy of Buddhism. To be frank, I know only very little of Buddhist philosophy which takes several years of full time study for a layman to understand. But, I would be able to address some of the points discussed in the article from the Buddhist point of view.

1. As far as women's rights are concerned, ordination of women was accepted in Buddhism around 600 BC by Lord Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, himself. Since then, ordination of women was part of the Buddhist society. The first woman Prime Minister in the world is from Sri Lanka, a society dominated by the Buddhist culture.

2. On how liberal Buddhist philosophy is: I would like to quote directly his words.

'Do not accept anything by mere tradition.

Do not accept anything because it appears in Scriptures.

Do not accept anything because it is taught by the respected.'

'As the wise test gold by burning, cutting and rubbing it, so are you to accept my words after examining and not merely out of regard to me.'

(Gautama the Buddha)

3. Out right rejection of cast system:

'A person becomes a Brahmin (higher cast) or a Havijam (low cast) not by his origin but by his deeds.'

(The Gautama the Buddha)

'He was from a higher cast family, in fact a prince.'

4. On compassion:

'Go fourth for the good of the many

For the happiness of the many

Out of compassion for the world.'

'Hatred never ceases by hatred but by love.'

(Gautama the Buddha)

5. On intolerance of violence:

In Buddhism, harming *any living being for any reason*, is not tolerated unlike some other religions where animals lives are sacrificed for God.

6. Buddhists are supposed to believe in themselves, not on an all powerful God. A person, himself is responsible for what he/she does, but nobody else.

Hope these points would be useful to you in the future.

With kind regards,  
Priyantha.

# Ear

Dear Chris,

Subject: Rejoinder to 'Michael Newman on the right to be blasphemous'

What struck me about the article under reference is the admission of some assertions by individuals the author has evident regard for as incontrovertible evidence of truth. Unfortunately, the law of evidence is made of sterner stuff. Dr Jacob Bronowski is free to hold personal opinions but his being a scientist and humanist does not confer 'papal infallibility' on his utterances not even the title of Dr or Prof can do that except if the author will want the reading public to accept Dr Bronowski's utterance as a 'revelation'!

To further underscore the significance of this point. Think of it, how many self-respecting academics will today regard themselves as Freudian Psychologists? But Freudian Psychology was once *the thing*. Can you iamgine the damage done to society as a result of this naive attitude of acceptive and bandying about the utterances of individuals who prat themselves about as scientists, as scientific truth? My advice for the author is to carry out a thorough study into the differences between *value judgements* and *scientific facts* on the one hand, and *facts and truth* on the other.

Finally, may he by these sayings be admonished: *Beyond reason there is intuition* and beyond intuition there is FAITH.

C M Harry, Management School.

# Eardrum

Dear FELIX,

I was stirred to reply to Michael Newman's 'Blasphemy' article of November 30. His initial thoughts on blasphemy were sensible but he seemed to go on to say all religion was inhuman, cruel and thoroughly evil. I would like to contest his argument, using the example of my own faith, Christianity, which is the only one I am qualified to defend.

To start with Mr Newman omits all the tremendous things that Christianity has contributed to the world. I won't bother to start to name them here.

Secondly, he fails to make a distinction between what Christianity teaches and what people do in its name. One might consider the violence of the French revolution in the name of freedom and equal rights, the Nazi scientists experimenting in the name of science. Do we rid the world of freedom or science, therefore? I could point out the monstrous evils of regimes having an

# Earful

Dear Chris,

As the annual 'Christmas' sales drive becomes more and more like a religious festival, I'd like to offer the following prayer:

Lord,

We thank you for our free trade, and for the prosperity and Christmas presents this brings. At this time we pray for those less fortunate than ourselves—those that suffer in countries without financial tolerance.

We pray for those that work hard to provide for their families, but still have most of their earnings stolen by the 'state'. We pray for those that have to suffer the effects of poverty traps due to social security measures.

At this time we pray particularly for those willing and able to earn money, but are prevented from working by the greed of those with jobs, by their artificially high wages due to collective bargaining and minimum wage laws.

So we ask, Lord, that you will free the paths to great prosperity, not just for those with a comfortable if restricted quality of life, but particularly those in the most need of the freedom to work to better their lives.

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Spirit of Enterprise, Amen.

Thomas Wyatt.

absence of religion—Stalin, Pol Pot, most Eastern Bloc countries, China...should we rid the world of atheism?

Thirdly, Mr Newman describes religion as unempirical and unreasonable. Christianity can be corroborated by the wealth of evidence of the resurrection and by the tangible and physical acts of God in the lives of those who love him. What else does he want?

Lastly, it appeared that a focus for Michael Newman's anti-religious ideas is the heart felt grief of a man whose family were murdered at Auchswitz. It seems to me that Auchswitz was the result of man's decision to drop the God of love and this teaching to love, and man's decision to do whatever he wants, whenever he feels like it.

I would be most interested to continue this discussion with Michael Newman should he wish to do so.

Yours,

Jez Spearman, Civ Eng MSc.





# Crossword

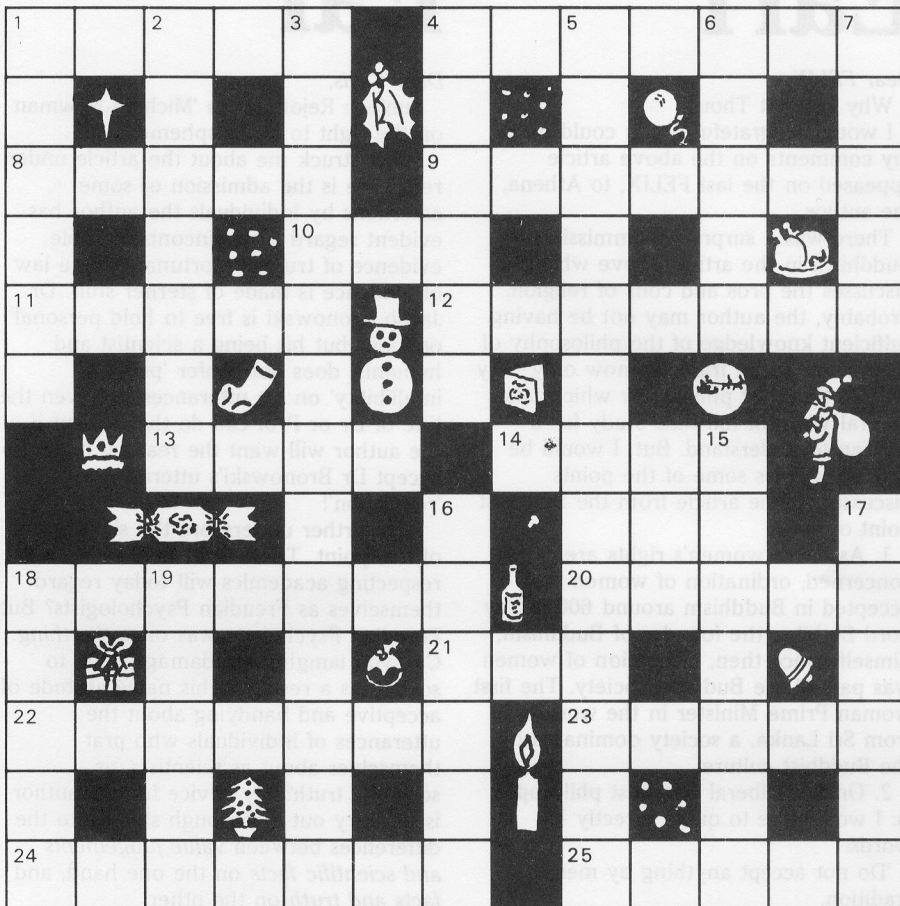
by Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dumber.

**Across:**

1. Mannerism of speech (5)
4. Guilty party (7)
8. Rescues money (5)
9. Almost a harmonious plane (7)
10. Prosecute the girl (3)
11. Charge forward (5)
12. Look at the older aristocracy (7)
13. Lizards left sat in the middle? (4)
14. Great achievement (4)
18. Vernacular (7)
20. Not the zenith! (5)
21. Mad digit produces sum (3)
22. Flying home inheritor (7)
23. Person from North Western State of America (5)
24. Chose (7)
25. Like a celestial being (5)

**Down:**

1. Contain a boil I implore (6)
2. One over poetry? (7)
3. Too late for the trip? (6,3,4)
4. Agree to (6)
5. Talk down to falling fiddle (13)
6. Epidermal pore (5)
7. Swerve (5)
15. Left Money (7)
16. Explicitly narrated (6)
17. Violent mental derangement (6)
18. Male Duck (5)
19. Separating passageway (5)



THE ALL NEW\*  
**FELIX** THE CAT  
DOES: LOTS OF THINGS...

\* WE, THE PUBLISHERS, WOULD LIKE TO EXPLAIN: THE PREFIX "THE ALL NEW" HAS BEEN ADDED TO PREVENT CONFUSION BETWEEN FELIX THE MAGAZINE AND FELIX THE CARTOON. IT WAS FELT TO BE MORE SUITABLE THAN THE AUTHORS SUGGESTION OF "THE ALL NEW, HIP COOL, SEXY, WITH IT, AND GENERALLY BRILLIANT"

... LIKE: BREAKING DOWN (IN COMMON WITH EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE FELIX OFFICE...)

... AND DEALING WITH MAD SPANIARDS IN THE BAR...

... GETS SHRUNK, TO FIT IN THE GAP UNDER THE CROSSWORD...

... AND GETS INTO THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

**MERRY (hic!) XMAS!**

See yah next term,  
*Alien Sex fiend*  
XXXX



# Manager's Bit

e  
Bit

Harassment seems to be on the increase. I have heard of another case at University College. All this term a woman has been followed and verbally harassed. To find out what she is doing he listens to her friends and slags her down in front of them. He threatens suicide and confronts numerous people at a time.

If all that wasn't enough the trained sabbatical concerned with that kind of problem doesn't seem to care. When approached he said that 'You are just being sensationalist' and that he wasn't going to do anything because she didn't approach him during office hours. Since when does a sabbatical's job finish dead on 5 o'clock or 5.30pm? Especially when such a situation arises.

The victim has received no guidance as to what steps to take, not even to the extent of calling Nightline for general advice. It seems ridiculous that such a thing can happen.

The cuts are biting hard at home and away. The Careers Advisory Service is under very serious threat of closure and so are departments at QMW. I wonder who and what will be next, and will anybody do anything about it? I hope so! I know that quite a few people around IC are concerned about their future.

That said and done it's time to go and so have a good one, Turkey.

## Credits:

Andy Thompson for being a shit hot printer and putting up with too many late nights, Rose Atkins for many hours and teet of typesetting, Jeremy Burnell for being a cool headed Business Manager and fending off many a ruthless sales rep

with me, Toby Jones for being driven barmy by the news, Adam Harrington for backing him up as long as he did, Adam Tinworth for the reviews section despite not being an IC student anymore (and travelling all the way from QMW each time), Sarah Harland for the music reviews and doing many ridiculous hours of paste-up etc, Ian Hodge for summoning science features, Roland Flowerdew for editing many a feature and writing a few, Andy Butcher for the longest continuous run of any cartoon strip I can remember in Felix, Chris Riley for lots of features, James Grinter for being as keen a first year Felix person as I was, Matthew Johnson for confusing all those supposedly intelligent people, Michael Newman for features and huge arguments at collating, Stef Smith for gratuitous amounts of help in the first couple of weeks, Richard Evers for taking over the organisation of the photography section, Kaveh Guilanpour, James, Jeremy, Roland, Ian, Stef, Chris, Dan Homolka, Luke Leighton and Richard for taking the photos, Simon Haslam, Richard Crouch and Sarah for the icons, The English Collective of Prostitutes, Liz Warren, Jason Lander, Don Adlington, Suguto Ray, Spencer Lane, Dr John Brady, Colin Toombs, Liz H, Sydney Harbour - Bridge, Jackie Scott, Mark Crawley and Chris Hayes for their many and various contributions, The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine, Pinky and Perky, Dipak Poria, Pendragon, Alien Sex Fiend, Adam, Liz W, Seb, Unbaggy, Mungo, and any others for their reviews, Mrs Thatcher and Geoffrey Howe for resigning, Michael Heseltine for pushing her over the edge

and the Mirror for the picture of her crying, The Snack Bar and Union Bar for keeping me going in food, beer and rollies, and the following for collating (with many of the above); Steve Farrant, Tanya Maule, Hal Calamvokis etc from Rag, Sue Ahmet, Ric Davis, Frank Evers, Chaz Randles and Louise Rafferty from RSCU, B.J. McCabe, Pete, Dominic, and Graham from Ents, Linstead Hall people, Joe Fernely, Kevin O'Connor, Christie, Lucia, Chris Browne, Carl Edwin, Stephen Hoborough, Cathy McClay and Kate Doulton from C+G, Hugh Ealand and St. John Harrold from STOIC, Saleem Choudhery and Paul Reah from Pimlico Connection, Charles Nasser etc from Friends of Palestine Soc, Mike, Ann Roberts, Illyes, Michael and Andrew from FBI Soc, Asian Soc, Andreas, TM Loo, K Yurtseuer, R Antocoyk, S Lee, Chandon, Mich and Ronald from OSC, Andrew and Graham from IC Radio, Rosie, Andy, Sharon, David, Dave, Paul, David, Sarah, Claire, Chew and Elizabeth from CU, Tom, Nick, Jon and Carne from WLC, Stephen Copestake, Jim Bryant, Sumeet Ghaie, Nick Corry, Brian Swinburne and Matt Dixon, Shan, Benj and Murray from ICU, John Finley from Beit Hall, anybody I've left out, and the letters A to E...

**Merry Christmas to you all.**

**PS.** £20 to the first correct solution of the crossword opposite drawn from a hat on the first Monday of next term.

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## Letter from Cardiff

Dear Chris,

Re: Issue 884 "IC Rag in Dispute".

Further to our telephone conversations of the 26th November concerning your intentions to print a detailed article as a follow up to the above piece, we would like to clarify the following points:

1. At no time has Rag Caerdydd or any members of its committee made allegations of theft or dishonesty amongst the Executive of IC or IC Rag. We believe that all the money raised on the day was passed on to Mencap. Such sensationalisms only serve to do harm to the Rag accused and Rags nationally. Should any press outside the college press follow up your article in issue 884, IC Rag's reputation will be seriously tainted, and in such cases everybody loses,

especially the charities benefitting from the good work IC Rag does.

2. The letter sent by ourselves to one of your reporters, at his request, as a result of an incident which happened at IC, expressed only a chronological account of this and other related incidents which have happened at IC for background information. It was marked personal to the reporter in question since he had offered his personal promise of confidentiality. This was immediately breached and the letter forwarded to IC Rag apparently in the capacity of Rag Caerdydd. This has resulted in correspondence from IC Rag to the reporter, a copy of which he forwarded to ourselves. These two breaches of confidential mail serve no purpose other

than inflaming an already tense situation, with the two Rags were trying to resolve.

Our Rag Chair is still awaiting a full apology from IC Rag for the foolish behaviour that occurred on the 3rd November, which resulted in severe trauma and discomfort to her on the night and for the following week. We also feel that an admission of wrongful practice on the part of *the reporter* and an unreserved apology for the breach of confidence to both Cardiff and Imperial College Rags be printed in "Felix". Beyond that we feel the place for resolving the rest of the disagreements is in private and not through the media.

Rag Caerdydd Committee.

## STATEMENT

The Manager and the Chairman of IC Rag in no way agree that the allegations made in the above letter about *the reporter* have any foundation. He did not commit any breach of confidence and is not guilty of any wrongful practice.



**QUESTIONNAIRE ON SMOKING AT WORK**

- 1** Which of these phrases best describes your own view about smoking at your place of work? Please tick one
- 1  Smoking should not be allowed
  - 2  There should be separate areas where smoking is permitted
  - 3  Smoking should be allowed in all areas
  - 4  Don't know

- 2** What do you prefer in the areas where people work together? Please tick one
- 1  No restrictions on smoking
  - 2  Smoking and non-smoking working areas
  - 3  No smoking except at break time
  - 4  Total ban on smoking in working areas
  - 5  None of the above

**3** What do you prefer in the following areas? Tick one in each line

	No Restrictions 1	Separate Areas 2	Smoking at specified times 3	Total Ban 4
1 Reception areas	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2 Corridors/concourse	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3 Restaurant/Canteen(s)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4 Rest Room(s)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5 Coffee Lounge(s)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
6 Snack bar	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
7 Bar(s)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
8 Sports areas	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
9 Lifts	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
10 Toilets	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
11 Libraries	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12 Official vehicles	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
13 Residential rooms	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

- 4** At meetings which do you prefer? Tick one
- 1  No restrictions on smoking
  - 2  Smoking breaks
  - 3  Majority decision
  - 4  No smoking unless all agree
  - 5  Total ban on smoking

- 5** Have you ever had to move away from where you were working because of other people's smoke?
- 1  Frequently
  - 2  Occasionally
  - 3  Never

- 6** Which of the following describes you best? Tick one
- 1  I am a smoker who wants to give up
  - 2  I am a smoker who doesn't want to give up
  - 3  I am an ex-smoker
  - 4  I am a non-smoker

- 7** Is smoking permitted in your working area?
- 1  Yes
  - 2  No

- 8** Are you bothered by tobacco smoke at work?
- 1  Yes
  - 2  No

- 9** Is your performance at work for any reason adversely effected by other people smoking?
- 1  No
  - 2  Yes
- If YES please state why:-  
.....

- 10** Have you any reason to suppose your own health is more at risk than other peoples?
- 1  No
  - 2  Yes
- If YES please state why:-  
.....

- 11** Which of the following describes your working area best? Tick one
- 1  Private office
  - 2  Shared office
  - 3  Open-plan office
  - 4  Laboratory
  - 5  Workshop
  - 6  Library
  - 7  None of the above

For smokers only - Non-smokers please go to question 15 at the end of the questionnaire

- 12** Do you smoke in your working area?
- 1  Yes
  - 2  No

- 13** What would it be like for you if you could not smoke at all during working hours?
- 1  Very easy
  - 2  Easy
  - 3  Difficult
  - 4  Very difficult

- 14** Would you use help to give up smoking if it were offered at work?
- 1  Yes
  - 2  No

**15** Thank you for completing this questionnaire. Please add any comments here.

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

Please return it to:-  
Junior Common Room  
or  
QT Fast Food Bar  
By: January 7th 1991



