

# The GAFF

— St. Clare's  Oxford —

Issue N° 1  
December 1991  
£ 1.40

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Yours for not even  
two pounds! And,  
hey, what else  
can you get for  
28 of your English  
bobs in this day  
and age?

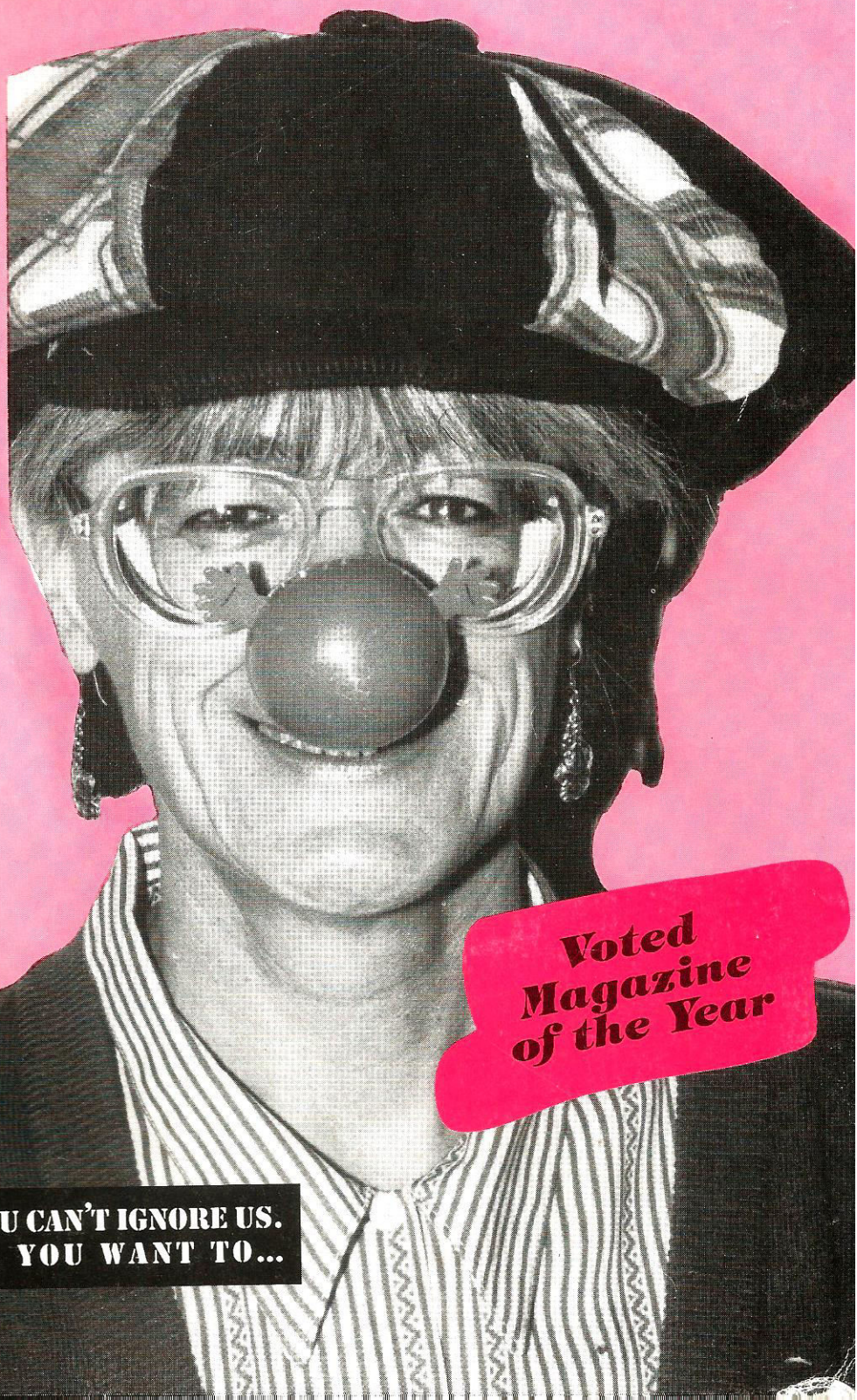
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Entertainment  
Politics  
SEX!!!  
Cartoons  
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S p o r t s

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**Voted  
Magazine  
of the Year**

**LOVE US OR HATE US - YOU CAN'T IGNORE US.  
UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT TO...**





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L O N D O N   P A R I S   N E W Y O R K   F R A N K F U R T

## Former Editorial

You can now exhale! The first issue of *The GAFF* is presently lying in front of you. We hope to deliver to you a broad variety of articles with the right mixture of tackled tickled typical tapical topi... (You're fired! - Ed.)

## New Editorial

The man with easy power to put it over  
Blames not the public taste, but lives in clover.  
He by whose art men's fiery thoughts are fanned  
Rejoices in a sea of upturned faces.  
Then courage, friends, show 'em the master-hand,  
Let fancy fly, with all her lofty graces,  
Pack wisdom in, with tenderness and passion,  
But never put good fooling out of fashion.

from "Faust I" by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

You can now continue to expel air in the process of respiration! Most probably, you are currently reading these very lines and are about to enter the fascinating world of a completely new form of *keine Grenzen kennenden* jurnalizm.

The main reason for the delay in publishing this first issue was our financial situation of gargantuan and yes, dare one say, elephantine dimensions (You thought Robert Maxwell had money problems!). We hoped to raise enough dough for our lavish expenditures (e.g. orgies, lots of business luncheons, company bicycles and, well, the printing of the magazine: each copy cost us £2.95) through selling advertisement space. Alas, that wasn't as easy as we thought: After the first three days we had not sold a single advert. That's why we depend on your support in paying £1.40 for every issue! Here we would like to thank Caroline, Nick and those GAMs from the Student Council very much for their ever so valuable mental and, er, financial help!

1a) Meetin', greetin'...

1b) ...grippin', grinnin'

OK now, so it costs you 140 pee, but what with the recession, inflation, the "ERM", the ecu (whatever that is), interest "rates" and all that sort of economic guff, it's just inevitable... and look what you're getting! 52 pages of first rate jurnalizm! Lots of mentions of people whose names end in "n" (Hoffman,

Nolan, Kirsch, Osborn, Pharaon, Vossen)! And... (You are, due to the current economic climate, basket of currencies etc., fired! - Ed.)

Anyway, being students of St. Clare's from about every corner of the world the international nature of our magazine is of utmost import (Nice suit senator!). We therefore rely upon your broad-mindedness while reading this quite scintillating piece of cunning expertise (*Grosse Klappe und nichts dahinter!* - F. Nietzsche).

Although we would never in a thousand years believe that you could live up to our sophisticated intellectual level (as they say: Genius is pain!), and we wouldn't stoop so far as to beg, we would greatly appreciate any of your mentally diarrheic contributions, preferably transmogrified onto paper in form of articles etc. (PLEASE!!!): not only will they be butchered ferociously but also mercilessly censored. If you want to you can of course write in your first language, but don't worry if English is not your mother tongue as we welcome any form of entertainment that might provide us with a few sneeringly condescending chuckles, chockles, checkles... (You're chickled! - Ed.)

Please don't feel inhibited to splutter in the quite white spaces of our seemingly endless questionnaire and hand it in at the porter's lodge. This will help us to improve YOUR magazine. The remarks that are the most flatteringly over-the-top and extremely exaggerated will, of course, be rather generously rewarded.

Please, do feel free to make use of *The Gaff* as a forum to air your views on anything and everything!

We hope you enjoy the magazine! And – hey! – have a nice day.

*The Men in the Moon*

*The GAFF*

3



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(Is this supposed to be funny? – Taimor)

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# Contents

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## REGULARS

Highlights of the Autumn Term '91 . . . . .	6
Questionnaire . . . . .	7
Letters: You write in – we give out! . . . . .	50

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## POLITICS

On Being A Racist . . . . .	8
Environment Day . . . . .	11
Recycling . . . . .	16

---

## ENTERTAINMENT

Billy Bathgate . . . . .	13
Why Vinegar Tom? . . . . .	15
Creating Special Effects for TV and Film . . . . .	47

---

## THE MEANING OF LIFE

Living to Eat and Partying to Live . . . . .	9
Problem Page . . . . .	21
A Presidential Message from the White (Sugar) House . . . . .	30
How to Improve your Love Life at St. Clare's . . . . .	34
Lines of the Month I . . . . .	35
Lines of the Month II . . . . .	42
Graveyards . . . . .	44
Dear Diary, . . . . .	45
Mafia Application . . . . .	49

---

## ESSAYS / SHORT STORIES

The Story of Aikin . . . . .	17
Showers . . . . .	22
Friday the 13 <sup>th</sup> . . . . .	36



## MISCELLANEOUS

<i>Sugar Thoughts</i> . . . . .	23
<i>What is really meant by 'Recycling'?</i> . . . . .	24
<i>Vacanze all'Americana?</i> . . . . .	25
<i>Soccer</i> . . . . .	26
<i>Yoga for the depressed, tired or decomposed</i> . . . . .	32
<i>The Oxford Union</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Heaven and Hell</i> . . . . .	43

## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

<i>España tiene un color especial</i> . . . . .	20
<i>En oändlig men otrolig historia</i> . . . . .	27
<i>Diálogo entre las mexicanas Ricas en St. Clare's</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Norwegian Lines of the Month</i> . . . . .	33
<i>Les 1</i> . . . . .	41
<i>L'ingombrante Mina</i> . . . . .	46

This issue of *The GAFF* is on, as the marketing men have it, „sale“ from December 13. The next issue will, disasters permitting, be down your way come April 10, in that year they're already naming „1992“.

What they used to call setting, and page make-up via Microsoft Word and PageMaker. What they just about still call printing by Parchment Ltd., Oxford.

No part of this magazine may be reproduced, smoked, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted by any means electronic, psychic, mechanical, recording, or otherwise without the prior permission of the publishers. Hmm, it's that old art-versus-commerce chestnut, innit? Cronkite's got a point, but then, on the other hand, you can see what Barthes' trying to say, yeah? Like, can *The GAFF* ever really be art? Can art be *The GAFF*? Then, again, what is art? And what, for that matter, is *The GAFF*? Or commerce? And indeed, . . . (Indeed, you're fired – Ed.)

### WE'VE STARTED SO WE'LL FINISH!

#### *The GAFF* ringrazia

- Steven Jobs for inventing the Apple Macintosh.
- John Major for finally bringing down inflation, tee hee . . . (You're substituted – *The Ghost of Neil K.*)
- George Bush for kicking Saddam's butt (Say what?)
- Barry McIlheney for his wit . . .
- Guillermo für den wunderbaren Wein.
- Federico Fieconi for his encouragement and insight.
- Daniele for being so sexy!
- Camel for giving us lung cancer and biodegradable filters . . .
- Roget for his wonderful/splendid/glorious/superb/marvellous/sensational/terrific Thesaurus.

## COVER PAGE

This time we managed to get a photo appointment with the marvelous top model, teenage idol and 'part-time' headmistress Margaret Skarland. © Photograph: Christian Kirsch.

Supremely seductive silk dress and alluring red nose. All Yves Saint Laurent couture.

Beauty note: flawless honey-coloured skin with Teint Poudre N° 3, lightly brushed with Loose Powder N° 1. Cheeks sculpted with Fard à Joues N° 34. Eyes emphasised with Eyeshadow Powder Duo N° 101, from the new Love spring collection; slick Black Eye Pencil N° 2; and Black Mascara Vitalisant N° 1 to accentuate false lashes. Lipstick N° 61, brushed with pearly white Automatic Eye-Lighter N° 1. Scent: Y. All by YSL. Fashion editor: Leanne Morgan. Hair: Tanya Siraa. Make-up: Are Lomsdalen. (That's enough beauty tips! – Robert Osborn)

## SHOWERS

Tony Lurcock's essay about the English and their relationship with their bathrooms. Do they prefer bathing or having a shower? Find out on page 22.



## THE OXFORD UNION

Why not join the Oxford Union? They don't only organise interesting debates, but also have bars and discos with cheap prices. Page 40



# Highlights

## of the Autumn Term '91

Sun, 1 Sep	New IB1 and PIB students arrived	Sat, 2 Nov	Disco
Wed, 4 Sep	IB2 students arrived	Tue, 5 Nov	Cats Lloyd-Webber smash hit. New London Theatre.
Sat, 7 Sep	Barbecue and Disco in the evening	Sat, 9 Nov	Bath Guided tour of city and entry to roman baths with afternoon free.
Mon, 9 Sep	IB2: Session on University entrance	Tue, 12 Nov	„Environment“ Day Visit by University of Pennsylvania
Sun, 22 Sep	English Course students arrived	Thu, 21 Nov	Thanksgiving Day
Sat, 28 Sep	London Guided tour with afternoon free.	Fri, 22 Nov	Ballet Rambert Contemporary dance. The Apollo, Oxford.
Sat, 28 Sep	Disco	Sat, 23 Nov	Stratford-upon-Avon & Warwick Castle Guided tour of Shakespearean sights with afternoon free.
Tue, 1 Oct	Me and My Girl A musical. The Adelphi, London.	Sat, 23 Nov	Disco
Fri, 4 Oct	Ystradfellte, Brecon, Wales Walking Weekend (until 5th of October)	Thu, 28 Nov	IB1 and PIB: Termly Tests - Subsids
Fri, 11 Oct	Amadeus Play on Mozart's life. The Apollo, Oxford.	Thu, 28 Nov	Les Miserables Victor Hugo put to music. Shaftesbury Theatre, London
Sat, 12 Oct	Cambridge A guided tour of the colleges with afternoon free.	Fri, 29 Nov	IB1 and PIB: Termly Tests - Highers
Sat, 12 Oct	American College Day in London	Thu, 12 Dec	Disco
Mon, 14 Oct	Moscow City Ballet The Apollo, Oxford.	Sun, 1 Dec	Christmas Carol
Fri, 18 Oct	Half Term starts at 15.00 h	Sat, 7 Dec	IB2: Achievement Tests in the Hall
Fri, 18 Oct	Scotland Half-Term Trip. A tour of Scotland, taking in Oban, Glencoe, Loch Ness, Inverness, Glasgow and Edinburgh – and a whisky distillery (until 23rd of October)	Mon, 9 Dec	„Vinegar Tom“ Play Production by International Players (SCIP), directed by Robert Osborn
Thu, 24 Oct	Wales Half-Term Trip. A relaxing time in St. David's, Pembrokeshire. (until 27th of October)	Tue, 10 Dec	IB some: Cambridge First Certificate exams
Sun, 27 Oct	Half Term finishes and houses re-open	Wed, 11 Dec	IB some: Cambridge Proficiency exams
Mon, 28 Oct	IB2: Submission of completed Extended Essays to supervisors	Thu, 12 Dec	Christmas Dinner
Fri, 1 Nov	Richard III Much-acclaimed production with Ian McKellen. The Apollo, Oxford.	Fri, 13 Dec	IB2: TOEFL exams in the Hall Term ends at 13:15 Fri, 13 Dec Alpe d'Huez Ski trip to the French Alps (until 22nd of December)
Sat, 2 Nov	SAT exams in the Hall	Christmas Holiday: 13 December, 1991 until 5 January, 1992	



# QUESTIONNAIRE

The following cross examination reveals the **true** personality of **Boyd Roberts**, the new senior administrator at St. Clare's.

**Where and when were you born?**

In what is now Wolverhampton, April 7th 1954. Please note the date in your diaries for birthday cards, cheques etc.

**Please tell us a short account of your life.**

After a startlingly original childhood spent giving birds' tea parties, collecting tortoise-shell butterflies and teaching black beetles to perform circus tricks, I moved on to grammar school. There I conformed to a tee and went off to Oxford to read zoology. At 25, I began my adolescent rebellion, which my parents hope will be finished soon. In the meantime, I enjoy teaching and working with people my own age.

**Where would you like to live?**

Lots of places for short periods – Japan, Syria, Spain, South America, Tanzania – but in England on a continuing basis.

**What's your idea of the worst possible luck?**

Dying on the day you win the pools.

**Your idea of the ultimate earthly paradise?**

Petra, Jordan and Serengeti National Park, Tanzania – but for how much longer?

**What book are you reading now?**

Madame Bovary, Flaubert.

**Who is your favourite author / lyricist?**

Jane Austen.

**Your favourite music group?**

The sixteen – a professional choir, usually with 18 singers.

**What's your favourite cartoon character?**

Snoopy.

**Describe the average student at this school.**

We have no average students. Everyone is a star (PS. When do I collect the £5?)

**What do you most enjoy doing?**

Singing, gardening, dinner with friends.

**Who or what would you like to be?**

A sea gooseberry or a professional singer; perhaps both.

**The biggest mistake in your life?**

What's a mistake?

**Your sex symbol?**

♂

**Have you got any Heroes?**

Sir Peter Medawar, King Hussein of Jordan, Sir Michael Tippett, Sir Julian Huxley (No, I don't have a fixation on titles.)

**What have you got in your pockets at the moment?**

A hand and some keys.

**The most important invention of all time?**

Those dancing plastic flowers with sun-glasses – they highlight the ultimate absurdity of the human condition.

**Which talents or gifts would you most like to have?**

I don't wish to be greedy.

**How would you like to die?**

Quickly and quietly, preferably smiling.

**Your present state of mind?**

Idyllic happiness (PS. What day is it?)

**Your motto?**

Ever serve you right.

**Who or what would you take to a desert island?**

A grand piano, piles of vocal music and an attractive accompanist.

**What made you become a teacher?**

The glamour, the sex appeal, the money, and the wish to enact my motto.

**How do you see your job here?**

Clearly. It is to coordinate the support and non-academic administrative sides of the college so that this learning community can function smoothly and develop.



# ON BEING A RACIST

My parents spent most of their working lives as Christian missionaries in Nigeria, working to improve the health and education of the people of the Eastern Region. I remember them explaining to me that while they loved the local people "they're like children really, and you have to tell them what to do". I accepted that as simple truth based on their years of experience.

Until it gradually occurred to me that perceiving people as 'children' could simply mean that my parents, as outsiders, just could not understand the sophisticated adulthood before them. It occurred to me that people may be 'like children' for many reasons: poverty, or lack of education, or an over-powering social system, or simple lack of self-confidence. It occurred to me that to describe a whole race as 'children' was, anyway, pathetically inaccurate. And it occurred to me that all that 'adult' meant, in this contrast to African 'children', was that we enjoyed life in our way and they enjoyed it in another. It dawned on me that my kindly, generous, well-intentioned parents held racist beliefs.

In that respect, they were simply typical of the culture of their period: Cecil Rhodes, one of the builders of the British Empire, commented "to be born an Englishman is to have received first prize in the lottery of life". After all, *racism* is recent word, and while its general meaning is clear – *belief in the superiority of one race over another* – its precise application is elastic. One thing for sure, a racist is almost always Someone Else.

But how does racism actually work? How do you identify a race? What does one mean by *superiority*? How do you or I believe in superiority? Why is superiority important? To consider these questions I suggest four species of racist *argument*: racial presence, racial culture, racial *conspiracy*, and racial *realism*.

"Firstly, WE know that WE're superior because THEY don't look right. Or smell right, or talk right. THEY have disgusting brown skins, while WE have healthy sun-tans. WE smell of glamorous perfumes extracted from various rare cats, while THEY rub nasty mashed vegetable matter into their armpits. WE say "aou" while THEY mumble "oau". THEY have the wrong shape of eyes, ears nose, lips and, quite probably, inap-

propriate elbows and uncivilised toes. Matter? Of course it does..."

"To add to that, THEY behave in the most extraordinary ways. THEY eat large meals at the strangest times, like when Sensible People are going to bed. WE wash in large containers filled with dirty water while THEY insist on washing in running water. WE appreciate music classically produced by scraping cat-gut with horse hair, while THEY bang sheets of animal skin stretched tight. What THEY call religion is the strangest collection of irrational belief, out-dated morality and arbitrary rules. Not like OURS..."

"More seriously, WE know that THEY are up to no good. There are lots of things wrong with the world, and none of it is OUR fault. Why? Because as well as being utterly stupid, THEY are fiendishly clever. Whereas WE are always right, even though many of US can't see the Obvious Facts. OK... here's a Fact. If WE are out of work, it is because THEY have taken the jobs... obviously – employers prefer people with different coloured skins, unconventional religions, a funny smell and no education..."

"Above all, WE have to be Realistic. THEY want to come Here, because There is a mess. There is a mess because, in a Realistic sort of a way, WE are making lots of money out of There. If WE didn't make lots of money, Here wouldn't be so nice, and THEY wouldn't want to come Here. That's why THEY should stay There, and WE should stay Here (apart from nice holidays to exotic countries). This is the way it has always been. And that's why it's alright..."

The problem is, I know how racists feel. I know how pleasant it is, how comforting, to feel superior. And if it gives a warm glow of self-satisfaction to feel better than another individual, then how much more delicious it must be to feel more special than *lots* of people. And if my friends tell me I'm right to feel like that, I'm not just me, I'm US. And that's security. The same urges that drive co-operation within the tribe also fuel rejection of the Other that lies outside the tribe.

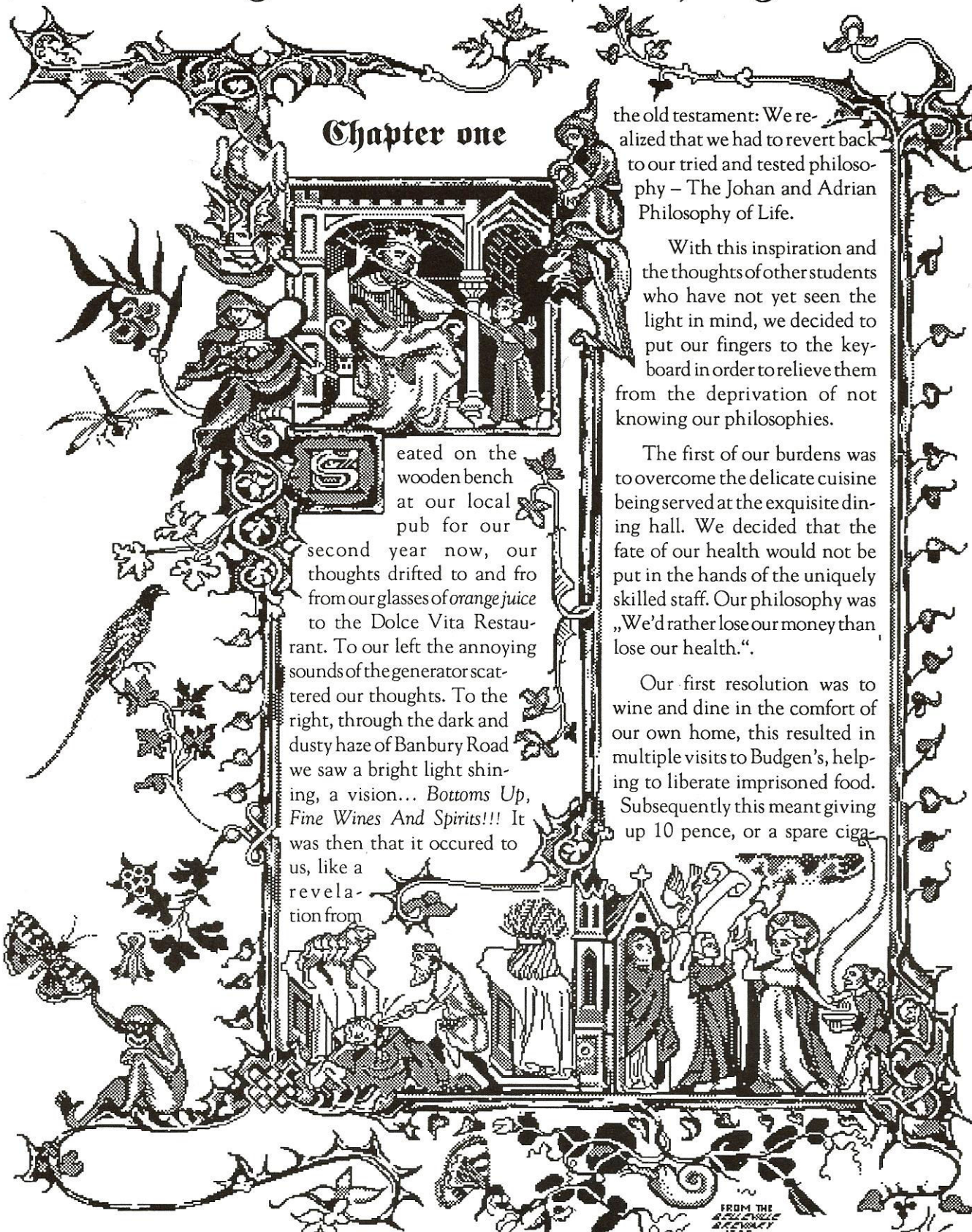
"The terrible thing is... WE need THEM. Because if WE didn't know that WE're not THEM, how would WE know that WE are US? And who would we blame?"

David Ripley / fv



# Living to eat and parthying to live

## Chapter one



**S**eated on the wooden bench at our local pub for our second year now, our thoughts drifted to and fro from our glasses of orange juice to the Dolce Vita Restaurant. To our left the annoying sounds of the generator scattered our thoughts. To the right, through the dark and dusty haze of Banbury Road we saw a bright light shining, a vision... *Bottoms Up, Fine Wines And Spirits!!!* It was then that it occurred to us, like a revelation from

the old testament: We realized that we had to revert back to our tried and tested philosophy – The Johan and Adrian Philosophy of Life.

With this inspiration and the thoughts of other students who have not yet seen the light in mind, we decided to put our fingers to the keyboard in order to relieve them from the deprivation of not knowing our philosophies.

The first of our burdens was to overcome the delicate cuisine being served at the exquisite dining hall. We decided that the fate of our health would not be put in the hands of the uniquely skilled staff. Our philosophy was „We'd rather lose our money than lose our health.“

Our first resolution was to wine and dine in the comfort of our own home, this resulted in multiple visits to Budgen's, helping to liberate imprisoned food. Subsequently this meant giving up 10 pence, or a spare ciga-

FROM THE  
BUDGEN'S  
1925



rette, to our friendly derelict Timothy. We soon discovered other alternatives to satisfy ourselves, such as Express Open Pies containing squashed tomatoes, processed cheese, etcetera.

We began to realize that we were destined for greater foods—places like Cheap and Greasy Poultry BBQ, Donated Meat Kebab and last but not least McDonald's Family Restaurant. These establishments all had the honour of receiving us as their distinguished guests. While we were consuming our satisfying meals, another bright light flashed across our minds. In the aftermath we saw the words, and we quote, „What is dining without wining?”.

When wining, we believe that one must remember that it is not quality but quantity (%vol.) that matters. Another part of our philosophy is that during the meal, many a bottle of fine wine and/or liquor must be consumed. The reasons for this are to ease the foods journey down and out (or up and out!!!). Once pleasantly motivated the *kick start tech-*

niques are to be put into practice. These include *Submarines*, *Shotguns*, and *Funneling* (from a minimum height of 2 floors). For the inexperienced, the technique of placing a rubber nipple on the neck of the bottle may be employed, but remember the users of the *kick start* methods ought to be professionals only and we recommend that this is not attempted without the supervision of a legally approved second year or warden.

During these festive hours one must remember that it is possible to have fun without drinking (can be argued!). This, however, is only possible by having the correct ratio of the opposite sex in the room (10:1). Our philosophy is none the less that a combination of the two always leads to a successful party!

We would like to conclude our first chapter by stating that „the three elements of Wining, Dining and the Presence of the Opposite Sex are dependent upon each other in order to have a prosperous and healthy lifestyle.”

Adriano Pancini  
Johan Herrlin

FROM THE  
ACCELVILLE  
BREWERY  
1525



# Environment Day

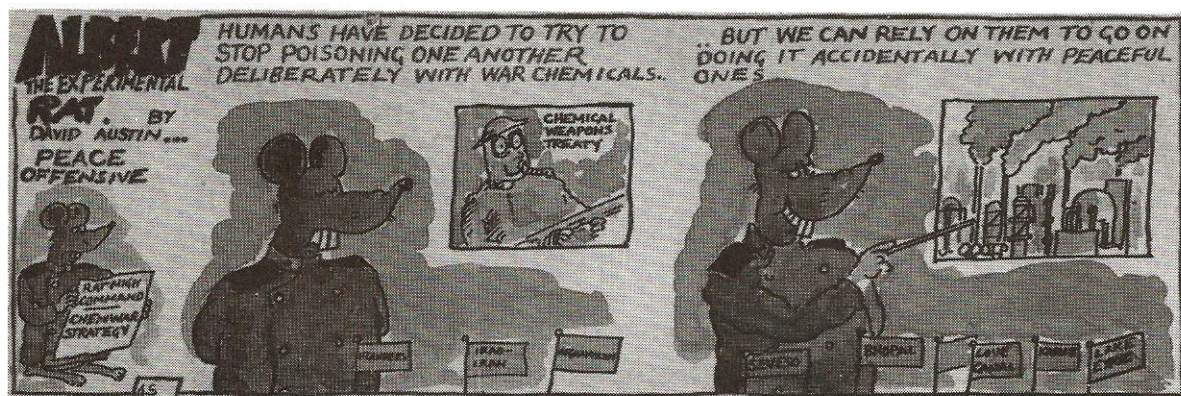
As we all know (???) the St. Clare's Environment Day took place on November the 12th. The day started at 9.00 in the morning with a special exhibition, including a video, pictures and sheets on Environmental issues. This was followed by three sets of sessions with either video material and discussions or speakers from both inside and outside school. The day ended with the students first meeting in tutor groups and then a joint summit in the Hall to discuss and form an environmental charter for the school. The meeting in the hall with the whole student body was directed by the student council (our thanks to Joyce!!!) and joined by senior administrator Boyd Roberts.

These were the issues that came up:

- *Energy saving light-bulbs around the college:* The EAG (Environmental Action Group) is investigating costs etc. to present to the administration.
- *Plastic cups in the dining hall:* After Christmas there will be special bins in the dining hall for the recycling of the cups. The EAG is also at the moment finding out about less environmentally harmful alternatives to plastic cups.
- *Recycled paper for the school's administration:* The EAG is investigating the possibilities for St. Clare's to use recycled paper.
- *Free ranged eggs in the dining hall:* This will only be possible if everyone agrees to pay a bit extra.
- *Dolphin friendly tuna:* The tuna fish in the dining hall is dolphin-friendly.
- *Recycled toilet paper in the Houses and the college:* The EAG is investigating the possibilities.
- *More bins and ashtrays (or receptacles as Joyce would call them) around the college:* ...will be installed after Christmas.
- *Energy-saving in general:* It is up to you to turn off lights, computers, stereos etc. whenever they are not in use.

For anybody interested in environmental issues the EAG will be showing videos in the E.S. lab (Room 32) on Tuesdays at 5.20 pm. Further details will be put up on the white board in the Covered Way.

The EAG





# Auch '92

— St. Clare's  Oxford —

South West France – 13th June - 4th July 1992

The international Study Centre of South West France has again agreed to organise a three-week intensive course in French specially designed for International Baccalaureate Students at St. Clare's who are taking French B Higher or Subsidiary.

The Centre was created by the Association Linguistique et Culturelle Internationale, a non-profit making association aiming to provide a range of education and communication services.

Auch is an attractive town set in rolling countryside covered with vines, sunflowers and maize, some 70 kms from Toulouse. It has a population of 25,000 so is small enough to be safe and welcoming but large enough to have many interesting places.

Classes will be held in premises rented from a local lycée not far from the Cathedral area of the town. There will be 20 hours of classes a week, Monday to Friday. The course is an intensive one and students should expect to play an active part in classwork and do some homework. The maximum number of students in a class will be 10. The staff at the Centre teach using a method allowing for maximum student active participation in both oral and written work. They use source materials (news articles, radio, television, business documents etc.) which integrate culture and civilisation with linguistic study. They aim to appeal to students' creativity and imagination and to make classes informal and enjoyable. There will also be some activities outside class hours as well as an excursion each week to show students the area.

Auch has a wide range of sports facilities including swimming and tennis and these are available to all young people free or at low cost. The Centre arranges visits to discotheques, barbecues, Gascon meals etc.

Students will stay with very carefully selected local families, one student per family. The families will not only ensure lodging and meals but guarantee to include the students as part of the family. They will take them to places of interest or to events at the weekends and give them maximum opportunity for practising the spoken language. During the week students will spend evenings with their families unless group activities have been arranged. We feel this is one of the very positive aspects of the course. During the previous courses most students formed very happy relationships with their host families.

One full day excursion is arranged each week to a city of interest such as Toulouse or Bordeaux; or to other smaller places of interest or to the Pyrenées. During the excursions there are often opportunities for picnics and swimming.

A member of the staff of St. Clare's will accompany the group both ways and be present in Auch to take care of problems that might arise.

Applications should be made at the start of the Spring Term.

Enquiries & Applications to: Andree MacCallum, Acting Head of Modern Languages, St. Clare's, 139 Banbury Road, Oxford, OX2 7AL; Telephone: (0865) 52031; Fax: (0865) 310002





# Billy Bathgate

This refined, intelligent drama about thugs appeals considerably to the head but has little impact in the gut, which maybe is

not exactly how it should be with gangster films. Robert Benton's screen version of *Billy Bathgate*, E. L. Doctorow's 1988 best-seller about the last act of Dutch Schultz' life, is beautifully realized and a pleasure to watch, however the tale's beating heart remains rather elusive throughout.

The film kicks off powerfully with Schultz (Dustin Hoffman), arguably the king of the New York underworld in 1935, taking his once-trusted top enforcer Bo Weinstein (Bruce Willis sparkling in an extended cameo) for a nocturnal tugboat ride, tying him up and planting his feet in cement.

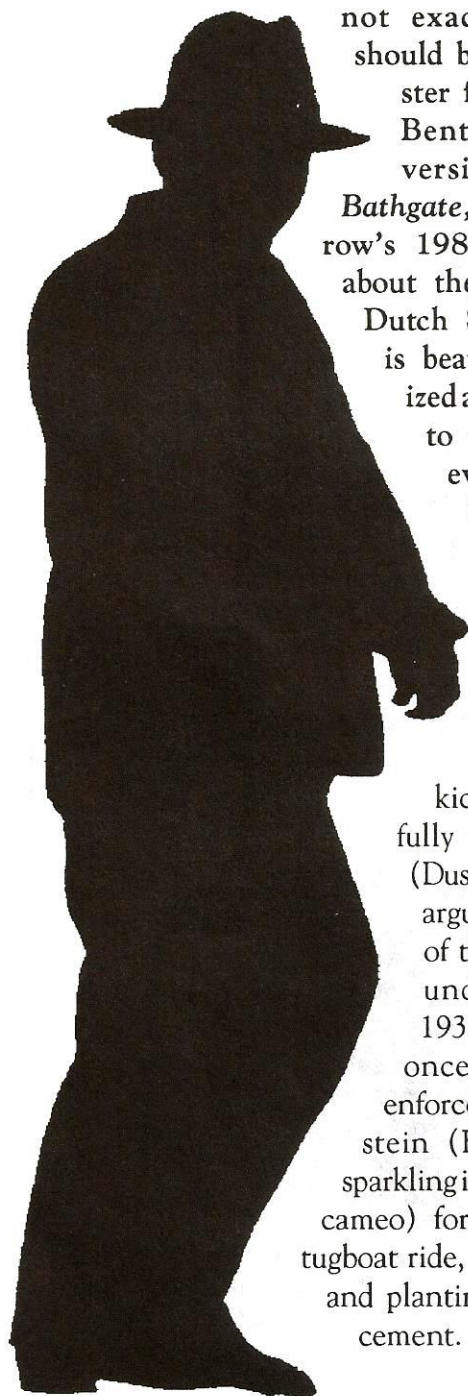
Observing this show-down from close range is Billy (Loren Dean), a nervy kid who (as seen in an eventful 35-minute flashback) has worked his way up from the streets from the Bronx to become one of Dutch's flunkies. With Prohibition finished and Al Capone put away, Dutch still may be prospering, but the Feds are moving in mercilessly, pressing a case for income-tax evasion that the hoodlum can't buy his way out of.

All this is a backdrop to the personal drama that mainly concerns Billy earning a place in the gang and vowing to take care of the beautiful young Drew Preston (Mrs. Tom Cruise: Nicole Kidman), the dead enforcer's former girlfriend. In many ways, Drew is the most, er, *interesting* character. She uses her mysteriousness and sexual allure to navigate between her apparently gay husband, her gangster captor and Billy, her green but wily protector.

Unsurprisingly, she seduces Billy, which places him in somewhat treacherous water with his boss, who clearly fancies her but does strangely little about it. Indeed, the ambiguity of Dutch's intentions and feelings about Drew constitutes one of the film's major drawbacks.

Returning to the 1930s criminal milieu for the first time since *Bonnie & Clyde*, Benton has invested the picture with extensive class and storytelling smarts, laying out all the externals in handsome, impressive fashion.

The \$40 million-plus production bears no signs of the rumoured troubles of its





making: The movie's star Dustin Hoffman is now said to be no longer on speaking terms with Disney, putting the studio in something of an awkward position come *Billy Bathgate* publicity-tour time... The myriad reasons behind Hoffman's ire allegedly stem from more than simply his famous love of on-set creative control. Despite Disney's hand-picked choice of director Robert Benton, who helped Hoffman get his first Oscar for *Kramer Vs Kramer*, the two weren't enjoying the sort of close collaboration as on their previous outing, clashing over the casting of the crucial Billy role and over Hoffman's 'input' throughout shooting, with

the *über*actor reportedly feeling excluded by Disney and Benton in the 'decision-making process'.

*Felix Vossen*  
*Sarah Nolan*

***Billy Bathgate***

*Touchstone Pictures 1991*

*Directed by:* Robert Benton

*Screenplay:* Tom Stoppard, based on E. L.

*Doctorow's book*

*Camera:* Nestor Almendros

*Dutch Schultz:* Dustin Hoffman

*Drew Preston:* Nicole Kidman

*Billy Bathgate:* Loren Dean

*Bo Weinberg:* Bruce Willis

## Tonedo Secretarial Service

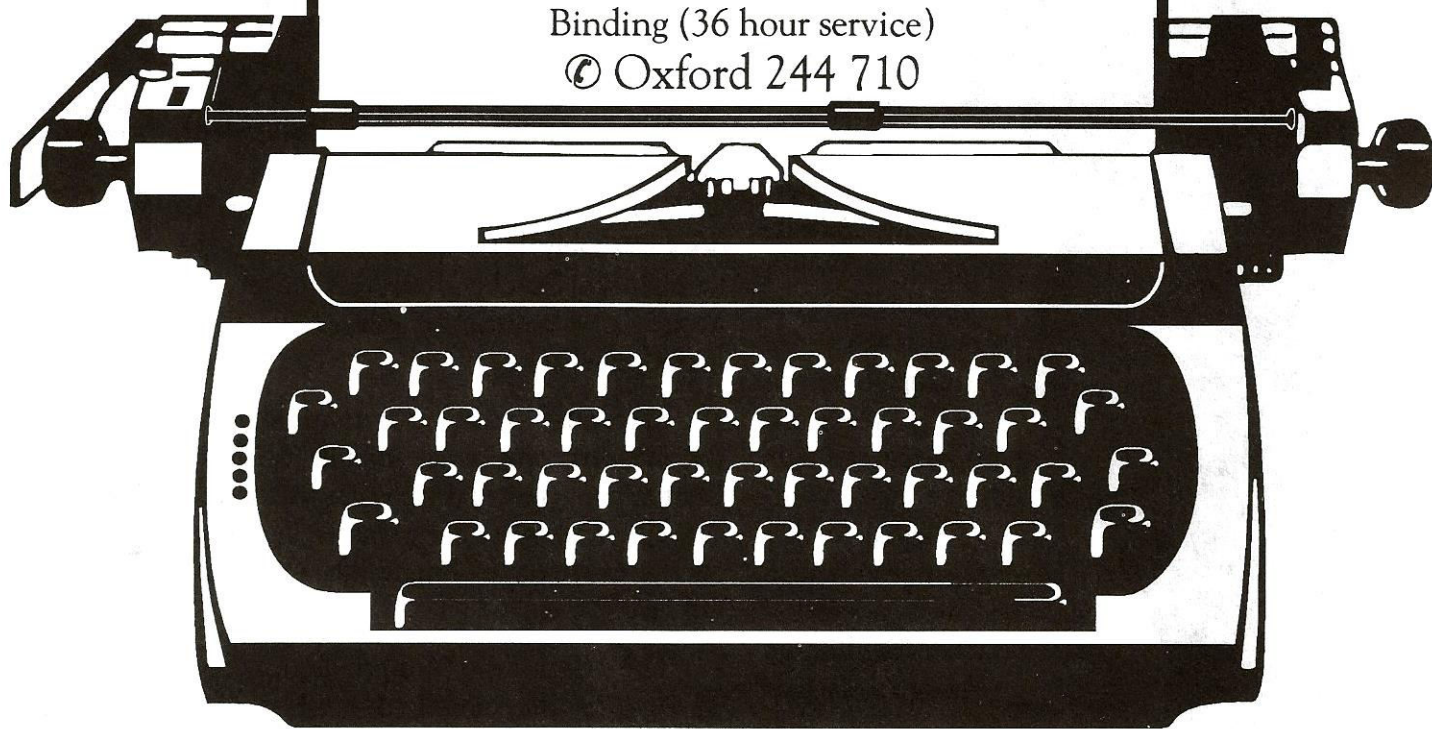
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# Why Vinegar Tom?

Well, a number of reasons, of course, had to come together. The first, for me, has to be commitment to the intellectual challenge of the play. Vinegar Tom has something to say, something to show about ourselves, which it isn't always easy or pleasant to confront, and which it is important that this generation in particular goes on confronting. I mean, of course, the „feminist“ issues at the centre of the play, which Caryl Churchill is particularly good at looking at with freshness, honesty, particularity, and extraordinary humour. *Isn't this feminist stuff all a bit out of date – haven't we already got the message by now?*

Getting the message intellectually and restraining or growing out of our sex-war instincts are two very different things. The sex war, after all, stretches all the way back to Clytemnestra versus Agammenon and beyond... The feminist issue really is a perennial one – to expose the degree to which relations between men and women are controlled by our fear of each other's power, and particularly by the male fear of women's sexuality, of their power over us. It is they, not we, who give birth – so we have built up a mystique around the male doctor as the man to put in charge of birth, and even now in America it is largely illegal to give birth in the care of a midwife (largely women), rather than under the orders of a doctor (largely male). If we are heterosexual, it is they who have the power to turn us on and turn us off, rather than our wills, as poor Jack finds when he suffers from The Droop whenever he approaches his wife, whom he owns, and desperately slaving for sex whenever he is around Alice, whom he does not and who will not have him. Sex is such an anarchic, unintellectual force, and our social attempts to tame it through the institutions of marriage, planned parenthood, prostitution, and so forth easily become grotesque. Whether it is an innate male instinct for taking pleasure in violence that women arouse in men, or whether it is how society has shackled and controlled our sexuality and muddled it up with possession that frustrates our sexuality and makes us link it with violence is an alarmingly unanswered question. What I do know is that the figures for crimes of sexual violence against women and children appear to be on the increase, and appear to be linked with our intensified obsession with the pursuit of power, with winners and

losers, with alienation and blame. In the face of all this – which seems to be going on at a global level, whether promoted by Mohammedanism or Materialism, I get very angry with people who tell me that the sex-war is almost over, that masculinized women Bank Managers or housebound husbands willing to change the nappies themselves are *The Answer*. One of the neat things about *Vinegar Tom* is that its double perspective – seventeenth century in the story, twentieth century in the songs, provides a distance which confronts us with the perennial nature of the issues very clearly. And she also reminds us – in the holistic figure of the white witch and herbalist, of the wholism that social structures tend to disintegrate.

*This all sounds rather heavy – Rumour has it that you yourself are the son of a clergyman. Were you directing a sermon then?*

Not at all. Sermons, I take it, offer solutions – another set of oughts and shoulds. Caryl Churchill confronts us with what is, its horror and its absurdity. Like Brecht, she tells a story which lets us see just what is going on, what the issues are. We aren't shown any new solutions – what we are shown is that the old solutions to the problems of fear, powerlessness and so forth, were inhuman, didn't work. The debate on how to establish a new order which will celebrate our human vulnerability, differences, and interdependence, begins only when the play is over.

The other thing that prevents Churchill's work being sermon-like, is its theatricality. Churchill doesn't preach, she shows. The second excitement of working with Caryl Churchill, which is the challenge of realising the theatricality of her play – in this case, the way she attacks her subject in two ways – by the rapid narrative she invents for us about a little group of imagined seventeenth century women falling prey to the prevailing prejudices and superstitions of their age, and by intercutting this narrative structure with modern songs. That structure itself isn't exactly new, of course – it's essentially the „Brechtian“ formula which started busting up audience expectations of the „well-wrought play“ back in the '30s and '40s – but it is a very fresh and powerful one. And often very funny, too.

Robert Osborn



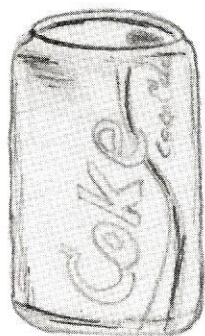
# Recycling

Last year ('90-'91) the recycling group at St. Clare's did not prove to be particularly effective. Only paper was actually being collected, and the possible sources of recycling material were, by no means, sufficiently exploited. This year, however, the recycling group has been expanded to also involve the collecting of cans and bottles. All these three areas of recycling are now effectively run at St. Clare's.

- Two people are held responsible for each of the three areas (Paper, Cans, Bottles), and so far this seems to very successful.
- All recycling material is brought to the school's 'recycling centre' from where the two organizers will pass this on to companies which do the recycling for St. Clare's.

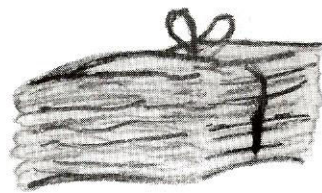
Unfortunately, there is not enough material in St. Clare's to make money from it, however, there is more than enough to make it worth running our recycling group.

There should now be boxes for paper, cans and bottles in every IB-house (the group will probably extend its areas of collection to also include EFL-houses shortly after Christmas). Furthermore, there are also boxes for paper in the staff-room, the computer-room and by the two Xerox machines. Plastic bins for cans and bottles are placed outside the Sugar-House.



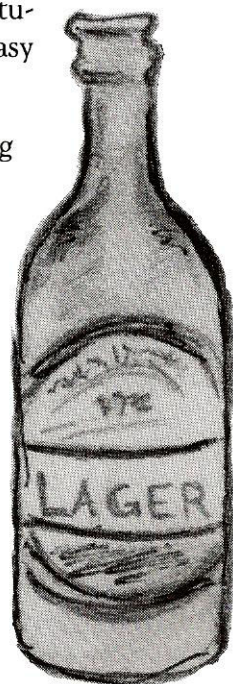
The Environment Day at school should have shown most students how important recycling is, and how important it will be in the future. Clearly there is a market for recycled material (this magazine is printed

on recycled paper), and one should consider this importance carefully. Recycling does not only save raw material, but also energy, which is a very valuable resource today.



However, life for the recycling group would be far easier if people could be slightly more cautious when they use the recycling boxes. Lately everything from underwear to milk cartons has been found in the various recycling boxes, and unfortunately those are not very easy to recycle!

We are now pressing the school to use recycled paper for their Xerox-machines and office-work. The quality of such paper is usually very good, and there is really no good counter-argument against this; fortunately, the administration has already shown its interest in the environment before!



The group will continue next year, and we are grateful for any support from people who might want to join. If so please contact Niels or Aksel (2nd Year IB's), so they can arrange the new group after Christmas. It is very important to keep the recycling going at all times, so please don't hesitate to join up with the group; and remember: Recycling is valid as a Social Service C.A.S.

Aksel Ringvold / fv



# The Story of Aikin

The isle is small and dull: Grey hills, grey mountains, grey grass, grey trees, grey ferns and a grey sky. It is only sparsely populated, and the life is hard.

I was eighteen years old and had just finished school when I met him. I lived in Lewes, a small town in the south of England and I used to visit the famous cliffs, the „Seven Sisters“ on the coast. I loved them because of their dazzling beauty. I liked the way they stood calm, staring at the blue sea waiting for time to pass.

One day, I walked down to this place, climbed the highest of the „Seven Sisters“ and looked out to sea. Suddenly, I noticed a figure coming up the hill. It was a tall and very slender man with black hair and very grey eyes. He was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. He seemed quite young, and his eyes expressed pride and a coldness towards the world. They were not young and hopeful like young people's eyes should be. He wore a black tailcoat, black breeches and a white shirt, with a strange elegance.

„Good morning“, I said kindly.

He nodded.

„A lovely morning, isn't it?“ I asked.

He nodded again.

„Do you live here?“

He turned his face to me and started to smile. Suddenly his cold eyes became soft, and his beautiful mouth screwed up to a mocking smile.

„What the hell do you want from me?“ He laughed sarcastically.

„Me?“ I stammered. I was totally confused about this strange behaviour. Nobody was ever this impolite.

I stared at him.

„I see I'm confusing you. Yes, certainly it's a lovely day, for you. To answer your second question: No, I don't live here. Until yesterday, this part of England was completely alien to me. Am I to answer any other questions?“

This was my first meeting with the man who would change my life.

Aikin Arca was the son of a Scottish laird's daughter. He didn't know his father. He was born a bastard, treated as a bastard and subsequently he felt this contempt. He was a bitter man, with an incredible pride that I knew would be hard to destroy.

His mother had died giving birth to him, so he was brought up on his grandparent's farm. Sometimes when he was drunk he told me that his grandparents had tried to kill this undesirable grandchild and had thought about abandoning him on a hillside. I never believed this story – justifiably I think. Aikin never lied but he was so often drunk that I never knew if he would narrate the same version in a sober condition.

His grandparents hated him too much to give him their name and so contrived the name „Arca“. Aikin maintained that his surname was the only thing he was proud of. I never believed this story either. Obviously he hated his home and never wanted to go back. The only place he liked except Oxford, where we later on wanted to study, was „The Feather and the Wig“, a pub in London.



After our first encounter at the „Seven Sisters“ we saw each other very often. We discovered that we both were going to study in the same college in Oxford. I wanted to study history of art and Greek while Aikin decided to take French, Italian and English literature. Later he also took history of art and German literature, because he was bored.

Aikin stayed till the end of April in Lewes and finally had to go back to Scotland. „But only because I need the money!“ he screamed out of the leaving train. Still now can I see his laughing, shining face on the train, as he waved his handkerchief in imitation of the old ladies in his compartment.

After his departure I felt lonely. I longed for his mocking smile, his glittering eyes and sarcastic mouth. I was never more amused than with him. During the day, we used to wander over the Downs philosophizing about God, the world, and especially about us. In the evening, he dined with my parents and I, giving a wonderful impression. He was gallant and obliging with my mother, polite and entertaining with my father. Later, we visited concerts and theatres only to leave them during the intermission and to get drunk. Aikin got easily drunk. First he drank some glasses of wine during dinner, afterwards he only needed three or four beers and I had to carry him home. He spoke thickly, giggled and laughed. But once he started to rave about nightmares, screamed, shivered and suddenly he began to cry. Never in my life was I so touched as by this sorry sight. He was sitting in the entrance to a house, his face in his hands and sobbing like a child.

I was the first time I ever saw him crying and it should be the last time.

When I arrived in Oxford in mid-October, he was already living there for a week and knew every pub, club and bar. I had hardly got off the train before I was sitting in a pub, a glass of beer in my hand. Aikin was sitting on the other side of the table with glinting eyes. He was in high spirits, and sparkling with wit and malicious remarks. But astonishingly he wasn't drunk.

„I have to show you our room. We are together in a room with a view to the river. That means if you want to commit suicide, no problem – just jump out of the window.“

„How was your time at home?“ I asked tactlessly.

Aikin's face turned to stone.

„I can never return again“, he said slowly. The smile I loved had disappeared.

„What happened?“

„I hate them – that's all“, he answered and suddenly started to laugh again. But I realized that something was wrong.

We had a good time together. I was never bored with Aikin. He knew every time what to do, and he always had such good ideas. We became inseparable and everybody in the college knew very early how to handle us. I think we were awfully snobbish but everybody had respect and that was important.

One evening we went to a pub and met some other students from Balliol College. They were really nice but somehow one of them asked Aikin:

„Where do you come from? You've got a strange accent.“

„I'm Scottish“, Aikin answered slowly.

„And where do you live in Scotland?“

„Skye.“

It was the first time I heard this name. Aikin had never told me exactly where he came from and I didn't dare to ask.

„Oh, poor you.“ the boy laughed. „Skye is the most boring island I have ever been to.“



Something changed in Aikin's face but he didn't say a word.

„When do you go back?“

„Never.“

„Be happy!“

Another guy said: „ You must be very upset not to be able to go back to your isle.“

„Nonsense!“ the other said. „What's that all about mother country and this stuff. I belong to nothing.“

„You'll see“, the guy said. „If you lost your home, you would realize how much you've liked it.“

I saw Aikin quivering.

„Does Skye mean something to you?“ the student asked.

Aikin wildly shook his head.

„No“, he shouted and started to tell a long, long story about nothing.

Two days later Aikin was missed. He hadn't come back home. They found him in the river. He had drowned himself.

For three month I was in oblivion. I couldn't believe that my laughing, mocking Aikin who was so full of zest for life was dead. I didn't cry. The pain was too deep. I couldn't understand why he had killed himself. Then I found his favourite book. I read it just to be near his soul and his thoughts. While reading it I found a handwritten passage inserted into the leaves of the book. It was Aikin's diagonal and delicate handwriting.

„Behind the grey hills rises a mountain which we call *Mountain of the Red Fox*. It is a large stone, covered with grey grass. On the left hand there are the Merry Men, raging and jubilating. Their waves are deadly. When I have to die, I want to jump in this foamy, raging water.

I love the sky of Skye and I will be damned when I'll ever curse again my loved isle. I belong to nothing else than to Skye, the isle of the rough men, the grey hills and fens, the stony mountains and the grey sky.“

Nana Etessami



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# España tiene un color especial

Se levanta la mañana y con ella los trabajadores, que alzan un canto, un himno de felicidad, se oye el vuelo de los juglares dando gracias a Dios por este nuevo día y con ellos el eterno amigo, el sol brillante y altivo que da vida a este país, un país lleno de esperanzas, tristezas y alegrías, envuelto en un perfume marinero, de azaar y de olivo.

Así es España, cada estación tiene su encanto, su embrujo.

España se viste de fiesta y luces en la Feria de Sevilla y de luto y espiritualidad en la semana santa.

Siempre descubrimos algo nuevo en la mirada de una mujer española, es como un misterio al descubierto, un enigma que te ignotiza, es un amor brujo, un amor de fuego. La tierra se estremece cuando una española besa.

País que lleva sobre sus espaldas una historia, una cultura, que continúa y continuará hasta que el sol se muera.

Macu Perez





# Dr. Janet Slammit

## PROBLEM PAGE

Dr. Janet Slammit has been a professional counsellor for adolescents in the city of Oxford for over six years and is here to answer your problems. (She knows what it's like to have a problem, e.g. an excess of facial hair.)

### "Brawn not Brains..."

Dear Jan,

I'm too strong. I have too many muscles. Everytime I knock on a door, it falls down. If I look at a girl, she collapses – that's how strong I am. My idol is Sylvester Stallone and I thought girls would fancy him. Am I not right? I'll ~~be~~ write back!

*Erm, don't worry... I, ahem, love you... as, eh, a friend... Can't help you though. Sorry!!!*

### "What's my problem?"

Dear Jan,

Recently I have been seriously contemplating suicide since girls just don't seem to look at me. No matter what I say or do, they just burst into hysterics and run away. Do you think it might have something to do with the fact that I wear four inch thick steel-rimmed NHS glasses, have acne, am 5 ft. 1 inch tall, very skinny, and have a stutter? Personally I don't think I'm bad-looking but that doesn't seem to be the general opinion of my St. Clare's colleagues. How can I be more appealing to the opposite sex?

*Don't worry about your look too much – from past experience it seems that 95% of male students at St. Clare's have suffered from the same disease: ugliness (You're fired! – Ed.), so you're not alone. Instead, try to engage yourself in an interesting, intellectually stimulating conversation with any particular girl you fancy. If that doesn't work then maybe cosmetic surgery is the answer you're looking for (Look how I benefitted from it!)*

### "My work is interfering with my social life"

Dear Jan,

I am a 15-year-old pre-IB student at St. Clare's and since the day I arrived I've found myself having to spend all my free time in the library. I've never had this much work in my life and as a result the only people I've got to know on a friendly basis are the librarians. Don't get me wrong – they're really friendly companions, but so far I haven't met anyone my own age. What should I do?

*Aren't you taking your work just a little too seriously? You should get your priorities in the right order: socializing first, then work if you have time. Once you've got that straight, life should be downhill all the way!*



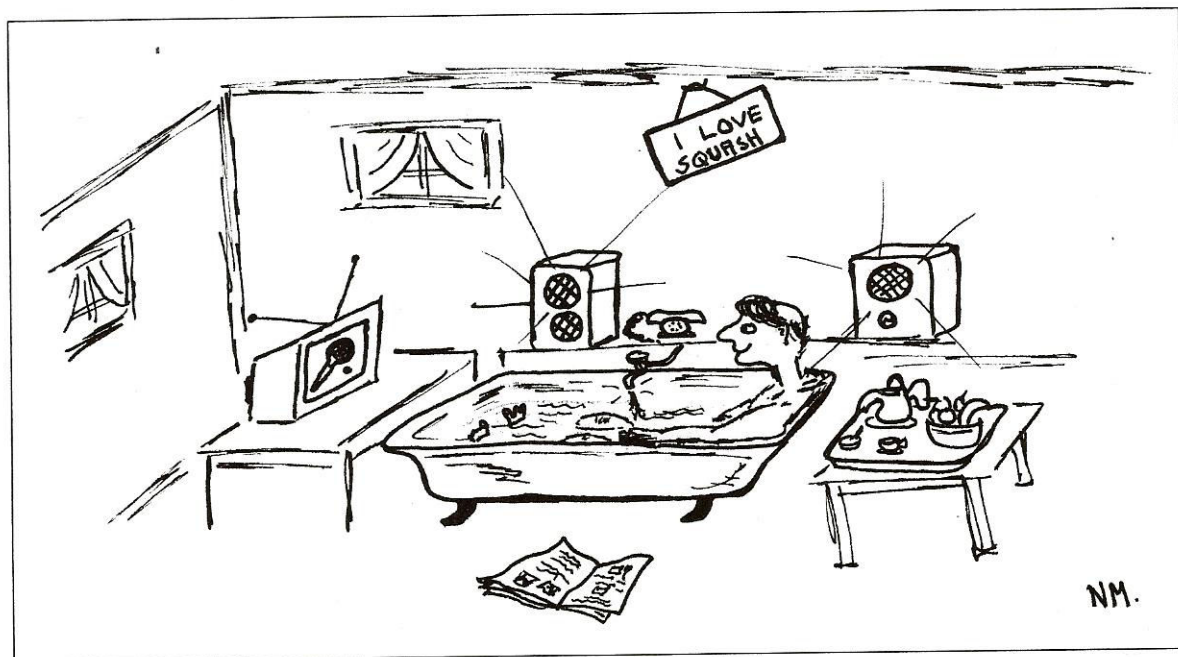
# Showers

I have read somewhere a description of Marcel Proust which depicts him as a filthy, emaciated figure sitting in a few inches of fetid water, indulgently taking it up in his bath-sponge and fitfully squeezing it over himself. It must be Waugh or Huxley, but I cannot now find the passage. It remains, though, an unforgettable image of someone stewing in his own juice. The English are addicted to their own juice, and the fervency with which showers have been advertised in recent years reveals only how unreceptive we are to change and how difficult to dislodge from our baths. The manufacturers of baths have never needed to advertise.

Even to those who will not admit an addiction to their own juice the objections to showers must be obvious. To begin with, you have to stand up – always a tiring and often (in the wet) a hazardous undertaking. Soap and shampoo have to be perched somewhere. Wherever it is they usually fall down or are washed off, and because there is no room to bend you have to squat down in order to retrieve them. Even if there is room to bend

the action so changes your centre of gravity that what was already only a precarious foothold becomes fatal. Even if you don't drop anything you will still come to grief trying to wash your toes. In a bath, by comparison, you loll at your ease and cannot conceivably fall. In a really long bath you can lie semi-submerged like an alligator; an ordinary bath is as good as a chaise-longue but a lot more comfortable. Not only your soap and shampoo but your razor (for the true Syrabite) and refreshment are all to hand on the spacious and secure surrounds, and you can listen to Desert Island Discs with no competing noise other than the appropriate accompaniment of water gently lapping around your knees. Your toes are within easy reach.

The comparison is entirely in favour of the bath, and this is so even when the shower functions perfectly. The overriding objection to showers, though, is simply that (in England, at least) they do not work. With a bath you always know where you are. You can check the temperature before immersion, and continually monitor and adjust it. The worst





that can happen is that there is no hot water at all, and this can be ascertained in good time, before you have even raised your expectations or lowered your costume. The only other conceivable hazard, provided that you have a lock on the bathroom door, is a lost plug. A squashball fills the gap perfectly (it was a seasoned Russian traveller who advised me, years ago, always to carry a yellow spot in my spongebag).

A single column hardly suffices to list all the ills which a shower is heir to. Even if you can decipher the dials you are no nearer to solving the central mystery, which is the crucial equation between hot water heat and cold water pressure. The equation is not only highly delicate, it is also inconsistent; even should you achieve the perfect temperature you can be sure that you will not keep it. It can be crucially altered by someone three streets away filling a kettle. To take a shower is to risk being alternately chilled and scalded. The fearful forefinger with which shower-takers test the temperature is far more tentative than the timid toe with which funky swimmers are reproachfully reputed to feel their way.

The Oxford Dictionary of Current English is presumably the last word on all matters hydrological. It defines shower as a *contemptible or unpleasant person or group*. Bath remains one of the finest and most civilised cities in the Kingdom.

Tony Lurcock / ck

## Sugar Thoughts.

from *Tetrisiennes*

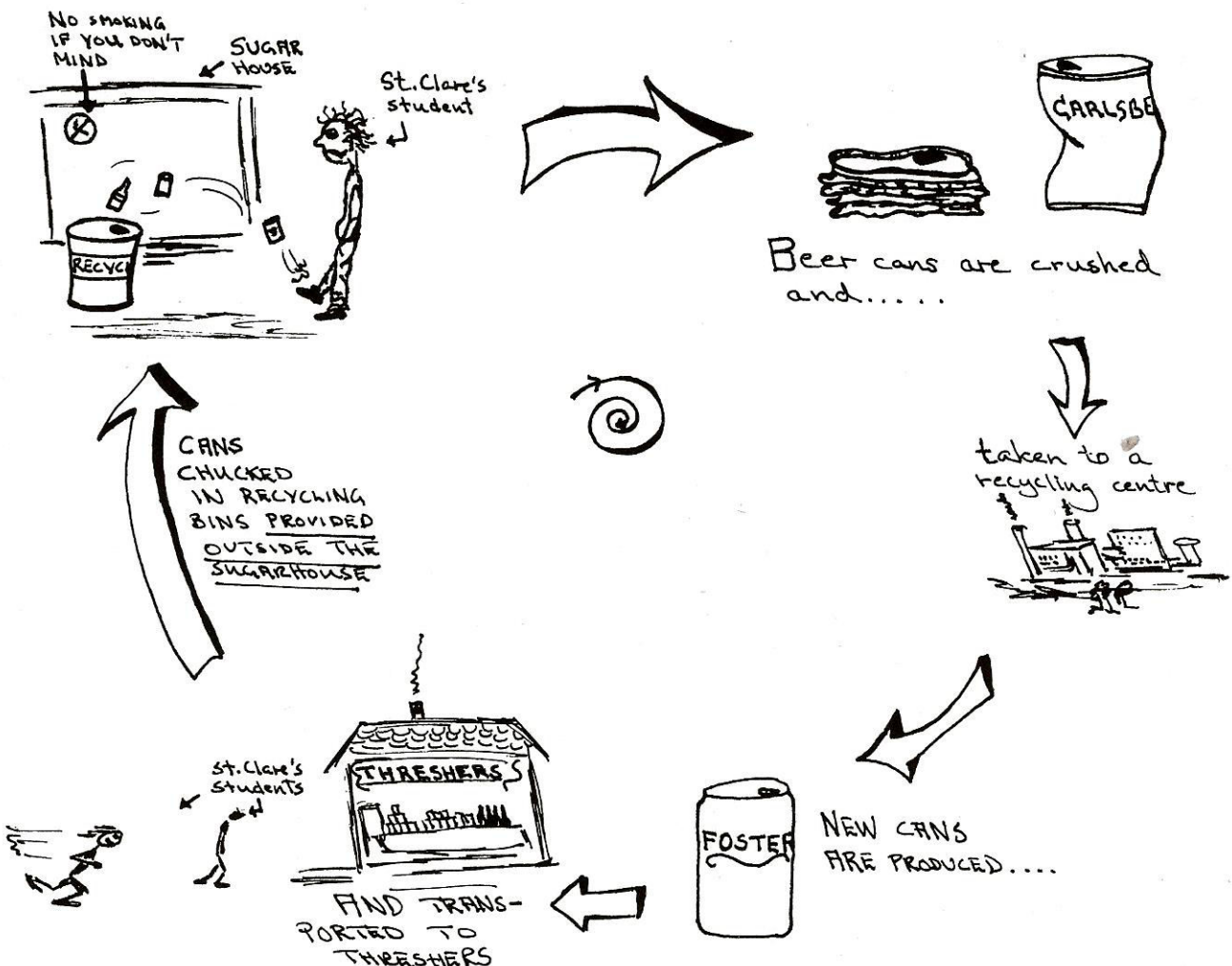
Oh, to be in the Sugar House,  
Now that Tetris is there  
And whoever walks into the Sugar House  
Shut the door or be aware  
That Romain doing his funky hand-jive  
Will look at you and say "sthanks a loort".  
Also Madeleine and Jack Jones making a row,  
In the Sugar House – now.

Oh, to be in the Sugar Den,  
Now that Sonia and Charlie are back.  
Who put that bloody "Heatwave" song on again?  
Was it Alex T.V. in his long blue mac?  
No, it must have been Erica some time at break  
Or perhaps Taimor that violent Arab Sheikh.  
The Italian Mafia walking in with an arrogant "Ciao!"  
This is the Sugar House – now.





# WHAT IS REALLY MEANT BY RECYCLING



NOW..... WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL BE THE CONSEQUENCE IF YOU THROW THE CANS SOMEWHERE ELSE?





# Vacanze all' Americana?

Ja terveisiä Jaakolle: Suomi on vielä maailman paras kieli. Uskon todellakin että...  
(*Tanja, get outta here! – Robert Gates*)

The Liberal Arts Programme is for college and university students from America, Europe, and other countries who wish to supplement their own academic programmes with a semester or year of study in England. Students from American colleges and universities following approved courses at St. Clare's secure academic credits at their home institutions.

The programme has proved to be an exciting blend of study and travel for the 30 of us. We have managed as two groups to see London, Stonehenge, Bath and Stratford, as well as Paris, Munich, and Scotland.

While we concentrate on writing papers and numerous other rigorous class assignments during the week, we spend each weekend travelling together.

We come from totally different parts of America, so we are learning of various American lifestyles, as we learn of European culture. We live in five or six groups in large houses all over Oxford, and we try to arrange most of our social activities together, so we can learn more from one another.

Our classes are small, informal lectures between students and teachers, and the subjects range from economics to psychology, and from English to art to philosophy. Most of us will only be here until Christmas, but some will continue at St. Clare's for a full year. Our future travel plans include Amsterdam, the Lake District, and Dublin. We all will do extensive travelling during the mid-term break, and then return to eight more weeks of classes.

The most enjoyable part of being a liberal art student is being able to meet and get to know the other groups of students, as well.

*Kimberlee Clarke*

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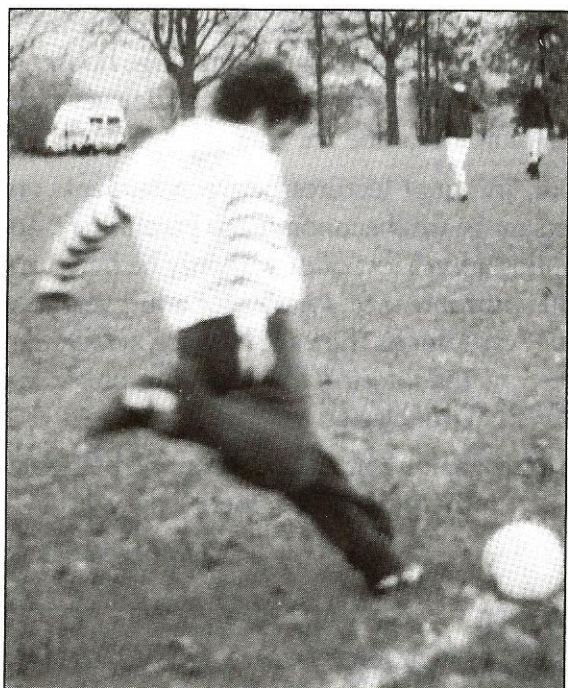
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# S o c c e r

St. Clare's is very unfortunate in not having any sport facilities of its own. Generally, more people would be keen on practising sports if they only had access to the right facilities at any time of the day. Furthermore, in several sports, we are proving to have excellent players and teams which would have a lot to say in Oxfordshire if only they had sporting facilities at their continual disposition, in order to improve their skills and resistance.



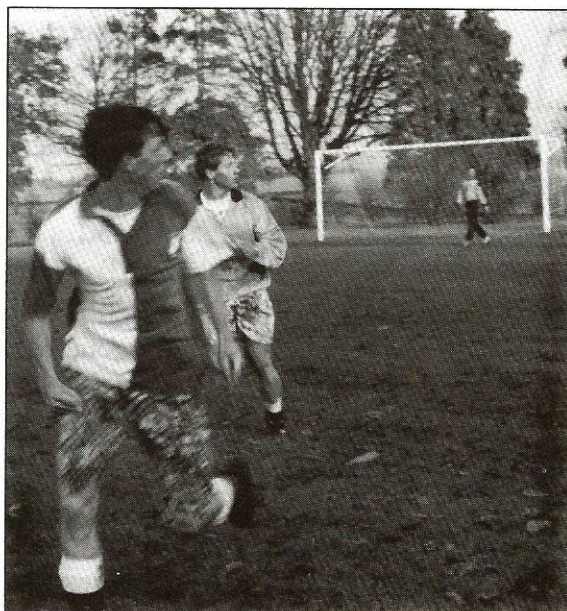
Without any kind of training nor practice, the St. Clare's football team has achieved great results in all the latest matches. In a

**LEFT:** *The Great Rasheed – before the Ribena incident – showing off his defensive skills!*

**TOP MIDDLE:** *Help! Large Lars is coming to get us!*

**BOTTOM MIDDLE:** *John – BIG, WET and SLIPPERY! (I sure hope you're talking about the field! – Ed.)*

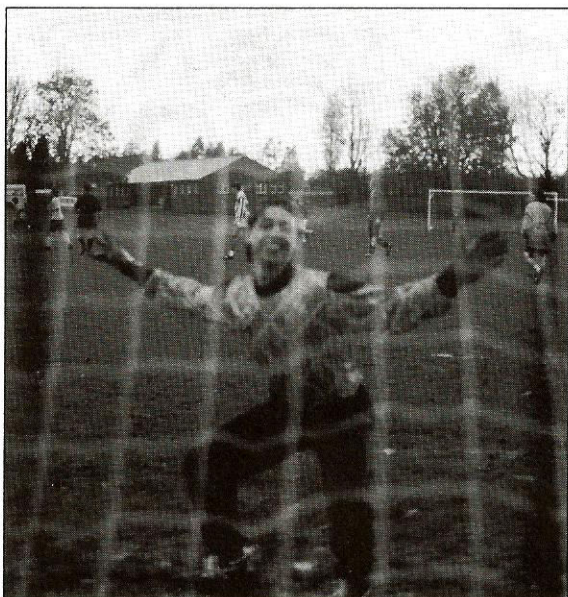
**RIGHT:** *Tuka, you are looking the wrong way!*



difficult game against Oxford University, St. Clare's showed its... possibilities. Eleven men (MEN??? *Dream on, Dave! – Sophie P.*), each one with a great capacity to play the ball, took St. Clare's to a 3:2 win. An impeccable defence led by two of the Dutch internationals, Lars and Klaas, saved our goal keeper from







any serious problems. Meanwhile the midfield with our talented Spanish captain John and Francisco, that spectacular right winger, provided great balls for the attack consisting of Yavuz and David who topped the scoreboard with three quite wonderful goals. Other mindbogglingly brilliant scores against tough oppositions have been 10:2, 13:1, and 4:1, all for St. Clare's.

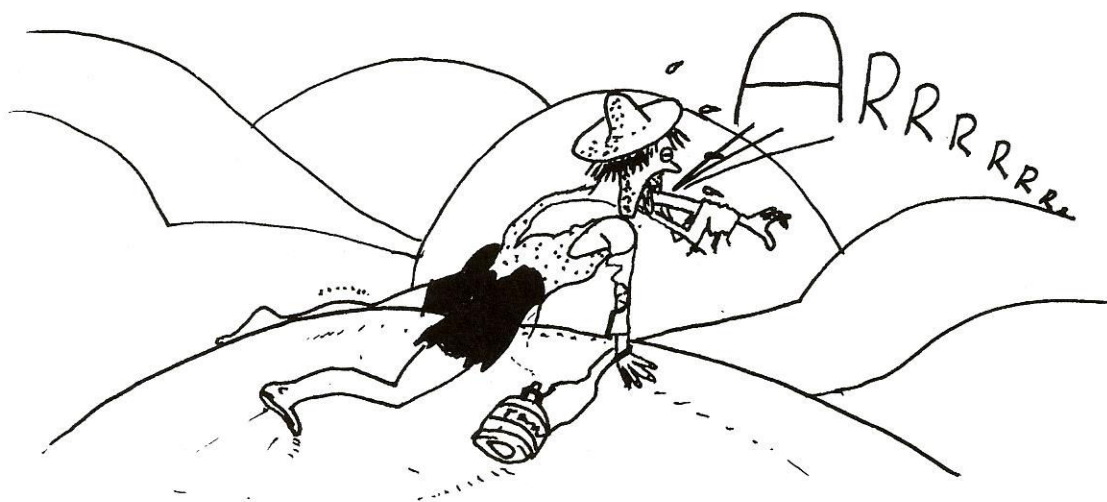
Of course, we must not forget the I.B. vs. E.F.L. games. E.F.L.'s are ahead in wins, but the I.B. crowd with fans, as enthusiastic as Sarah and Georgina, who will never disappoint us in their encouragement.

*David Medrano / sn*

## En oändlig men otrolig historia.

Jag låg i min bottenlösa säng och läste den spännande tåg-tidtabellen, när jag hörde ljudlösa steg i trappan! En huvudlös man kom in genom dörren och han hade en bladlös kniv i handen. Han stack kniven i hjärtat på mig, men som tur var hade jag hjärtat i halsgropen så jag klarade mig. Efter detta hoppade jag ut genom fönstret och landade i en hög av hö som var bortsopad. Jag sprang nerför vägen och när jag kom fram till bryggan

så sa båten tut, tut så gick bryggan! Ute på havet blev det skeppsbrott, jag flöt i land på en rostig spik till en obodad ö där kanibalerna dansade nakna med händerna i byxfickorna. Jag hittade en hydda inne i skogen, men jag var försiktig, så jag sparkade upp dörren och hoppade in genom fönstret. På bordet låg det två uppätta mackor, dom åt jag upp. Jag fortsatte min vandring in i skogen där jag träffade på två lejon. Jag hade turen att hitta





ett gevär på marken, men det fanns tyvärr bara ett skott kvar, så för att kunna skjuta det andra var jag tvungen att bära bomull tills jag fick ryggsnitt och med det skottet sköt jag det andra. Jag sprang nu vidare och på vägen ner mot sjön föll jag ner i en grop där en hungrig tiger bodde. Nu hängde mitt liv på en tråd och på den tråden klättrade jag upp! Jag sprang sedan ner till havet och skrek så att det ekade och i den ekan rodde jag hem!!!

**Richard Julin**

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## EXPERIENCE. VENICE

Not just for Art students!

92

St. Clare's has successfully run a Summer Programme in Italy for over a decade. The curriculum is designed to meet and challenge the students' present and future academic and personal needs, while they live and work in this most beautiful and enchanting of Italian cities. Students enjoy learning about Italian life and culture through professional classes, tutorials and extensive excursions and visits.

The 1992 Venice Programme is open to all students who enjoy the opportunity of following a wide range of options, including art history, painting, lace and paper making, photography (we have our own dark room) and special Italian language classes. There are opportunities and of course indispensable opportunities for students taking art. The accommodation and teaching rooms at our Centre (Domus Cavanis) are a comfortable mixture of new and old, ideally situated behind the Academy in the centre of Venice – spacious dining hall, commonroom and modern bedrooms and shower facilities. Students enjoy the centre which also has three tennis courts!

If you are a student who:

- wishes to get ahead in classroom work and thus enhance the chances of a future University, College or Art School place of their choice;
- would like to learn about and experience Italian life and culture and visit important Art Galleries and historical places;
- wishes to have a chance to express yourself and make a contribution within a different environment;

then join the Venice Programme in 1992.

The Venice TWO Week Programme runs between Monday, 27 July and Monday, 10 August inclusive.

Brochures, details of fees etc., and application forms may be obtained from Paul Saville, Director of the 1992 Venice Programme, St. Clare's. Friends from other schools or colleges and members of your family are welcome to join.



# Diálogo entre las mexicanas Ricas en St. Clare's

## Una comida en el Dining Hall

VIVIANA. Ay oyes, te juro que ya me urge regresar a México y sabes lo que voy a hacer llegandito? Echarme unos taquitos al pastor.

MARISA. Si eh! ésta comida está nefasta, nomás les falta servirla en escusado.

RASALBA. Ay buacala!! que cochina eh Marisa!

VIVIANA. Oigan ya vieron esa chava de ahí? ésta es su primera semana aquí y ya lleva tres novios.

MARISA. La verdad, la verdad es que aquí todas las niñas son unas cuatro letras, yo de plano no las entiendo.

VIVIANA. Mírenlo, mírenlo, ese güerito es el que les digo. Ay papasito, a ese si que me lo llevaba yo a México, pero aunque fuera en la maleta!!

RASALBA. Y ora tú qué viviana no es muy fiel? acuérdate de Alberto...

VIVIANA. Estar a dieta no significa no poder ver el menú!

RASALBA. Pues ya deja de ver el menú y comete el pastel de espageti a la boloñesa que tienes en frente.

MARISA. Ay gordas, ¿saben que estaba yo pensando el otro día? que si no fuera por ustedes que están aquí yo me moriría, de por si extraño a México, y no poder hablar español!

VIVIANA. Ay si la verdad es, que que bueno que andamos juntas, y ya si no aprendemos inglés, pues ya dios dirá, ya aprenderemos algún día.

RASALBA. Bueno pues dirán que que presumida pero yo ya con un mesesito mas de inglés la hago. Y fíjense que se me está antojando quedarme a estudiar aquí en la universidad

de Oxford. Al fin que mi papi yo creo que si puede pagarla.

MARISA. Pero dicen que es difícilísimo entrar, necesitas ser todo en cerebritito.

RASALBA. Ay pues yo salí con 8.9 del colegio Miraflores en México así que tienen que aceptarme. Inmágame poder decir en México: „Estudié Comunicaciones en la Universidad de Oxford „ Uy no, ahí si que en dos segundos consigo chamba en Televisa.

MARISA. No, yo aquí en Europa no me quedo ni de chiste. Ya me urge regresarme. Aquí la gente es rarísima, además no se han fijado como hay de drogas??? son unos cínicos!! hasta las españolas. esas ya le entran que hochoch! No que en México, sólo los de la clase baja hacen esas cosas.

VIVIANA. Ay si hija, tienes razón, aquí éstos europeos son rarísimos pero lo bueno es que ya nomás nos faltan 3 semanas para estar contando en México que estuvimos estudiando inglés en Oxford, que emoción no gordaaas?

Giorgina Saldana

### Glossary

taquitos al pastor

tipico platillo  
mexicano

nefasta

horrible

escusado

donde uno defeca

vuacala

"yak", que asco

güerito

rubio

Televisa

Cadena de television en  
México (muy rica y poderosa)

nide chiste

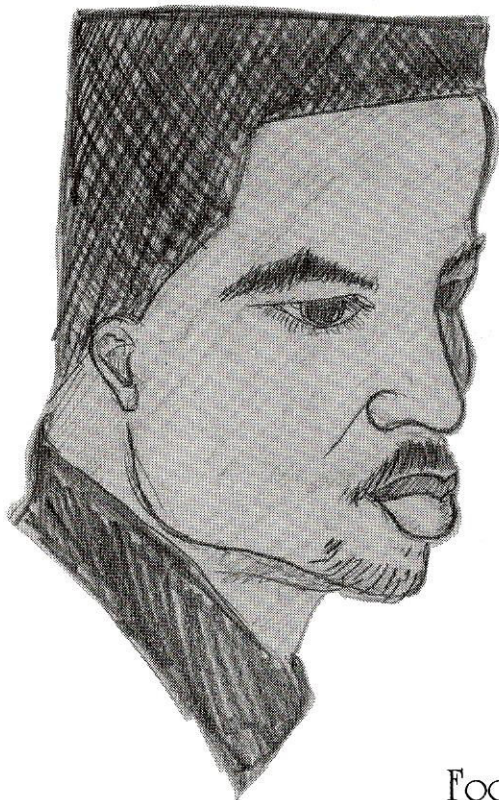
ni de broma



# *A Presidential Message from the White (Sugar) House*

## *Revised Version*

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Dear Readers,

We, as newly elected administrative members of the student council would like to extend our best wishes for the New Year.

We wish to thank you for your support during the elections, and invite you to attend any of our meetings which will hopefully be held weekly or every fortnight. With last term over, we hope to get some things accomplished before half term. Some items on the agenda are Charity Week, Private Student Councillings, Painting of the Sugar House, and Members for the Food Committee. We will carry out our responsibilities

as best we can, while remaining open-minded and seeing different points of view.

*Yours sincerely,*

*Martha Lindsell, President*

*Mark Guishard, Vice President*



*Original Version:*

Dear Party Animals,

Boy, did you make a serious mistake, electing us! We are slightly mad, but seriously, you are invited to any student council meeting, in particular the upcoming one. Items on the agenda are Nuclear Strikes on the Dining Hall, the Moving of St. Clare's to Bermuda over Half-Term, and the Abolition of House Wardens. Any teacher who objects to these policies will be held hostage and forced to write a 40,000 word TOK extended-essay in a foreign language, entitled „The moral consequences of useless knowledge“.

We, as members of the Student Council will try to fool around as much as possible and, in general, cause chaos and confusion.

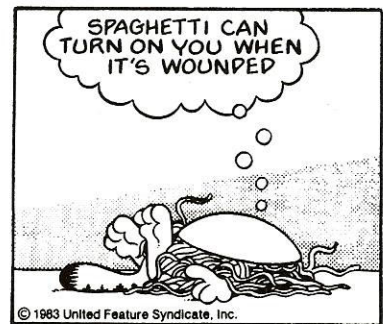
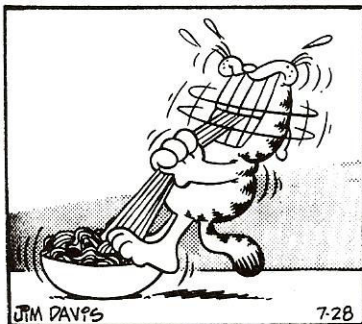
Yours faithfully,

Martha

MARK

Martha & Mark

GAMs  
(Government Approved Maniacs)





# YOGA

for the depressed,  
tired or decomposed

For over ten years I have been trying to persuade the great Hindu masters to describe to Westerners – stressing any precautions necessary – yogic exercises which may be undertaken with good results and in safety.

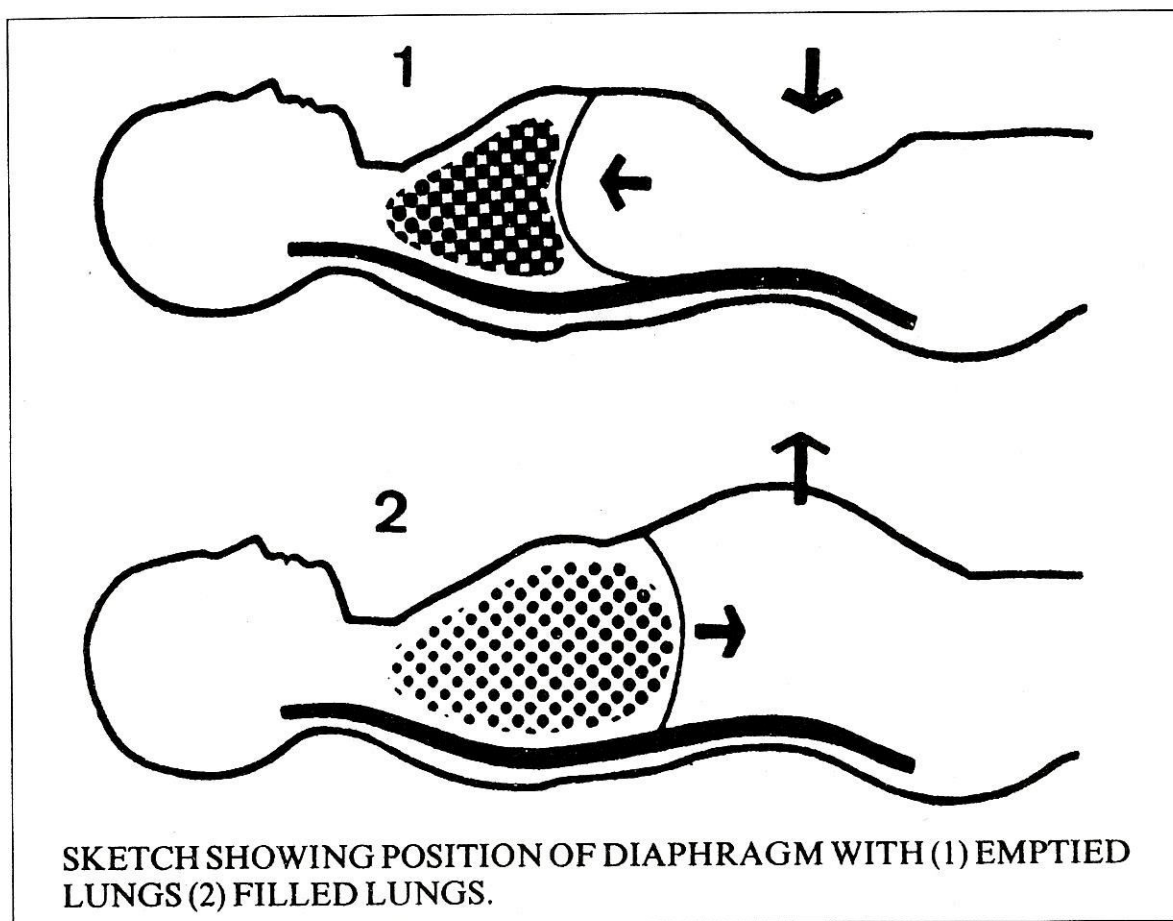
The following exercises are extremely useful to the St. Clare's student who is constantly subject to noxious substances...

To breathe is to live. There are three types of breathing:

1. *Diaphragmatic Breathing*: To do this, it is important to relax the muscles of the abdominal wall. Before you begin, be sure to breathe out completely a few times; either by

giving a few sighs, after which you pull in the stomach thus contracting the abdominal muscles, in order to get rid of any remaining air, or (if alone in the room...) by emitting the sound 'om'. This obliges you to breathe out slowly and completely – and since the sound should be uniform, you will be able to expel the sound large and sonorous 'oooooooooooo', vibrating the hum inside the skull (*I can just see you doing that, Sarah! – Daniele*).

After a few long, slow deep exhalations there is an automatic tendency to breathe in more deeply from the stomach. Having completely emptied the lungs and held the breath





for a few seconds, you will soon realize that your breathing is attempting to start on its own! – Relax your stomach and allow the breath to flow. Diaphragmatic breathing decongests the liver (helpful to those who like a wee drum every now and then) and in the gall bladder it evacuates the bile as required. It is quite useful to hear some gurgling sound (*Say what?*) when practising diaphragmatic breathing.

2. *Breathing from the Ribs*: This is the action of expanding the thorax which leads to the inflation of the lungs by conducting air into them.

Sit in a chair or on the ground. Empty the lungs completely and keep the abdominal muscles contracted (now you *cannot* breathe through your stomach). There is a greater resistance to the entrance of air than in the abdominal breathing. Breathe about twenty times from the ribs only.

3. *Clavicular or High Breathing*: In this type of breathing you must raise the collar

bones while air is being inhaled. Immobilize the abdominal muscles. Now try to allow the air to enter by drawing the collar bones up towards the chin, without however raising the shoulders. A very small quantity of air enters.

*Complete yogic breathing* incorporates these three types of partial respiration. Lie flat on your back on the floor. Begin by breathing slowly from the stomach then expand the ribs and raise the collar bones. By this time you are filled to the brim by air (you should not however blow yourself up like a balloon as people tend to worry).

Whenever you feel tired, depressed or discouraged don't bother Caroline Crook anymore, but do a few complete breathing exercises; your fatigue will disappear magically, your mental balance will be re-established (E.F.L.'s excepted) and you will set to work with renewed will!!!

Guru Nolan / fv

## Norwegian Lines of the Month

Niels Mykleby writes: „Gjort er gjort, og elg er elg.“

Aksel Ringvold writes (*Oh dear...*): „Snusen er som den skal være, fast som en kvinnes bryst!“

Carl H. Sibbern writes: „Det er bedre å kødde med grisen, enn å grise med kødde.“

Henrik Ibsen writes: „Jeg er... (*That's enough Norwegian lines of the month!* – Ed.)



# How to Improve your Love Life

Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat keinen Sinn. Dieser Text hat... (und du bist gefeuert! – Ed.)

## Guys

- Don't put on the overly cool image, be open and even forward but don't overdo it; certain girls prefer the shy, distant type.
- According to our survey, girls tend to prefer the guy to be a different nationality.
- Characterwise, the guy should be funny, sensitive, interesting, i.e. not spending the entire time speaking about his personal interests, such as sport.
- Although some girls seem to be attracted to the typical bastard, the minority are put off by guys who think it's cool to ignore someone they are attracted to.
- In terms of appearance, the guy should wear comfortable/original yet not too outrageous clothes and have a firm body. (The firmer the body, the stronger the implication that their, ahem, 'bedroom activities' are more than satisfactory!)
- What does a girl admire? A guy who has an original sense of humour (but this doesn't give him excuses to be obscene), affection sensitivity and respect.
- And what are girls put off by? Dirtiness, moodiness, sarcasm and selfishness.

## Girls

- The old saying that men should make the first move, died long ago. Go for it! Some guys expect it!
- The natural-look is much more attractive. Too much make up is *vulgar*.
- Cut down on the swearing.
- On the whole, most of the guys at St. Clare's don't mind girls who drink and smoke; however certain ones are put off, so watch out!
- What is the first thing a guy looks at in a girl? Well, he gradually makes his way from the feet upwards, if the body is satisfactory, he may consider the face and if that is reasonably appealing, then he may even consider your character! So basically carbon-copies of Claudia Schiffer and Michelle Pfeifer are expected!
- What do guys admire in a girl? BEAUTY, deepness, sympathy, company, truthfulness, sincerity, basically perfection.
- What puts a guy off a girl? Dirtiness, chewing gum, feminism, falseness and, yes, Sarah: vulgarity.

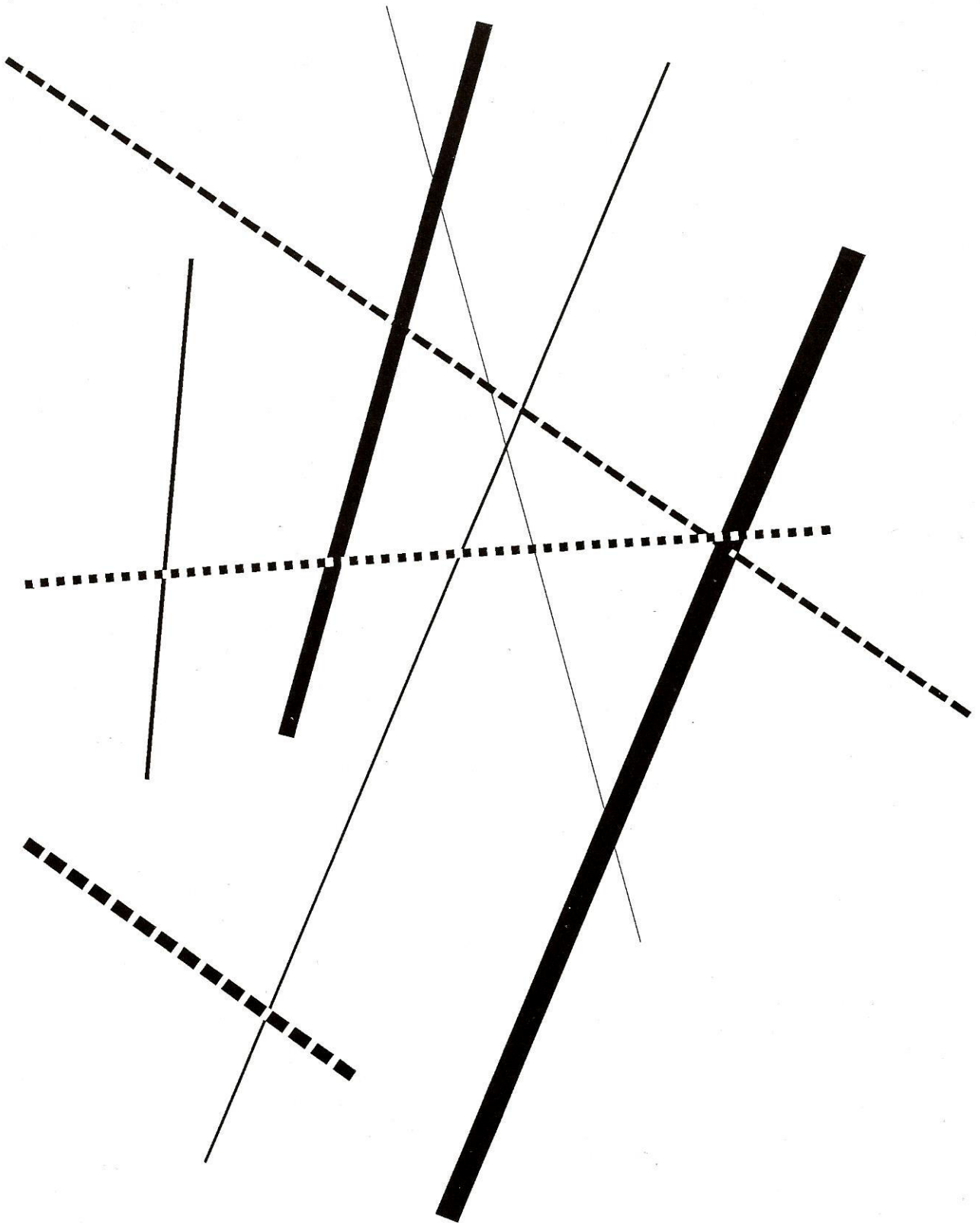
N.B.: We thought it might be of interest to the girls that due to another survey we carried out on guys, 58% wear boxer shorts, 33% wear Y-fronts, and 9% wear nothing! So beware of that dodgy minority!

Natasha Morland  
Larissa von Watzdorf / fv



# *Lines* of the month

part one



Be the envy of the rest of the civilised world:  
Carefully tear this page out and pin it up on... (You're fired! – Ed.)

*The GAFF*



# Friday the 13th

Finally, the day had come when the term was over, all exams were written and everybody was looking forward to seeing their families. I had booked my flight home to Frankfurt far in advance and was longing to eat some decent food after suffering from all the crimes committed in the Dining Hall over the last few months. So I went to Gloucester Green to take the coach to Heathrow, in which I met a couple of St. Clare's students. The traffic was better than I had expected and we arrived at the airport at about three o'clock.

went to the counter, where the employee told me that I had excess baggage of five kilos which I had to pay a twelve-pound fine for. Unfortunately, I didn't have any cash on me – but why worry when you have one of those marvelous Lloyd's cashpoint cards in your wallet. So I went on a pilgrimage to find one of those machines which would turn my plastic into pounds. A member of the ground personnel finally told me that there was no cashpoint at Terminal 2 and that I had to walk to Terminal 3 which was about five minutes walk away.

When I came back – loaded with money now, to avoid any further hassles – Rajif was still guarding my suitcases. We went right to the front of the queue (which was what the stewardess had told us to do) where we were verbally assaulted by a German chap, who thought himself badly treated. After the airline staff had finally calmed him down by explaining the situation, I wished



him a Merry Christmas, and we went through the passport control and security check.

Since my father asked me to get something at the duty free shop, I bought a bottle of *Southern Comfort* (strongly recommended to me by Rajif). Thereafter, I found out that my plane was delayed by one hour, so that I would have the same departure time as my companion.

Rajif and I had a nice talk and at about eight o'clock his flight was ready for boarding while mine was still delayed. But I only had to wait for about fifteen minutes until I could also go on board.

It turned out that I had a nice place at the window. The captain apologised for the delay and explained that we had to wait a short time before take off until they had removed the ice from the wings. A young lady of around twenty years of age sat down next to me and the plane taxied towards the runway. We stayed there for a short time, not moving and the girl next to me started a conversation with me. It turned out that she was Australian, living in London at the moment and going to see a friend in Frankfurt.

The weather outside didn't seem to be very inviting. It was foggy and cold. The captain told us that there was too much fog on our runway to start at the moment, but that the runway to our right was totally free of fog and that he expected ours to be clear in a few minutes. But what happened instead was that it got worse on both and he decided to taxi back to the airport in order not to waste any more fuel.

They said that we had probably noticed that other planes were taking off at the moment. This was because of the regulations specially made with Lufthansa. We could only take off at a visibility of 150 meters minimum while other planes, which are smaller or registered in countries other than Germany, were allowed to take off much earlier.

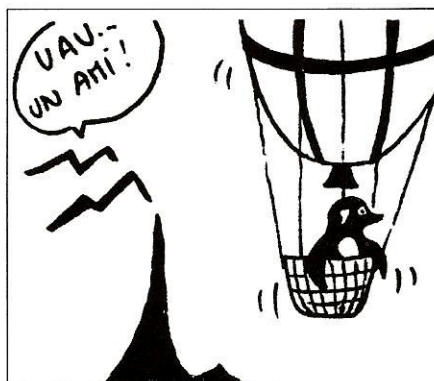
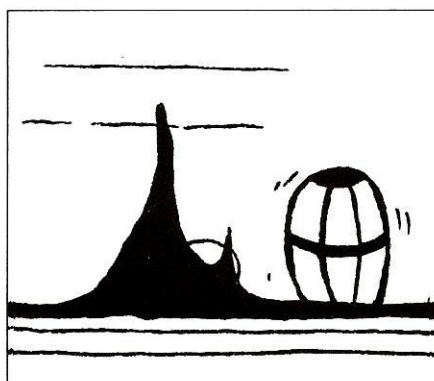
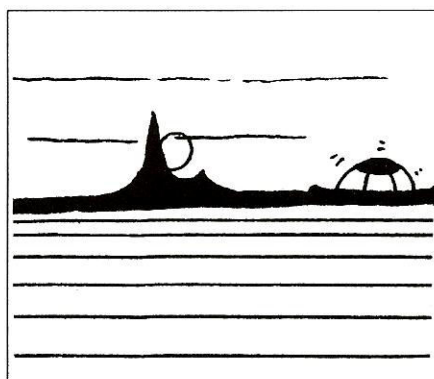
Afterwards he promised to serve us some drinks to calm us down. My neighbour and I had already decided what we were going to have, when the captain was told that there was a regulation between the airline and Heathrow airport that they were not allowed to serve *any* drinks on the ground and it would take too much time to order drinks from outside. So they got *special permission* to serve us our dinner (I had not eaten anything all day, except a sandwich, a coke and a frozen yoghurt). We were lucky: there was a 15 ml orange juice on the tray! But the stewardess was not allowed to serve us any coffee or anything else. The captain also warned us not to drink our duty free goods, because they had to be sealed until we went through the customs in Germany.

— Continued on Page 38

## THE ADVENTURES OF ORIS THE DARING

© BY CLEM

### PART I: FLYING HIGH





During this sensational feast, an American man wearing glasses to our left joined our conversation. He turned out to be very nice and we made jokes about being stuck in London tonight and searching for hotel rooms, when the captain notified that all flights were cancelled and asked us to stay calm till things had been organised.

After about half an hour, he informed us that we had to give back all our duty free goods because of the British customs laws. Later he also told us to keep our *white tickets* in order to have proof we had been on this flight so we could book another flight and so that Lufthansa could not be held responsible for arranging hotel rooms for the passengers. He then said that there was not enough personnel to take back our duty free goods and that the customs would allow us to take them with us.

So we got out of the plane (it was about 11.30 pm) and went through the passport control, where my American and Australian companions had to fill in forms for their visas, although they had not even left the country. While everybody was waiting for their luggage, I phoned my parents to inform them of my current situation. They were quite worried about their *little son* and I promised to call back when I knew more details. Before I grabbed my suitcases and went through the customs, I found out that Raji's plane had taken off and was in Hamburg now.

Outside the security area I found myself at the very back of a queue, waiting to book a flight for the next morning. I also met my two *friends* there. The Lufthansa crew managed to serve us some drinks, such as Coke, orange juice and water. Afraid that I didn't have enough money to pay for a hotel room, I went to Terminal 3 to get the maximum amount allowed for a daily withdrawal from the cash dispenser so that I could get some more after 0.00 h.

When I came back the airport personnel informed us that all hotel rooms in the Heathrow area were fully booked, the traffic had come to a complete stop and we should not try to get out of the area. The visibility had gone down to 50 meters. This news caused some proletarian man to shout out „Bravo!“ and to clap his hands, which aroused strong feelings in me to strangle him (but thanks to my sensational and peaceful education at St. Clare's I didn't).

While I was waiting I phoned my parents a couple of times and tried to buy something to drink which seemed to be impossible because all the restaurants and bars were closed. So we waited and waited and waited and waited...

About half an hour after midnight our *trio* reckoned that it would be quicker to go to some other queue a few yards away – and so we did. After fifteen minutes I had a seat for the seven-o'clock flight next morning. Suddenly rumours went around that this flight had been cancelled, but fortunately it turned out to be pure BS.

The ground personnel had told me that there was a 24-hour restaurant in Terminal 1. So our little group started moving there. We found a *cosy little place* in a café and I went to phone my parents to tell them that I was going to come home the next morning. Back in the café we noticed that we didn't even know each other's names and introduces ourselves; my companion's names were Sharon and Peter. Then we started telling stories to each other just to keep each other awake.

At about three o'clock Sharon and Peter fell asleep – not because it was my turn to tell a story, I hope. I bought a coffee and started to write down this story to keep me awake because I didn't want to sleep in a place like that, partly because I was afraid that somebody could steal my bags.

At six o'clock, after I had spent the night writing, reading magazines, listening to music, talking and eating, Peter and I went to Terminal 2 to check our flight. He had also booked for the seven-o'clock flight while Sharon had changed to British Airways and was going to take the eight o'clock flight to Frankfurt. Peter and I saw people sleeping everywhere: on two chairs, on the ground, next to the automatic doors and even on the check-in conveyor.

The fog had not improved much so we were worrying that our flight could be delayed or even cancelled, but the monitors didn't show anything.

We went to the café, said goodbye to Sharon and walked back to the check-in counters at Terminal 2 where I had *déjà vue* when I saw the queue. But we only waited for about half an hour and got through the security check, almost without difficulties.



Our plane was delayed for one hour and we were afraid that it would not start at all. But after a short time waiting in the lounge we were able to board the plane. Peter had a place somewhere else in the plane and I ordered a cushion to take a little nap after not having slept for 22 hours. I forgot that I am atheist when the plane finally took off at eight o'clock and thanked God for this. So we started, after 13 (!) hours of delay.

At 10.30 hours we arrived at the Rhein-Main-Airport (at Gate A13!) and I was glad to be back home – almost. It took me half an hour to find a trolley and I even had to go outside the security area to scout for somebody that was leaving by taxi. Back at the luggage conveyor I met Peter again and we waited another 45 minutes until we got our suitcases and I said goodbye to him.

I had to take a taxi to get home, because my parents had to work that day. When I got in the car, the taxi driver immediately started to tell me his opinion of life (they always do, don't they?). Back home I had a long, long shower and slept for 17 hours.

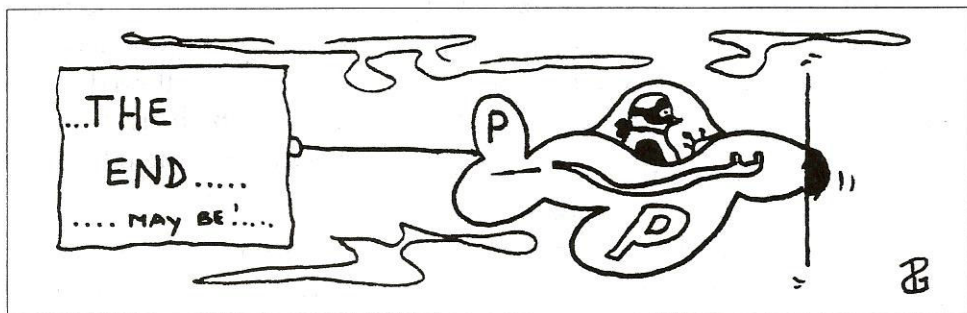
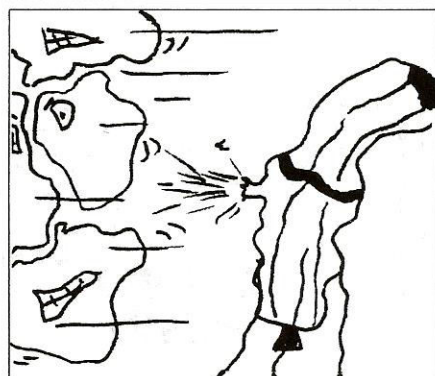
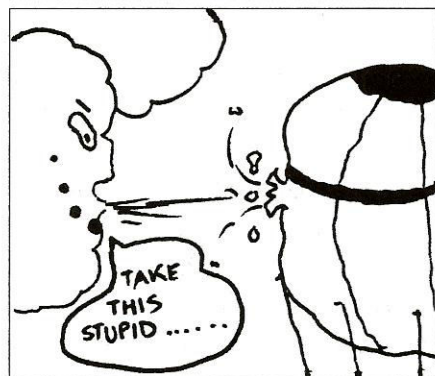
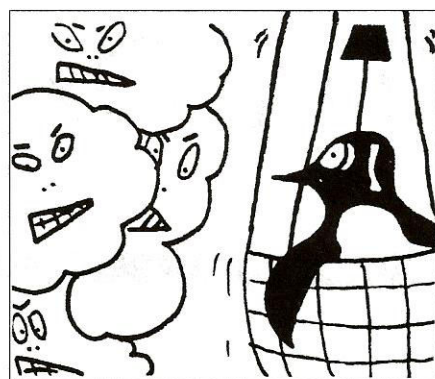
When a whole system breaks down because of fog, which is one of the types of weather that has least impact in general, what problems may arise because of the global warming by few degrees, for example, or because of other changes in our environment – things that seem to be very small can turn out to be very dangerous indeed. An issue that we should not underestimate.

I am not superstitious at all, but why do things like that always happen when it is Friday the 13th? And why did the plane have exactly 13 hours delay? And what about the Gate A13? It is kind of strange.

I think I would not have survived these two days without a nervous breakdown if most of the people hadn't had this famous black, British humour, like Peter, Sharon and the American with the glasses I met in the plane – thank you!

But now, after this experience, I can finally understand people placing bombs in airports. And now fasten your seat belts, extinguish your cigarettes and have a pleasant flight...

Christian Kirsch

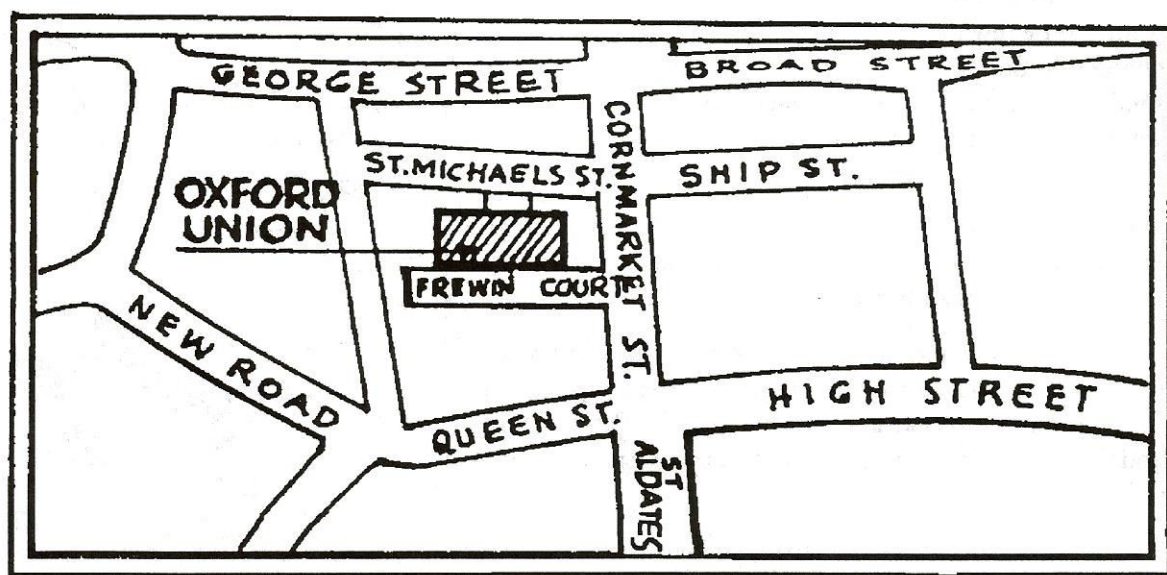




# THE OXFORD UNION

Despite being situated in Oxford, St. Clare's appears to have very few connections with the famous Oxford University. It seems difficult for students at St. Clare's to get in touch with students from the University and, perhaps, benefit from the advantages that are given to the University here in Oxford. However, it is not as difficult as one thinks to get closer to this University atmosphere. Members of St. Clare's are actually allowed to join the Oxford Union, one of the largest and best known student societies in Great Britain.

always with famous personalities. The first term this year (Michaelmas Term) has held everything from debates on feminism and witches, the two obviously being closely related (*You'll pay for this one!* – A. C. Payan), and also on more 'serious' political topics. Recently a debate on the EC with Edward Heath and Norman Tebbit was arranged. The Union always keeps up to date with recent happenings to be able to offer their members debates of a high standard (they always are...). The feeling of sitting in their



For £30 a term, we are actually allowed to join this superb Union which offers a wide range of activities and possibilities for everybody at St. Clare's, as well as ordinary University students (remember, we are not ordinary...).

Of everything that the Union offers the debating is perhaps the most fascinating feature. In their own debating chamber the Union offers a variety of different debates,

old Debating Chamber when it is filled up with more than 1400 people is unique, and has to be experienced. Everybody in the Chamber is allowed to participate in the debates which usually turn out to contain everything – including high emotions from love to hate.

However, the Oxford Union is not only debating. It has the largest library in Oxford



(and undoubtedly the best chairs...) offering a wide range of books as well as most newspapers. It is a great place to relax, get away from school a couple of hours, and not to be forgotten: Get in touch with students from the University. Furthermore they have a subsidized bar, offering beers down to 75p (you can't find it cheaper anywhere else in Oxford), and a subsidized restaurant offering superb food for very reasonable prices at lunchtime. For all those desperately seeking cheap nightclubs over the weekends, Oxford Union has the perfect solution; their Jazz Cellar (where they actually never play jazz, rather Rock 'n' Roll and pop music) is open till 2 a.m. every Thursday, Friday and Saturday, selling beers and cocktails for the same low prices as in the bar. It is always overcrowded,

and a superb place to freak out – for those who might feel like it outside school. Their two snooker tables are the only two in Central Oxford, and the price to play is no more than 70p an hour (Not £3-4 like other places which are much farther away from school). They have their own video room where excellent movies are regularly shown, with a big screen of about the same size as that in the hall of St. Clare's.

Oxford Union really has to be experienced. If you are one of those who are keen on meeting people outside school, enjoying yourself and simply having a good time: pop in to Oxford Union next to *The Crypt* in Cornmarket Street. Give the Union a chance, it is definitely worth it!

Aksel Ringvold / ck

# Les 1

De meeste Nederlanders, die het onderwijs op St. Clare's volgen, kunnen gelukkig al een aardig woordje Engels spreken. Toch zijn er een aantal zinnen die ernstige misverstanden teweeg kunnen brengen als ze te letterlijk worden vertaald. Daarom voel ik mij geroepen als een soort waarschuwingpersoon jullie op deze incorrecte wijze van vertalen te wijzen. De door mij te geven voorbeelden moeten goed in de hersens worden opgeslagen om zodoende toekomstige vergissingen in een engelse conversatie te vermijden. Hieronder staan een aantal voorbeelden

- |     |                   |  |
|-----|-------------------|--|
| I   | Doe mij een reep. | <i>Do me a rape.</i>                     |
| II  | Een rond vaart.   | <i>A round fart.</i>                     |
| III | Ik fok honden     | <i>(Your figure this one out! – Ed.)</i> |

IV En dan nu vlaai. *And then now, fly.*

V Hij kwam in een slip. *He came in underpants.*

Omgekeerd (Engels/Nederlands) zijn er ook een aantal zinnen, die verwarring kunnen brengen, zoals

I a pain under the toenail *een peen onder het toneel*

II Give me a hand, quick. *Geef me en hand kwik.*

Ik kan alleen maar hopen dat een ieder deze eerste les op serieuze wijze opvat. Mocht er eventuele belangstelling bestaan voor volgende lessen dan kan er contact met mijn persoon worden opgenomen. Dank voor uw aandacht.

Klaas Evelein




# Lines of the month

part two

- Robin: „I was offered a modelling job.“
- Kelvin Moon: „Everyone pee's under their arm pits“
- Julie: „It's mature to grow up.“
- Larissa: „What's a phallic symbol?“
- Natasha: „Life's full of surprises and I'm one of them.“
- Natalia Ginzburg: „La vita è avara di tragedie!“
- Lazarus: „What I love about girls is that they always say 'yes'.“
- Daniela in a TOK lesson about World Views: „God's a square!“
- Mrs. Skarland: „Only 8 out of 87 first years smoke.“
- Sophie P. (has her mouth full again...): „Thunk you - Thut's enuf and I'll have noooone o'that!“
- Bart (1st year): „I've finished my Extended Essay.“
- Larissa: „What did you do yesterday?“
- Klaas (EFL): „I squashed.“

## Oddbins

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*HEAVEN is where*



*the COOKS are FRENCH*



*the LOVERS are ITALIAN*



*the SINGERS are SPANISH*



*the POLICE are BRITISH*



*the MECHANICS are GERMAN*



*and it is all  
ORGANISED by the SWISS*



*HELL is where*

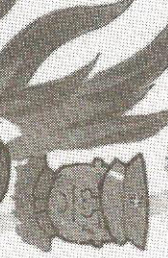
*the COOKS are BRITISH*



*the LOVERS are SWISS*



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*the MECHANICS are SPANISH*



*and it is all  
ORGANISED by the ITALIANS*

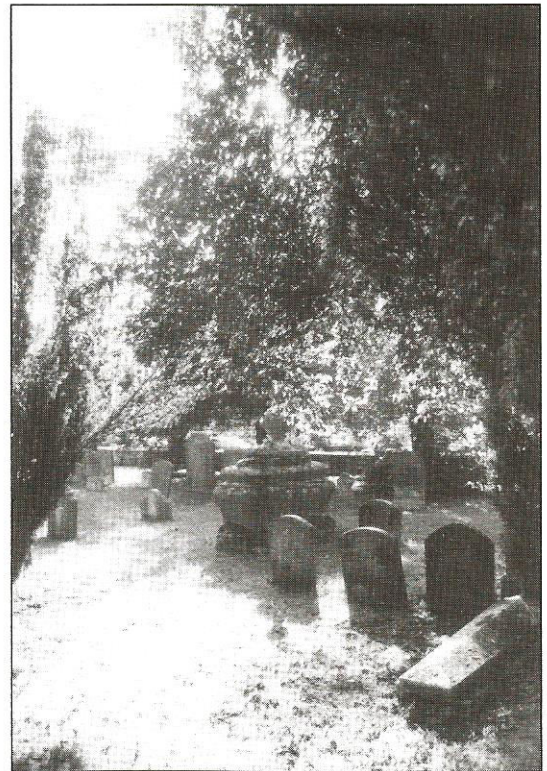
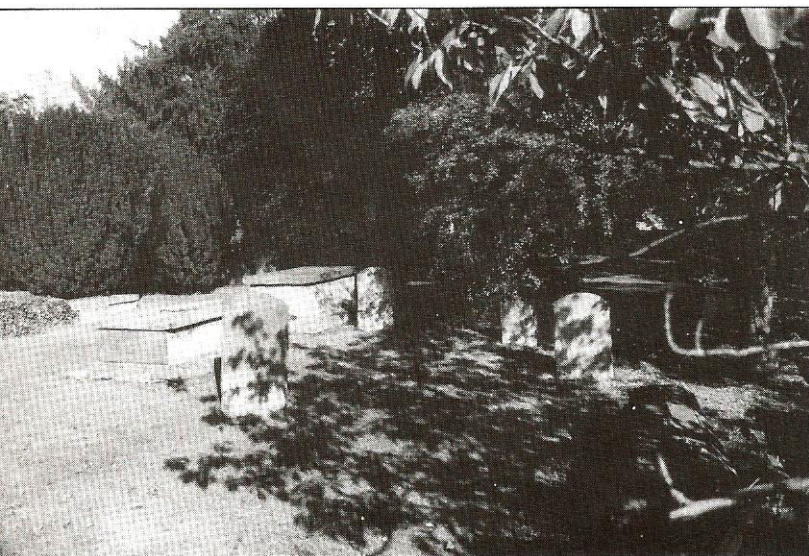
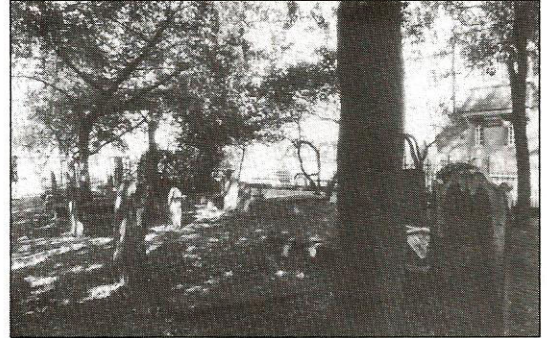
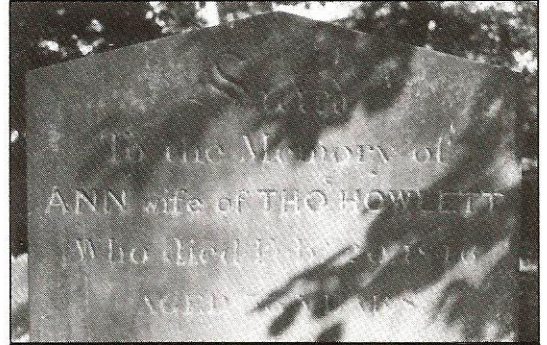
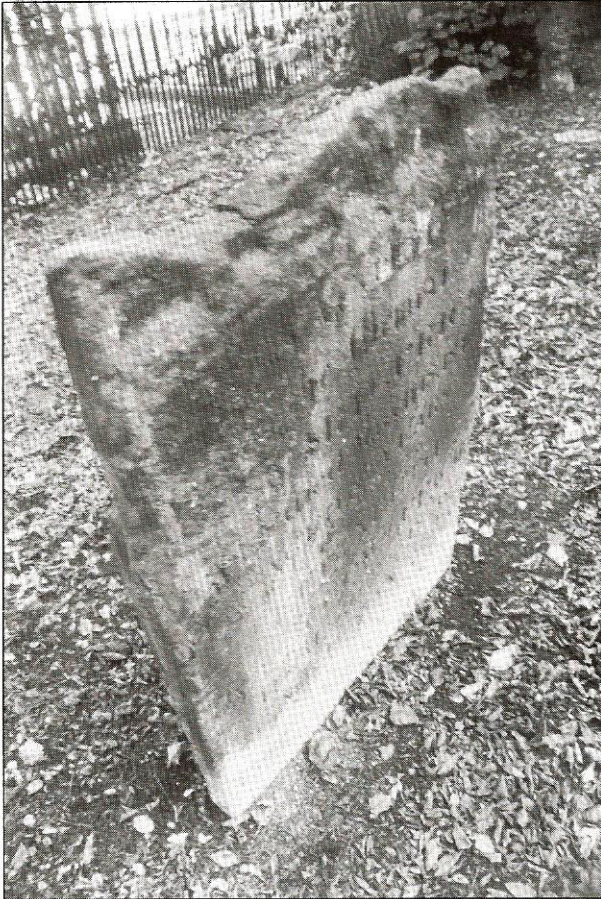




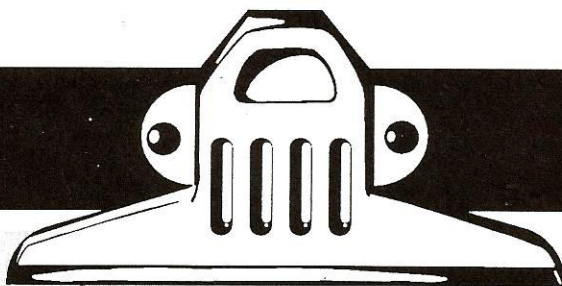
# Graveyards...

All pictures have been taken with a Canon EOS 650, using zoom lenses between 28 and 210 mm and an Ilford FP4 black and white film.

© Christian Kirsch







Oxford, 22nd September

Dear Diary,

re: My first week at St. Clare's

There I was, standing in front of St. Clare's, holding hands with my parents, my mother on the left side and my father on the right. My mother was looking behind to see whether my two little sisters were still present, tears were streaming down her face. There was no way back, her only son would be away for more than two months! A few minutes later some people from the school were introduced to me and they immediately gave me a big shock: As an EFL student I

was not allowed to have the newest IBM computer in my room, for which I had worked all summer — it wouldn't be fair to my room mate...

My house was five minutes walking from school. After my mother had unpacked my clothes, and many embraces, my family had to leave. My room mate, a Belgian boy with strange hair, had already taken the best bed. „Do you mind if I smoke here?“ was the first thing he asked me. Oh no, I thought, they've put me in a room with a smoker; smoking is so bad, but the Belgian boy looks cool. „No, of course not. I smoke myself!“ What a lie, but I sounded quite relaxed... I think.

Thanks to my good result in the test, I was allowed to join the highest class (I immediately phoned my family, they were all very proud). My teacher appeared to be very nice and the lessons were very good, especially the hours in the language lab. As optional subjects I chose computer studies and political criticism, which really enriched my mind! Beside these things, there are all kinds of activities, for example modern ballet and football. Once I played football indoors, but the boys were all very big and played to tough for me. My glasses fell off twice and were almost broken.

Friday night, I was told, there was a big party at 137. I went there but nobody was present. It appeared to be the wrong house. Quickly I rushed to another house. Luckily my Belgian room mate had also just arrived there, so we could go in together. Many people — even girls — were drinking alcoholic things like beer and vodka. At 11.30h I went home.

The next day I wrote a letter to my philately club, describing my first week as an EFL at St. Clare's, in which I had to accustom myself to the atmosphere — but I think I'm really going to enjoy myself here...

Yours,

Klaas





# — Mina —

90 chili d'ironia per il suo nuovo disco

Acquistare il nuovo disco di Mina è un dovere. „Caterpillar“ è il titolo dell'album. La parola significa „Bruco“ e per analogia „Mezzo cingolato trattore“. I cingoli lo fanno sitrisciare, lasciando una profonda scia. Nessuna canzone nell'album si intitola così. Mina ha voluto paragonarsi ad un trattore che macina, scava, trascina, ara canzoni e cava fuori tutto. Il primo „shock“ viene dalla copertina. Non è una foto rielaborata, ma solo un disegno che rappresenta Mina enorme e materna, quale il pubblico è abituato ad immaginarla. Una specie di alma mater, di madre terra, di matriarca — una caricatura? No, un'interpretazione autorizzata dal soggetto: „Prendetemi come sono e non rompete!“. E d'altra parte lei è sempre stata così. Capace di acquistare qualche chilo di troppo e di perderlo con altrettanta facilità sottoponendosi a diete feroci, finché ad un certo punto ha deciso di non curarsene più ed è felicemente ingrassata.

L'album è doppio e segue la regola: un disco di brani già noti o „Evergreen“ ed un disco di novità. Apre „Stardust“, polvere di stelle: non tutti sanno che cosa ha rappresentato questo brano per la generazione che aveva vent'anni nel 1940: L'America, L'evasione, il frutto proibito. Quanti ancora oggi riascoltandolo diranno: „Grazie Mina!“. Seguono poi due brani, uno del famoso autore Leo Chiosso e uno di Lelio Luttazzi, „Legata ad uno Scoglio“ e „Canto“. Andando avanti scopriamo „La casa del serpente“ e „California“ rispettivamente scritti e composti da due celebri cantautori d'oggi quali Ivano Fossati e Gianna Nannini. Dal vecchio amico Giorgio Gaber viene un pezzo conosciutissimo: „Lo shampoo“. Si torna agli stranieri con un

classico „Doodlin“ inciso da tanti tra cui anche Sarah Vaughan e con „Love me tender“ del „mitico“ Elvis siamo agli anni '60.

Il disco delle novità si apre con Marco Luberti, un autore che ha dato parecchio alla canzone italiana (a Coccianti in testa). A Mina a dato „Il corvo“ un brano drammatico nel filone delle grandi storie d'amore di cui è così ricco il suo repertorio. Precedentemente s'intitolava „Il corvo nero“ ma lei non ha voluto saperne di quel „Nero“. Gli artisti, si sa, sono molto superstiziosi! Drammi a parte Mina è altrettanto brava nel genere semi-comico, satirico e vagamente bamboleggiante. „Acquolina“ è interpretata con voce infantile.

A quanto pare questo nuovo „regalo“ dell'anno che Mina offre al pubblico italiano non sembra assolutamente male. Bisognerà proprio procurarselo...

*Claudia Golino*





# CREATING SPECIAL EFFECTS FOR TV AND FILM

Ever wondered how they made these pyrotechnical orgies in *Die Hard* or *Terminator 2* happen? Here's how the pros go about it. Learn about Do-it-yourself explosions and then join our *Videofilm Making* group – if this isn't creativity...

There are two main categories of explosive (*Taimor, don't read on, for God's sake!!! – Nick Lee*). The first and most powerful is high explosive. This material has the characteristic of, erm, *drastically* altering its entire molecular structure when subjected to detonation. The speed at which this happens is extremely fast. A mile long stick of dynamite would appear to explode instantly when detonated at one end. The second category is known as deflagrating explosive and includes such material as gunpowder. The most widely used material is composed of the three substances potassium nitrate, sulphur and charcoal, usually mixed in the proportions 75%, 10% and 15% respectively. This material needs combustion for initiation and produces its explosive force only when confined.

If something is to be blown into the air, say Mrs. Skarland's car, gunpowder should be used. High explosive would reduce the car to fragments (*Mmm. Felix, a word please in my office... – Margaret*). For this purpose it is necessary to confine the gunpowder in a stout container. The most popular is, of course, a cardboard tube with sealed ends, but there are many containers that give different results for different purposes.

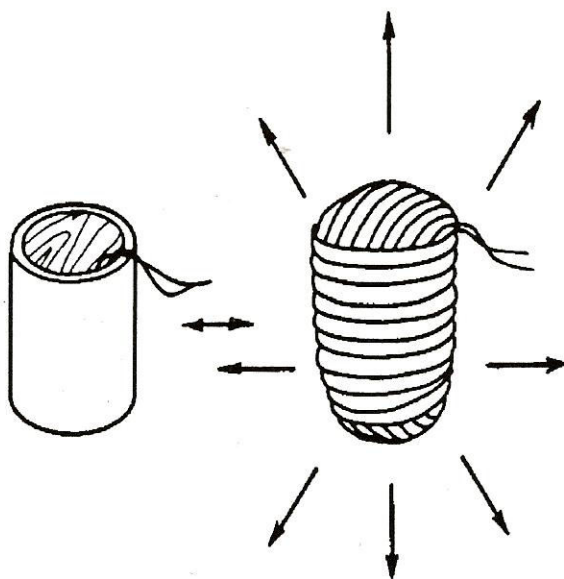
## Maroons

A maroon (firework bomb) is usually a stout cardboard case holding a quantity of black powder. The larger ones have their

ends sealed with discs of wood and are wrapped with many turns of string before being dipped in a hardening and sealing compound.

Maroons are useful for simulating bombs or shell fire. Put at the bottom of pre-dug holes in the ground they can be covered with dry peat and broken cork pieces and fired remotely. If actors or stunt men are to run close to the maroon the firing can be achieved by the use of a trip wire. Two spring-loaded contacts are kept apart by a piece of insulating material which, being attached to the wire, is pulled free when the actor runs into it.

A ground maroon surrounded by flour bags will produce a spectacular explosion. The flour burns giving a yellow flame while the unburnt particles add to the white smoke. Bags of petrol hung over one of these maroons produce an upward flaming explosion with little smoke.



**Ground Maroon:** Used for general explosive effects. It consists of a cardboard case with wooden ends and is wound round with string.

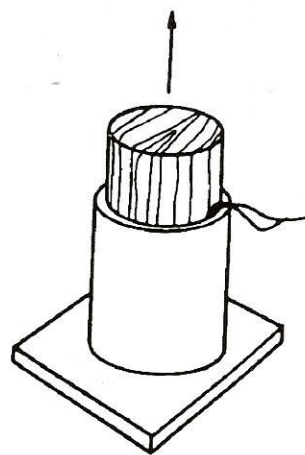


## Mortar

A stout iron tube with one end sealed to a base plate may be used to project things into the air. A bag of gunpowder is placed at the bottom of the tube after which paper is pushed in to form a 'wad'. On top of this is placed a wooden dowel, the diameter of this is an easy fit in the mortar. Dummy men (I would like to put some emphasis on the word 'dummy!'), oil-drums, trees and wooden sheds may all be 'blown up' in this fashion. Gunpowder packs positioned at ground level supplement the explosion by providing a visual flash. A mortar may also be used to turn over a vehicle in motion. Pointing downwards, it must be bolted or welded to the chassis and should contain a black-powder charge and wooden plunger. The tube must be of adequate length and should ride just clear of the ground. As the plunger striking the ground cannot be fired out of the tube the compression is transmitted to the chassis of the vehicle, forcing it upwards.

## Large explosions

An oil drum sunk into the ground and filled with a mixture of gasoline and bitumen can be fired by placing several maroons in the



*Steel mortar: A stout iron tube anchored to a base plate. A gunpowder charge propels the wooden block upward with considerable force.*

bottom of the can. They should be well sealed in plastic bags and weighted so that they can sink to the bottom. The resultant fire-ball filmed in slow motion resembles a nuclear holocaust.

Next time, provided that the British government hasn't already deported me for 'anarchistic' inclinations, I will look at how computers have changed the realm of special visual effects in the last five years.

Felix Vossen / sn



## *Girls: The Great Experience*

Girls in their true form mostly appear in the everyday powerful imagination of the typical man. Sadly enough, this vivid imagination does not transmogrify from ether to reality as often as every day. Therefore in its effort to seek reality and have its exciting contents brought to life, this imagination sends all its overflowing energy into passionate dreams with the hope that it can approximate itself, albeit only a little bit, closer to reality.





# Mafia Application

Whatza u name ..... U hage .....  
 Whatza u hawza numero ..... U streeta .....  
 Whatza u bag: Hitta Man ..... Lona Arranger .....  
 Izza u girl or boy (Or izza u prostitutt girl, oh boy!) .....  
 Justte check one, wizza guy

Putta downna wearra u worgge now .....  
 Wera u inna de bigga ouse .....  
 For whatza wazza u inna de bigga ouse:  
 I shoote one guizz ..... I keednap somebodys .....  
 Proteckezion raggets ..... Udder thingza .....  
 U wanna be de bigga shotz dumdaze? Yasse ..... No ..... Erm .....  
 U lika eat: Garlic ..... Pizza ..... Salami .....  
 U no ow 2 makke de cement shooz? .....  
 U drive de car: Cadelac ..... Buick ..... Linken .....  
 U lika:  
 Spagetti ..... Calamari ..... Girlze ..... Boyze .....  
 (Peek just one - No folla rounde, cus I slapa u face)  
 U sees de Godfather (or just de movie) .....

Widda u antry u gonna getta somating u really gonna likke...

- 1 pr. darke glasses
- 1 black shirte widde wite tie
- 1 pr. pointie shooz
- 1 pr. cement shooz
- (come later when u follarounde)
- 1 lb. mozzarella cheesa
- 1 kiss (later onna u cheek)
- 1 spumante (tutti-frutti)



(Iffa u notte sure, I talle u whatt u getta, wiza guy!)

Joine de club now (while u still can write)



# Letters

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO LETTERS, THE GAFF, 195, WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, OX2 7AB OR JUST HAND IT IN AT THE PORTER'S LODGE.

A Publisher Writes:  
What an interesting point you raise here, Kazuki, one which gives me a chance to explain at some length the complicated workings of that fascinating area of life we here in the trade refer to as 'publishing'. I first decided that I wished to enter this exciting profession back in (Continued next month - Ed.)

午後九時二十三分、おれはこのくそいそかしい時に、英語の「セー」とその他もろもろ、この糞意味無し法一完全なるナンセニスのバカ文章を書いてるけど誰も分かんねーだろこのすばらしき輝き神の世界をも超える芸術的な文章がどんな闇よりも深い気げんの悪さを内包してるのかを。あと、よくそよぼらにからまれてからこうなんだよバカヤロー。

Группа американских туристов приехала в Советский Союз на Пасху. Хозяйка в доме где они живут накрывает на стол.

Американец: Где вам мучи?

Хозяйка: А он красит яйца!

Американец: О-о-о "Russian hippy"  
А как он это делает?

Хозяйка: Очень просто! Он кладёт их в кастрюлю с кипящей водой и луком на несколько минут.

Американец:

О-о-о! "Russian yoga"

Earth calling Nirvana. Come in, Sly, your dinner's getting cold.

And there we have it. Fifty-two pages of bafflingly highbrow B.S. printed, six sackings dispensed, all queries answered. *The GAFF*. The magazine where problems somehow (Snip! - Ed.)