

FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

No1024 10MAR95

Blocked

BY THE NEWS TEAM

The results of the sabbatical elections were announced late on Tuesday night, as previously reported in Wednesday's special FELIX 1024E. The winners are: (for President) Sarah White; (for Deputy President Finance and Services) Matthew Crompton; (for Deputy President Clubs and Societies) Tim Townend; (for FELIX Editor and Print Unit Manager) Rachel Walters.

The controversy that followed the declaration continued the next morning, with members of Elections Committee expressing grave concern over the St Mary's vote. Their Union officials have defended their traditional 'block vote', where they openly advise students how to vote. They feel that it is the only way in which St Mary's point of view will be taken seriously by candidates from the South Kensington campus, and in previous years they have kept the process fairly discrete.

This year, on opening the ballot box, those counting the votes found 'sample voting slips' amongst the ballots. These papers, signed by Claire Maloney, Mary's President, and Rahul Joshi, VP External Affairs, indicate the procedure for voting in the IC system.

The note includes the comment: "you may wish to consult this slip for voting guidelines. This is purely intended to serve as a sample, and obviously as the SMHMS SU [St Mary's Hospital Medical School Student's Union] do not

(continues on page three)

SABBATICAL
95
ELECTIONS



main photo Ivan Chang; Matt Crompton Matt Parkes

It was all blood, sweat, tears and beers on the night that the sabbatical election results were announced, writes Jon Jordan. As the count carried on upstairs, the candidates dropped pints like flies below. Above, three of the four more than merry winners; l. to r., Rachel Walters, Tim Townend and Sarah White. Insert Matt Crompton – just happy.

Staff Asked to Waive Rights

BY MICHAEL LUDLAM

Contract Research Staff (CRS) are up in arms against changes that college has made to their terms and conditions. The staff, who are employed on short terms of about two years, are angry with the new contracts which contain clauses that waive their right to protection against unfair dismissal and statutory minimum redundancy payments. Dr Julian Borrill, who is the Association of University Teachers (AUT) contract research staff representative at Imperial, said: "there is no justification for this." However, those CRS who have been in employed by college for more than seven years are set to benefit. They will be entitled to college redundancy pay worth

two and half times the statutory minimum.

The changes have been introduced to bring Imperial into line with St Mary's, who have had this type of contract for a long time. Some research grant holders claim that as the redundancy pay comes from departmental budgets and not the college, departments could go bankrupt with burgeoning payments. With even the Department for Education itself against such waivers, recognising that it does not reward staff, the changes are being fiercely contested by the AUT at Imperial. In a meeting on Monday they devised a draft four point plan for contract staff that they would like to see college accept. This list includes: that no-one should have to sign any kind of waiver;

that no improvement in conditions of service in one group of workers should reduce that of others; that redundancy pay be the responsibility of college and not that of individual departments (as was done recently with maternity pay); and that Contract Research staff should enjoy the same redundancy pay as other staff.

"It has made a lot of people angry," said Julian Borrill. But Rob Letham, IC's Senior Personnel Manager, said that the AUT had been "fully consulted in the proper manner" and that he thought that the union executive "were out of touch with their members."

It has been suggested by some within college that the unfair dismissal waiver could be used as a way of removing staff

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Fire Alarm

BY JOHN SINNER

The much criticised fire alarm system in Linstead Hall has come under further scrutiny. False alarms have occurred with tremendous frequency, to such an extent that residents now appear to be treating the system with disdain.

In one 24 hour period alone, the alarms sounded 5 times. Apparently this was due to the installation of a new fire warning system throughout the college. The Linstead system itself partially went on-line a month ago. Since then they have been sounding up to three times a week.

Dr Jan Bradley, warden of Linstead Hall said in an interview with **FELIX** that "part of the problem is that Linstead is so badly designed". The new system includes heat detectors in the kitchen and smoke detectors in the corridors. It has been suggested that the system may be too sophisticated. For example, when people leave doors open, smoke from the kitchens drifts around the hall and ultimately sets off the corridor alarms.

Dr Bradley went so far as to describe the new system as "ridiculous" and cited the lack of faith in the fire alarms as a particular concern. It was, she said, "in effect life threatening because nobody takes it seriously anymore."

Meanwhile, Graham Cox, Imperial College's Fire Officer, assured **FELIX** that the problem was being looked into. He intends to have a meeting soon with Dr Bradley and any interested students to discuss the matter.

One possible solution is to replace ionisation smoke detectors with less sensitive optical devices in the vulnerable areas. Mr Cox said: "We have to find out the best way how to do it without creating any security risks".

International Fight

BY RACHEL WALTERS

Last Friday's International Night was a sell-out success despite internal bickering in the Overseas Students Committee (OSC). It had been feared that members of the Islamic Society would disrupt the cultural show, but the event passed off peacefully.

Earlier in the week, Muslim members of college had expressed concern over a display by a group of Pakistani women students. Organisers of the event were concerned that they would set off fire alarms to disrupt the traditional dance. College security were on full alert throughout the proceedings.

There were further difficulties in the food show: the Singaporean and Thai food could not be served because of

administrative problems. The addresses of the caterers who supplied the food hadn't been written correctly, and that this meant that their food could not be used.

Andreas Mershin, OSC Chairman, said that he thought the event had been a success: "I didn't expect it to go so well". His committee have privately expressed concern over his leadership, with criticism focussing on his managerial skills.

His detractors on the OSC admitted that they hadn't actually expressed their complaints until after the event. Although they had wanted to hold an extraordinary general meeting to discuss the situation, they were unable to get the required 20% of memberships signatures.

Hi-tech Heist II

BY ANDREW SMITH

The Computer Department has again been struck by a professional gang of thieves, who now appear to steal on order. Last Friday an estimated £8,000 worth of processor and RAM chips were stolen from the department, which is still recovering from a previous hit.

The processor chips appear to have contained about 40 Megabytes and there is a possibility that electrostatic damage to the PC's and Macintoshes could double or even treble the repair and replacement bill. Nine computers were made inoperable by the raider, but the department hopes to have all of them back working by today, resulting in only one week of downtime.

The criminal activity took place last Friday at around 3.30pm and was detected by a technician who was working in an adjacent office. It is still not clear how the intruder managed to get into the room which has a sophisticated digitised lock, but it is thought that he had been there for at least ten minutes

before being detected.

Mr Jim Murphy, Head of Computing Support Group, has described the technician as 'extremely brave'. The staff member approached the suspicious person and escorted him to the Security Lodge in Huxley, but while security backup was on its way the intruder escaped.

It is clear from raids on both King's and UCL that this activity is highly organised, using foreign labour who can only be deported when caught. King's was also hit last weekend, despite prior warnings that they were likely to be targeted. The police have said these criminals are prepared to defend themselves if questioned and therefore asked the public not to approach them.

The computers which were damaged in the attack are mainly used by students for projects, many of which are due to be finished in two weeks time. The department itself will have to pay for the repair and replacement, until insurance money arrives. It is hoped that inconvenience to students will be kept to a minimum.

News in Brief

BY LYNN BRAVEY

Southside shop

In an apparent change of heart, Southside Shop has re-introduced student discounts. The outlet noted for its outrageous prices (where a loaf of bread is more expensive than that sold in Harrods) is offering a 10% discount to all Imperial College students. The offer applies, on production of a valid Union Card, to all items except tobacco, newspapers, phone cards, stamps and items already on special promotion.

New Dean

A new Dean has been elected for the Royal School Of Mines. Professor R D Rawlings starts his three year post as of 1st September 1995. He replaces the incumbent Professor Shaw.

Civil Servants Served

The Management School has been chosen as a provider of the new Public Sector MBA launched last week by Robert Hughes, Junior Public Service Minister. The MBA will provide a broad yet dedicated resource to the future leaders of the UK's Civil Service. Up to 60 civil servants are expected to participate in the scheme in the next academic year.

Professor David Norburn, Director of the Management School said, "I am delighted that the Management School has been selected as one of two providers of this initiative. We believe that our experience working in partnership with industry, commerce and the public sector qualifies us particularly well for this role."

FELIX Flooded

Whilst the student newspaper of Imperial College has been seen by some as rather dry this year, this week its offices in Beit Quad rang to a patina of dripping leaks. The flood appears to have been caused by a blocked drain on the flat roof, which resulted in water lapping against the ceiling windows of the print room. Water also entered the DJ's booth in the Ents lounge. With mop in hand one **FELIX** staff member declared: "We're going down!"

(Blocked continues from page one)

advocate block-voting, we wouldn't want you to blindly reproduce this at the ballot box in the Med School Lodge." The advice, which also gave the times of voting clearly had a huge effect on the outcome of the elections.

With hundreds of these slips being distributed, the favoured candidates recieved on average received 227 St Mary's votes. In the poll for DP(F&S) this overcame the majority that Annie Matthewman achieved on the South Kensington campus. It was also the first year that an official has stayed with the St Mary's ballot box at all times, so the medic's union was not able to bring the box around lecture theatres as was usual previously.

At South Kensington voting proceeded with some hitches, with a number of the swipe card machines not working. FELIX understands that not all the machines functioned properly during the City & Guilds elections the previous week, but the problems went unreported. As these problems may have contributed to the decline in turnout this year, Union officials are considering a return to voting solely by Union Card.

(Staff Asked to Waive Rights continues from page one)

who are involved in activities such as trade union representation. CRS spoke warily to FELIX, fearing that speaking out may hinder the chances of renewal of their contract. When asked about the unfair dismissal waiver Rob Lathem said "the college expects departments to act in a responsible way."

The AUT proposals will be sent to the Committee of Trade Unions in college. This is made up partly of personnel and partly academics. "The academics want the best staff not the cheapest" said Julian Borrill adding that the proposals "have support amongst both the CRS and permanent staff community."

He added that "it should be noted that nationally only 5% of permanent scientific staff are women whereas 40% of Contract Research staff are women," continuing, "this is a women's issue too."

But Rob Lethem concluded by saying that "the new contracts should be seen as a benefit."

| Candidate | SILWOOD | ELEC ENG | MECH ENG | MARY'S | RSN | JCR | CHEM ENG/AER | UNION | CHEM/BIO | HUXLEY | CIV ENG | First Round Totals | Second Round Totals | Winning Margin |
|-----------------------|----------|-----------|-----------|------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|------------|------------|------------|-----------|--------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| Rachel Walters | 4 | 29 | 33 | 234 | 69 | 77 | 102 | 116 | 121 | 154 | 21 | 960 | | 345 |
| New Election | 19 | 15 | 11 | 1 | 18 | 36 | 11 | 35 | 51 | 52 | 3 | 252 | n/a | |
| Spoilt Papers | | | | | 4 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 3 | | 18 | | |
| TOTALS (QUOTA) | 23 | 44 | 44 | 235 | 91 | 116 | 114 | 153 | 177 | 209 | 24 | 1230 (615) | | |
| Luke Gietzen | 1 | 23 | 5 | 3 | 12 | 51 | 35 | 36 | 48 | 86 | 5 | 305 | | |
| Tim Townend | 4 | 13 | 30 | 223 | 55 | 46 | 49 | 86 | 54 | 62 | 14 | 636 | | 10 |
| Maryam Yahyavi | 2 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 14 | 21 | 18 | 25 | 18 | 33 | 5 | 152 | n/a | |
| New Election | 14 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 12 | 15 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 36 | 2 | 145 | | |
| Spoilt Papers | | | | 1 | 3 | 2 | | 1 | 6 | 1 | | 14 | | |
| TOTALS (QUOTA) | 21 | 46 | 46 | 235 | 96 | 135 | 119 | 166 | 144 | 218 | 26 | 1252 (626) | | |
| Matt Crompton | 2 | 15 | 20 | 222 | 39 | 35 | 44 | 40 | 41 | 70 | 14 | 542 | 572 | 55.5 |
| Annie Matthewman | 4 | 20 | 16 | 7 | 28 | 55 | 43 | 65 | 52 | 98 | 8 | 396 | 446 | |
| New Election | 16 | 12 | 9 | 3 | 24 | 33 | 28 | 40 | 32 | 40 | 3 | 240 | - | |
| Spoilt Papers | | | | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 2 | | 15 | 15 | |
| TOTALS (QUOTA) | 22 | 47 | 45 | 234 | 94 | 124 | 116 | 146 | 130 | 210 | 25 | 1193 (596.5) | 1033 (516.5) | |
| Not Allocated | | | | | | | | | | | | - | 160 | |
| Miles Ambler | 0 | 9 | 5 | 3 | 12 | 23 | 22 | 23 | 53 | 40 | 5 | 195 | 220 | |
| Kevin Ward | 0 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 20 | 18 | 17 | 6 | 35 | 1 | 117 | - | |
| Sarah White | 6 | 13 | 21 | 229 | 55 | 43 | 44 | 63 | 39 | 68 | 10 | 591 | 619 | 28.5 |
| New Election | 16 | 18 | 16 | 0 | 18 | 36 | 31 | 54 | 42 | 66 | 9 | 306 | 324 | |
| Spoilt Papers | | | | | 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 3 | | 18 | 18 | |
| TOTALS (QUOTA) | 22 | 45 | 46 | 235 | 96 | 126 | 116 | 158 | 146 | 212 | 25 | 1227 (613.5) | 1181 (590.5) | |
| Not Allocated | | | | | | | | | | | | - | 46 | |

If you missed FELIX 1024E, we still have a few copies left. Don't miss those alcohol-soaked on-the-night interviews!

editorial

School Daze

Never close your eyes in the FELIX office - you don't know who might wander in. Last Wednesday, as I lent over the light box attempting to stick down photograph of Sarah White with a flan on her head at the St Mary's hustings, who should enter but a little girl.

Over to the reception desk she marched, satchel a-swinging. "Hello!" she demanded. "Errr, hello," I replied, not wanting to seem like a clique to this ardent enquirer. *Has paedo-fashion descended this far?* I wondered. When fifteen of her mates arrived, I remembered. The kids.

Over the previous few weeks a coordinator from the Pimlico scheme here in college had seen me at least three times to try to arrange some spectacular event

for a group of school kids on a Wednesday afternoon. I considered that twenty kids entering the office on a hectic Wednesday afternoon would be experience enough and forgot about it. 'Injuns, bah!' said Custer.

They all lined up before me like a firing squad, tall ones at the back, short noisy mischievous ones to the front. But rather than await the command to fire they took pot shots at will. "Where's the newspaper then?", "Are you going to write about Arsenal?", "Are you Maxwell?", "Boring!"

Ahem. At this point I panicked. A couple of years ago I wanted to be a school teacher. Now I wanted to be bunking off again. I panicked and took them to see the printing presses, knowing that machines quieten little kids. (Top tip - steamrollers are brilliant at this). It worked, but it also quickly quietened Mr Printer. Fearing I'd have a new

Brady on my hands and little kids entrails splattered all over the next issue I quickly herded them all out again.

Acutely aware that they'd still not been told of how a newspaper works, I directed them to Andrew Smith, newshound. He's best placed to teach them the ways of the media, the ins and outs of journalism, I reasoned. I'm best suited for cowering at the back. "Do you make things up?" they asked. All sweetness, he responded: "Well I try not to usually," displaying admirably the integrity of FELIX staff. Lying about lying!

The scariest moment though was when I took eight of them into the camera-room to enlarge a picture from J17. "Now, if I put Matt under here..." I said, moving the picture into place. "Whose Matt? That's Ant!" they chimed. And "Well, they all change so fast," had said my mother.

Credits

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Editor | Owain Bennallack |
| Printer | Andy Thompson |
| Assistant Printer | Jeremy Thomson |
| Business Manager | Tim Bavister |
| Advertising Manager | Helen Randall |

Editorial Team

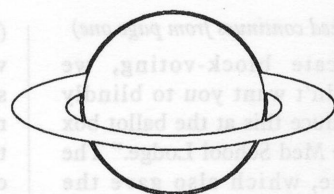
| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Art & Literature | Jon Jordan |
| Cinema | Wei Lee |
| Clubs, Societies & Union | Piers Daniell |
| Columns | Marcus Alexander |
| Features | Kate Cox |
| Layout and Design | Mark Baker |
| Music | Vik Bansal |
| News | The News Team |
| Photography | Ivan Chan & Diana Harrison |
| Puzzles | Tim St Clair |
| S-Files | The News Team |
| Eight Day Guide | Jeremy Thomson |
| Sport | Juliette Decock and Mark Baker |
| Standby | Jon Jordan |
| Theatre | Joseph Barr |

Editorial Assistance

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Collating Last Week | Jon Jordan, Paul Dias, Mark Baker, Rachel Walters |
| Typing | Steven Se |
| Helpfulness | Mandy Hurford |

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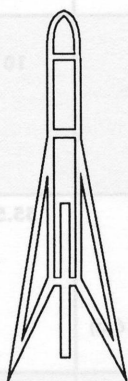
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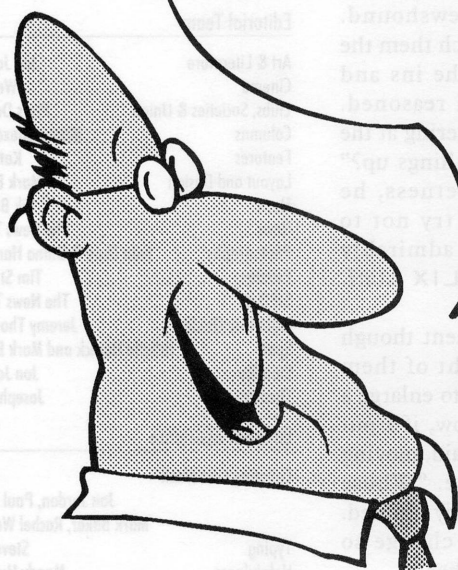
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Marcus Alexander's secret identity revealed... OSC Committee members slam Chairman... IslamSoc praised & ULU complaint...

Edited this week by Mark Baker

Frater Fiam Bashing

Dear Owain,

Firstly, let me congratulate on the quality of Felix so far this year, which far and away exceeds last year's output. As you may recall, I was not the greatest fan of your esteemed predecessor, who was to journalism what Pol Pot was to the Cambodian Tourist office, as vital to the running of Felix as David Mellor is to the Elite Model Agency. The newspaper has ceased to be a wishy-washy magazine, containing masses more material than was the case last year. Above all, that bloody awful cop-out of a cover has been replaced by news that's actually worth reading.

However, even the most rosy garden contains the odd weed, and despite the liberal doses of Paraquat that you have applied, one literary thistle has taken root. I mean, of course, Frater Fiam. From his earliest writings (Felix, 1006), in which he must have scared the living daylights of the poor freshers already a bit dubious about choosing to spend three of their formative years at Imperial, I had my doubts about the state of 'your Frater', but decided it was a phase he was going through, and thought no more of it. Issue 1009 was a definite cry for help, so much so that I did not expect to hear from said columnist again. Mais non, for in Issue 1018, we begin to see the shift of this troubled soul from the disturbed to the impenetrable. Our Frater rapidly learned the art of penning 400 words of purple prose which said absolutely nothing. I think we are looking at a man who could teach Tony Blair's speech writer a thing or two. To be fair, he admitted as much in Issue 1015, admitting "the realisation hits me that many will say 'What a load of bullshit'". To describe his columns as a "puzzle" is a bit of an understatement. A few weeks ago, I nearly sent a birthday card c/o Felix to our Frater, since, as no student could afford such a huge thesaurus as he was now using, this was the only explanation.

These bizarre, meaningless articles continued on and off with talk even of "Confused Ramblings on Senseless Topics" (Felix 1019). In this complete and utter waste of innocent trees, even the writer himself questions whether "your Good Frater has slipped beyond the bounds of comprehensibility". Maybe this bloke is Tony Blair's

speech writer? However, all of this is of nothing compared to the complete and utter drivel that graced the pages of the latest issue. If I have a cold, I do not feel it necessary to share the experience with the rest of Imperial. On the contrary, such matters are best kept quiet. To talk of the common cold as some kind of pleasure-inducing drug on a par with more exotic "chemical pleasures" is total rubbish. Friends of friends assure me this is not the case, and suggest that our Frater has been looking in the wrong places. Either that, or he has been so successful in his pursuit of recreational pharmaceuticals that he's taken a long stroll out of Realityville never to return. Were it the case, then life as a drug dealer would be as lucrative as that of the Ambre Solaire sales rep working in the Cleethorpes area.

The previous week, Our Frater was missing, and I nearly wrote in imploring all of Imperial to reward you handsomely for a such a public-spirited gesture. In the same issue, there was a truly bizarre article on the very mad Yves Klein, whose only redeeming feature seems to be a more than passing resemblance to Dreyfuss in the Pink Panther films. The weirdness of the artist was more than matched by the weirdness of the article, by Marcus Alexander. As a youthful, energetic first year, my ultimate aim at Imperial was not to achieve a First, but to solve the two ultimate questions that this establishment throws up - firstly, how have Imperial College Catering got away with it for so long, and secondly to be able to say 'Yes, I do know what the hell Marcus Alexander is talking about.' Sadly both were beyond the wit of a humble student such as I. (Or so I thought, until Marcus' excellent and comprehensible 'Cat & Mouse' this week. Bastard!). I then found out that Frater Fiam is Marcus Alexander. Everything makes sense!

Marcus is clearly a very good writer, as this week showed, but allowing such self-indulgent, meaningless rubbish that is no more than a subtle advert for Roget's Mega Thesaurus to clog up the pages of Felix is too much. The Docker's Fist has already bitten the dust - although it was the better of the two - and our dear Frater should follow.

Simon Baker
Chem II

I agree that Marcus is an enigma,

but I think a very worthwhile one. I find that it cheers me up enormously to find someone more mentally disturbed than myself. As for the possibility of him being Tony Blair's speech writer... well, I always wondered where all the money came from. Oh, good surname by the way 8-).

Night of the long knives?

Dear Felix,

We are referring to last week's news story: 'Japanese boycott International Night' You quoted Mr. A. Merishin, OSC chairman, saying: 'Nobody else has had any problems, nobody else has complained, everybody else is happy'. May we point out that this is not true.

Whereas there have been no written complaints, representatives from overseas societies have complained orally on more than one occasion about Mr. Merishin's notoriously disorganised way of handling affairs and his lack of communication. Meetings throughout the year were mostly at very short notice, with the venue often changing at last minute. This disorganisation became even more obvious during the last week of preparation for the International Night. If it hadn't been for a number of other people, the event would never have happened.

We would therefore like to use this space to thank the following people in the name of the OSC exec: The Union, the Stewards and the Sabbaticals, Security, Stoic, all the volunteer helpers, the chairpersons of the participating societies, the caterers for the food fair, the bands, the DJ, the performers on the cultural show, the comperes, the societies' stage managers, the backstage crew, and last but definitely not least DramSoc.

All of you did a great job and it was a pleasure to work with you.

For OSC exec

OSC External Affairs Officer :

John Sinner

OSC Vice Chairman : Rahul Dua

OSC Events Officer : Ducan M.

Samarasinghe

It's sad to hear that you obviously have no love for you Chairman - have you raised the matter with him personally? Or do you prefer cowardly insults in Felix? Communication can be a wonderful thing if you try!

Ta IslamSoc, talk to me ULU

Dear Felix,

I am writing this letter for two reasons: Firstly, to give my sincere thanks to all at IC IslamSoc, for the kind gift that they gave me.

During SCC week, I asked someone at their stall where I would be able to get a copy of the Koran in English with explanation. They said they would get back to me with the information. Two weeks later, I found a copy in my union pigeonhole which they had given me as a gift.

I would like to thank all of the IslamSoc committee very much indeed for this kind gesture.

On another issue, the ULU elections. I nominated Damian for a GUC position, only because I met him in the street and he asked me to sign his ballot sheet. He had to explain to me what the position was as I had no idea.

Perhaps ULU should make more of an effort to inform each individual college of ULU activities, issues, policy and services offered and also positions or offices needed through each college's services. Although we are a "Central London" University of London College, it feels very isolated from the main body of ULU and perhaps if more members of ICY were aware of what was going on, maybe through Felix, Union notices, STOIC or any other source, more ICU members would play a role. We all have something to gain from and contribute to ULU and should not be left out of the opportunities open to us.

Sarah Waiman
Chem Eng 2

Hear, hear! Although I am but a lowly firstyear, I have attended just one ULU event. It does seem a bit of a shame that we currently stand a better chance of finding out what is going on at ULU by reading Time Out rather than FELIX. Better communication does seem to be needed, but I wonder if that will happen after the election of our old chum Ghassan Karian as ULU president?

Letters may be commented on by a guest editor, whose opinions are not necessarily those of the editor, and cut due to space restrictions. Deadline: Monday 6.00pm.

Ravel

Daphnis et Chloë

IMPERIAL COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
RICHARD DICKINS CONDUCTOR · MADELEINE MITCHELL VIOLIN

Britten

Sinfonia da Requiem

FRIDAY 10 MARCH 1995 · 8PM · GREAT HALL
TICKETS £5/£2.50/£2 FROM IC UNION AND ROOM 440 MECH ENG

Elgar

Violin Concerto

+ The Dyson Dynasty

OPENING THE GATEWAYS

+ Son: Freeman

DREAMS OF EARTH AND SKY

+ Father: Sir George

HONOURING THE ARTS IN THE DARK DAYS



Two years ago, a new degree course was unveiled: Physics with Performance Studies. The four year course involves study both in Imperial's Physics department and at the Royal College of Music (RCM).

The launch of the new course met with much applause: "I think it has opened one of the gateways between the institutions", said David Burgess, a physics professor who helped set up Imperial's side of the deal, when interviewed in the 1994 Alumni Newsletter. "For students whose interests span both the arts and sciences, it's an opportunity to extend their work in both these areas", commented current RCM director Janet Ritterman in a FELIX interview.

But a connection between IC and the RCM is not without precedent. A link was forged nearly 40 years ago by the director of the Royal College of Music, Sir George Dyson, a man whose published work included a military textbook: *Grenade Warfare* as well as more pastoral, musical, works such as *Sweet Thames Run Softly*.

The link runs on through his family: Sir George's son, Freeman Dyson, is an eminent physicist who once gave the annual Schrodinger lecture at IC. In this week's *S-files*, discover the hidden link between IC and the RCM. Find out about the lives of a father and son whose talents span the great divide. And rethink your own ideas about the subject boundaries which we so often take for granted.

S-files

Credits: Editor • Hilary
Thanks to • Anne Hubbard • RCM library
Trevor Bacon



"The fact is that I am in some respects a peculiar scientist", wrote Freeman Dyson in his autobiography. His love of mathematics surfaced at an early age, and he later remarked that his father "accepted with good grace the fact that neither of his children inherited his musical gifts".

"I cannot, as Bohr and Feynman did, sit for years with my whole mind concentrated upon one deep question. I am interested in too many different things".

Dyson studied mathematics under Robert Oppenheimer and developed the theory of Quantum Electrodynamics with Richard Feynman. He is best known, however, for his interest in the possibility of extraterrestrial life. "Given plenty of time," he wrote, "there are few limits to what a technological society can do".

Dyson became an American citizen in 1957.

AN INVOCATION TO SCIENCE

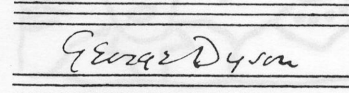
Science then shall be a precious visitant:
For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The process of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support,
Not treacherous, to the mind's excursive power.
So build we up the Being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving, even as impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Lines from "The Excursion" Book IV

Time of performance about five minutes

Capt. I. H. H. H.

Wordsworth's words set to music by Sir George Dyson for Imperial College's 1949 Commemoration Day.
Dyson's handwritten manuscript is shown underneath.



George Dyson was born in Halifax in 1883. At the age of 17 he won a scholarship to the RCM to study organ and composition, after which he travelled around Europe for four years.

World War One saw him as a brigade grenadier officer, during which time he wrote *Grenade Warfare*. The Dictionary of National Biography for 1961 noted glowingly: "His extraordinary versatility was manifest".

In 1937 he became director of the RCM. Cutting his salary in half and turning a classroom into a bedroom, Dyson kept the college open during World War Two, saying that "the arts should be honoured in the dark days". Freeman Dyson wrote in his autobiography *Disturbing the Universe* that this was "his father's finest hour".

With Dyson's blessing, various musical and social activities were set up between the RCM and Imperial

A month after Dyson received his knighthood in January 1941, the RCM building was hit by a fire bomb, and a group of Imperial students helped put out the blaze.

After the war, an embryo students' union formed. The RCM's Centenary Record notes that with Dyson's blessing, "various musical and social activities" were set up between the RCM and Imperial. In 1949, Dyson composed music for part of Wordsworth's "The Excursion" as part of Imperial's Commemoration Day celebration. A *Phoenix* correspondent wrote that "The colour and pageantry of the Celebration is a welcome innovation in the life of the College".

In 1950, Dyson was made an honorary Fellow of Imperial College of Science, and he retired from the RCM in 1952.

Dysons in the library

Sir George

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Derby Cathedral Choir
(Haldane CD collection)

Voluntary in D
Great European Organs no 21
(Haldane CD collection)

Freeman

Disturbing the Universe (Autobiography)
Freeman Dyson
QED and the men who made it: Dyson, Feynman, Schwinger and Tomonaga
Silvan Schweber
(Haldane)

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THE DOCKER'S FIST

by Glyph

I have been most surprised to read recently (*Observer* 5/3/95) that a term like post-modernism is, in some circles, being applied to a television program like "The New Adventures of Superman". Perhaps it's just me, but crap journalists are definitely taking over the world. Superman is a tried and tested formula that sells things to children. If you want to shift a zillion units of kiddie wizz on CBS, you do it during Superman, and not during the fishing show. Any allusions to post-modernism (whatever that is supposed to be) can only be a motif attached to it at random by a low flying journalist determined to sound clever by being opaque. This is a common phenomenon among music journalists who constantly assume that things mean something, when their entire worth is that they mean exactly nothing. It is not so much that this is irritating to read, but there is a not insignificant proportion of society that would obey the words of music journalists as they would the word of god. People talk about rock bands like

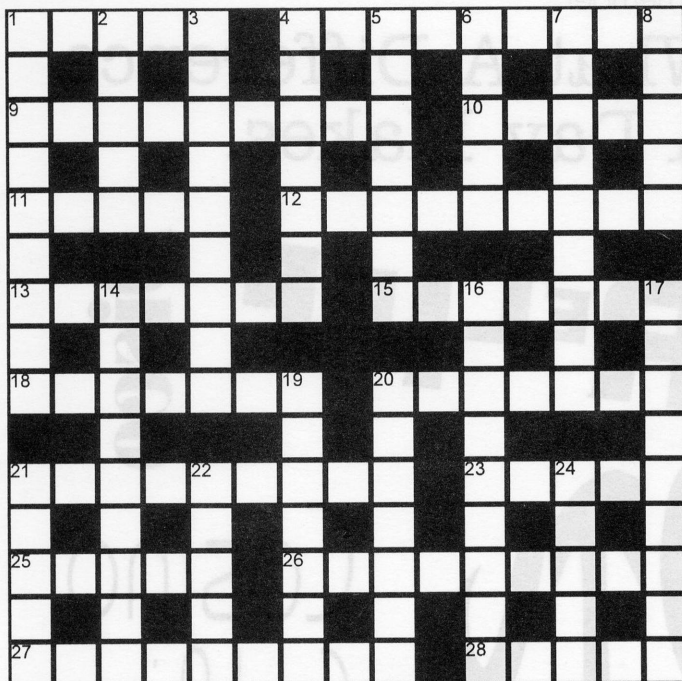
Elastica as if they had something relevant to say and did so in an original and erudite manner. The simple truth of this is that they are a fun sort of pop group that copy all their music from old bands like the Stranglers, and take their lyrics off the back of cereal packets. The music press however would have you believe that Elastica were formed when Sylvia Plath rose from her self-inflicted grave and rang up Johnny Marr. This sort of thing is witnessed across the board; but it was post-modernist Superman that really caught my attention.

If post modernism means what I think it does then in my life it manifests itself on several levels. Firstly and least amusingly in use by shite students that like Thunderbirds (the puppets not the drink - on reflection we are actually talking about the same people however you look at it) and walk around with the legend F.A.B. emblazoned across their torso. Another more virulent manifestation of these, circulate in 'Magic Roundabout' shirts; they have a hidden agenda. They are

not only expressing their vastly superior intellect over the masses by their ironic post-modernist fashion sense, they are also advertising the fact that they smoke dope and say 'man' at the end of their sentences. Information which can only lead the recipient to swoon, with a burning and irrepressible lust fired by the knowledge that people au fait with the student-drug zeitgeist are in fact deeply cool and not a bunch of limp-dicked fuckwits (who continually say 'man' at the end of their sentences). Slightly more amusing is the habit of renaming things once named after Nelson Mandela after television light entertainers. Manchester Poly (god knows what it's called now...) has a Bruce Forsyth Building, and somewhere else has quite recently acquired a Desmond Lynam lounge.

Alright, alright, perhaps there is a certain post-modernist quality to superman "Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's a brand-new gay icon in blue tights". Yes, possibly there is a jolt of wit about

it, but the suggestion of anything dry or vaguely derisory about the scenarios could only possibly be an oversight on the part of the extra-zealous script editors, as a result of their consummate lack of humour. I am yet to be convinced that it is deliberately amusing. Where post-modernism touches me the deepest is when I don't realise that I'm doing it. There has on occasion been the need for me to describe the appearance of women to other blokes. This I am perfectly capable of doing, but it still embarrasses me to do so; (in case I get it wrong for a start). I find myself describing her as I would a centre forward. "Well, she's very dominating in the air and attacks space in the box very well, but her control often lets her down on the turn and her work rate is suspect." I think this is fairly innocent and harmless, but I will know that I have created a monster if one day I'm trying to buy a car and the salesman tells me that "It may have saggy tits and a drippy growler, but it likes it up the Gary and will nine time out of ten make cheese sandwiches for the lads."



Solution to last week's Crossword:

Across: 7. Mandarin, 8. Orange, 9. Multimedia, 11. Kerb, 12. Blockade, 14. Tithes, 16. Crustacea, 18. Impact, 19. Familiar, 22. Emir, 23. Passageway, 25. Cliché, 26. Nematode. **Down:** 1. Manual, 2. Edit, 3. Crimea, 4. Romantic, 5. Basketball, 6. Aggrieve, 10. Dyestuffs, 13. Cockatrice, 15. Camomile, 17. Untapped, 20. Miasma, 21. Awards, 24. Eats.

Crossword by Nyami Nyami

Across:

1. Uranium found in swamps is not real (5)
4. Copper will push us towards the tree (9)
9. Perhaps cops too are in charge of ear examinations (9)
10. Some French pleas mostly in two parts (5)
11. Character found at river mouth (5)
12. Cruise off for a change of styles (9)
13. I am bent on destruction - moody? (7)
15. Hell! The French died abused (7)
18. Non-conformist had spasm in this place before (7)
20. Policeman's mutilated corpse found around Peruvian capital (7)
21. Old writings may be here or on form, mostly (2,1,6)
23. Push little devil into English lake (5)
25. Here, French Queen became colder (5)
26. Attack equal say about fashionable solution (9)
27. Genes split between English rat breeds (9)

28. Numbers the man investigated? (5)

Down:

1. Massacre in, for example, A+ type of city (9)
2. Who'll speak of legend in front of ghost? (5)
3. Trace man's unease at symbolic ceremony (9)
4. Absurd act against ape mimic (7)
5. Hungry? Nip around! (7)
6. Done badly, but strong finale (3,2)
7. Cooked slug puree makes great sticker! (9)
8. Discards outhouses (5)
14. Pubs Ian goes to - the philistine! (9)
16. Tropical nanny? (9)
17. Was bad play shown openly? (9)
19. Calm worker keeps temperatures low? (7)
20. Collect first half of our second sports award (7)
21. Unsettled cry of pain at home before midnight (5)
22. Move wildly, but miss Oriental nurse (5)
24. Skinhead strikes odd pose for money (5)

Fables

RENAISSANCE MAN IS DEAD. Modernity, and even more so this era of post-modernity, is fast and impatient. Thatcher's Children have a three minute attention span and an overwhelming desire to make themselves employable. Hurling towards a career, they never pause to gain a love of knowledge for its own sake and, as the constraints of three-minute television expel meaningful content from our screens, a dedication to specialisation minimises the breadth and profundity of our education. A lack of formal training in other spheres need not prove problematic; the truly intelligent ought to be able, if they so desire, to explore other fields for themselves. Too often they do not desire and many even feel contempt for other academic disciplines.

This close-mindedness to the potentiality of alternative worthwhile experiences should be of particular concern to Imperial students. The comforts of academic excellence should be tempered by the hole that the absence of half the curriculum leaves in our cultural life. In this environment the full range of interdisciplinary discussions is lacking ... debates about the mechanisms of consciousness between philosophers and neurophysiologist will never be heard in the JCR. But we should also be wary of concentrating too much on the sciences; beliefs in the intrinsic superiority of one's own discipline are unfounded and idiotic whether expressed by physicists or English students.

Fables about this dedication to a particular conception of the worthwhile abound

in literature. The obsession of Moliere's Miser with wealth, Dicken's Mr. Squeers with the infliction of cruelty upon youngsters, Osbourne's Jimmy Porter with class origins and Dr. Frankenstein with the creation of life are classic

for

examples. These characters are possessed by a single idea of the worthwhile, whether applied merely to their own lives or to those of everyone around them, and even when there is much else to commend them we find them unnervingly unsatisfactory. In general these tales include characters with a broader outlook which is why the comedies of Ben Jonson stand out by the savagery of his attack upon humanity's shallowness. Unlike Shakespearean romantic comedies Jonson populates his highly satirical work with ignoble characters, most of whom display no ability to understand another's conception of the worthwhile.

Time?

Volpone is possibly his greatest comedy but the attractive characters in it are only so because of their corrupt brilliance. An obsession with riches and a corresponding contempt of other possible goals dominates the lives of the principal characters. This single mindedness leads them to variously perjure themselves, dupe others, disinherit their son and attempt to prostitute their wife. It is not just greed which is displayed in this fashion however. Desires to

follow societal conventions, dedication to political schemes, beliefs in religious virtues and concentrations on their professional honour are all shown to be shallow when breadth of experience and knowledge are lacking. Conventionally applauded attributes are warped by their inability to see anything else beyond them. Yet this forceful social commentary is tied to neither the depressive cynicism that pervades so much modern work nor to the particular nature of his time. The character traits he ridicules still exist and the manner in which he does so is surprisingly close to modern tastes. The play's power to persuade is closely linked to Jonson's comic invention; laughing at the characters that we see how pathetic they are.

our

The subject matter is atemporal and it remains a relevant fable for our time. In the light of debates about the breadth of experience that Imperial students acquire, Volpone and so many other works of literature can be interpreted as saying that we should be wary of narrowness of interests as scientists, but also that this is a potential problem for others just as much as for us. If we must have a goal let it be that we maintain a diversity, and not merely an excellence, in our lives.

Matt

The Dramatic Society is performing Volpone at 7.30pm in the Union Concert Hall on the 14, 15, 17 and 18th of March. Prices are £3.50 (full) and £2.50 (conc).

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Believe

*Genuinely curious about
condom-clad
wheelbarrows?*

*Kaizen attempts to
make sense of a Royal
College of Art
exhibition...*

The difference between the Royal College of Art and the building I had just walked out of was startling. Inside, the exhibition hall is light, spacious and attractive, but a neutral backdrop to any work of art hung there. Imperial College buildings are in contrast functional to the point of obsession, with electrical cables and piping flowing along the same conduits as the people.

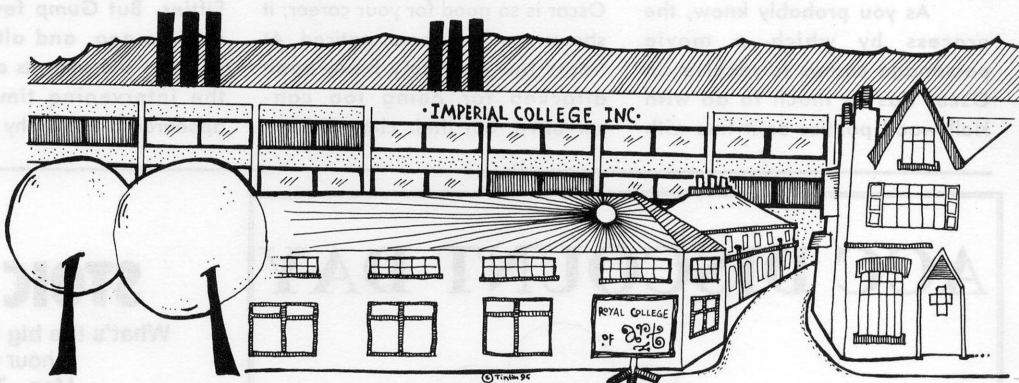
The experience of walking into a gallery was not new to me. This particular exhibition was different, involving many artists who were new to England and, what's more, still alive! The curators had titled it 'Make-Believe'. This is the opening line from the gallery pamphlet:

'The childhood game of make-believe offers the chance to escape reality and to assume the central role in a story of our own making.'

While going round the exhibition, I kept thinking *why, and for what purpose?* As an engineer I have always tried to find out how things worked. But in this context asking why seemed irrelevant.

Some of the works were easy to dismiss as rubbish. But, when I moved beyond the obvious appearance of the image, I found there was more to it. For instance, a new green wheelbarrow in the centre of the main gallery looked as if someone had just abandoned it there. It held lots of old discarded diaries and had a condom wrapped around one handle. The guide announced:

'Wardle invites us to peer into the private life of a stranger from the past, the author of the 1950s diaries' life being exposed unashamedly. The episode of a condom drying on a wheelbarrow arm is re-staged here to act as a humorous materialisation of an embarrassing moment. But is the author's story an embellishment of the truth or



even a lie? Or are the diaries themselves fakes? The act of make-believe is in fact the fulcrum of the work and these questions remain unresolved.'

As I walked around I realised anyone could derive their own meanings for the exhibits. I am used to being able to understand how things work, but the ideas expressed here eluded me. Maybe it was the language used to describe them that was unfamiliar to me. These are phrases from the guide (pic'n'mix – you don't have to use them all):

'It takes a sort of dark, morose image, with a structural symbolism conceptualising the banality of everyday images'

'Her gallery installation creates a darkened space in which we assume the intimate role of fly on the wall'

'The chairs in the piece actually encourage you to sit down so in effect you become part of the work'

I can't claim to be able to critically evaluate the displays; I can't say it was critically worthy. I went with no particular agenda other than genuine curiosity. I was able to appreciate it on a certain level – I

know what I like – but to talk about anything other than its immediate aesthetics, or my initial reaction, would place me completely out of my depth. Any analysis I did could easily be dispatched.

One exhibit was a video by Andrea Fraser, who took on the role of a curator showing us around the Philadelphia Museum of Art, criticising some of the works therein. She considers the use of form and space for each object and is very convincing. Only when she uses the same language for the water fountain, public toilets and windows do you begin to suspect her analysis of the exhibits. I got the impression she could convince me a toothbrush was a work of art if she so wished.

Using words in this way was foreign to me. It wasn't universal at all, completely unlike the engineering concepts I was used to. Although something in the back of my mind rejected it, I felt drawn to use the guide's vocabulary as an aid to my understanding. But, if I was to use their emotive words, would I not be confined to criticising the work solely on their terms?

Tony Grew gazes into his crystal ball

The Oscars stand out above all the other awards ceremonies as the one everybody pays attention to. You can have your Tony's, your Bafta's, your Emmy's, your Brits, even your Ivor Novello's but the little bloke standing on top of a roll of film with nothing on is still the one everyone wants. With the ceremony less than three weeks away we here at FELIX have decided to provide you with a short guide to this year's nominations, all the better to talk knowledgeably in the Union bar with.



As you probably know, the process by which a movie personage comes to receive an Oscar has as much to do with Hollywood politics as it has with

doing good work. This year is no exception, and that is why I am going to try very hard not to go on about who I think should win and instead stick with who will win! For example, Woody Allen has been nominated for Best Director for *Bullets Over Broadway*, but with the year he has had I don't think he will be honoured. Even without the sexual abuse allegations he is not a real contender because of his distaste for Hollywood and his refusal to attend in the past.

One also has to remember that the Academy (Of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences), who give the Oscars is one of the most exclusive clubs in the world. As a result most of its membership is over 45 and very rich. They are the Hollywood elite and do not reflect the tastes of anyone except themselves. This is why winning an Oscar is so good for your career; it shows you have been noticed. At times the Academy have been attacked for being too conservative, but their choices have

caused upset in the past, such as the astounding award of the top five Oscars (Best Actor, Actress,



Director, Film and Screenplay) to *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, being at that time only the second movie ever to do so. There has been rumours that *Forrest Gump*, already the biggest movie of the year in the US, would repeat this sweep, having been nominated for 13 Oscars, one more than *Schindler's List* last year and only one away from the record 14 which *All About Eve* set in the Fifties. But *Gump* fever was six months ago, and although the movie is still seen as a contender, the intervening time and the appearance of worthy challengers

Oscar Oracle

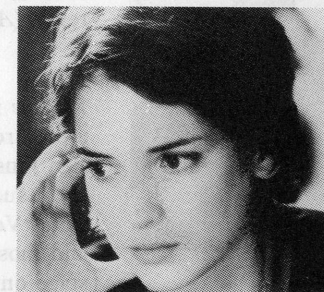
such as *Pulp Fiction* and *Quiz Show* means it probably won't do as well as had been predicted initially. 1995 is one of the most difficult years to call in recent memory for this reason, but we have persevered and here are our predictions:

Best Picture It looks like this one will still go to *Forrest Gump*, simply because of the sheer amount of money it has taken and the fact that *Pulp Fiction* is seen as a little too violent to get any major awards.

Best Director This one is easy – Robert Zemeckis for *Gump*. After making the *Back To The Future* trilogy in the shadow of producer Spielberg, this intensely well-liked and admired director is certain to take this one home at least.

Best Actor Could be any one of them. This is by far the most difficult to predict, Travolta looking least likely for *Pulp Fiction*, especially against heavy weights like Morgan Freeman (been

nominated before and it may be good politics for an African-American to win) and Tom Hanks, though the chances of him winning an unprecedented two years in a row look more unlikely by the day. Our bet is Paul Newman, because he is very nice and makes his own condiments, which is always a plus I feel.



Best Actress My guess is Winona Ryder, because frankly no-one else deserves it. Also *Little Women* has been nominated for no other awards, and she is seen very much as a talent who should be encouraged. Outside chance for Susan Sarandon; although *The Client* was mediocre at best there

seems to be a feeling that its about time she won something. Jodie Foster has little chance of a hat-trick with *Nell*, which many people suspect to be a deeply silly movie undeserving of comment never mind an Oscar.

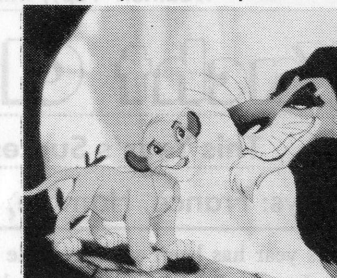
Best Supporting Actor Two months ago this seemed like a certainty for Samuel L. Jackson in *Pulp Fiction*, but the inclusion of crusty British luvvie Paul Scofield for *Quiz Show* has complicated matters. My personal hope is that the 'foot fucking master' will triumph.

Best Supporting Actress Uma Thurman for *Pulp*, though Dianne Weist is certainly a contender for *Bullets Over Broadway*, and Helen Mirren has become a household name in the States with the *Prime Suspect* series so she too has an outside chance.

And the Rest Tarantino will win for Best Original Screenplay, *Eat*



Drink Man Woman for Best Foreign Film and *Forrest Gump* for cinematography. We assume that *The Lion King* will take all the soundtrack Oscars (again). I will leave you to decide for yourselves who will win Best Sound Effects Editing, not to be confused with Best Sound. The ceremony is on the 27th March and can be seen live on Sky TV. Not that any of you have Sky. **F**



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If you want to make a programme or you just want to piss about for a while because you've got nothing better to do, then why not come along to STOIC. We are on the 3rd floor of the Union building; that's in the lift or up the stairs and turn left. We are generally open at really odd times and Wednesday afternoons. You can contact us at any time, on (0171 59) 48 104 or email stoic@ic.ac.uk, or via:

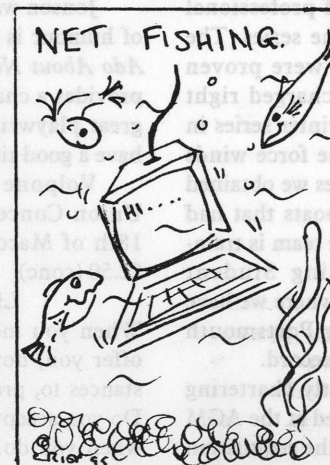
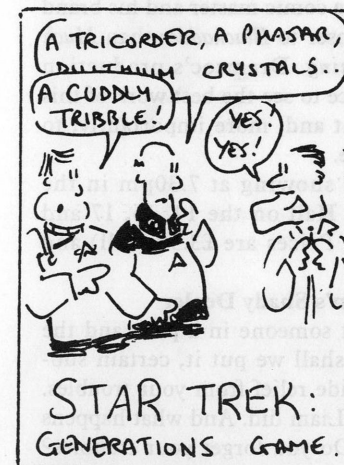
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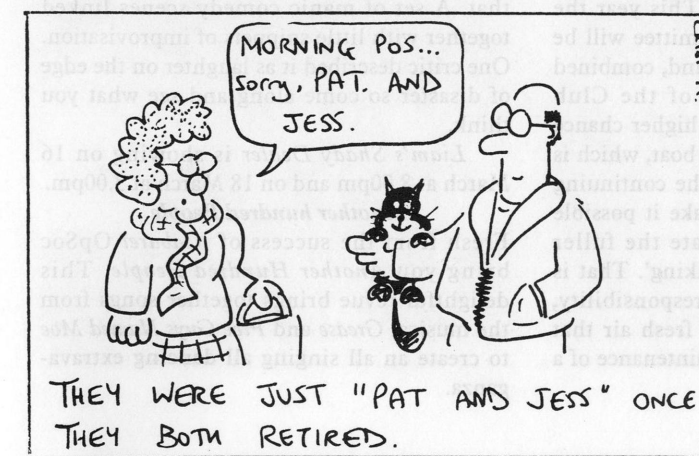
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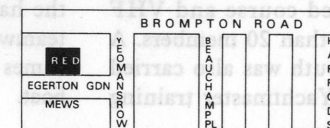
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Weather: 'I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with W'

Yacht Club

This Year's Success Story

Keys: France, Hamble, Yuppies

This year has been an incredible success for the Imperial College Yacht Club. We have seen a two-fold increase in its student membership since the previous academic year and have become one of the largest clubs in the ACC. The main reason for this sudden expansion is the funding provided by the Harlington Trust, which has enabled the Club to cut the cost of sailing weekends from over £40 to just £25 and go sailing much more often. This means that the Club has achieved one of its most important goals, that of introducing the sport of sailing to the largest possible number of students at the lowest prices possible (i.e. very low, to fit with student budgets!).

Since the beginning of last term the Club has organised 14 sailing weekends, with more to come. No less than 100 students have gone sailing with it, more than half being total newcomers to the sport of sailing. The low cost of weekends is not the only reason for their success; they are also a good opportunity to get away from the oppressive greyness of London life and the pressures of the College schedule. To enjoy a sport that is as ecologically friendly as it is exciting, the students who have tried it just keep coming back for more. Our booking system crashed miserably due to the demand at the end of last term!

The Club's programme to produce experienced skippers also received a boost this year with the successful completion of the Yachtmaster shorebased course and VHF license course by more than 20 members. A long passage to Weymouth was also carried out for the purpose of Yachtmaster training

and a gruelling but incredibly popular passage to France by three boats is being planned for next term.

Competition-wise, we have also seen a greater involvement in high profile regattas with the Club now having a well-established team which raced in the Hamble winter series last term. The results of the nine-week long championship were not astounding, as there was a very high percentage of professional competitors participating in the series. The racing abilities of our crews were proven when both the Club's teams charged right into the finals of the Sunsail winter series in December. Unhindered by gale force winds and countless equipment failures we obtained fifth place out of the twenty boats that had reached the final. This term the team is training hard for the forthcoming Student Nationals at the end of March where we have a strong chance of tarnishing Portsmouth University's year long winning record.

The Yacht Club is presently chartering boats, but it was recently decided at the AGM to launch another proposal for the acquisition of a boat by the College. Last year a similar proposal was met unfavourably by the Sheffield yuppies partly because of the kind of boat requested and partly because of the low membership attained by the Club since its birth in the late eighties. This year the Yacht Club Management Committee will be submitting a revised proposal and, combined with the rising popularity of the Club throughout College, we have a higher chance of success. The acquisition of a boat, which is an inevitable consequence of the continuing expansion of the Club, will make it possible for our members to appreciate the fuller aspect of sailing's 'way of thinking'. That is the hard work, organisation, responsibility, teamwork and a good dose of fresh air that comes with the owning and maintenance of a boat.

DramSoc

DramSoc and OpSoc Present

Keys: Volpone, Festival, Grease

Spring has sprung (not), the grass is wet and DramSoc and OpSoc bring you the second Imperial College Drama Festival. For your delight this year we bring you something old (*Volpone*), something new (*Liam's Shady Dealer*), something borrowed (*Sketches*) and a revue (*Another Hundred People*).

Volpone

Volpone is the fox. Popular mythology paints a picture of a cunning, predatory beast and Ben Jonson humanises this imagery to create a consummate con artist. In Elizabethan times Venice was considered the wealthiest and most corrupt European city; this is the stage onto which *Volpone* is thrust. Around this central charmer, Jonson weaves a tale of greed and inhumanity, a brilliant, hilarious satirical comedy. An overpowering lust for wealth drives the central characters to fight over a supposedly dying man. Only *Volpone* and his assistant Mosca know that *Volpone* is tricking these greedy vultures out of their remaining riches. Their unflagging invention keeps them on top, but will they be able to stay there?

Jonson was a comic master and his brand of humour is closer to *Blackadder* than *Much Ado About Nothing*. DramSoc's production provides a chance to see the best work of this great playwright and, more importantly, to have a good time.

Volpone is showing at 7.30pm in the Union Concert Hall on the 14, 15, 17 and 18th of March. Prices are £3.50 (full) and £2.50 (conc).

Liam's Shady Dealer

When you meet someone in a park and the offer you, how shall we put it, certain substances to, provide relief from your troubles. Do you accept? Liam did. And what happens when you do? Do you forget your troubles? Liam didn't. How does your life continue? Better or worse? Liam can't tell. Do you have any choices left? Liam doesn't know.

Liam's Shady Dealer is presented along with a little light relief. *Sketches* is exactly that. A set of manic comedy scenes linked together with little snippets of improvisation. One critic described it as laughter on the edge of disaster so come along and see what you think.

Liam's Shady Dealer is showing on 16 March at 8.00pm and on 18 March at 3.00pm.

Another hundred People

Fresh from the success of *Cabaret* OpSoc bring you *Another Hundred People*. This delightful revue brings together songs from the musical *Grease* and *Five Guys Named Moe* to create an all singing all dancing extravaganza.

Rag

Comic Relief and Rag Tour

Keys: Shaved, Bell-Ringers

Anyone who is anyone will be going to the Comic Relief Party in the Union tonight. If you've seen our posters then you'll know that a casino, disco, and eating competitions will be among the attractions. You can even get a discount on the entry price if you wear your Red Nose. So come along and join in the fun, as it's all in aid of a very good cause.

Tomorrow is the first of our collections for the Inter-railing prize. We have permits to collect in the streets of Wimbledon, Putney and Wandsworth among other places, for the Royal Hospital and Home based in Putney. Don't miss out on your chance to win the holiday of a lifetime. We are also collecting for this charity on 17th March, in the City. This will be a great chance to raise loads of cash as you can get money from all the rich business people in the pubs!

If you would rather collect at a concert then we have permits to collect at the Prince (or should that be "the artist formerly known as Prince"!) concert on the Wednesday 22nd March at Wembley.

Finally, as promised, here is a short review of that magnificent event that was the Rag Tour. So much happened that I can't possibly tell all here but if anyone would like to know the full gory details then the log books are in the RCS office. The tour eventually got underway with the first minibus leaving at 12.15 on that fateful Friday after several group photos and a rendition of the "Kangela".

First stop was in Leicester where half the minibus passengers stormed the campus while the other half trundled off to Loughborough. We then all descended on a Nottingham pub as Rag Mag selling is very thirsty work! Once our temporarily disappearing Rag Chair had been found we all proceeded to Leeds where we met up with the second minibus and Paul Thomas, our ex-RCS president, whose house we stayed at. Those people who didn't want to squash into the living room decided to sleep in the minibus – a very good idea in February!

The next morning was mostly spent trying to find a greasy spoon cafe. Those in York succeeded, but we who went to Sheffield ended up eating fish & chips for breakfast. After sufficiently terrorising the local students and selling them our Mags we all met up in Bradford where they were having a beer festival – oh dear, what a shame! After a hard day's work(?) and several pints we all piled into a great curry house along with Paul Thomas who later left and didn't return. We still don't know whether he ever made it home!

Most unfortunately it was Matt Szyndel's

21st birthday that evening so we tried being really nice to him but he insisted on being handcuffed and having his legs shaved; hence his new nickname "smoothie legs". One other member of the trip also managed to lose half his moustache – very clumsy! Many thanks go to Chris Bragg's mum for putting up with 20 rowdy students that night and even providing us with food. We also made our mark in the local pub where we sang and played drinking games.

Sunday involved a trip to another greasy spoon, followed by tours of the halls in Manchester and Liverpool. We had a final photo session outside Liverpool before the two minibuses went their separate ways. The first one returned to London and whilst doing so the occupants of the minibus managed to compose many new songs! They also made friends(?) with a bus load of bell-ringers from the Royal College of Music. The second minibus went to Keele and Birmingham among other places on their way back on the Monday. Altogether the tour was very worthwhile as everyone enjoyed themselves and raised a total of over £740 for the Rag nominated charities.

Jew Soc

Festival of Purim

Keys: Haman, Esther, Hillel

Coming up next week, on Thursday 16th March, is the festival of Purim. This festival commemorates the rescue of the people from the hands of Haman by Queen Esther and Mordechai, when the people were living in Persia.

This is one of the most joyous festivals of the year, because total destruction was avoided. On it, the book of Esther is read twice, once at night and once in the morning, money is given to the poor, gifts of food are given to friends and a large feast is had in the evening. The tradition is to get dressed up, wear masks and get very drunk, so much so that you cannot tell the difference between your friends and your enemies. This is because the positions were switched in the story, and the role of God was hidden throughout.

In honour of this festival, there is a Purim Party in Hillel House, Euston on Wednesday 15th March. There will be service beforehand, which commences at 8pm. For those dressed regularly the price is £2, but for those in fancy dress the price is just £1! So come along dressed up, where there will be alcohol, food and dancing aplenty.

That Friday, to mark the end of the "Fifty Days for Fifty Years" project, there is an evening meal in Hillel House, with a talk by Ben Helfgot, an Auschwitz survivor. The price is just £3.50 so please call the London Region UJS office on 0171-388-4919 to book your place. If you wish to stay over there are

facilities available.

Before all of these events, Hilary Curtis, who works for the British Medical Council, is coming to talk on the subject of Aids and HIV in the community. This will be on Monday March 13th at 12.30 pm in the Management School, 53 Princes Gate. We look forward to seeing you at all of these events!!

For more details on any of these events, or the Jewish Society, email jsoc@ic.ac.uk or <http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/clubs/societies/scc/jsoc.htm>

Ents

Now That's Entertainment

Keys: Celidh, Comic, Ferret

More kicking than a week with Cantona, more exciting than a Rosenthal hat-trick and infinitely more attractive than Peter Beardsley... the week ahead with ICU Ents.

Friday – Comic Relief

As premature as ever – a week early but it's the thought that counts. A Rag/Ents Comic Relief special event with many attractions and tons of goodwill – watch out for those posters for more details.

Sunday – Sing-a-Long.

A night of fun in the Union Bar, with a live Sing-a-Long from that very nice Jamie (of 'The Ferret' fame) and free chilli potatoes and popcorn – so why not do something a bit different this weekend?

Monday – Live Football

Live football and a beer promotion in Da Vinci's.

Tuesday – Bar Quiz

As we kindly give Dan a night off for good behaviour, we have quite a different night of questions. The Time Out/K Cider Student Challenge, with cases of K Cider and travel prizes to be won, and it's free!

Wednesday – Club Spanque

Be a Spanquer. Club Spanque, 9pm-1am, free.

Thursday – Cocktail Night

Sophistication á go-go! A night of quality and distinction – ICU's ever popular, excellent value cocktail night.

Friday – Irish Celebration

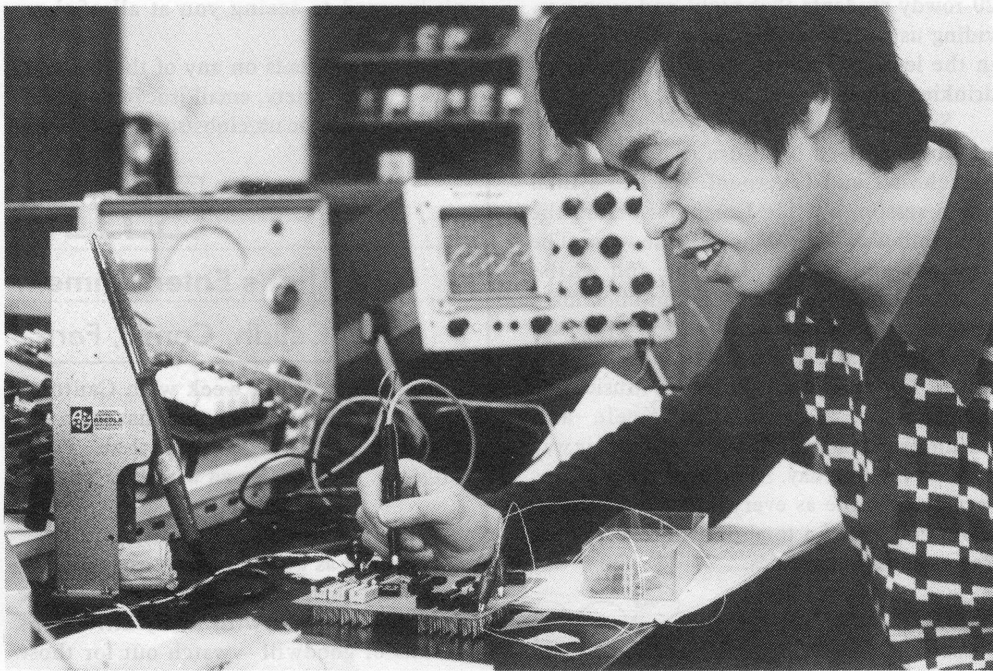
A night of Irish celebration as ICU gives itself over to shamrock shaped hedonism for St Patrick's night. We start early with this term's last Bust-a-Gut Comedy Club with Matt Welcome, Tony Roach and Ian Stone. Three top comedians for just £2.50 or £1.50. If you're amongst the first 50 in you get a free bottle of Newcastle Brown. 8pm.

Then, throw away your inhibitions with top Celidh Band 'The Haymakers', on stage at 11pm. A rabble rousingly good time is guaranteed! To encourage your involvement, Murphys will be £1 a pint while stocks last and there'll be Irish food available. Don't be bitter, just get there early!

Post-Graduate Stress

Post-Graduate students and their problems – **Don Adlington**

Keys: Unboundedness, Romantic, Pragmatism, Strigmatic



Pressure: Should I cut the **red** wire or the **blue** wire?

Besides the normal life hazards to which all students are exposed, advanced course and research students can experience difficulties which are more or less peculiar to them.

Research Students

When I first came to work in the university, I naively assumed that I would not be seeing many PhD students. I was wrong, and I have talked to hundreds of them over the past 20 years, and continue to do so. I will simply list the difficulties which arise most frequently in practice.

- Misunderstandings, and occasionally overt conflict between research student and supervisor, are a potent source of anxiety and distress. It is the salience of this relationship which most sharply distinguishes the day-to-day life of the research student from all other students. Where it works well – and I have no doubt that in the great majority of cases it does – this relationship can be stimulating and immensely productive, but conversely if serious tensions arise things can become very difficult.

- The essential 'unboundedness' of research in both the ultimate scientific/philosophical sense, and the more mundane 'how do I structure my working day' sense seems to me to be the other fundamental change which the research student has to accept and cope with. The need for pragmatism in putting a boundary on a research project is sometimes in tension with some sort of ideal in a student's mind, and this may throw up serious difficulties

at the writing-up stage. The slightly perfectionist quality in some students' make-up, which has served them well on taught courses, can actually be something of a burden at research level, where the capacity to compromise is sometimes important.

- A capacity for tolerating the mundane is not formally recognised as a required qualification for PhD work, though I believe that it is in fact so. Virtually all research students have very good academic records, and moving on to a PhD programme is the culmination of long-held hopes and ambitions. There is (and there should be) a strongly romantic element to it. But the early stages of research can be very unromantic and plodding – chasing up equipment and other material resources; literature surveys; the failure of initial ideas for research topics to crystallise – and it is easy to become a little bit disillusioned and frustrated and to begin to question whether one has made the right decision.

- Students who enjoyed a full social life during their first degrees sometimes experience a powerful sense of physical and social isolation when they move into research. This varies according to the relative gregariousness of the individual, and also depends strongly on the ethos of the particular research group in which he or she is working.

- Uncertainty about 'normal' working hours and vagueness about entitlement to leave give rise to bad feeling from time to time. Most research students simply fit in to an existing pattern, but some students find

that the existing pattern tends to eat into time which they had previously seen as their own. Partly for this reason, PhD students sometimes feel that despite the name they are not really students at all, and for reasons which from their point of view may or may not be valid, they effectively exclude themselves from participating in student life outside their laboratory or research group.

- Research students sometimes feel that supervisors are not always sensitive to the time parameters within which they are operating – parameters usually dictated by rigidly restricted funding. Problems of time and money are very acute and clearly predictable, especially for some overseas students, some of whom may have used up a third of their assured funding following required taught courses, before beginning research at all.

- From time to time a student comes to recognise that the decision to do research, made for impeccable motives, was in fact a mistake. This perception may be shared by the supervisor, an agreement having been made that the student should disengage. Even though this is accepted as the right decision and in the student's own interests, there is sometimes an irrational but very powerful stigmatic sense of failure, which can complicate other career initiatives.

There are a number of things to say about all this. One of them is that most of the potential sources of worry I have discussed briefly here have long been recognised. Some of them are dealt with very clearly in the college's booklet 'Research Students and Supervisors; their 'Responsibilities and Duties'. Research students should have a copy – if not ask for one at the Registry. Second, all research students have chosen to do what they are doing, and what they are doing should on the whole be satisfying and certainly should not be the source of protracted tension and anxiety.

Seeking help

The College Tutors – **Dr Gareth Jones** in Physics and **Dr Margaret Goodgame** in Chemistry – have a college-wide responsibility of the same kind as your supervisor and may be approached directly.

However, there are other people in college on whom you can make demands – and I am one of those. My work is entirely confidential. I can see people quickly – usually on the same day – and I am paid to do nothing else but talk to students. I strongly believe that talking is very important in a crisis. It is a relief in itself to talk through one's anxieties – to share the worry if you like – in a safe place. It is a way of identifying problems clearly, and it sometimes throws up new ideas for dealing with difficulties. *My office is at 15 Princes Gardens, and my telephone number (direct dialling) is 071 594 9430. See last issue of FELIX for more details on seeking help.*

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

FREE Chilli potatoes & popcorn.

FREE LIVE sing-a-long
with **JAMIE** from The
Ferret.

Sun. March 12th.
8-10.30

THE UNION BAR



Time Out/K Cider TRIVIA NIGHT

Da Vinci's
—Café-bar—

Tues. March 12th
8pm.

Win K cider, Time Out
& travel goodies.
FREE ENTRY!!



St. Patrick's Night March 17th.

A NIGHT OF IRISH CELEBRATION

**LIVE CELTIC BAND
AND DISCO**

MURPHY'S £1 A PINT
(WHILE STOCKS LAST)

IRISH FOOD

9PM - 2AM.

£1 ADMISSION.



BUST-A-GUT COMEDY CLUB

with

MATT WELCOME

"Cool, calm, & collected
by his MUM."

TONY ROACH

IAN STONE

MARCH 17th. 8pm.

£2.50/£1.50

FREE Newcastle Brown
to 1st 50 in.

fast food

Disused coal mines, slag heaps, barren wasteland and people saying, "yow dirty rut" – hardly the most endearing features of a nucleus of musical activity. And yet that's exactly the description that befits Stourbridge; a Black Country industrial town that spawned a scene of its own. Personally, I never had time for the Stourbridge scene, and, like all victims of media-hype, this one was doomed to eventual anonymity. The Wonderstuff have split up and Ned's Atomic Dustbin are on the wane, leaving **pop will eat itself** valiantly trying to keep the boat afloat. And they're not doing a bad job of it...

I never had time for the Poppies either but last year's *dos dedos mes amigos* opus was a promising melange of guitar-heavy rock, hip hop and dub that saw them vying for attention with the Sensors of this world. Now, they've seen fit to release a double remix album of what has become their most successful long player to date, cunningly titled *two fingers my friends* (work it out, linguists). The remixes have been undertaken by fellow artists who claim to have been influenced by PWEI in some way over the years. And so we get Fund-a-mental and Die Krupps separately doing the anti-fascist taunt of 'ich bin ein auslander', Jah Wobble doing 'familus horribilus', Renegade Soundwave doing 'underbelly', The Orb doing 'home', Fluke doing 'r.s.v.p.', and so on and so forth. As a concept it has distance, but predictably the new versions stand up small when compared with their original counterparts. Too often the remixes meander into monotonous, quasi-ambient territory, and it's only occasionally, such as on the Die Krupps interpretation, that the kicking drums and shearing guitars are brought to the fore to maximum effect (but then what do you expect from a band that can release technified Metallica songs and get away with it).

At the end of the day, this remix album is only for the absolute diehard fans who feel incomplete without everything put out by their favourite band. If you haven't bought 'dos dedos...' then consider doing so, if you have then consider doing something with this address: <http://www.elmail.co.uk/music/pwei>. Who says that you don't learn anything from your user-friendly music page? (7) for 'dos dedos...', (5) for '...two friends'

THE MENU



Vik returns to the roots of an old english scene. Run to the hills folks, it's **pop will eat itself** remixed. On a different note, Andy T takes peek at **moby's** new album, Alok takes on **van halen** and **tintin** mingles with the stars with **mike watt's** namefest, **ball-hog** or **tugboat?**



In a full and measured week **tintin** fringes out watching **mud** at the Ectera theatre, whilst Rebecca M. experiences the intimacies of the family Merton's **live bed show**.



Cartoon characters may abound in **FELIX TOWERS** but none is so two dimensional as **tintin**. It's **rotation** with a quiff and snatch of americana.



Back in a time where print gossip was queen sat **mrs parker and the vicious circle**; KT listened in. In another world Michael Douglas was sexually harassed by Demi Moore (oh yeah). **Maggie** got the early editions in **disclosure**.



Still searching for that perfect balance between their handles and bodies, **Fiona** juggles her clubs down to **hall of fame** and **no room for squares**.

pop will eat itself



Faceless techno boll*cks or maybe not. **moby**, perhaps still best known for the Twin Peaksesque tune 'go', is anything but another invisible artist. Most people tend to notice a shaven headed vegan Christian with a penchant for climbing New York lamp-posts. This persuaded me to take the time to read the cover of his album *everything is wrong*: Moby seems to be a man with a gentle message and a part of that is breaking down prejudice.

I stuck in the cd and was rewarded with a nice mellow version of the single 'hymn' which meandered along minding its own business for a few minutes with me thinking, hmm heard this all before.

Well, I admit it, I was lulled into a false sense of security and then BANG! A track that's seriously Jungle/Hardcore influenced starts belting out of the speakers, followed by a thrashy thing with a gorgeous deadpan imitation of a House vocal, next up a Hip-Hop linker followed by a bit of old-style Rave/Hardcore, then an Industrial track, then it's 1992 again and I'm 14 and waving my arms in the air. I think you get the picture.

By now you're all thinking, 'Jack of All Trades Master of None', but you'd be wrong. The sheer energy and exuberance, and the unpretentious way it's all put together make the record fun to listen to. Sod art, this is the point!

This album is a re-examination

of the history of house, but it never loses sight of the present. Even in its most retro moments there's always something new, and enjoyable to listen to. Everyone is going to learn something new here, and though there'll probably be better albums released this year, few will be so much fun. (7)

What can you say about the man Van? Well, he's a quiet sort of chap and plays the guitar rather well. **van halen** have a new album out called *balance* which he has penned and if you go out and listen to a copy you'll see (and hear) that there are three others who perform on it. The drummer is good. The bassist is good. The singer, however, is complete sh*tte. He would (and this is no joke) put Axl Rose to shame with his attempts at impersonating a castrated monkey.

The music is very good, extremely good in fact. There's a lot of versatility with long lead guitar solos to short piano ballads. 'Don't tell me' is menacing to start with but is definitely the anthemic song of the album. There are a couple of instrumentals which make good listening and there's even a few good moshable tunes. But the one message I want to cry out to dear old Eddie – get a new singer. Then the album would have been so much better, but even with el monkey impersonator, I'll give it a generous (7).

mike watt compares his new album, *ball hog or tugboat?*, to a tag wrestling bout. Which is an appropriate metaphor to encapsulate both the variety of partners he grapples with and his own instrument of choice, the bass guitar. Bass players rarely star but thanks to his connections as a member of the now defunct seminal band, Minutemen, Watt gets to play with plenty of heavy-weight ringsters. However, the fifty different bodies he collects tag in and out of the ring with a loose abandon that can only result in a mixed overall performance.

The opening tracks are the best. Watt's gravely lined voice starts proceedings with 'big train' and backed up by the Vedder powered urgings of 'against the 70s', these two, at least, seem to validate the concept. However by the time you hit the barren plains of 'rounds' five and onwards, some of the obvious improvisation starts to get wayward and uncontrolled. (With Mascis and Pirner particularly indulging themselves in histrionics). Which is the reason that such things as bands exist and bass players remain bass players. (6)



molded with confusion

It's hard to know what to say about Maria Irene Fornes' play **mud**. You could view it as autobiographical I suppose. Fornes, like her character Mae, has experienced illiteracy and poverty. But it doesn't follow to then go on and say that as happened in real life, the play concerns the power imparted to Mae by her education. Indeed what's most striking is how non metaphorical the play actually is. Its events just happen, without there being any underlying reasons for them. Which is, in this case, a general criticism of the play. Things happen – so what – things happen in everyone's life. The point of a play, especially one that rubs itself in the dirt of realism, is to place such events within some sort of unified scheme, not just leave the audience confused.

The plot, as it stands, nominally concerns the fragmentation of the relationship between Mae and Lloyd that occurs with the entry of Henry. The men start poles apart; Lloyd is young, ill, desperately poor and uneducated whilst Henry is pretentious, relatively rich and middle aged. As Mae passes her attention towards the latter, Lloyd is compared, clumsily perhaps, to the hermit crab which has lost its shell. Yet as the play draws to a conclusion Lloyd grows stronger, whilst Henry ends up a wasted cripple. Mae fli(r)ts inbetween the two, all the while becoming dominant. But for all the parallels available Fornes doesn't appear to be making a statement about education, feminism, sexual

empowerment or religion.

None of this would matter however, if the play was gripping in and of itself. And whilst it approaches it in places, noticeably in the physicality of the opening scene and wide eyed naivety of Mae, these remain piecemeal in sum. Just as Mae, Lloyd and Henry end the play in extreme states of despair and paradise, so the audience are left in an uncomfortable limbo, half way between their destination and the place they started at.

Did you know that Paul Merton was a guest on Desert Island Discs two years ago? To me, this is like writing your autobiography at the age of 25, but perhaps it's just a signal that the powers-that-were thought they'd better get in quick before he fell from grace. To judge by this production of Arthur Smith's **live bed show** at the Garrick Theatre, in which he stars alongside his wife Caroline Quentin, the downward curve has yet to start.

Live Bed Show is a play which happens mostly in bed, and we were encouraged to remember this through the purchase of some pyjamas in the foyer. The set consisted of two single beds which slid together to form a double bed, which strokes of genius allowed the full gamut of possibilities: scenes in his bedroom, her bedroom and the bed section of a department store.

The bed-happenings included dreams, fantasies and, I think, a real story about things like



decisions and commitment. More importantly, there were laughs – but not too many. From Arthur Smith and two comedians, you might have expected more rolling in the aisles, but there wasn't really the space, and there weren't really the jokes.

Up on the third tier of the tall, thin Garrick Theatre, I felt a little as though I was peering down from

the top of a sort of inverted Tower of Pisa, and it didn't really sink in that I was watching Paul Merton 'off the telly' until about half way through. Sadly, though, it wasn't really Paul Merton off the telly. His true talent is in making people giggle helplessly at silliness, and Live Bed Show was a play with a message, not a punchline. 3



rotation



'Well yohoho and a bottle of blistering barnacles' as my good friend captain haddock is prone to exclaim. It's young **tintin** of **FELIX 3** here, ready, willing and able to take you through another weekly cache of exciting singles...

transglobal underground - international times

Well it could be a tune for a tv advert I 'pose – timex or swatch perhaps. Pleasant but dull.

yellow car - the code of silence

This blazes into action. It's frantic punk pop, with a catchy buzzsaw guitar. The vocals are a bit ragtag though.

animals that swim - pink carnations

It starts, "I was in a car crash" and goes about spraying fountains of blood that look like like pink carnations. Urrghh!

knapsack - true to form

Sparky underweave guitars with shouting chorusline. Still the future of rockandroll.

tindersticks - no more affairs

I'll admit that I've never liked these guys; to me they sound like Leonard Cohen two octaves higher without the transcendental beauty. The **Tindersticks'** melancholy is just mundane.

stone roses -

ten storey love song

My first exposure to the 'second coming' album and this is very good. The dancey edge is controlled and the guitars are moulded into an easy melody which hangs all the right hooks.

archers of loaf -

harnessed in slums

The Loafers are an ultimate live band which tints their records a bit but this is still a fearsome rocking beastie.

jon spencer blues explosion - bellbottoms

All up madman and all round genius, the Jon Spencer has the coolest hype around so this single is more fashionable than the article of clothing in question.

dodgy - making the most of A dopehead's Boo Radleys.

velo-deluxe -

ballad of lobster boy

I'm currently basking in their album, but this single [not on the album] is the best thing they have done. Half ballad to half indie epic anthem, 'Lobster Boy' is the most poignant song I've heard since the last Madder Rose album. **Definitely single of the week.**



motormouth with a broken heart

mrs parker and the vicious circle tells the story of Dorothy Parker (Jennifer Jason Leigh), one of America's most renowned and quoted writers, and her circle of friends who lunched every day for ten years at the Algonquin Hotel.

Dorothy Parker starts off writing for *Vanity Fair* but soon her abrupt manner and cynical attitude lose her the job. Fellow critic Robert Benchley (Campbell Scott) decides to leave on the principle of this and together they set up as independent writers. At the same time Mrs Parker's husband Eddie (Andrew McCarthy) returns home from war shell-shocked, addicted to morphine and alcohol. Dorothy seeks solace in her friends and the next hour and a half of the film are filled with the endless lunches and parties she and her friends hold as well as her love affairs, particularly with Charles McArthur (Matthew Broderick). We also see her attempted suicide by slitting her wrists with all too convincing sound effects!

Dorothy's circle of friends consisted of well-known journalists, critics, playwrights, novelists, actors. The lunch scenes are always very hectic and it is often quite confusing as to who is doing what, when and with whom. The shots of the camera panning around the table while everyone is talking only add to the confusion. The film is also intercut with black and white footage of Dorothy Parker reading what are supposedly relevant quotes from her work. She was said to be a great humourist of her time yet these quotes don't seem to substantiate this. The clipped manner of speaking adopted by Jennifer Jason Leigh is often hard to understand too which leaves the viewer wondering how a young woman in her thirties can end up sounding like a woman in her



nineties. But the main problem with the film is that it is based on a group of people who probably no-one is old enough to remember or anyone outside of America is likely

to know. When added to the fact Mrs Parker seems to have led a rather unremarkable life, this makes for a sleep-inducing film.

disclosure has been promoted as a film about sexual harassment with the twist that the man is the subject of the harassment from a woman. However the sexual harassment is only part of the plot, and the main theme is really about corporate politics, though the sexual harassment stands out the most in the film, as it is used by one character to control another person in order to profit from it.

Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas) has pinned his hopes on a high presidential promotion in the firm Digicom. The situation turns against Sanders and he is passed over for Meredith Johnson (Demi Moore), with whom he happened to have an affair years before. Sanders then finds himself the target of Johnson's seduction. When he rejects her advances she accuses him of sexual harassment.

The film produces a tense situation: you see Sanders' career being sabotaged and his family life falling apart. As he attempts to find answers to his crumbling career you see a complex game being played out. Then when Sanders starts receiving email from an anonymous friend the question becomes: who is actually controlling Tom and who will gain most from the outcome?

Michael Douglas is finally showing his age and it's perhaps surprising that the role didn't go to a younger actor. Still Demi Moore's character is aggressively ambitious and manages to play the corporate game better than the men. The use of high tech virtual reality and an electronics company as backdrop merely gives the film a nineties setting; the computer effects were stunning, if a little out of place in a corporate thriller.

The plot is not complex as many thrillers but the varied subplots will appeal to many people. The interesting twists during the film and the resulting suspense makes *Disclosure* enjoyable to watch. **B**



sweaty

hall of fame at RAW last Saturday was one of the biggest fashion statements I've seen for a long time – this is obviously where the notion of dressing up for the weekend originated. One of the larger venues around, Hall of Fame is where 'the crowd' go out to play – and the music is correspondingly good. The 'boys from the old school' were out in force, mixing happily with the infants (like myself)

and a memorable New Yorker offering champagne parties for four! The music that greets you is purely funky, dropped by Dezzie D, Sinbad and Nick Shipton in the sugar room – small, sweaty and heaving, with a well deserved reputation for excellence. Brian Norman, Thad and Colin Reid mount the stage in the huge main room where the policy is mostly swing, bar the occasional foray into deep funk or even house. One of the joys of this place is that the DJs play whatever takes their fancy, and it's quality all the way. The

atmosphere is pumping, the vibe is pure party and the chill out space is minimal – as long as there's music this crowd will be dancing. Too many Saturdays away from RAW in the future and I'll consider my weekends wasted.

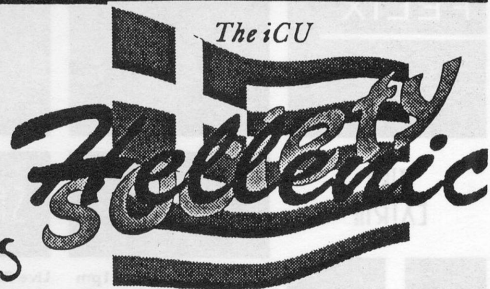
A brief exception will be made for **no rooms for squares** tomorrow, where Gilles Peterson and Joe Davis hold sway for a night of old and new school jazzy flavours and a smattering of Brazilian beats. Among the chosen few recommended in *i-D* magazine, it includes film shows

plus a chill-out with pool and table soccer (now that should please a certain small sub-set of JCR regulars). This is a relatively rare event, and rumour has it a particularly excellent one – only the mad will miss it.

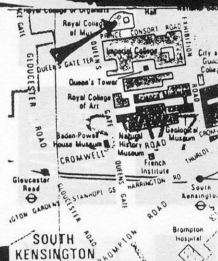
hall of fame can be found underneath the London YMCA, Great Russell St, 10:30-5:30, £10.

no room for squares kicks off at 10, and runs till 3 for just £6 (conc), at the Sugarbeat club, 53 Southwark St, SE1. **B**

The 'Hellenic Society'
of Imperial College Union
organises a festival of Hellenic bands



Saturday 11th March 1995, 7:00p.m.,
Union Lounge (Union building),
Imperial College, Prince Consort Rd., London SW7
(With the kind support of the DramSoc and the Jazz & Rock Society)



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Squash ☒

IC Open Squash Tournament

Introduced for the first time this year, the Sports Centre hosted this tournament over the 24th & 25th February. With 3 separate draws, the tournament catered for a wide range of abilities and attracted students from across London as well as regular Sports Centre users. With prizes, trophies and medals available it wasn't just the glory of victory that was being fought for!

With the finalists playing 4 matches over 24 hours, their victories were well earned - the final results were:

Mens A

S.Shah beat **P.O'Mally** 3-0

Mens B

S.Guiver beat **A.Fernandes** 3-0

Mens B Plate

C.Low beat **M.Choong** 3-1

Womens

S.Williams beat **V.Taylor** 3-1

We would like to thank all those who helped to organise the event, everyone who took part and in particular the Sports Centre for supporting the tournament and generously donating the prizes.

The open tournament will be held again next year, but a second 'graded' tournament will probably be held at the end of April. More details are available from **Michael Phillips** (the Squash coach) at the Sports Centre.

IC 4th vs QMW 3rd ☒

Another convincing performance last week from the 4ths, whitewashing their visitors QMW 4-0. **Nick**, drafted in to replace the injured **Richard**, played admirably at number 1 to win in four games (3-1). **Dave** and **Garry**, at number 2 and 3 respectively, gave steady performances and both won 3-1. The star of the day, **Alex**, showed his team mates how it should be done with a victory in straight games (3-0). It was then off to Southside to celebrate with loads of pizza and just a few pints!

Netball ☒

IC vs RHBNC

On a beautifully sunny Saturday morning, IC played the final of the London Colleges Cup against Royal Holloway and Bedford, last year's winners. Both teams were very nervous and excited before what was to be the best match of the season.

Holloway won the toss and, took the first centre pass, but an interception in their circle deprived them of possession and IC were the first to settle down, taking an early lead. However it wasn't long before Holloway recovered to pull back. The match continued in the same manner, first one team going 2 or 3 goals up and then the other one.

IC played some really brilliant netball. The practice on set moves reaped rewards and almost all our centre passes were successful. We even managed to leave behind our usual tendency to have 2 players going for each ball in our attacking third. The shooting was exceptionally accurate, even from the edge of the circle. IC defended really well, never allowing Holloway to take advantage of their 6ft goal shooter with some good interceptions. IC's tight marking forced them to repeatedly infringe the three seconds rule.

When the final whistle was blown after 60 minutes, the game was unbelievably drawn at 27 goals each. We then picked ourselves up again for a further 5 minutes each way of extra time. Still the teams remained neck and neck. It was simply a case of who would have scored last before the whistle went and unfortunately luck was on Holloway's side, as IC's last 2 shots went into the net and bounced back out again. The final score was 31-30 to Royal Holloway.

It was a brilliant game and neither team deserved to lose. IC would like to thank their crowd of supporters who came to watch the game. Their cheers, chants and Mexican waves really helped us to keep going and at the end I think that they were suffering from ner-

| Sport | IC Team | Score | Opposition |
|---------|---------------------|---------|------------------------------|
| Hockey | Men 1 st | 2 - 1 | QMW |
| Squash | 4 th | 4 - 0 | QMW |
| Rugby | Ladies | 5 - 5 | Guys Hospital Medical School |
| Netball | Ladies | 30 - 31 | Royal Holloway |

vous exhaustion as much as we were.

A fitting end to a very successful season. Well played to **Alison Dyer, Eleanor Johnson, Rand Selman, Lisa Crewdson, Tara Wood, Laura Russo, Jessica Dallimore, Sarah Godleman and Brooke Hoskins.**

Fencing ☒

IC vs KCL and UCL

Despite missing some of our top fencers, IC took first place in a three way contest against KCL and UCL last Saturday. The first weapon was sabre, where IC won 2 closely fought matches 5-4 and 5-3. The next weapon to be fought was the foil, in which we demolished the opposition 5-0, 5-1 (with a little help from **The Mangold™**). Our epeeists came up against stiff opposition, beating UCL but narrowly losing to King's. The real stars of the day, however, were our beginners foil team. Although facing opponents with far more experience, they battled well and were unlucky to lose 2 closely fought matches. The beginner's competition was won by a combined team, fielding two members of IC. Despite the defeats, every member of our team won at least one fight in their first competition match.

The teams were:

Sabre: **Nick Manton, Jeff Wong, Y.K. Chan.**

Senior foil: **Chris Moon, Lawrence Gould, Nick Manton, Jeff Wong.**

Epee: **Reuben Kalam, Chris Moon, Jeff Wong.**

Beginners foil: **Ambrose Poon, Jamie Harle, Phillip, Y.K. Chan.**

Hockey ☒

IC Men 1st vs QMW

We travelled out to meet the EAS-TENDERS and with Duncan as captain, **BROOKES' SIDE** were on top form. For the third time this year we played our HOME AND AWAY fixture against our London NEIGHBOURS.

Minutes into the game, the umpire laid down **LA LAW**, but they were NOT SLANDERING him, as **EMMA DALE** came to watch our New Young Potent Defender, **BLUE PETER** was a REVELATION on the left. **Son of Satan** reached PEAK PRACTICE level by causing a double CASUALTY to the YOUNG DOCTORS. He put the ball in the **GOL. DEN GIRLS** ran onto mob us, so we SENT A BAR-BARA away.

In DA LAS ten minutes, DE NASTY umpire gave a short corner to QMW, from which they nearly scored THE EQUALISER. After the match, we were at a CROSSROADS whether to go to their Union for M*A*S*H, Billy's cafe for CHIPS, or just get the TAXI home.

We played like PROFESSIONALS, took no PRISONERS and, in the end, the FAME was ours.

Rugby ☒

IC Ladies vs Guys Hospital Med. School

After a lucky first try by Guys, IC Ladies battled back to equalise with a stunning try by **Katie**. The match then became very equal, with IC's forwards playing particularly well. The backs had some bad luck but everyone tried their best. Congratulations to the Forward of the Match - **Virginia Pooke**. Our next focus - tour to Ireland!

Solution to last week's crossword: 1 down: NIL, 2 across: NIL.

Deadlines for sports reports are 8pm Wednesday for handing in to **FELIX**, or 3pm by email (to mltb1@doc.ic.ac.uk). How about some pictures for the last issue of term? Pretty please?