

3 May 1991 Issue Number 902

Felix



**Cover: Reagan Visits
Imperial p3**

College Day EGM? p2



Sunset

At the Board of Studies meeting this week the decision to lengthen the College Day was deferred. Professor Alan Swanson, Chairman of the working party to look into the extension gave his report, and although he made no official recommendations, commented that he personally was in favour of the college day being lengthened.

Professor David Blow, despite being in favour of a longer College day, spoke against the decision being taken at the meeting on the grounds that further discussion was needed. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, suggested that the extended day should be tried for a test period, but this too was rejected.

The Rector then asked if he could put his point of view to the students, so that their view on the matter could be taken into consideration. Deputy President, Ben Turner, said that the Rector would be allowed to speak at an Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) which would soon be called to express the student view before the next Board of Studies Meeting on the 19th June.

Animals

On Saturday 27th March an estimated fifteen thousand people gathered in Hyde Park for the largest anti-vivisection march ever seen in Britain.

The route, south along Park Lane, along Piccadilly and finally into Trafalgar Square caused congestion for over an hour. The head of the march arrived at around half past three with people still coming through over half an hour later. It was estimated that over 20,000 people were present filling the entire square.

At a quarter to four representatives of various anti-vivisection and animal rights groups spoke on subjects such as the uselessness and unreliability of animal tests and violations of regulations covering vivisection. According to representatives from the National Anti-Vivisection Society (NAVS) over 3.5million animals are killed in the UK every year and over 100 million world wide.

After the rally people were invited to attend an exhibition in Central Halls, Storey's Gate (just off Parliament Square) where there were stalls and films provided by local and national organisations.

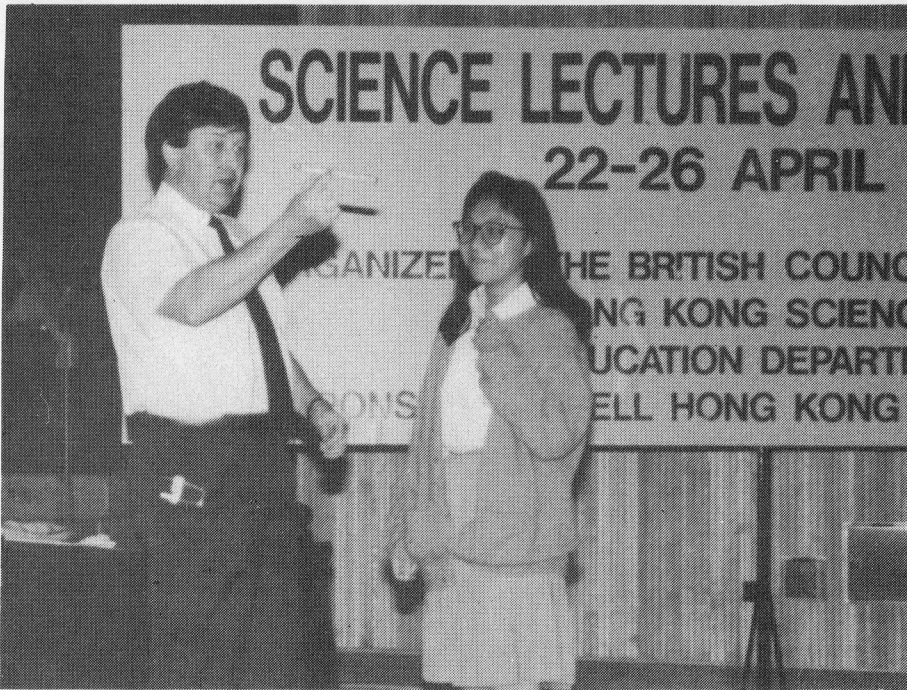
The march passed off peacefully with no reports of trouble.

Russian Boycott

The Jewish Society is taking part in a national campaign to stop the British Government taking part in a Human Rights conference in Moscow. According to the society, the government had previously stated that the visit would not go ahead unless improvement were seen in six Human Rights areas. As of now, the condition have only been met in two of these.

The Jewish society is therefore petitioning the Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, to boycott the conference. Those wishing to sign the petition, or write a letter can meet the Jewish Society in the JCR on Thursday.

IC Goes Abroad



Professor David Phillips, demonstrating the magic of science

Imperial College was the star attraction at the opening of the largest science museum in Hong Kong last week. The centre uses new hand-on technology to explain modern scientific discoveries.

Professor David Phillips, Dr Bob Spears, Dr Tim Sellar and Melanie Thody (School Liaison Officer) represented IC in promoting the use of exciting

demonstrative teaching methods. The external liaison team gave lectures to rapt audiences of school children, followed by workshops to show teachers how to use the imaginative demonstration techniques in their classrooms. The event was sponsored by Shell Hong Kong and is expected to bring money, as well as new students, to the college.

Theft Bit

The mail, taken from the Imperial College postvan stolen during the Easter vacation, was found last Wednesday. It was located in a used garage on a run down Peckham Estate. All the mail sacks, apart from six registered packets, are thought to have been recovered although there is no way of verifying this.

Other news from the Seedy Underworld of Crime this week includes three bikes being stolen this week from around College. None had D locks (Still on sale from Security at £20.50).

Turf

The Queen's Tower Lawn was torn up yesterday in an attempt to revitalise the dying grass. The contractors chose the day due to 'ideal conditions', but had not contacted Valorie Straw, Facilities Manager, as previously arranged.

Valorie said that, had she been consulted, she would have deferred the process until Monday, after the RCS May Ball. Louise Rafferty, organiser of the May Ball, said 'It would have been nice to have been informed', but added that there was little she could have done.

Reagan visits IC?



The Spitting Image puppet of Ronald Reagan occupied the foyer of the Union Building last Saturday for the 'To Boldly Go' conference against censorship. The conference was opened by Barbara Ehrenreich pictured on the cover with her agent, Briar Silich and Ronnie. Barbara is an award-winning American journalist and author of 'The Worst Years of our Lives', a critical commentary on the Reagan years.

Also attending the conference were nineteen other speakers including novelists, poets, filmmakers and a solicitor specialising in freedom of artistic expression. The guests spoke on the various aspects of censorship from the nationwide use of secrecy as a government policy to the self-censorship which we experience in day to day life.

The manager of the 'Young Unknowns' gallery near Waterloo, Peter Sylveira, spoke of a piece of art containing two freeze-dried foetuses obtained from St Mary's Hospital Medical School. He was successfully prosecuted for outraging public decency and was fined £850 and now has a criminal record. He condemned the establishment and art community for their failure to support him and the principle of freedom of expression.



Peter Sylveira: Criminal?

Nicholas Walter, Director of the Rationalist Press Association, talked of the censorship which we impose and which is imposed on us from childhood onwards.

Two banned films, 'Dick' and 'Visions of Ecstasy', were shown at the event. 'Dick' is a comic film showing the naked truth of man's inadequacy ie one thousand flaccid penis's with a commentary produced solely by women. It has been banned from public broadcasting by the ITC. The second film, 'Visions of Ecstasy'

has been banned under the blasphemy laws and cannot legally be bought, sold or broadcast. Michael Newman, conference organiser, commented that the showing of the film might have been 'slightly illegal'. A second event is being planned for next year.

The Late Dr L Beverly Halstead, who spoke at the conference, was tragically killed this week in a car accident. He will be remembered for his sense of fun and caring.

To all SCC chairmen and treasurers

The most important meeting of your life is being held on Thursday May 8th at 12.30pm in the SCR (1st floor Union Building)

Be there or else
J.D. Griffiths SCC Chair

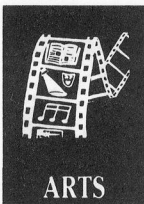
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The Doors

F Well, here it is kids, but when did old father Hype last deliver all he promised, I hear you ask?

The film is directed by Oliver Stone (*Platoon*, *Born on the Fourth of July*, etc) and stars Val Kilmer as Jim Morrison, with Meg Ryan as Jim's 'girl', Pamela Curson, and Kyle MacLachlan (currently starring in a crappy serial on the box) as the *Door's* keyboardist, Ray Manzarek. After having seen the film you realise that the film is mistitled—it should have been called something along the lines of *Jim, the Demi-God*. The film isn't so much about the band as it is about a 'legend'; the film-makers obviously realised that it would be much easier for audiences to orgasm at the sight of Morrison than the idea of four guys making some fucking

groovy music. The film is out to make myths; myth being hype, being dollars.

In fact the first half of the film leaves the impression that Morrison was a real asshole—the film is riddled with Hollywood clichés about sensitive intellectual (ish) artists who find fame, fortune and glory too hot to handle.

What fascinates most is Morrison's self-destructiveness, his alcohol abuse, drug experimentation and womanising. The film also tries to bring out his mysticism (which was of course very fashionable at the time)—the film has the idea that Jim thought that he always danced with a Red Indian onstage, as if the music is somewhere in his 'being', in touch with the universe.

Cynicism aside though, this isn't a bad

effort. The film's strength does not really lie in the storyline (which seems to be stitched up from a lot of anecdotes about Morrison's life) nor the depth of the Morrison character, but instead in the 'concert footage'—the film is full of 'live' performances, where the four actors come together very well. Watching Val Kilmer on stage in his leather pants you can almost understand why Morrison was the symbol of sex.

There's a great take-off of Andy Warhol and his entourage here. Poor Andy's left looking like a slobbering wimp opposite Morrison.

In full, the film fails to capture the spirit of the man, but succeeds with the music. Anyone who likes *The Doors'* music probably needs to see this film.

I.H.

Quick Change



F Before launching into a review of this movie I feel it is only right to inform you that it has been on the distribution lists for so long that it has assumed an almost mythological significance. As such, when the time finally came for its release I had built up my expectations to a mixture of awe and despair.

Quick Change is one of those films which is based entirely around a single premise - in this case, that trying to escape from New York is more difficult than the original bank heist. In some cases this works admirably (*Fatal Attraction* et al) and in others (*The Towering Inferno*, *Jaws IV* etc) it has all the charm of a burning penguin.

Thankfully, this film has Bill Murray in. Mr Murray is possibly the single most straight-faced comedian in the history of motion pictures. He is more poker faced than a poker which has lost its entire family in a tragic air crash. His delivery varies from the merely deadpan to the simply dead. He plays an urban planner who is so distraught at the giant carcinogen New York has become that he elects to leave for tropical climes with a

million of someone else's money. To help him in this aim he recruits his naive but personable girlfriend, Geena Davis and the loveable (but, alas, very thick) Randy Quaid, an old school pal.

After a fairly humorous opening sequence (in which Murray rips off the bank dressed as a clown and calls up a variety of exciting devices to distract attention while he makes his getaway) the film really breaks into its stride when the unfortunate Loomis (Quaid) manages to foul up the whole operation with a simple arm movement (no, you'll have to watch the film). After this our heroes are plunged into a world where the taxi drivers speak only Spanish, the bus drivers only accept exact change and no-one will accept their cries for a kingdom for a horse at all. Suspense claws with comedy for top billing as Murray is forced to wrangle with the Mafia, elude a police cordon in his desperate efforts to procure exact change and avoid Spanish knights jousting with bicycles and broomsticks.

Everyone plays their part very well; the script is top-notch and a few wonderful lines pop up now and again. A good film.

The Flying Gerbil

Ju Dou

F Rarely do you see a film with such an interesting story behind it. A Chinese production financed and post-produced by the Japanese, banned for no obvious reasons in China, who even tried to suppress this very first Chinese film to be nominated for an Oscar. The film's American distributor even organised a petition signed by Woody Allen, David Lynch, Martin Scorsese among many other famous Hollywood directors, actors and musicians urging China to lift the ban.

As for the story of the film, it may sound too traditional: Ju Dou is the name of the girl who is bought by Jin-Shan, the employer of a dyeing workshop, as his third wife. Jin-Shan has driven his two wives to early graves already by sexually abusing them. Not standing his torture, Ju Dou seizes protection from Jin-Shan's humble nephew Tian-Qing, who works for him and fancies her like crazy already, and becomes pregnant. A son is born, and the family tragedy begins. However, director Zhang Yimou has approached the film in a different angle and has thus retained freshness. The film's strongest point is its stunning photography. Scenes making full use of the contrasting colours of the dyed cloths under the sun as well as the depressing views of the primitive and lifeless Chinese village won't be easily forgotten.

By the way, if the deadpan acting in *The Last Emperor* put you off from any other films about the Chinese, this is the film that shows that there exists some good Chinese actors.

There will be one more week's screening only at the ICA, by the time this article is printed. This wonderful melodrama is essential viewing.

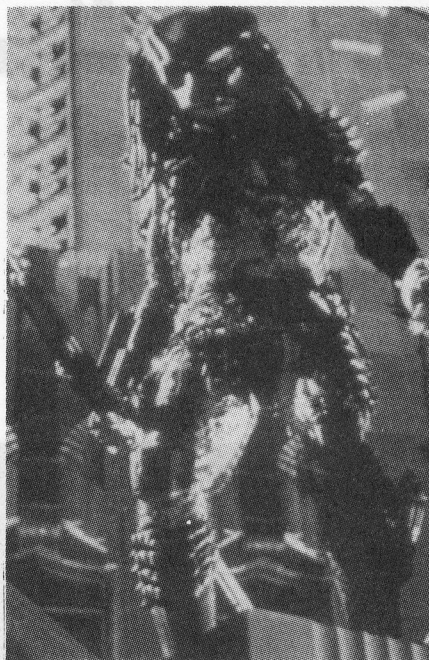
DJ S. Su.

Predator 2



F The man who made this film is the same creative powerhouse responsible for Tina Turner videos and Coke adverts. This is extraordinary since this film bears absolutely no traces of this heritage, perhaps due to the work of the cinematographer and editor. For example, at no point does the Predator announce that it is the future of the world, although now and again it does flash its fishnet clad legs at the camera.

Danny Glover covers for Arnie (now that the big man has gone on to producing cute kiddie films) with a screen performance almost, but not quite, the same as his role in Lethal Weapon. The main difference being that he has no moustache. Also he is harder than a bull with BSE and romps impressively from one pitched battle to another. Said battles are initially between various warring drug barons (again) until a third party (oddly enough, not Cap'n Birdseye) begins to steadily fraction any faction who happens to be around, and draws the wrath of Glover upon its scaly head. This doesn't worry it too much since it is played by Kevin Peter Hall who is seven feet two inches tall and it has four jaws to boot (not mentioning an arsenal of hi-tech doo-dahs that could perform a certain Jewish



operation on a gnat at 200 yards). Given this enviable mandibular largesse it's not surprising that he quickly racks up a body count most easily measured in Standard Index Form, and since he's already picked Danny for his prize his

unfortunate ornaments are mostly composed of hoods and the odd hapless policeman.

Inevitably enough a third group has to enter the scene, the Well-Meaning But Misguided team of Feds. Having served to establish a link with the first movie they proceed to wander in and out of the script now and again, holding Danny back as only the FBI can.

That's about all there is to the plot save for a comprehensive A to Z of stereotype ethnic bad guys. However, what seems like a never-ending series of cliches in print is in fact fairly lucid and smooth on screen; the interest in this film lies in the self-consistency it presents and more importantly in the stunning visuals. Special effects are not too far to the fore, taking second place to pace and slick editing (particularly in a brilliant subway sequence shot entirely in strobing light). More action than its predecessor but a little less suspense; a good film even if the Predator's spaceship does look like a set from a high budget episode of Doctor Who (fluorescent painted walls); and there's more than a hint of a possible Predator 3.

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine

Highlander II

F Highlander II, The Quickenning Quicker than what? A monoped tortoise on Mogadon? This sad little sequel has more holes than a Swiss cheese caught in Robo-Cop III. Connor McCloud (Christopher Lambert) is back after having won 'the prize' (Brucey Bonus) giving him the power to guide mankind and be mortal. His guidance leads to the erection of an amazing laser shield to replace the ozone layer (honest). Great idea at the time (1999); twenty-five years later it's a real bummer as it keeps in the smog and allows no rain. Now Connor is effectively 75 years old and suddenly remembers that he and all the other eternals were from the purple planet Zeist and were exiled by the wicked dictator for trying to rebel. Added to this is a magic bond between Ramirez (Sean Connery) and McCloud which is a bit like Jiminy Cricket's 'Give a little whistle' if you need a friend. I guess they just forgot to tell us this in the first one.

Having left the Highlander in exile for over 500 years and now on the verge of death by old age the evil General Katana (Michael Ironside) decides this is a prime opportunity to send two flying porcupine men to assassinate him. This leads to rejuvenation, ecological commando raids



and an overall plot that Hanna Barbera would think twice about.

On the plus side the special effects are stunning and the sets (at times) are breathtaking. Some scenes are very good, especially a slow motion piece where the big two Rebels without a Zeist are machine gunned, although other parts, the majority could easily turn up in the A-Team.

This film sits happily on the wrong side of average. No Queen sound track, awful plot, terrible accents and it doesn't fit in with the first film. Sean's good though.

The aMcMazing McHine

When What Where

Predator 2 : Odeon West End

The Doors : Odeon Marble Arch

Highlander II : High St. Kensington, UCI Whiteleys

Quick Change : Cannon Fulham Road, UCI Whiteleys

Ju Dou : Première

Recommended: Predator 2, Quick Change, Jean De Florette/ Manon Des Sources (Electric, Portobello Road: Sunday)

F —Film



It must not be overlong and the head movements must not be too vigorous



To Boldly Go-The Story Continues

Banning the Banned—An Interview

Over the past three weeks, starting on 8th April, Channel 4 broadcast a unique season of programmes and films, that made television history in this country. For the first time a broadcasting station examined the issues of censorship within broadcasting. The season called 'Banned' was a brave and wide-ranging look at the problems of who censors, why and how we should respond. They showed the films, previously prevented from public broadcasting, including 'Life of Brian', 'Brimstone and Treacle', 'Freaks' and 'Cabinet' from Duncan Campbell's 'Secret Society' Series. As the BBC were unwilling to allow Channel 4 to broadcast 'Cabinet', they had to remake it themselves.

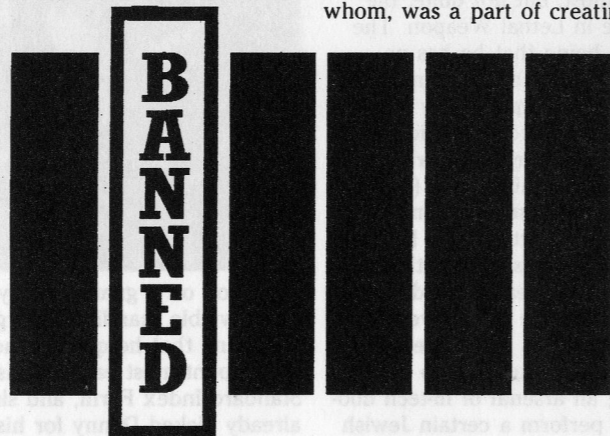
This was a minor problem for the producers of 'Banned', who were negotiating with ITC - the committee that judges what should or should not be shown - before and throughout the season, hoping to persuade them to allow the most controversial programmes to be shown. It was ITC who insisted that 'Life of Brian' could only be shown after 10:30pm. Even so Mary Whitehouse wrote to complain and over 250 phone calls were received before the film went out.

Up until the last moment Kim Peat, from Channel 4's current affairs, was hoping that they would receive permission to broadcast 'Dick', a fifteen minute film showing 1000 flaccid penises in black and white with 100 women's hilarious comments. The flaccid penis is not banned from television, but the regulations recommend limitations on exposure time, fifteen minutes was considered excessive. A decision Kim, and the American film-maker Jo Menell, could not understand considering how inoffensive the film is compared to other items broadcast during the season. Jo, speaking at Imperial in Saturday's conference on censorship, expressed his surprise at the banning as Jeremy Isaacs, the first chief executive of Channel 4, had told him that he would definitely have allowed the film to be shown if he had still been in charge.

One of the prompts for the idea of a season on censorship came from a series of three films, 'The Truth About Lies', commissioned by Channel 4 some time ago. These were produced by Michael Jones and his team at Panoptic, an independent film company. Michael, as a guest speaker at IC's conference, showed clips from his documentary, 'Sex and the Censors', a history of sexual censorship in Britain. He explained the rules of censorship; if fellatio is shown it must be a position that allows for imitation, it

must not be overlong, and the head movements must not be too vigorous.

Due to censored clips from Michael Winner's film 'Death Wish 2' and the extremely violent 'New York Ripper', the former showing rape, the latter a breast cut in half, being shown as part of 'Sex and the Censors' at 9:00pm the ITC was infuriated. This may have affected their attitude to the rest of the season, including their continued opposition to 'Dick'.



Among the aspects of information control examined were the pressure put on television by advertisers. The episode of 'Thirty Something', that showed two men in bed, produced a withdrawal of advertising from eight companies when it was shown in America. When asked about the response to 'Banned' Kim explained that only one programme received no advertising, 'The Animal's Film', as advertising executives at C4 thought there would be no market for the space. She went on to stress that they are one step removed from the pressure of advertisers and would not have heard of any complaints even if they had been received.

One complainer, amongst many, was a woman in a wheelchair, who visited the television studios to comment on the showing of the film 'Freaks'. She spent over half an hour with Kim Peat discussing the implications of the portrayal of handicapped people in the film. The major reason why the season was conceived, and broadcast, was to create debate. It forced discussion of the issues within C4, especially within the ITC, and has created argument in newspaper leaders, letter pages, on radio and on the streets. IC's event 'To Boldly Go' was a major part of encouraging a response from students. It will be followed up over this term with an exhibition accompanied by a book and information fair in the JCR, along with speaker meetings within college. Look out for the posters.

Kim hoped that their season would become a landmark in broadcasting that would encourage or empower other broadcasters and journalists to fight and struggle against unfair censorship. In referring to the process of censorship she explained that much of it was due to a complex compilation of small decisions building up to the ultimate consequence of banning. This portrayal of the greyness of why decisions were taken, and by whom, was a part of creating a forum in

which the simplicity of the too common dogmaticism of debates on censorship would be challenged. Kim concluded that the season was about creating 'awareness about the various different types of censorship, how it works, who is responsible and what we as citizens can do about it'.

I wish to thank Kim Peat, Editorial Administrator for Factual Programmes, C4, for allowing us to interview her and for the invaluable assistance she gave to the Huxley Society's event 'To Boldly Go'.

World Report

ARTICLE 19 published their 'World Report 1991' on 'Information Freedom and Censorship' last month. It covers 77 countries, describing cases of infringement of the human right, as stated in the UN Declaration, of freedom of expression, speech and belief.

In all there are eleven pages on the United Kingdom, which starts with the following sobering paragraph:



ARTICLE 19
INTERNATIONAL CENTRE AGAINST CENSORSHIP

...There is no constitutionally significant protection of freedom of expression or of information. Any protection there is depends upon conventions of restraint on the part of the law-making and law-enforcing authorities. Restraint does exist but has become increasingly superficial. This has been amply demonstrated in recent years as former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sought to re-assert secrecy as a central principle of government...

There is a whole page on 'Satanic Verses' and the blasphemy law, also referring to the banned film 'Visions of Ecstasy', the first ever censored for blasphemy. ARTICLE 19, an international pressure group for freedom of information and expression, chairs and co-ordinates the International Committee for the Defence of Salman Rushdie and his Publishers.

An old student from IC receives a whole paragraph (p334). Past Felix Editor, Bill Goodwin, as a trainee journalist on 'The Engineer' was fined £5000 for refusing to name a source. ARTICLE 19 campaigned in his defence.

On page 15, about Ethiopia, the book refers to a journalist 'Martha Kumsa, was held' without trial for over eight years until September 1989, on apparent suspicion of having links with another ethnic opposition group, the Oromo Liberation Front'. The Oromo, as well as ARTICLE 19 were represented at the conference 'To Boldly Go' last Saturday at IC. But who are the Oromo?

Information about ARTICLE 19 can be found at the 'To Boldly Go' Fair, their books and reports will be on sale at the ICU Bookstore as well as the fair.

Oromo—The Unheard

You've heard of the American Indians - wiped out, lands stolen, reduce to state dependence. You've heard of the Aborigines. You may have even heard of the Tasmanians - who were completely wiped out, as extinct as the Dodo. Yet who are the Oromo?

In their own land their language is 'effectively banned from public use', their culture and religious institutions have been nearly destroyed through colonization and slavery, they are now persecuted for being Muslims and Protestant Christians. Over 400,000 have become refugees and 3-4 million are displaced within their own homeland.

The Oromo are the largest ethnic group in NE Africa, numbering over 20 million. When you see pictures of the starving in

Ethiopia, the likelihood is that they are Oromo. Why have we never heard of them? Why do we not campaign on their rights to their own culture and dignity?

Like the Kurds and Turkey's failure to recognise them and their culture, until the recent tragedy, the Oromo are not recognised by the military dictatorship in Ethiopia. The Kurdish plight of fleeing millions from Saddam gains the attention of the press and Jeffrey Archer, along with international music stars. Who will sing for the Oromo?

How long and what disaster will we have to wait for?



Public Enemy

'An Enemy of the People' by Henrik Ibsen and adapted by Arthur Miller, portrays a doctor who discovers the water is being poisoned by the local factory. His attempts to warn the local people are thwarted by censorship and ultimately hatred.

The enemy of the people are the people, who do not wish to hear the problems that face them, they feel secure in their ignorance. For the factory is the major source of employment in the town. He is threatened for being a disrupter, a threat to society, and is forced to leave the town.

Where is justice at Imperial? Many students will see this as an irrelevant question. What has justice to do with IC? What kind of community do we live and work in here? Does it support the concepts of truth or are we public enemies?

The 'Index on Censorship', whose editor Andrew Graham-Yooll spoke at 'To Boldly Go', carries articles that examine censorship throughout the world. Their issue on the environment, including an article by Arthur Miller on Ibsen's play, can be obtained free of charge as part of an information pack to be given out in the JCR during the 'To Boldly Go' Fair. See posters and Felix for announcements.

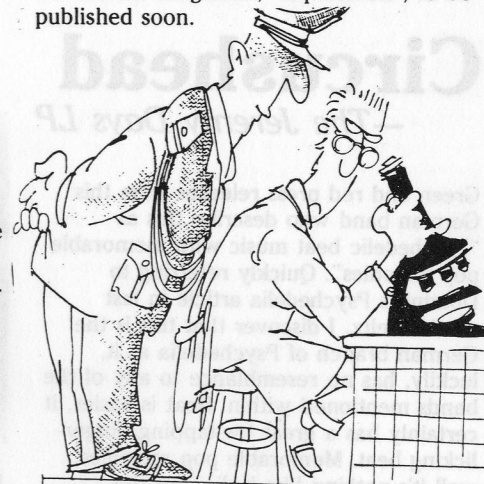


'An Enemy of the People' is presently on, in a new adaptation, at the Lyric, Hammersmith (Box Office 081-741 2311) until Saturday 11th May, 7:45pm evenings and 4:00pm Saturday matinee. If you have not seen it then go, it will set you thinking, a rare activity in this soap opera age.

Thanks

The Huxley Society, organiser of these events, is grateful to its new committee for their help, to Felix, to the current sabbaticals, the Union Office Staff, to London Student, the speakers at its conference, C4 and to Spitting Image.

The reason why a Humanist society is organising these events is in celebration of, and to campaign for, the Open Society as defined and defended by such eminent Humanists as Dr Jacob Bronowski (Ascent of Man), Prof Karl Popper, Carl Sagan and Peter Ustinov, among many others. Look out for our magazine, 'Experiment', to be published soon.



To Come

Next Week:
Interviews
Banned playwright
Barbara Ehrenreich
Science Censorship
Starving in Silence



Spitting Image Rubber Works 40p off. Details next week.



The Fall

—Shiftwork LP



'Fall Advance! Fall Advance!' are the opening shouts on this year's Fall LP. And advance they do. Advancing beyond last year's superb *Extricate LP*, *The Fall*

have shedded two of their number and are now a super tight, take no prisoners, throbbing monster of a four-piece band. That *The Fall* have one of the tightest rhythm sections in the land is often overlooked and Craig Scanlon's snaking guitar lines are all over the album. Mark E's big gob is still spouting vitriol and wickedly funny lyrics at every turn. 'Fall Advance! Fall Advance!'

Idiot Joy Showland sees Mark E steaming into the Manchester 'idiot groups with no shape or form, out of their heads on a quid of blow.' Hello there *Happy Mondays*, maybe? 'From New York to Skegness' croons MES on the nightmare-in-hell travelogue epic *Pittsville Direkt* resplendent with wired female backing vox. *Edinburgh Man*, undoubtedly the star of all stars on this album, is a slow, thoughtful tune that takes one back to *Bill is Dead*. *The War Against Intelligence* has MES complaining about intelligence suppression in society with mumbles about haircuts and dudes.

The title track, with its incessant backing vocals chanting 'Shiftwork, Shiftwork', plunders on and on, almost drone like, reflecting the inherent boredom in shiftwork. *You Haven't Found it Yet* sees the band almost funk-ing-out and I swear I can hear Mark Smith laughing. Though not as raw and in yer face as their early work (*Bingomasters Breakout* anyone?) this album sees *The Fall* going beyond excellence to somewhere most bands only dream of. *The Fall* are fucking cool and you're an idiot if you don't agree. 'Fall Advance! Fall Advance!'

Dominic.

Wench

—A Tidy Sized Chunk LP



Imagine calling an all female band *Wench*. This lack of taste is indicative of capricious dodgy metal.

The band pales in comparison with other bands of the same ilk, clichéd stylised metal riffs and generally shite lyrics abound. This really is a poor excuse for a record—don't be deceived by the metal-core label there is no core about it.

Buy it if you are into insipid metal but beware those with any self-respect.

PS. This record really does suck. If you don't believe it you can have it.

Seb.

James Chance & The Contortions

—Soul Exorcism LP



'And I still haven't found what I'm looking for...' so sang God's mouthpiece, Bono. Now if he'd listened to the self-confessed Dictator of Disco Sophistico, the King of Ultra Soul, Mr James Chance, then Bono may have found that crock at the end of the rainbow, because that's how I feel now (and me and Bono don't have a lot in common).

This is music for the mentally deranged, Psycho Funk, the likes of which haven't been heard in Britain since the demise of the Pop Group. Aply supported by the *Contortions*, who lay down a wicked slab of back beat, chance takes songs (such as Michael Jackson's *Don't Stop till you get Enough*) rips out the warm fleshy bits, devours and then regurgitates.

James Chance plays saxophone like Roland Kirk meeting Billy Whizz.

James Chance has an organ that is 100% meat (no weedy wet Hammond vibrato here thank you ladies).

James Chance has a voice that could make glass contaminated baby food a marketable commodity.

James Chance is probably dead and there lies the problem.

The accompanying biography certainly reads more like an epitaph and the concert (for it is a live recording) was played ten years ago and released I suspect on the strength of the new happening Acid Jazz scene (and does he make the current exponents look like Tina Charles or wot!!!).

James Chance may (or may not be) dead but I have this sneaking suspicion that somewhere there's a party going on to which Buddy Holly and Roy Orbison probably aren't invited.

Davros Crippledick.

Circushead

—The Jeremy Days LP

Green and red press releases from this German band who describe this as "Psychedelic beat music with memorable pop melodies". Quickly referring to Dominic's *Psychodelia* article in last week's *Felix*, I discover that this is the German branch of *Psychodelia* as it, luckily, has no resemblance to any of the bands mentioned within. Beat is easier, it certainly has a great toe-tapping, finger-licking beat. Memorable pop melodies, well it's nothing like Kylie, but the melodies are memorable, in particular *Give It A Name*, *When The Wind's Blowin' Round* and the soft, subtle *Room To Revolution*. I'd say they had more resemblance to *Hothouse Flowers* and *The Adventures* (apart from not being Irish) than to *Jefferson Airplane*. 150,000 Germans could easily be wrong, but in this case, they're not.

Lise Yates

Gary Clail

—*Emotional Hooligan LP*

Despite chart success, Gary Clail has not abandoned his roots; *Emotional Hooligan* is an LP of light reggae/dance (not of the bastardized *Maxi Priest* variety). Try as I may to listen to this record, however, I find my attention slipping away like a soapy eel on ice. While the songs are fine nothing particularly differentiates them from each other (apart from the singles *Beef* and *Human Nature*) and a few interesting samples (a dog's bark on the title track and a small child on *Magic Penny*). The lyrics are uniformly well-intentioned but rubbish.

Pay It All Back Vol. 3 is a compilation of the On-U Sound collective's various individual efforts, all of which are based around reggae. In some cases it's pure and unadulterated (*You Thought I Was Dead* by Lee Perry) while in others it's danced up or souled out (*Disconnection* and *I Think Of You* by The Strange Parcels and *Little Annie* respectively). Gary Clail makes another appearance as does a track unashamedly called 'Stoned Immaculate'. Two cuts from *The Barmy Army*: a busy techno effort and bizarrely, a football crowd singing *Blue Moon*..

Stone



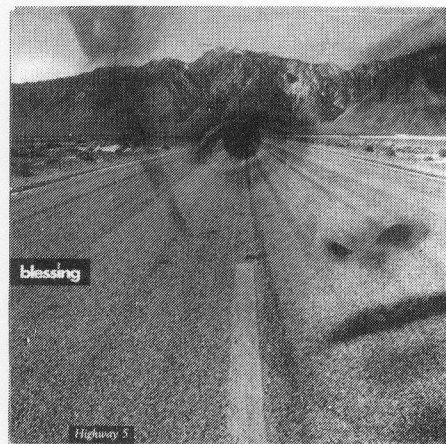
The Blessing

—*Highway 5 LP*



The cover is truly one of the most terrible I have every seen. Why the road disappears into the girl's eye and just why all this American road imagery of striking mountains, windswept plains and blue sky should be on the cover of this crap song, god only knows. Maybe if they were some hard rockin' motha's like ZZ Top or Steppenwolf then, yeah OK. But this band is not rockin'. It's not even swaying. It is vapid-soul-pop aimed at the 27-year-old accountant who likes to dream about being an easy rider whilst driving home on a moped from a Network South-East train station in Kent, before getting home and having a cup of tea with his wife and her mother. Truly nightmarish.

Dominic.



Bad Manners

—*Carnival 26.4.91*

To go through this in order of appearance, the *Cuckoos* seem to be deserving of all their press coverage, as they played an impressive professional set. Now this poor reviewer trots all the way up the stairs, only to find yet another band intent on rehashing the past. They and their tunes should be left to fester in their flares and their flowers. Back down the stairs. Jazz music. It's annoying, isn't it? The *Tommy Chase Quartet* play jazz. They don't play it particularly badly, not when compared to Southside's Monday night torture, but they played enough to drive me upstairs to the cocktails. Coincidentally, upstairs is where I found *Bad Manners*. BJ, the ents chairman went to great lengths to praise them in last week's Felix, and they did play a set which got the crowd going. But I come not to praise *Bad Manners*, but to

bury them. Hands up who can remember any *Bad Manners* hit apart from the *Can Can*. You can? And when was that a hit? 1981? Exactly, when we had *Bucks Fizz* and *The Nolans* (in the charts). Meanwhile in other universities and poly's over the country a quick glance towards NME reveals, amongst others, dance chart-toppers *N-Joi*, Hull's rising stars *Kingmaker*, *Neds'* partners-in-crime *Mega City 4* and the innovative *Shamen*. Oh, and *Julian Cope* too. Now I realise that IC Union building has various restrictions and should have been condemned years ago, but surely we could have someone on the up. Do you get my drift? BJ writes that *Bad Manners* were back at IC after a two year break. Let's hope they don't have to be exhumed again.

Lise Yates

Synergy featuring the Shamen

—*T&C 27.4.91*

Since this evening consisted of acts merging seamlessly into one another we shall refer to the bands as A, B, C etc.

Band A sounded crap through six inches of brick which may or may not give an insight into their particular musical forte. At this point we were still struggling with an illiterate T&C bouncer. We don't expect an outcry over this. We just want you to feel sorry for us.

Band B (aka *The Irresistible Force* (we think)) consisted of one gentlemen who shared a chemical passion with much of the audience and another who spent most of his time tending to a small and plaintive keyboard. This peculiar combination nevertheless pounded the crowd into a kind of blissed-out frenzy. *The Force* retired amidst much repetition of their name (in case anyone missed it, a wise precaution) and faded into..

Until Band C arrived, although Band C

was really Woman A and Dancers E and F (A,B,C,D accompanying Irresistible Force). MC Kinky took the mike with her own esoteric blend of ragga toasting and Gregorian chant. Reviewer X felt that she wasn't to his taste but Y thought it was quite groovy. The audience (regardless of opinion and oblivious to the change in acts) continued their dazed capering. At some point there may or may not have been Guest DJ D who didn't really affect proceedings, unlike the eight-foot tall spaceman (Personality A, we kid you not) on stilts who popped up in the crowd and gyrated his way from one side of the hall to the other, closely followed by a lady juggling with fluorescent bats (as in baseball, not as in rodent). Never say the Shamen don't treat their fans right.

After a little more of this kind of thing (we are now some four hours into the evening) Band E arrived. By now the

crowd had happily settled into automatic trance mode and the fact that Band E were in fact the Shamen provoked no response at all. Well, not much, anyway. The Shamen played a short but very lively set, composed primarily of greatest hits. Anyone there for the music could just forget it because tunes were low priority and rhythm as uppermost. Added to the massed whistles of the crowd the only real way to identify songs was the vocals, ably provided by Shamen C and D when Shaman A was occupied with his bleep machine and Shaman B twanged his guitar.

After this point Reviewer X pleaded exhaustion and Reviewer Y felt roughly equivalent and they left the audience to continue their pharmaceutical extravaganza..

Stone and Anna B



Enough of Bastards, now it's time for...

Tweedleword

ACROSS

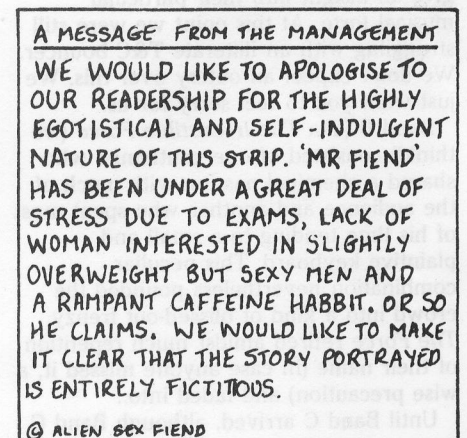
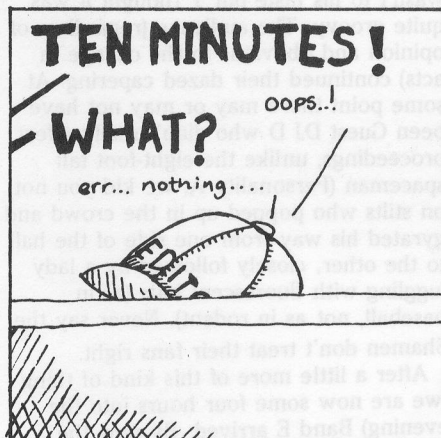
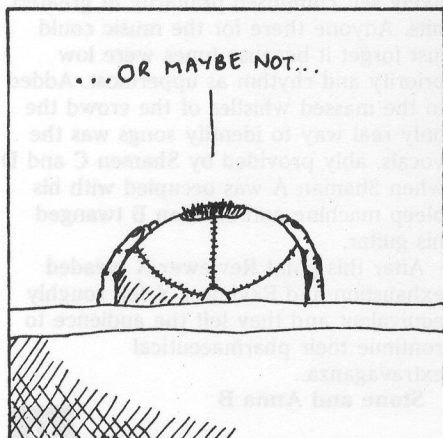
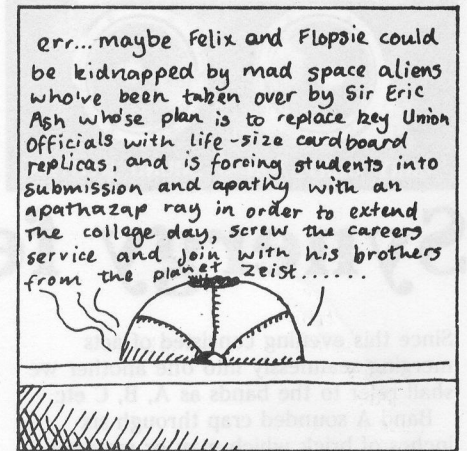
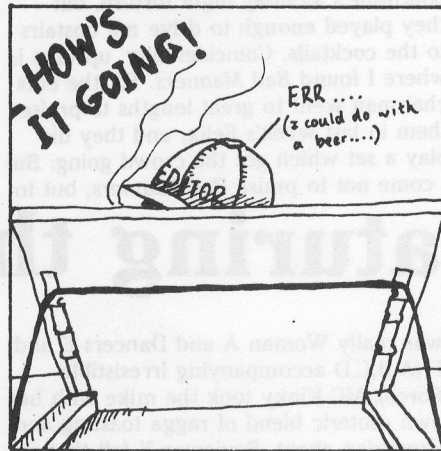
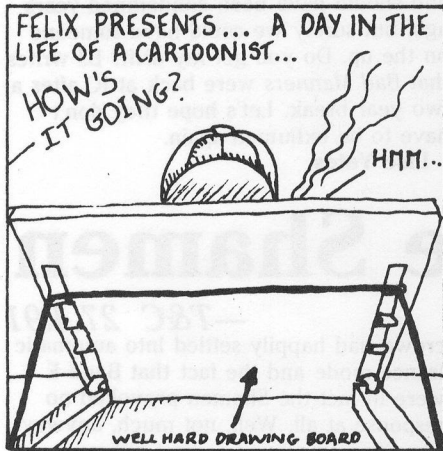
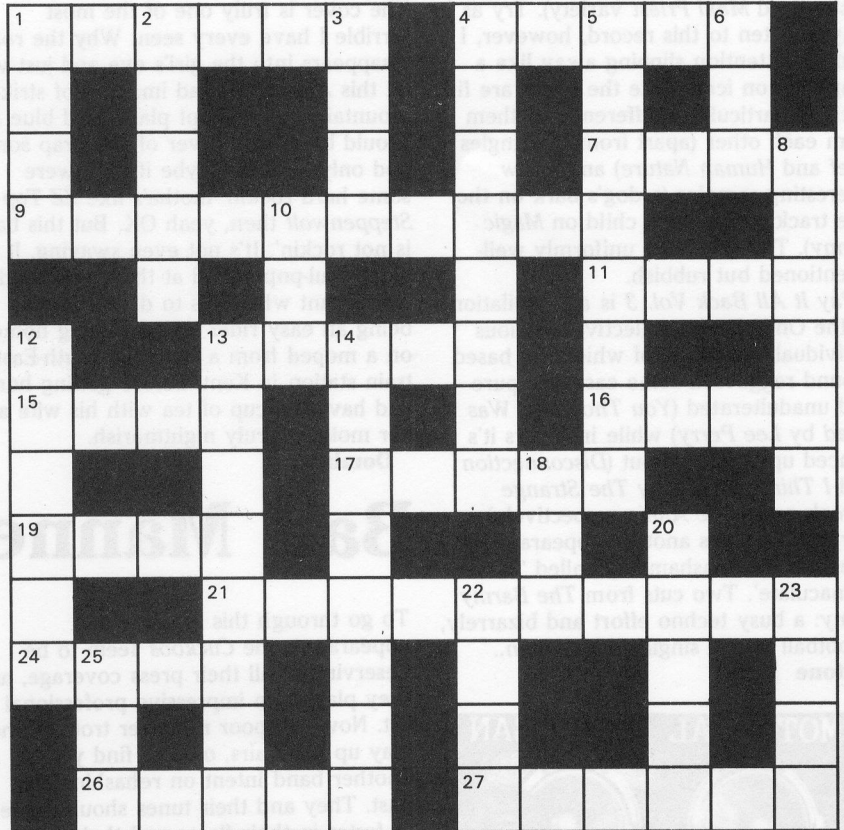
1. Double thank-you for deposit on dentures? (6)
4. Insect on dry land? Take something out, get an extra something put in. (5)
7. Top work or musical composition. (4)
9. Sit-fast; stay, and stir up soil. (10)
11. Repetitive pulse. (4)
13. Being strict on board a ship. (5)
15. Force into, moving away. (4)
16. The peak of cartoon merchandise. (4)
17. Entertainment given. (5)
19. Crazy goat partying in ancient dress. (4)
21. Meticulous, steal away inside. (10)
24. Bring forth young lamb or kid. (4)
26. Leader measuring up to the job? (5)
27. Small oriental boat. (6)

DOWN

1. Sportsmen on travels, in entourage. (4)
2. Lift up and burn down. (5)
3. Tasks and names on a list. (4)
4. The something dazed, repeated. (8)
5. Taking its time by sea, often said to travel to China. (8)
6. Greek letter. (3)
8. One who drinks the late meal? (6)
10. Warm? Some like it this way. (3)
12. Known to be rife amongst students, but who cares anyway? (6)
13. Metal munition fragments, often in old war wounds. (8)

14. Context partly, outside. (8)
18. A curved boat, we hear. (3)
20. Go over, look inside bare captions. (5)
22. Sounds like a bird could be in a deep

- hole. (4)
23. Involuntarily show sign of tiredness. (4)
25. Listen with this head of corn. (3)



Editorial

AS
F
Bit

The carefree days of Easter are over, it's term-time again, and the sun is no longer shining in Happy Bunny Land. (Translation: It's Summer term, and thus exam time, so things are looking a bit grim). Just under a third of the current undergraduates will be taking their finals, and looking to other things. Whether the careers service continues to be as helpful and useful in the future for the next generations of survivors of the Imperial College experience, well...

More nonsense, Mr Mee?

In the Easter Special (issue 900) I wrote about the College plan to disaffiliate from ULCAS (the University of London Careers Advisory Service). A couple of hours after the issue was distributed the Rector rang me, concerned about some of the points I had made. We agreed that he would write an article presenting his views on the subject, to be printed this term. However, in the meantime, P E Mee, the College Registrar, wrote a letter, which was printed last week. The Rector, when asked, was of the opinion that his article would thus be unnecessary. Thus I assume that Mr Mee's letter covers the points he was concerned with.

Mr Mee claims that the editorial was '...peppered...' with '...misunderstandings and misconceptions...'. This is interesting, considering the number in his own reply.

He states that 'There is no question of a direct labour policy' (a situation where the careers service would try to push students into careers related to their degree, and thus reduce the level of individual choice of career. Very bad. See issue 900's editorial for more). He fails to say that the only reason we can rely on this is due to the student pressure brought upon them, which has resulted in a policy paper on careers advice being drawn up, which will ensure that this does not happen.

He also attempts to imply that few IC students use ULCAS's Gordon Square facilities, by saying that only '...70 IC students used the Gordon Square milk-round this year'. He neglects to say that far more than this used the libraries and other facilities. Neither has there been any guarantee that the new IC careers service will cover the individual costs of students using these facilities, which could mean that students will have to pay themselves (estimated to be £5 for a day of research next year).

The statement that 'There are no 'start-up' investment costs of which Angus Fraser is unaware' is interesting, to say the least. Benjamin Turner asked Mr Fraser whether he was aware that the costs proposed by Mr Mee did not include those necessary to upgrade the current careers library, and he replied that he

was not. The Careers Advisors Committee estimated that the library was currently only at 10% of the level of typical stand-alone services. Of course, the plan could be to send people to Gordon Square, and not update our library, but that rather begs the question of why are we disaffiliating in the first place, if we are to continue to use ULCAS facilities? Especially when the students themselves may have to pay.

When discussing the Association of Graduate Careers Advisory Services Mr Mee claims that '...our links are likely to be stronger'. He again neglects to say that the main reason for this is the policy paper mentioned above, which was drawn up solely due to student pressure, and that without this our links to AGCAS could well have been severely weakened.

At no point did I conclude that there was a '...conspiracy to damage the careers service.' I was merely pointing out that while His Rectorship et al claim they are '...trying to build a stronger, better careers service...', almost everybody else that was consulted by Benjamin Turner disagreed, and most of them were professional graduate careers advisors, or prominent members of various graduate careers services.

So why do the Rector and gang think they know better? What do they know that the experts don't? That's what immediately sprang to my mind. Nobody seemed to know the answer to that one. So maybe, just maybe, there were other reasons for their decision. This is what I was attempting to point out to the people who will actually be using the service, and will actually be looking for jobs after their degree. I was not trying to suggest that they were deliberately conspiring to damage the careers service, just that there may be other reasons for the disaffiliation, but as a by product the service would, in the opinions of those far more qualified than myself, and maybe even than His Rectorship and gang, suffer from the move.

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The Team: Ian, Adam, Jonty and all the reviewers.

The Collators: Steve and god knows who else.

Special People of the Week: Kate (who stayed up all night for us last week. Fnarr), Louise and Frank and Sid, not forgetting Steven (ditto), and Michael (just to keep him happy)

Jammy Git of the Week: Chris. 'Nuff said. And don't mention Backgammon. Or else.

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Scribblers' Corner

College Day, Will The Rector Ever Listen to Reason?

Felix,

I have just sat through a Board of Studies (BoS) meeting at which the Working Party on the College Day submitted a report. The report seems very well-balanced and appears to put forward admirably the pros and cons of the day length extension. Professor Swanson has done the job he was asked to do and did it well. I sat there and watched the Chairmen of BoS (The Rector Sir Eric Ash) in action, this proposal is his baby as you can tell. He is definitely looking at the matter through rose-coloured glasses; he will not hear anything detrimental about his ideas. He seems determined to bulldoze this through as soon as possible. He does not seem to appreciate the implications such

a proposal will make to the working of IC, even though it has been written down in black and white by Professor Swanson. The students need to be shown the for and against, have the implications explained (ie no extra lecture time, just mere prospective slots for the lecturers to sit in) but also technician and lecturer trade unions must be consulted as far as contracts and hours of working are involved.

The Rector wanted this to start as from October ie next term but this will not happen as all the above have to be consulted and their positions taken into account. At the present Professor Swanson has to be told to tout for responses from those already mentioned and to report back to the June BoS with,

if all concerned agree and the Rector's badgering pays off, any proposals started Spring-term '92. In the meantime hopefully ICU will undertake a referendum of opinions, (once all students are clued up) to aid Professor Swanson. This must be done in a fool-proof manner so that it is not disregarded as biased rubbish. Therefore standby for another questionnaire or the like and make sure you know the facts and how they may or may not affect you. Listen to the arguments from both sides with equal attention, weigh them up, and make your opinion known. After all it will affect everyone.

Shades, RCSU AAO.

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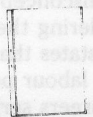
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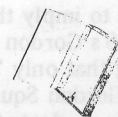
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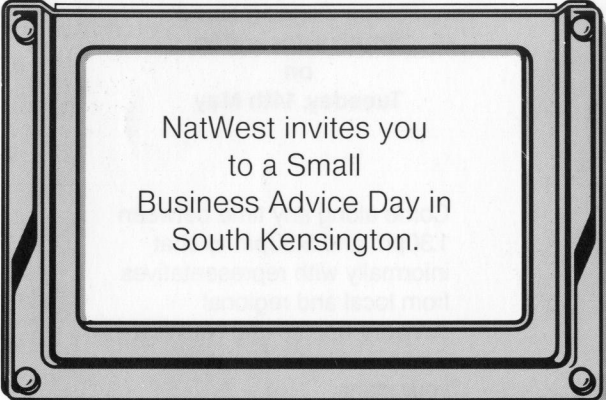
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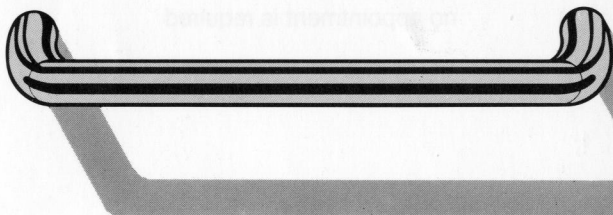
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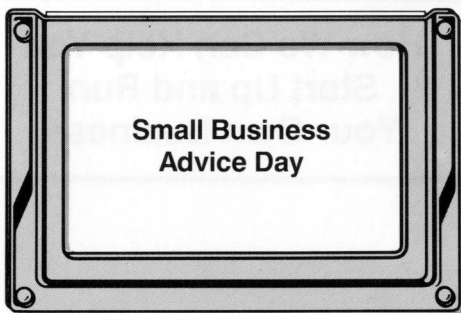


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