

SP



10 May 1991 Issue Number 903

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Obituary—Beverly Halstead

Beverly Halstead, an academic visitor with the Geology department since 1989, was by profession a geologist and a vertebrate palaeontologist. His black clogs and shock of white hair distinguished him as no ordinary member of grey academia. Bev was deeply committed to both his study and to wider social issues.

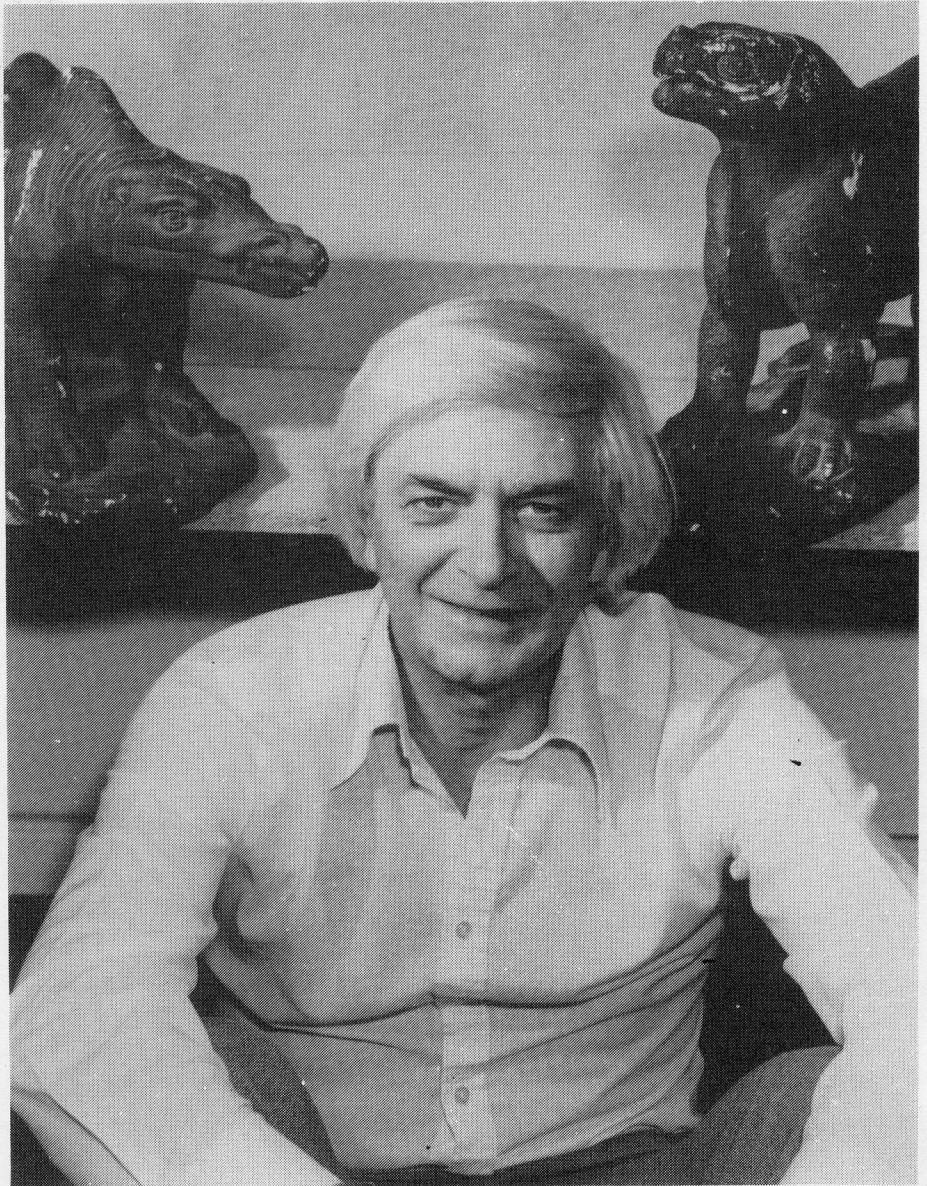
Bev was Lancashire born but moved with his mother to Sussex following his parents' divorce. His mother's second marriage to a committed Marxist laid the foundations for Bev's early political leanings. He attended Lewes Grammar school and by his early teens was writing 'Nature Notes' for the 'Worker'. According to fellow scientist Colin Paterson Bev's mellowing political opinions can be traced by the surname's he adopted: first Tarlo, his stepfather's name, then Halstead-Talo and finally Halstead.

Bev was someone never afraid to speak his mind; the louder the better. Following his first in Geology at Sheffield he came to London and began a Ph D at UCL's Zoology Department. He enjoyed what Peter Medawar, the then head of department describes as the 'Communist', atmosphere that pervaded the department at the time. Bev was not so happy with the academic side and a characteristically spectacular row delayed the award of his doctorate.

Bev's career as a research palaeontologist began at the Natural History Museum and later continued in the form of a joint fellowship split between Oxford and the Royal Dental Hospital in London. He studied the molecular structure of the skin of a group of prehistoric fish and showed it to be directly comparable with modern day mammalian dentition. This explained the sensitivity of teeth to certain foods such as excessively sweet ones; the natural environment for teeth is saline water. This research and its conclusion reflected Bev's, considerable powers of lateral thinking.

He joined Reading's zoology and geology departments in 1963 and became a reader in 1968. By the early 1970s Bev's sights were set outside of the British academic scene and he spent three years at Ife, Nigeria, as professor of zoology, followed by a six month period at Panjab University, Chandigarh, India.

Back at home Bev became increasingly familiar to a wider audience with the publication of his very accessible books on dinosaurs. Bev also gained public recognition as a person unafraid to challenge the foremost scientists and



scientific institutions of the day. In 1980 his battle with the Natural History Museum over the 'cladistics' question began. Bev was incensed that the museum had used cladistics (essentially dichotomous branching diagrams) as a didactic aid, and thereby lending support to episodic evolutionary theories. The argument was furious but the result was victorious. The museum eventually removed the offending exhibit.

Despite these brushes with the establishment, or indeed because of them, Bev was held in the highest regard by his colleagues. He was this year's President of the Geology section of the BA and also the current president of the Geologist's Association. For a person so

honoured by his profession Bev was remarkable in his low-key friendly nature. In lecture breaks and after them he was chatty and relaxed, immensely interested in us, the students. He concluded the last lecture of the Easter term by saying that his work was done and that the future, in every way, lay with us. Bev was the most inspiring person I have ever met. I miss him.

Lambert Beverly Halstead (Tarlo), geologist and palaeontologist, born Pendleton Lancashire 13 June 1933, Reader in Geology and Zoology Reading University 1968-91, married 1975 Jennifer Middleton (one son), died near Bath 30 April 1991.

Company Cars?

There are growing but unconfirmed reports that some members of the college staff will have company cars in the next financial year. A source said that the college would simply act as a 'middleman' between car users and manufacturers. According to the source the 'deal' would only be available to those holding senior lectureships and above. Since the college itself is allegedly not involved in any financial outlay and the cars are not perks the fact that such cars would only be available to certain members of the academic staff remains unexplained.

Further reports that the college health centre budget has been cut in real terms are only partially true. The college contribution will suffer a reduction in real terms in the next financial year but the loss is to be counterbalanced by an increased NHS contribution. In total the budget rise will still be ahead of projected inflation.

Peaches 'n' Cream

A survey carried out a week ago by Peach Tree, an external company experienced with handling students' unions, is to be used for future plans to overcome student apathy. Out of 1,500 questionnaires, containing £1 vouchers for food as an incentive, over 400 have been completed and returned. Only 300 were needed to make the survey a statistical success.

Union President, Paul Shanley, described the number of forms returned as '...more than enough to be representative'. He also said that it would be more than a week before any useful results would come out of the computerised data base.

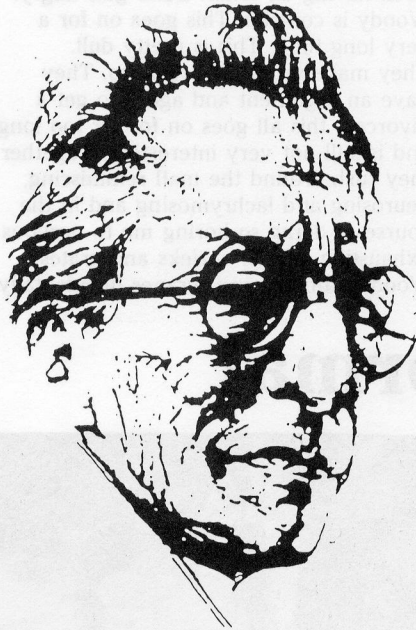
Whoops!

A Union van, hired out by Guilds and parked outside the Albert Hall, was towed away by the police on Wednesday night. A group from Guilds were bewildered when they returned to find the van missing.

Fearing the worst, Chris Browne rushed to the Union Office to report the van as stolen. However, when Union President Paul Shanley rang the Police to report it as missing he was referred to another number, that of the Warwick Road holding pen, where the van was currently residing.

In order to collect the van they were forced to hire another van from the Union. There was some consternation amongst the Guilds members when they discovered that it would cost £102 to have the van released (£85 fees and £17 fine), until they were informed that the Police accept all major credit cards.

Schroclanger



The annual Schrodinger lecture, sponsored by IBM, was first scheduled for the Great Hall but due to overwhelming interest it was moved to Westminster Central Hall. The guest speaker was Professor Mandelbrot, the world renowned expert on chaos and fractals. The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, chaired the meeting.

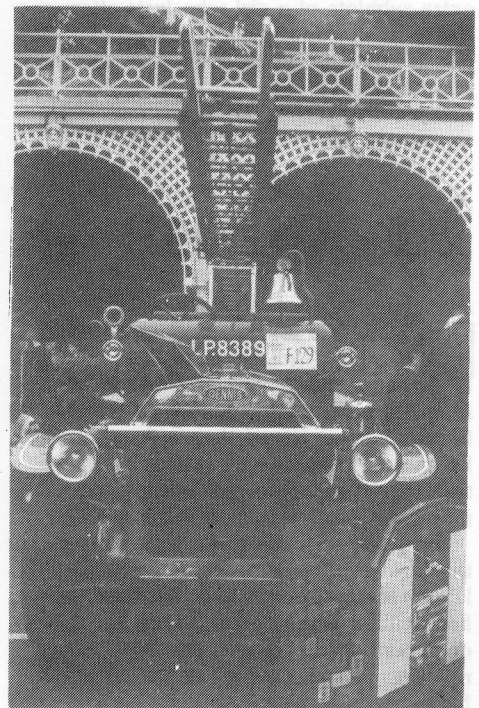
The Schrodinger Lectures, started three years ago, as part of a series of lectures open to the public, a tradition at the college that goes back over a century.

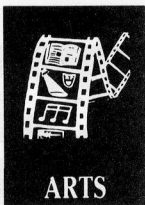
Buses took special guests and stewards to the meeting at Westminster. Some members of staff were critical of the re-organisation, but this was effected well, with many students attending. However, losing the tradition of open events within college was criticised.

Clanging Victory for Jezebel

Jez, the RCS fire engine, came third in its class in last week's London to Brighton rally. Motor Club Chairman, Rick Davis, organised a team of thirty-five people to work the three-one hour shifts down to Brighton.

The team met at 5.30am on Sunday morning and those not in the fire engine travelled in two mini-buses. This year's rally marked the event's thirty year anniversary; Jez took part in the very first London-to-Brighton run in 1961. Mr Davis was '...absolutely dead chuffed' at Jez's high placing against stiff competition in this year's run. He said that the team had concentrated their efforts on Jez's engine rather than bodywork somewhat in contrast to the Morris Commercial Truck belonging to the RSM, that could simply tag along on the run after her formal entry had been turned down.





Scenes From a Mall

F Hmm... a Woody Allen movie. Ooh.. it also features Bette Midler. Wow.

I am not, alas, in the happy majority that finds either Allen or Midler funny. To have the two of them in the same movie is almost embarrassing.

Woody and Bette are a pair of yuppies who gush with abandon about being globe-trotting hippies in their long-gone youth (ie. before I was born) and how amazing they are now that they're both successful and unique, in that their lengthy marriage has survived sixteen years. They pack the kids off on a skiing

vacation, romanticise wistfully and go shopping.

Once shopping, Woody reveals that he's been having an affair. Bette gets angry. Woody is contrite. This goes on for a very long time. This is pretty dull. They make up. They break up. They have an argument and agree to get a divorce... this all goes on for far too long and is still not very interesting. Together they rush around the mall reminiscing, neurosing and lachrymosing and in the course of doing so boring me to nervous exhaustion. Midler shrieks and grates, Woody humbles and scrapes (incidentally,

this isn't really one of his films, the director is someone else) and the film lumbers on. To an end which is simultaneously sickeningly sweet and completely inconsequential.

This is a film which, from a subjective point of view, fails completely because: a) I am not old enough to remember any of the points of reference involved b) I don't live in Los Angeles c) I am not neurotic and d) I am not married.

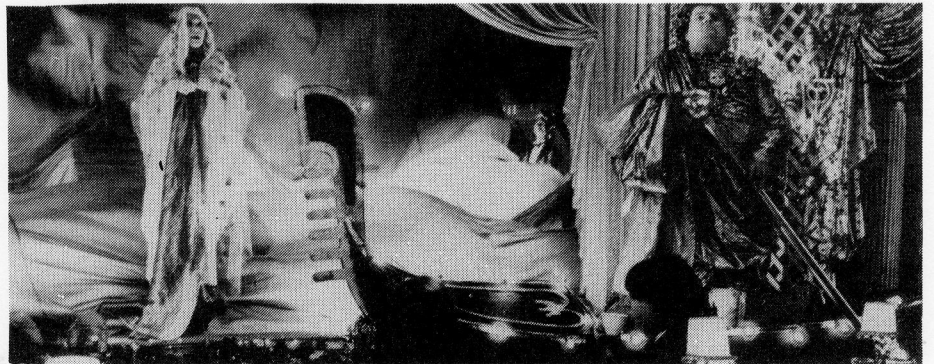
If you fit in one or more of these categories, don't see this film.

The Flying Gerbil

Perfectly Normal

F Renzo Parachi is perfectly normal in every way. After his mother dies he goes into a strict routine

consisting of getting up, going to work at the brewery, playing ice hockey for the work's team, and then driving his late father's cab at night for extra cash. This loops daily into regular monotony until he picks up Turner (Robbie Coltrane) who after a full evening's drinking ends up as Renzo's lodger. Turner is all that Renzo isn't, with a love of wine, women and Italian cuisine. However they both share a love of opera and from this (and the acquisition of a tidy wad of spundooligs) they must solve the dilemma of whose dream to follow; Renzo's, which is to build a little house on his plot of land, or Turner's, which is to open a theme Italian restaurant where all the waiters dress as characters from La Traviata and the floorshow has an unusual highlight. With extra subplots of a girl who lusts after Renzo, a workmate whose hatred of Renzo tends on the psychopathic and the various hockey games against rivals Eastern Clay whom the Titans (our team)



have never beaten, this bizarre look at life builds into a compelling story with plenty of goals for a dull guy to reach.

Save for Robbie Coltrane the cast are unknown and all give good performances, with Michael Riley as Renzo portraying a character who has serenity rather than pathos and drifts through life almost unaffected by the goings on around him. It's nice to see prospective girlfriend Denise (Deborah Duchene) going after Renzo rather than Hunk McChunk out to grab helpless tottie, and team coach

(Kenneth Welsh) was born to wear a lumberjack shirt and baseball cap.

Director Yves Simoneau uses some stunning scenes with puck's eye view hockey games, thirty second bursts of taxi passengers and powerful shots of Renzo's mother's planned death (?) and his initial shock all set to an operatic score. The film is a delight and really gets all the emotions into overdrive in the big finish. If you liked 'After Hours' you'll love this, only more so.

The Amazing Machine.

Freedom is Paradise

F Sasha is a juvenile delinquent who escapes regularly from the penitentiary. The only reason he seems to have for this is that he wishes to remain free. His mother is dead, and he knows nothing of his father, save that the latter is alive; no one will tell him more.

His desire to know more is brought to the surface of the film when, upon his latest recapture, he is told that his father has written to the prison, asking for a document about his son. The boy manages to sneak a look at the envelope: his father is serving a sentence in a prison in the Far North. Once more,

Sacha escapes, his objective being to meet his father.

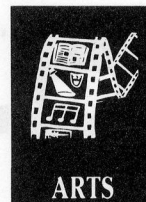
Life, as seen through the eyes of a youngster. An approach we are well-acquainted with, through *Hope and Glory*, and *My Life as a Dog*. The setting is different; a hazardous journey through a squalid world still trying to come to terms with glasnost. But the boy, sullen with his captors, always a rebel, still sees the beautiful side of his world. Hope is within him, as he learns, and always wins out, despite outbreaks of despair when his wishes are thwarted; indeed, as the tattooed initials (SER) on his hand imply, freedom is paradise.

Sacha is the focus of the film, and the director Sergei Bodrov's efforts to express the film through him have paid off well, down to the gainy film used to imply despair. Volodya Kozyrev plays the boy with dignity: sulky, aloof, ruthless if need be, yet with a heart of gold. Glasnost's effects show up here and there; the Nike t-shirts, the nudity. Humour is present, sometimes through sheer pathos.

Certainly worth seeing, especially if you're into this sort of film. Bodrov is a talent to keep track of in the future.

Zia Akbar.

Robin Hood



F In the summer of 1989, Paramount pictures presented the final instalment of the *Indiana Jones* trilogy, and since then Hollywood has been searching for a suitable hero to fill the gap left in the action/adventure movie market.

Hollywood it seems, feels that the solution is *Robin Hood*, as this year will see not one but two *Robin Hood* movies. This summer we can expect to see *Robin Hood—The Prince of Thieves*, which stars that man of the moment—Kevin Costner.

However, at present we have John Irvin's simply entitled and very enjoyable *Robin Hood*.

The movie stars Irish actor Patrick Bergin in the title role, (he can currently be seen as Julia Roberts' sadistic husband in *Sleeping with the Enemy*). Alongside him are a fine supporting cast, most notably Uma Thurman as Maid Marian.

Visually the movie is a treat, the Medieval period being portrayed on screen accurately with the feel of the Middle Ages being created from the very first moment, with sinister shots of a misty, murky Sherwood Forest.

With this bleak backdrop in mind it is a pleasant surprise to find the story an enlivening one. This *Robin Hood* is not the malevolent, supernatural tale as

presented in the popular TV series but instead it owes much to the tone of the 1938 Errol Flynn version. Irvin's *Robin Hood* is played in a lighthearted tone, which at times is almost tongue-in-cheek.

Nearly everyone knows something about Robin Hood, and director Irvin has kept this in mind, presenting a movie that covers all the aspects of the Robin Hood legend whilst neatly injecting the story with some nice touches of humour.

The only fault with the movie is that the familiarity of the story causes a lack of any real excitement. Nevertheless, the action sequences are very well staged, everything looks terrific, and despite one or two nasty moments, it's all good clean fun.

Uma Thurman plays Maid Marian as a headstrong, tough young woman which makes a nice change. Bergin plays Robin Hood as the champion of the people to good effect, and all the supporting cast (especially a memorable cameo from Edward Fox as King John) are marvellous.

Robin Hood is an enjoyable movie because it doesn't take itself too seriously and is really played for laughs, and although it's not 'edge of the seat' type stuff.

It's still a good evening's entertainment. **The Don.**

Ballad of Sad Café

F Special films take the viewer and make them feel part of the action; the *Ballad of Sad Café* does this and more.

Set in the deep south of America. Full of swamps, heat, poor blacks picking cotton and the poor living under tin roofs. In the midst of this Miss Amelia (Vanessa Redgrave) runs the general store and local still, thus controls the whole village. Half sane, vicious and cruel, everyone respects her and no one cares for her. Until that is into the hard wilderness comes cousin Lymon (Cork Hubbert). A humpback dwarf claiming to be 'kin' to Miss Amelia. Much to the surprise of everyone, she takes him in and cares for him. Lymon rearranges Amelia, dresses her up, turns her drinking hovel into a café and enlivens the village with his boasts and antics.

All is going well until Miss Amelia's husband returns from the state penitentiary. Marvin Macy (Keith Carridine) is a handsome, dangerous rebel; his only hope was love for Miss Amelia. She married him, took his land and never let him back into her house. Twisted by this rejection he returns now to seek his revenge.

Instead of jealousy Lymon idolises Macy, seeing Macy as everything he

cannot be. This makes Lymon the catalyst which brings tragedy to the small village.

What raises this film from a simple study of relationships is the feel of it. The main scenes are played in front of other villagers, you can always hear the gossipy comments which become part of the unfolding drama.

The simplistic, bare nature of the village is communicated in human gesture and expression, not speech, which is minimal and crude. The backdrop of cotton fields and murky swamps is devastating. As is the feel of poverty and community in the village. Each character, although sometimes incredible, is vivid and powerful.

Why Amelia rejects Macy is never made clear, adding a plot hiccup which is quickly overcome by the mood. More disturbing is the acceptance of white superiority; this was clearly the case in southern America but a sensitive film like this, I feel, cannot pass over the issue as a background detail.

This is a beautiful and sincere film: its true impact takes time to appreciate. Initially it appears naïve and innocent. Given full development Simon Callow's first film as a director easily reaches the mythical proportions it aspires to.

Jonty.

Mr. Johnson

F Africa conjures up many images today, but none are appropriate for the Africa of the 1920's when Nigeria was part of the British Empire and Colonial Service was natural for an upwardly mobile young man. Set in this era, the film concerns the life of a young Nigerian, Mister Johnson, who believes that England is his true home.

Johnson travels through various jobs during the film, starting as an accountant, looking after the finances for a new road to be built across the district and passing through more lowly jobs before coming full circle to the road again. He is the film's villain as well as it's hero, however, and his eventual demise comes as no surprise.

This is not, however, just a chronicle of a man's life, his rise and fall, but a montage of feelings from that passage of Nigeria's past where England pushed the country into commercialism. It charts the natives' feelings of intrusion and acceptance of the new road and inspires the heart with the beauty of the landscape. A wonderfully stirring film.

Fred Bloggs

F —Film



'They did fuck all, Sir'

No One is Gay Here

Ruby Venezuela and three of her troupe came to the 'Party Against Censorship' to perform their amazing cabaret act for free, to help raise money for charity. The act consists of transvestites and a single woman. At the end, as the audience applauded vigorously for an encore, one male student exhibited his intolerant hatred by shouting out 'bloody poofs'.

Their act is a wonderful celebration of life and sexuality. The club they work in every night, Madame Jo Jo's, is a rare place in this society where you can escape the inhuman culture of the macho male.

The day that the Americans bombed Libya I was at the theatre watching the play 'The Normal Heart', featuring the American actor, Martin Sheen. After the final curtain he spoke to the audience, delivering a speech condemning his country's actions. How many of us remain silent when confronted with injustice, because we would feel embarrassed to cause 'unnecessary' trouble? Did anyone confront the shouting student that night?



'The Normal Heart' is about the gay community facing AIDS in America. It examines the internal politics of the community facing official indifference to the rising death toll. Its main character refuses to be defined by the sexual act of buggery, instead fighting for the recognition of the culture produced by gay people. Why is their sexuality ignored in the textbooks?

One of the many famous gay people he lists is Alan Turing, the scientist who created the concept of the 'Turing Machine', and whose decoding of the Nazi's Enigma Code was considered a major contribution to our success in the Second World War. He was openly gay, lost his security clearance after the war, was forced to undergo hormone treatment to 'normalise' his behaviour, and finally committed suicide.

I can never allow this play to be

performed in any form. It's production is absolutely refused. It is a play that says Egyptians are homosexuals. This is something I refuse to permit on stage.' This was the response of the theatre censor in Cairo when asked by Karim Alrawi why his new play, 'Crossing the Water', had been banned. In it he portrays the relationships between seven people leading up to and during the Suez Crisis. The political conflict being a backdrop to the exploration of the personal ethics and exploitation within the group, personal confrontation being used to destructive ends.

The bisexual diplomat who believes in ethics but has not the strength to act on them. His flirtatious wife falling in love with her husband's gay lover, a young Egyptian poet. The wife also discovering that her adored, late father, raped and continually abused a thirteen year old Egyptian girl, with the support of an Egyptian friend. The girl being murdered by her own family to rid themselves of the shame. The corruption of colonial ownership and arrogance, the lost hope of the English as they watch the RAF bomb Alexandria Harbour. A powerful tragedy of lost dreams, symbolised near the end by the hopeless search for pearls in oyster shells.

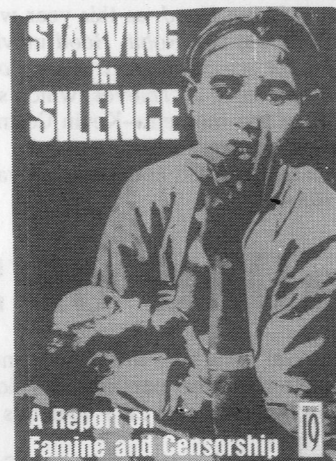
A premiere reading of the play, by leading British actors, followed by a discussion with the playwright, will take place at the ICA on Sunday 12th May from 2:00pm to 6:00pm. Tickets £10, concs £7. This is a part of a series of readings and discussions of banned plays called the Censored Theatre Project. Events are taking place bi-monthly, for further information telephone Linda Brandon, ICA Talks Director on 071 930 0493. The ICA is situated on the Mall, the road running from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square.

Starving in Silence

One of the largest famines of modern times occurred in China between 1959 and 1961. At least 14 million lives were lost, the population of China actually dropping. Yet in 1989 a BBC journalist was told these years had had bumper crops. Even people who had lost their entire families spoke, not of famine, but 'sannian kunan', or 'three difficult years'. ARTICLE 19, in their report on famine and censorship called 'Starving in Silence', document the censorship and misinformation behind the China famine, as well as those in Sudan and Ethiopia.

To promote the effectiveness of their agricultural revolution Chairman Mao's China encouraged the active exaggeration of estimates of crop yields. During the years that yields were claimed to be increasing in great bounds, the real situation was of growing starvation due to recurrent droughts and the continued export of foods to the Soviet Union. This was compounded through lack of aid due to censorship internally and internationally. Peng Dehuai, Red Army founder, Long March veteran and Korean War Hero died in 1974 after years of imprisonment and violent interrogation due to his attempts to make Mao aware of the exaggerated yield reports and the famine. He was not alone.

'They did fuck all, Sir.' Colonel Hugh Mackay, Overseas Director of Save the Children Fund responding to a question by Sir Anthony Kershaw during a Foreign Affairs Committee meeting to find out



why the British government had been kept in the dark about the famine in Ethiopia that lasted from 1982-85. Colonel Mackay was explaining the disbelief of embassy officials to reports of approaching famine by Oxfam and Save the Children. Examining this cynicism, the control of information by the Ethiopian government, the definition of news by our own media, the censorship by the aid organisations in respect of the forced resettlement imposed by the government killing at least 100,000 more people and of the political causes of the famine, it exposes the true killing nature of censorship.

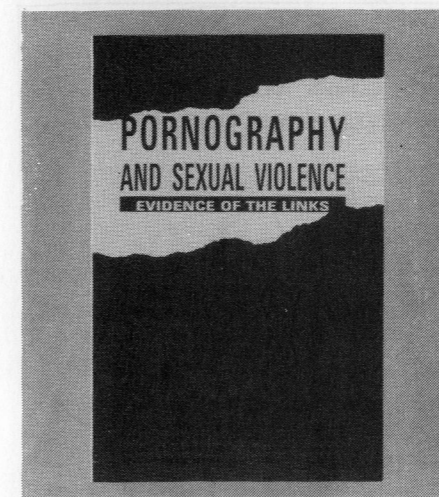
If you feel there is no way that your cries of help can be heard, your attempt to protest at encroaching hunger and starvation will be stifled by the apathy of hopelessness. You will starve in silence. This book is an outstanding contribution to the debate on the causes of famine. It is unique in the issues that it raises, explaining why they have not been raised by the organisations most involved in the famines covered.

To Boldly Go-The Final Chapter

Hypocrisy over Porn!

As part of Channel 4's 'Banned' Season there was a programme 'Signals; DV8 Physical Theatre' that used dance and talking heads to examine the issue of homosexuality and Clause 28. The last half was presented by a gay teacher. He sat in an enormous arm-chair, beside him sat an old man. He told the story of his childhood and his father's love. The love for a son that required no conditions. The old man watched him as he spoke, he was the father.

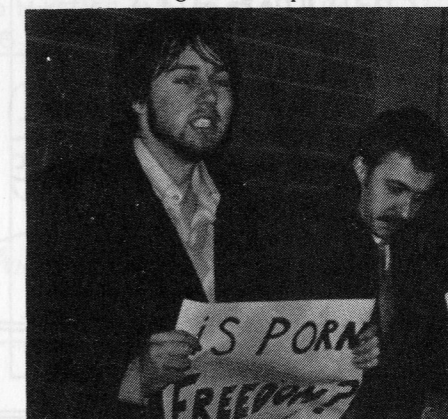
His plea for his humanity, whilst his lover's head rested on his lap, asked us to imagine that the person we love was hurt, was insulted, was beaten. He did not express hatred, just that we should understand the pain of being threatened because of who you love. How can so much hatred be expressed against people for their love, against people who do not threaten, who do not insult? It was a beautifully powerful defence of the human rights and dignity of homosexuals, something that is illegal to show where it is most needed, in our schools. Ours is a society where the effeminate child is bullied, and often blamed by teachers for being a victim. Where gays are beaten to death by young men to express their own perverted sense of manhood. Where being aggressive and hard is seen as exciting and good compared to those who are compassionate and care.



The anti-wimp, pro-macho society is one that rests on intolerance, preferring the rule of violence to that of justice. Only four years ago, at IC, the macho culture of the Royal School of Mines was challenged. Indeed it had been fought against for more than a period of four years. They had a Union Officer called 'Hon Pornographer', who would read bad and obscene poetry at their UGMs. Then

once a year he would organise, for 'Foreign Student's Week', an evening of pornographic entertainment. The films included bestiality, sado-masochism, degrading images of men and women. It was an annual ritual celebration of the RSMU's attitude to manhood, one summed-up by hard drinking and fucking. As a Union event it relied upon the support of the students at Imperial College, who were thereby supporting, and profiting from, the portrayal of women as sexual organs to be used and abused by men and animals.

The campaign against 'Hon Porn Night' led to a response, in its defence, that expressed the inhumanity of the event. The RSMU resorted to lies and personal insults, creating an atmosphere in which



women were afraid to stand-up at a UGM to speak. Rather than debating the nature of the image of women, and men, that the Union was promoting, they hid behind a smokescreen of freedom. Those very people who censored through fear claimed to be fighters against censorship.

They had lost the debate from the start. They avoided the issues, used standing orders to try to prevent debate, lied about the nature of the event, even relied upon bribes of free beer to get supporters to the UGMs. The saddest part of the fight was the lack of understanding about the nature of Union representation and democracy. In a country that relies upon democracy as the form of government it is rather ironic that its science and engineering students failed to grasp that the nature of events organised in its name, in its building, with its equipment and money, represent attitudes and images that it finds acceptable. Our Union, assisting in the staging of this event, supported the use of these images as a form of entertainment. Images that insulted sexuality, that corrupted the humanity of women into play objects for men.



the DICK Kit



During the fight I was called a hypocrite, amongst many other names, as I admitted to enjoying pornography. I have been called this again, by those who know about my undergraduate campaigning activities, due to my organisation of 'To Boldly Go'. By showing 'Dick' and 'Visions of Ecstasy' I have been accused of showing pornography. The irony is that the events were an intellectual examination of the films, one of which, 'Dick', actually challenges, using wonderful humour, the macho image of the male supported by 'Hon Porn Night'. 'Dick' is a celebration of our humanity.

I wonder if our college has changed over the passed four years to join in that celebration and reject its inhuman past. Or has it just grown silent simply due to the pressure of work and exams, the silence being mistaken for tolerance, the lack of caring being mistaken for mutual respect, the lack of debate for the avoidance of trivial politics. Censorship is a vital issue here, so vital because most of us will have exercised the personal censorship of not giving a damn. The most effective form of censorship is not burning books or banning events, it is to promote lack of interest.

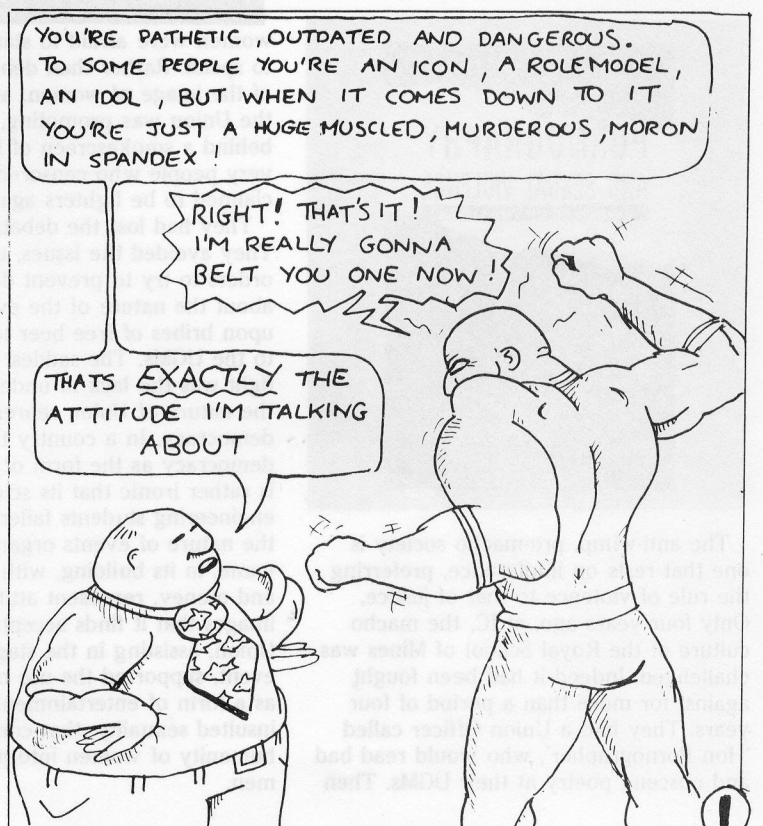
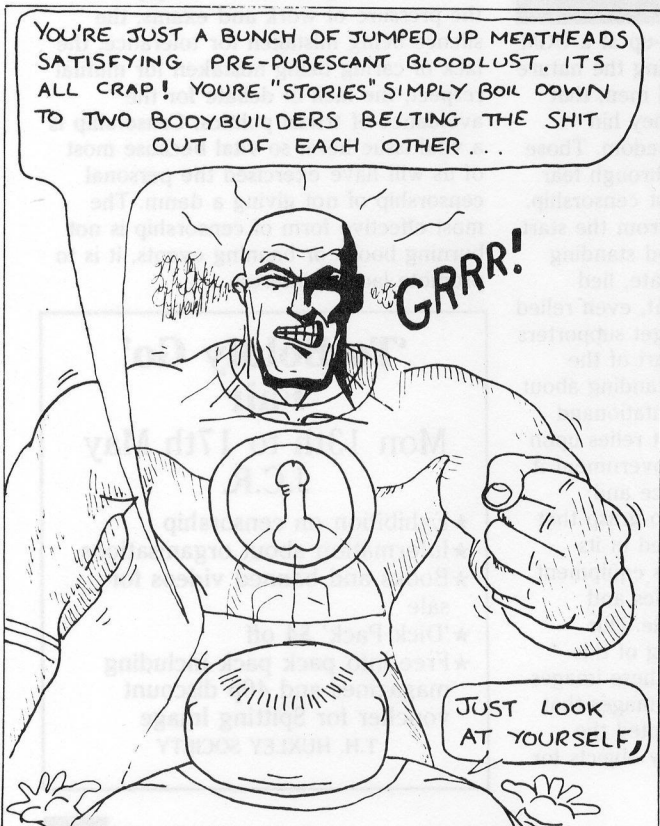
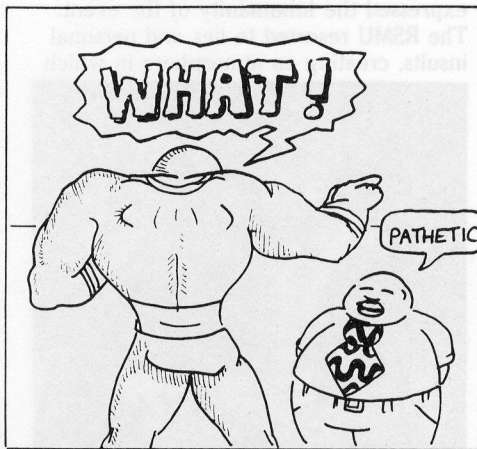
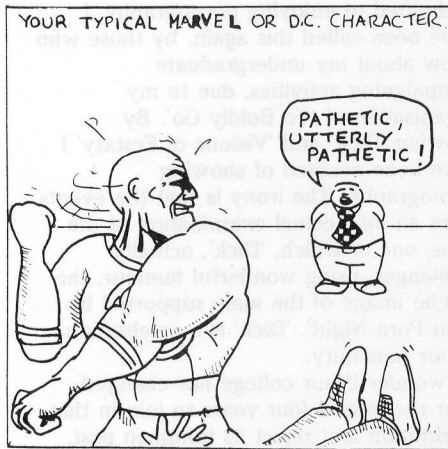
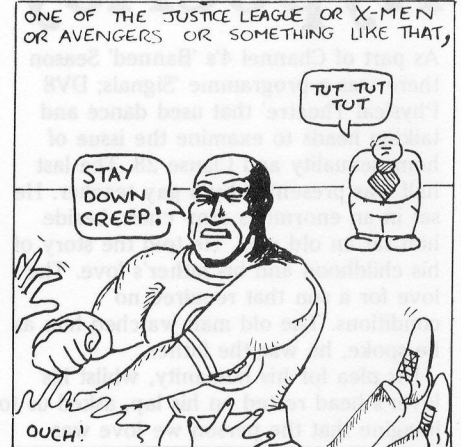
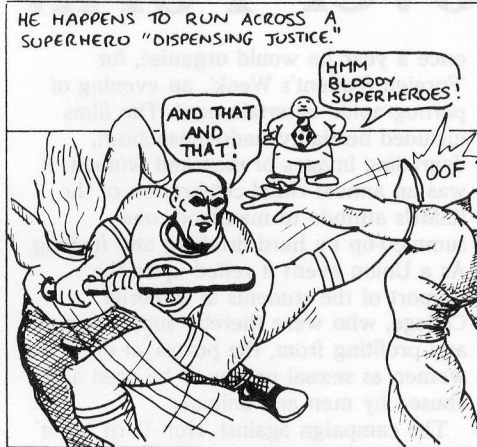
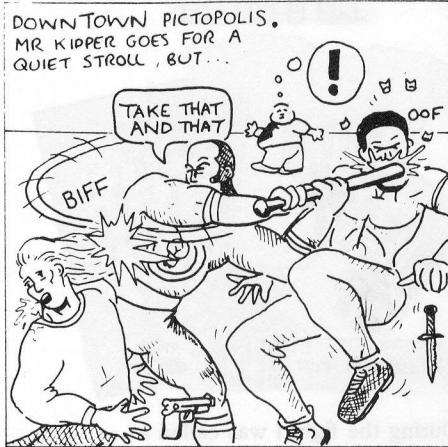
'To Boldly Go' Fair

Mon 13th to 17th May
J.C.R.

- ★ Exhibition on censorship
 - ★ Information about organisations
 - ★ Books and banned videos for sale
 - ★ 'Dick Pack' £4 off
 - ★ Free info pack including magazines and 40p discount voucher for Spitting Image
- T.H. HUXLEY SOCIETY

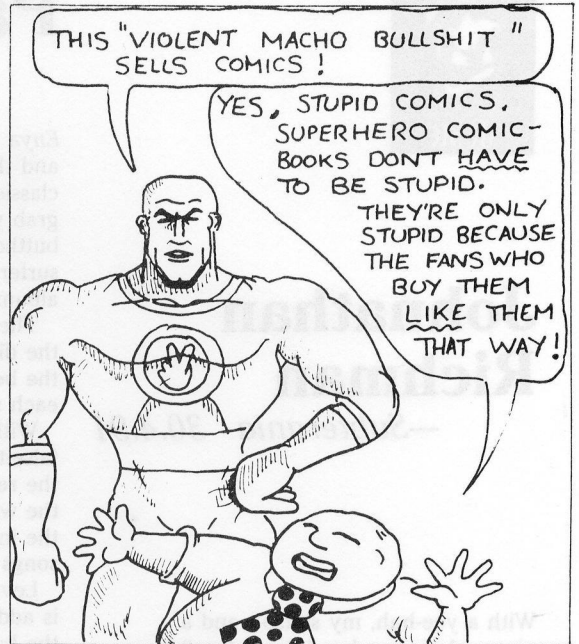
Mr K&PPER in

" VIOLENT MACHO BULLSHIT. "



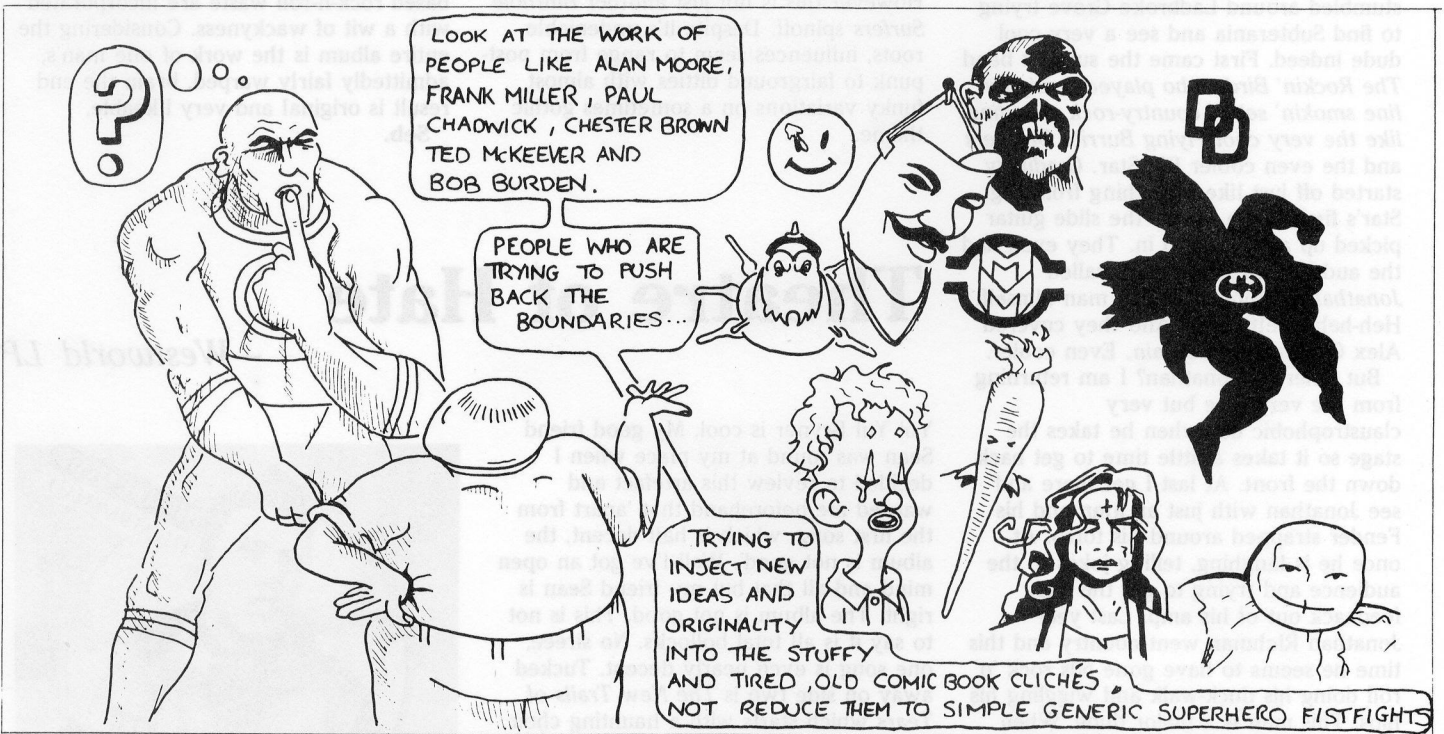


HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO PROGRESS IF YOU GUYS KEEP UP THIS VIOLENT MACHO BULLSHIT!



THIS "VIOLENT MACHO BULLSHIT" SELLS COMICS!

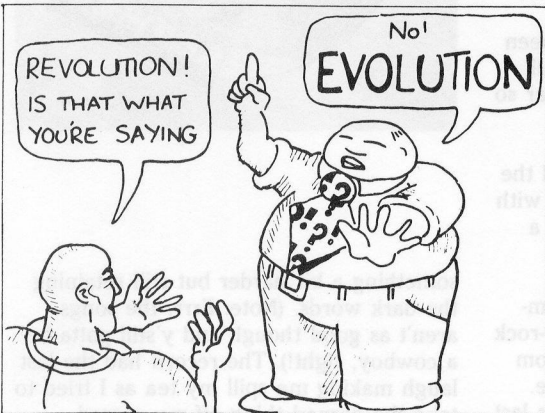
YES, STUPID COMICS. SUPERHERO COMIC-BOOKS DON'T HAVE TO BE STUPID. THEY'RE ONLY STUPID BECAUSE THE FANS WHO BUY THEM LIKE THEM THAT WAY!



LOOK AT THE WORK OF PEOPLE LIKE ALAN MOORE, FRANK MILLER, PAUL CHADWICK, CHESTER BROWN, TED MCKEEVER AND BOB BURDEN.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TRYING TO PUSH BACK THE BOUNDARIES...

TRYING TO INJECT NEW IDEAS AND ORIGINALITY INTO THE STUFFY AND TIRED, OLD COMIC BOOK CLICHÉS, NOT REDUCE THEM TO SIMPLE GENERIC SUPERHERO FISTFIGHTS

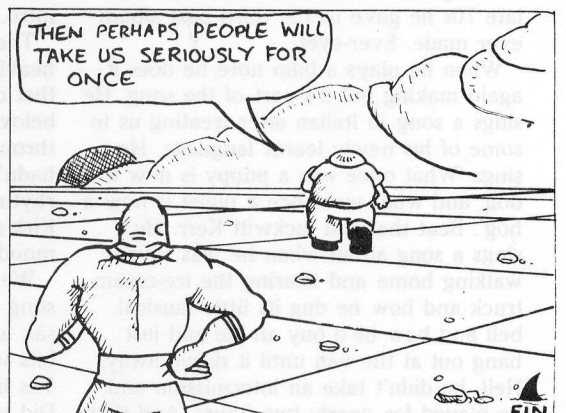


REVOLUTION! IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

No! EVOLUTION



ALL IT NEEDS IS A LITTLE PUSH. A BIT OF FLARE. A FEW NEW STYLES AND IDEAS.....



THEN PERHAPS PEOPLE WILL TAKE US SERIOUSLY FOR ONCE



MR KIPPER SEZ

"COMICS AREN'T JUST FOR KIDS!"



Johnathan Richman

—*Subterania* 30.4.91

With a yee-hah, my stetson and a pineapple in my hand (true! true!) I stumbled around Ladbroke Grove trying to find Subterania and see a very cool dude indeed. First came the support band *The Rockin' Birds* who played a mighty fine smokin' set of country-rock sounding like the very cool *Flying Burrito Brothers* and the even cooler Big Star. Gradually started off just like something from Big Star's first album before the slide guitar picked up and plugged in. They even had the audacity to sing a song called *Jonathan* in homage to the man himself. Heh-heh, pretty cool. And they covered Alex Chilton's *Free Again*. Even cooler.

But where is Jonathan? I am returning from the very nice but very claustrophobic bar when he takes the stage so it takes a little time to get back down the front. At last I get there and see Jonathan with just an amp and his Fender strapped around his torso. At once he is laughing, telling jokes to the audience and trying to get the bass feedback out of his amp. Last year Jonathan Richman went country and this time he seems to have gone 50s rock 'n' roll doing his duck-walk and wiggling his hips. This man is a major dude. When fronting *The Modern Lovers* in the mid-late 70s he gave us the third best album ever made. Ever-ever.

When he plays a bum note he does it again making out it's part of the song. He sings a song in Italian after treating us to some of his newly learnt language. He sings 'What once was a puppy is now a dog, and what was once a piglet is now a hog'. Beat that Jim fuckwitt Kerr. He sings a song about when he was seven walking home and hearing the ice-cream truck and how he dug its little musical bell and how he'd buy an ice and just hang out at the van until it drove away. Hell, he didn't take an intermission and he played for nearly two hours. And then he took his guitar, his jacket and his bag and left. The lights came on and I legged it to the gents. Too much tea y'see.

Dominic.

Paul Leary

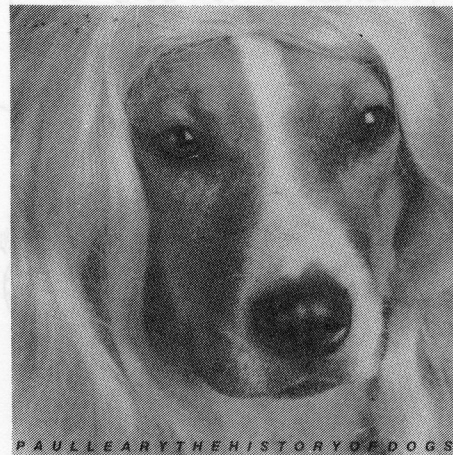
Enya meets *REM* with a bit of Kramer and the swans added for spice. This is a classic. If the dog on the front doesn't grab you then the connections with the buttoholes should (Paul Leary is a buttohole surfer the sticker on the front of the album proudly announces).

The dreamy spliff sounding vocals and the distinct lack of chords are great but the best thing is the musical variation—each song is different.

With *Buttholes* dancy beats and semi-falsetto vocals prove a selling point when the repetitive guitar sound (which is on the whole acoustic) depresses. But it is the injection of almost indie pop-hardcore songs which inject life into the record.

Levity, if it could be described as that, is added by the deep organ sound and the buttohole orientated guitar wanking. However this is not just another *Butthole Surfers* spinoff. Despite it's undeniable roots, influences seem to range from post-punk to fairground ditties with almost funky variations on a sometimes gothic theme.

—*The History of Dogs LP*



All the conventional sounds of hippy based rock-n-roll waste are incorporated with a wit of wackyness. Considering the entire album is the work of one man's, admittedly fairly warped, brain the end result is original and very likeable.

Seb.

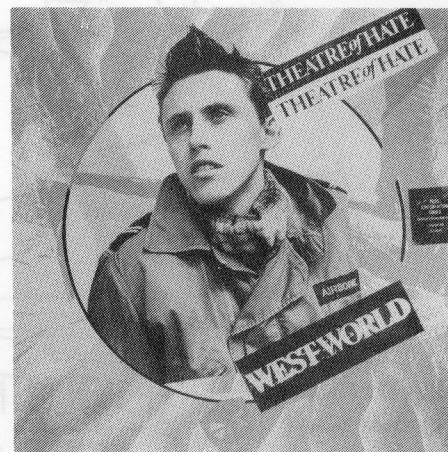
Theatre of Hate

—*Westworld LP*

Yo! Yul Bryner is cool. My good friend Sean was round at my place when I decided to review this artefact and warned me beforehand that 'apart from the first song, which is half decent, the album is not good'. Well I've got an open mind and all that but my friend Sean is right. The album is not good. This is not to say it is all total bollocks. No sireee, one song is even nearly decent. Tucked away on side two is *The New Trails of Tears* which starts with a haunting choir mixed down low and its Spanish spoken intro.

Thematically the band must have been heavily into spaghetti westerns and all that outlaw stuff, as that twangy guitar so beloved of those films is found throughout the album. Kirk Brandon hadn't yet learnt to sing too well and the rhythm is suitably sparse throughout with Kirk's dark and dank vocals creating a mood of tension and depression.

We decided *Freaks* to be the worst song on the album with semi-free-form-sax and some very, very dodgy prog-rock bits which sounded like something from *Yes* in 1975. Now, the KLF have style. Did you see them on *Top of the Pops* last week? That's showbiz. Anywaysayowusa back to this record. Only buy it if you're a Spanish post-punk proto-miserablism cowboy or y'dig brooding in your room listening to *The Smiths* and want



something a bit harder but still retaining the dark words. (Note: Errr, the songs aren't as good though and y'still gotta be a cowboy, right!). The record had the last laugh making me spill my tea as I tried to take the darned thing off my record player. Whilst mopping up some tea which had landed on my Yul Bryner video collection I noticed a Yul film called *Westworld*. How bizarre!

Dominic.

An exercise in creative writing by John and Dominic

Boo Radleys



Frantically reading the press release on the tube, we cautiously made our way to ULU to meet the legend that is Boo Radleys. Well, maybe not the legend, but they're certainly making a big splash in the paddling pool that is the ever growing phalanx of noisy melodic post-dinosaur neo-valentine pre-92 guitar bands....

After seeing them soundcheck, we met them in the ante-room of the ULU bar. After ignorant introductions on our part, the conversation dragged round to Every Heaven their newish EP, currently at no. 1.

Liverpool scene: real or surreal? yeah, its all madeup. there are a load of bands, its just that they're all crap. The La's are really boring, their FRONT MAN Lee Mavers was in the PUB on New Year's Eve TALKING about STUDIOS. Boring! Boring! (And the Farm are ? Really drab.) We are a pop band. we want to be on totp. "We'll probably get our heads kicked in when we go back to Liverpool," they said.

Life on tour: well the Boo's aren't too enthralled by the word HYGEINE. Hotel trashing?? Well they got kicked out of

drummer lives with Dr. Phibes and the House of Wax Equations (buy the album, and the Boo Radleys, they're reeeeeeally great.) '89 saw the release of the Boo's debut vinyl offering, on a local Liverpool label, "Ichabod and I" (from a cartoon we gather) . A mini album, good old Johnny Peel played it and press interest began. "It was the only deal we could get at the time, and small labels can't afford to put out singles." After the stonking Curve support set (see next week's interview)the photographer got locked in the dressing room and missed what turned out to be



Greed. Money. Sex. Power. Drugs. Is the world their oyster? No, they're all made up. We probably haven't sold half as many as that. I mean we're ahead of the Inspirial carpets, and there's no way we've sold more than them. It's just certain shops. No we don't get any money from it. But we do have a 15 year old who fancies Martin (guitarist).

What were you doing before you were in the band? Nothing, but we thought about it for 12 years.

one in Bristol because they got up too late. Hmmm. In fact most of the places they stay in are B & B. The tour was going fine until they crashed into The Pink Toothbrush in Rayleigh which is / is not possibly interesting, so we won't talk about it. Commenting on post-tour activity, we hoped they'd talk about their groopies (sic) but they don't. They'd rather have a cup of tea and go to bed.

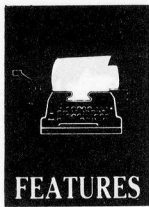
Bands. Groups. Artistes. Dr. Phibes?? Anyone??

Well we really like Swervedriver, The MC5, and we asked Curve to support us and we hate the Farm. Yeah, the

what they described as a good, but not mindblowing, gig. We thought it was truly, deeply and chemically great. And our minds were blown.

Back in the dressing room, and reunited with our photographer, we witnessed many stars pass through the portals and pay homage to the legend that is Boo, including Chapterhouse, the Pale Saints and very nearly Jim and William, but not quite.

DISCLAIMER: this article is loosely based on a true to life interview with the B.R's 26/4/91



A Week for Life

Next week is Christian Aid Week. On Monday, members of the West London Chaplaincy will be collecting around college on behalf of Christian Aid; but just where will the money go when it comes out of the tin again? What, in short, is all the fuss about?

'I'm not giving money if...'

When we were collecting last year, a few people refused to donate any money because 'it would only be used to fund missionary work'. They didn't want their money being used to spread the Christian faith. Fair enough. It would have been better if they'd waited for an answer though, because Christian Aid isn't a missionary society, it's an *aid* charity.

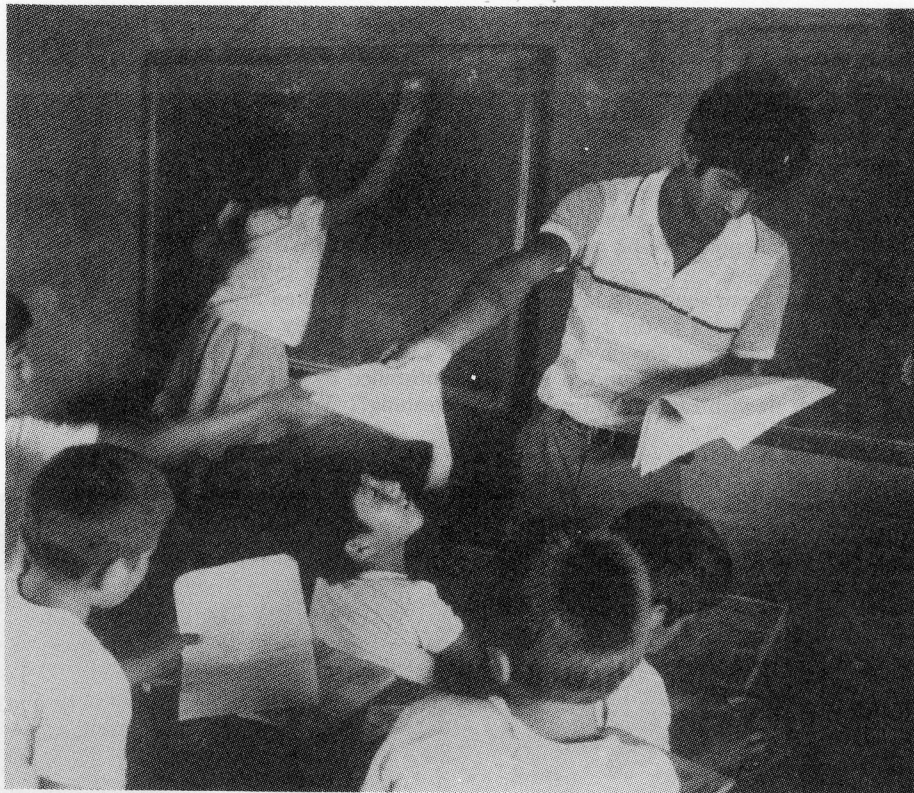
Just like any other

Like the other major aid organisations (Oxfam, Cafod and similar groups) Christian Aid is concerned with many different projects in many countries. Long term projects to help communities improve their living standards reflect the Christian belief that all people have a right to basic living standards, whilst rapid response to emergency situations is also a major concern. Christian Aid has also been part of this year's campaign against the third world debt crisis, reflecting the degree to which the developed world is responsible for the continued problems facing developing countries.

Life before death

From 13th to 18th May around 400,000 collectors will be at work in Britain, aiming to beat last year's record six and a half million pound total. There's no doubt that the money is needed. To date, despite the massive aid programme for Kurdish refugees, Britain has provided no new aid money. This means that the money being spent on aid for Kurds in Turkey and Iran won't be available for use in the famine already hitting Africa. Christian Aid alone estimates that it needs to raise a further 1.5 million just to pay for essential food for Eritrea: it has already donated 2.8 million since January. It is hoped that this will in turn persuade European governments to fund a further 750,000 tonnes of aid (about £750 million worth).

The magnitude of the figures is appalling. Yet this money is merely to stave off starvation; it can do no long-term good. Christian Aid and the other aid charities try whenever possible to use money for longer term development projects and education in order to give the maximum return to all the money used. People are encouraged to learn skills which enable them to work for their own food rather than to depend on first world handouts, water supplies are made



safe and reliable, education is a prime concern. In Bolivia, Christian Aid works alongside a national organisation of mine workers' cooperatives, helping their members acquire skills essential to the running of the cooperatives. At the same time, mothers are taught how to mix drinks of water, sugar and salt to prevent death from diarrhoea or dehydration. There is a school for children who would otherwise be beggars, where they can learn marketable skills.

All this, however, isn't even the top of the iceberg. As Larry Boyd of Christian Aid says, 'it can be very difficult for Christian Aid to decide which projects to support. There are so many good ones and such great needs that charities alone cannot come close to covering them all'. Christian Aid's response is two fold: to listen to local advice on which projects are of most help and also to seek to change major world economic factors which hinder third world development. This year's campaign to encourage banks to write off more third world debts and relieve countries like Bolivia of the crippling interest burdens has been a fruit of such a process.

There must be more

There should be more to human life than an endless struggle for survival, yet the hard work of the poor of the third world who try to better their lives can only pay off if the developed world is willing to help the process. Christian Aid can go a small way towards that aim. Please, be generous in your contributions on

Monday. If you wish, write to your MP asking them to encourage higher government spending on aid and disaster relief.

Andy Cooksley
(West London Chaplaincy)

'The street child has no one and sees everyone as an enemy', says Augustin Garcia, who lived on the streets for two years before taking refuge at Colonia Pirai when it started in 1972. Today he is a teacher at Colonia Pirai, helping to train former street children to earn a living from skilled trades.

It can be very difficult for Christian Aid to decide which programmes to support. There are so many good ones and such great needs that charities alone cannot come close to covering them all.

For this reason Christian Aid listens to the groups it is able to support to learn what can be done in Britain and Ireland to change the economic relations between the rich countries and the Third World that keep people poor.

Bolivian groups point out that their country has been using a large percentage of its earnings from exports to pay back loans taken out before the tin market crashed and interest rates soared. It is a pattern repeated in many other countries, and why Christian Aid started its Banking on the Poor campaign, urging debt relief for poor nations.

When people work as hard as they do in Bolivia, they deserve a chance to live.

Larry Boyd.

Canoeing Boat Club



After finishing last term with a successful surfing trip to Scrunge in Wales, on the first day of the vacation the canoe club set off for its second, traditional, Easter tour to Scotland—a small country in the North of England.

On the Saturday night, after a twelve hour drive, both vehicles miraculously arrived at our first week's accommodation in Invermoriston, on the edge of Loch Ness.

After a good night's sleep, we set off on a gentle warm-up paddle to the river Spey. Over the first few days the troops progressed in difficulty, allowing the novices present to build up their confidence and also take advantage of numerous swimming opportunities. The paddling was good, but unfortunately our choice of rivers was limited as, unusually for Scotland, there was no bloody water!

After a sightseeing trip to Skye, we then moved our base South West to Loch Awe—an area containing a number of meaty rivers. Needless to say that by this time we were praying for rain and amazingly our prayers were answered; unfortunately whoever was listening was just a tad over zealous, and all the rivers rose about five feet overnight, and most were deemed unsafe to paddle for the rest of the week. We therefore had to reassess the situation, and most of us were limited to a day trip on the Loch and also to paddling a one mile stretch of the river Orchy—just for the sake of it. Some of the more experienced paddlers decided to risk life and limb on some of the 'safer' raging torrents.

Despite the disappointing conditions, everyone enjoyed the trip, and plans are afoot for next year's tour—possible to the Ardeche.

Meanwhile we regularly go on weekend trips to such places as Wales and Devon; anyone who would like to give canoeing a try is welcome to come along to an introductory pool session on a Tuesday evening.

Snooker

Over the Easter recess, someone broke into the Snooker room and took 2 and a half sets of snooker balls. For this reason, the Snooker club has been unable to open as usual. So if anyone out there knows anything about the theft please get in touch with any member of the Snooker Committee. If the thief himself were to return the balls, it would be greatly appreciated, and no further action will be considered.

Last Friday, the Boat Club's First Eight represented the College at Henley Regatta in Japan, racing against fourteen other University crews. Over 1,600 metres of the Sumida River in Tokyo. IC dominated the first heat of the competition, finishing well clear of the field, which included Melbourne University. The final was an epic one; IC were led off the start, but rowed through the opposition to win by nine seconds. Nippon University were runners-up, Durham University a close third, with Waseda University from Tokyo fourth.

The result came as a huge relief to the crew, who had overcome an eight hour time difference, difficulties in rigging a borrowed boat, a strong headwind and a very rough river. The racing was shown live on Japanese TV and the crew acquired celebrity status in the eyes of a large crowd. Japan was suitably impressed by the professionalism of Imperial College Boat Club.

UAU Cricket

UCL vs IC Saturday 4th May 1st XI

IC lost by 1 run

After a delayed start due to a wet pitch, IC put UCL in to bat having won the toss. Thanks to some excellent bowling by John Mottashed, who took 6 wickets, UCL were bowled out shortly after lunch for 133.

Imperial started badly, and slumped to 50-5 by tea. After tea, IC captain, Mike Anderson, set about rescuing the position with typical gritty determination. He was finally out lbw having scored 43 runs and having been dropped at least 3 times. It was left to the last two batsmen to try to score the winning runs. Unfortunately after a nailbiting finish, IC were all out for 132, which severely reduces the chances of the 1st XI's chances of going through to the next round.

2nd XI

IC win by 8 wickets

Once again IC won the toss and put UCL in. After under twenty overs UCL were all back in the pavilion having just scored 29 runs. This rout was mainly due to Rup Ranerjee, who took five wickets including a hatrick finishing with figures of 9-3-11-5, and being ably supported by Steve Everton.

IC quickly scored the runs to win, with Gunni Dhahyalla scoring 22 n.o. A beer match was them hastily organised due to the match finishing so quickly. UCL were sadly thrashed again. "It's like taking candy from children" observed one umpire!

Ents

It's getting to that time of the year when most students have only one thing on their minds...How are those Ent's kids going to continue to provide top-quality entertainment with the pressures of examinations lying heavy upon their weary shoulders? Well, fellow 24-hour-party-people, do not despair!

Top boffins at Ent's HQ are working on a secret formula to provide you, the punters, with top-notch entertainment every week of the term, at unbeatable, my-god-how-do-they-do-it prices, starting this Friday, when our regular club LIBIDO moves from Wednesday to Friday. It's in the Lounge, it starts at 8.00 and goes on till 12.00, and above all, it's FREE.

And the rest of term? God knows, but we'll think of something.

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Editorial



Okay, time for some explanations. The last two issues have been rather light-weight at only 12 pages. This was due to me having an exam at the end of the first week of term, and last week the paper suppliers didn't. This week Felix is creeping back up to the 20 pages I had planned as a regular size for this term, and only missed it because of the Bank Holiday. I apologise for the smaller sizes, but what with exams and circumstances beyond my control, we're having to work on a very week-by-week basis.

Here we go. Again.

Speaking of week-by-week, that seems to be the way the Rector works as well. One week he seems to have got the message that virtually no-one wants the College day to be extended by starting at a silly time and finishing at a silly time, and that the proposal just isn't justifiable, and the next week he's decided to ignore all that, and try to go ahead with it anyway.

So, I'm afraid that we may have to go through the whole farcical scenario again. So for your own sakes, and those of any future students at IC, if another EGM or survey is called, get involved and stop His Rectorship from running rampant

through the structure of our college, and show him that he can't just change anything he wants just because he wants to. Even if he really really wants to.

Money, Money, Money...

At about this time of year some of the Greater Gods of College use their near infinite wisdom to decide on next year's rents for college accommodation. Of course, as they haven't officially released them yet we'll all have to wait until next week to see what they're going to be. However, as they've been steadily going up for at least the last two years, it seems likely that this trend could continue, especially when you consider that the accommodation sector of college has debts amounting to around £20.5 million, and it seems that they expect the students to pay this off. That seems fair to me. After all, the Estates Director, Gordon Marshall, refused to make any comment about the possibility that bad management was to blame for the debt, and said that the purchase of the Clayponds site was a 'very good move', despite the fact that it, combined with the overall bungling of the Montpelier sale, is directly responsible for a large proportion of this debt. And he must be right. Of

course, I could be wrong, and rents might just go up by the 10.5% called for by inflation. Anyone want to give me some odds?

Staff Meeting: Monday 1pm.

Credits:

Typesetting and Printing: Rose and Andy

News Editor: Anna Teeman

Arts Editor: Matt and Sumit

Books Editor: Michael

Music Editor: John

Clubs Editor: Khurruum

Photo Editor: Dick

The Team: Ian, Adam, Jonty, Nige, Sarah, Stef

The Collators: Steven, The Dedicated Few and of course all the random strays.

Felix is produced for and on behalf of the Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed at the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB (Tel 071-225 8672).
Editor: Andrew Butcher, Manager: Chris Stapleton.
Business Manager: Jeremy Burnell. Copyright Felix 1991 ISSN 1040-0711.

Felix needs you!

Okay guys and gals, it's summer term and people are trying to get some work done. This leaves us a bit short of material.

So, if you've ever wanted fame, fortune and your name in print, now's your chance!



FELIX

ICU Social Colours

Students

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Jeremy Burnell
Angela Creissen
Carline Cruttwell
Tom Cunnington
Clive Dodmead
James Edwards
Hugh Eland
Richard Eyers
Stever Farrant
Dave Gathercole
Cameron Gilmour
Rhydian Hapgood
Richard Harrison
Graeme Hay
Flemming Heino
Zoe Hellinger
Benjamin Irons
Permjit Jhooti

Graham Lawton
Mylan Lester
Nick Marley
Tnaya Maule
BJ McCabe
Laurie McNamee
Gina Mortley
Warwick Mullan
Michael Newman
Mike O'Connell
Steve Puttick
Louise Rafferty
Suma Setty
Silwood Park Committee
Emma Skitt
Kevin Tilbrook
Dominic Wilkinson

College Staff

Russ Clark

Gary Gray
Bill Mason
Mick Reynolds
Seb Gencay
Val Straw
Vernon McClure

Academic Staff

John Archer
John Harrison
Pat Holmes
Martin Liebeck
Bob Schroter
Ken Weale

Outside College

Simon Banton
Gerald Road Police Station
Jonathan Kohn
Gary Stark

HELP!

Reviewers wanted for Theatre

Apply to the FELIX OFFICE

Rag Fête Tomorrow

Seeing as most of you will be reading this during your first lecture on Friday, let's have some fun. Hands up all those who know what Rag Fête is. (Alright hands down as the lecturer's wondering what mistake s(h)e's just made.)

Well for those of you who don't, it's that one afternoon in May when everyone takes a break from their intense study (or procrastinates a bit more if they haven't got down to it yet) and enjoys themselves at the College's Annual Fête.

Taking over the whole of Prince's Gardens on Saturday 11th May between 2pm and 5pm it's already promising to be much better than last year!

Attractions

As you've probably already seen on the posters, attractions this year include:

Twat the Rat
Gunge Wrestling
Kissing Stall
Stocks
Pig Roast
Confectionary Stalls
Hit Squad
Remote Control Car Racing
The Motorised Mascots (Bo, Clem and Jez)
Lucky Dip

Raffle & Balloon Race

Tickets are already on sale for the Great Rag Raffle which has over fifty prizes, worth over £600. These include eight different meals for two, Levi 501s, wines, spirits and books. With the top prize of a £50 travel voucher. The draw for this great raffle will be near the end of the fête and tickets will be available throughout for only 50p.

To close the fête the Civil Aviation Authority have at last granted permission to release over 400 balloons across London in a huge balloon race. Entry for this will be at the fête.

Unicef Karaoke

In the evening of the Rag Fête Unicef will be holding a Karaoke night in the Union Lounge Bar from 9pm to midnight. This will give all you budding stars a chance to perform and the rest of us a chance to sit and have a good laugh at your expense. It's only two quid (£2.00) on the door, though tickets will also be available at the Rag Stall during the Fête.

See you there and have fun.


Jugglers

The Incredibly Inconceivably Impossibly Unrideably Wobbly Bicycle
Balloon Race
The Great Rag Raffle Prize Draw
Plate Smashing
Squeaky Voice Stall
Tug of War
Rag Stall (selling, amongst other things, past rag mags for those who thought this year's wasn't as good as last year's!)

And hopefully (for all you bouncy castle fans) a bouncy castle!

To add to all the fun and festivities, Southside Bar will be open all afternoon!

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS



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