

Imperial College Union Operatic Society
presents

The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas



Union Concert Hall
6th – 10th March 2001

COMIC

2001:

A strange oddity

The Chairman's Bit

Another year, another COMUS Dinner, another terrible hangover...

I always enjoyed opening nights most when I knew the paint was still wet, and that only gaffer tape prevented the set falling down around the principals (DS: or should that be principles?). I shall enjoy tonight's dinner all the more for the knowledge that this COMIC was produced from scratch in 24 hours and that we confirmed the last 30 attendees in the final week. Talk about pre-show jitters...

This year we e-mailed invitations for the first time. The results were encouraging, so please keep us up-to-date with your addresses. Perhaps having the invite and details on a web site will help further next year. We won't rely on technology though. Even now I have been let down by the e-era and this scribbled note is to be sent by pigeon post from Paris to Putney for transcription into something more legible. It's like stepping back 10 years...uh oh, don't tell me I'm an old lag already...

Someone buy me a beer now, in fact have one yourself!

Darren.

--

I got the last word!

Daniel.

Caption Competition

A photo from last year's Summer Ball at the Paragon Hotel in Fulham. Gus and Ben are obviously enjoying themselves, but the look on Gus's face suggests that there's more going on than meets the eye. I'll buy the person who comes up with most entertaining caption a pint, but not until next first Tuesday – I can't afford Holiday Inn bar prices at the moment...

Dr. Dave's Problem Page...

...makes a return by popular demand. I was going to publish Dr. Dave's graduation photo again, but having opened the file that was supposed to have it in, it didn't seem to be there. However, 15 minutes of work later (it's now 6:15pm on Friday) managed to recover it. But now I haven't got time to write any problem letters – so you'll just have to enjoy Dave's photo on it's own.



“The Other Society’s” Chairman’s Bit

Another year for the Other Society. At the last dinner, we'd just finished Douglas Adams' "Dirk", a science-fiction comedy that was good fun.

March saw a production of "Clue", a murder mystery based on the game "Cluedo". This was a very witty farce, which at times reminded me at least of Yes Prime Minister, which may be because Jonathan Lynn wrote on both of them. This was directed by first-time director André Refig, and produced by Darius Fidgett. A lot of newish faces appeared too, a few of which have stayed.

In June Ines Goroednt directed "Mindfield", a short 'exploration of the mind'. Very different to anything I'd seen before, we got a good audience size from people before they went off to their night's drinking in the Union.

This year's Freshers' Event was certainly a success. Dropping the "Show in a Weekend" format, we went back to "put on a play and then the freshers don't have to do anything" format. End result, a more than twenty-fold increase in numbers. Basic laziness of the average student, obviously. Disgraceful. The actual play was a good version of Dario Fo's "Accidental Death of an Anarchist", directed by Acting Director Ben Fisher. It was staged in dBs (Ents Lounge if that means more to you), which was made into quite a decent theatre with diligent use of hanging tabs.

The December play was "Dangerous Liaisons", directed by Gabriel Cavalli, who directed "The Bald Prima Donna" by Eugene Ionesco a couple of years ago. Publicised to budding actors as "DramSoc gets HOT" and advertised with a suitably (tasteful) sexy poster, audience numbers were high. Actually, they have been all year -- very pleasing numbers.

And of course the crew have been busy all year too. During Freshers' Carnival, "House of Horrors", the quad looked the best in ages, and found its way on to the (now colour) cover of Felix. And of course we've bought lots of nice kit, as you would expect. Come and drool over our new PA.

A short film, "Foresight" was also produced in conjunction with stoic last term, directed by Philip (me). As I write this, there hasn't been a chance to show everyone the final cut, finished right at the end of term, yet...

I suppose I should mention the Other Other Society as well (only joking). Spring saw "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" performed at the Union, a story about a daydreaming man with a mid-life crisis. Some catchy music, and some 'interesting' costumes. There was a revue for Freshers in November too -- actually, full-time student numbers in OpSoc are getting dangerously high.

I think that's about it. Looking back, it seems a good year in many respects -- some very good productions, some very good audience numbers, some challenging crew work. To the next one!

held under the chin reinforced the fact that the pringle was putting up a fight.

I was pleasantly surprised at the speed at which an Espace can do 100mph to 0mph in, not least because it was the back of my neck in the firing line if the vehicle wasn't stopped promptly at Nicks request. I had always been under the impression that the vomit that you get in horror movies, the kind that comes out as an opaque column of coloured liquid and continues for half a dozen scenes, required an industrial water pump attached to a catering tin of Heinz tomato soup. Unfortunately Nick dispelled that myth, and was still dispelling it after my flatmate Oliver had lit up a cigarette, walked around the car a couple of times until he'd finished his smoke.

A pringle too far...

[arrghh, empty space – panic! Never mind, I'll resort to my usual tactic – when in doubt, use a Dilbert cartoon – Ed.]



and had returned to the campsite and, for the purposes of this story, our innocence remains intact.

Meanwhile, back in the real world things were getting interesting. Mr Jonathan Dixon and Mr Nicholas Towers were hunting for a club so that they could continue drinking. One had been recommended to them, but they were barred from entering, so they asked a friendly taxi driver to recommend them somewhere. The taxi driver knew just the place, just outside the city limits, because the restrictions don't apply there.

You'd expect a club to be fairly dark and dingy, charging an exorbitant entrance fee but supplying free drinks would also be within the bounds of reason, surely the mind should start asking questions regarding the gaggle of girls sat on sofas around a little patch of carpet on the far side of the room. It was the bathroom that confused poor Nick, his poor mind couldn't quite grasp the concept of the bed in the corner and a strange woman shoo'd him out of the room before he had a chance to flush the toilet. Dixon had a conversation with one of the girls regarding prices, but so far there have been no unusual entries on his credit card statement.

And thus our story ends...

...or it would if Nick didn't always brag about being a tough northern lad with a cast iron stomach that could drink a bathful of beer, follow it with a couple of hard spirits and still be fine in the morning.

He looked rough the following morning, very rough. A bowl of goulash soup later, and the look hadn't improved. Passing out asleep in the back of the car on the way back to Frankfurt was probably a good move, the pringle however was not. With a look of grim determination it had taken Nick thirty minutes to eat a single pringle, and the way that an empty paper cup was being

The Editor's Bit

I promised myself that I'd make sure I stitched up all the people who got me elected as Comic editor last year in this edition of Comic. Luckily for them, I've been swamped with degree work recently, so haven't had time to gather the dodgy photographs and stories that are sure to exist out there. Instead, I've stuck to the time honoured throw-Comic-together-at-the-last-minute tradition that's been practiced for the last several years. Thanks to those who sent me stuff to use, and no thanks to the lecturer that set my 200+ hour coursework assignment.

Well, it's 5:58 pm on Friday, the Dramsoc laser printer is playing up, and I'm still struggling for content. If this ever gets published, it's going to be a miracle. Oh, and Darren's estimate of 24 hours to produce was massively optimistic – 2.4 hours is more like it.

6:15 – Word crashes when presented with Dr. Dave's lovely photo...

6:22 – Recovered the document, but still two pages to fill, and I've got to print it. Doesn't look like I'm going to be at the AGM.

I suggest the best time to read this years Comic is towards the end of the dinner - that way you won't notice the questionable presentation, and lack of any real content. Anyway, that's enough space filling, so on with the show.

News

Whisky Tasting

The next whisky tasting will take place on the first Tuesday in May. Contact Roy Francis (roy@magor.org.uk) for details.

The “Other Society’s” Spring Show

The “other society” are putting on Ben Elton’s Popcorn as their Spring show. It will be performed in the Union Concert Hall between Wednesday 14th and Friday 16th of March.

Opsoc’s Spring Show

Look on the back page for details.

‘No news’ news

We haven’t got any more news, so I’m taking suggestions, Joth’s suggested that we announce a marriage, but there isn’t one that we know about. So we’re going to announce that Adam Mohammad and Helen Parsons are getting married. Apparently they are just as surprised as we were by this news.



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"A Pringle Too Far"

[Some creative writing here from Mr Tucker to allow me to fill a couple more pages without too much effort. Thanks Brian. – Ed.]

I don't remember who coined the phrase 'Renaissance Crew' to describe our merry little band, but a trip to the Munich beer festival was always bound to introduce an 'age of enlightenment'. I suppose if the 97-98 era crew are Renaissance then the previous incumbents would be classed as Baroque, if one considers Mylan a previous incumbent then that seems somewhat apt. The current crew definitely earn the moniker of Medevil, and everyone else fits somewhere between ancient and pre-historic. Pick your own epitaph, by the end of the evening it won't matter, everyone just gets classed as drunk. But I digress, back to the Munich beer festival.

Point of note, cocktail bars in the atriums of expensive hotels should be paid on company expenses, not my credit card.

Trying to comprehend the Munich beer festival is staggering. Standing in a barn containing 10,000 people all dedicated to drinking beer and singing along to an Omm-Pah-Pah band playing in the center, is overwhelming enough, but to then remember that there are nine other barns all equally large is staggering. Of course the only way to do staggering properly is to drink, so we did, starting sometime a little after lunch...

I could regail you with stories of staggering across Munich, a giant beer hall full of people cracking whip and chopping logs to more Om-pah-pah music, but you'd be bored so we'll cut to the meat of the story, the brothel.

Before progressing I would like to say that myself and Paul