

THE FELIX

<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix>

Student Newspaper of Imperial College



Full results and analysis of the second round of the ICU Presidential Elections on page two.



In Something for the Weekend: Go diving with the Turtle Protection Society and Spiritualised.

New Election wins again

NEWSTEAM

The second outing for the ballot boxes this year saw a surprisingly large turnout despite a lacklustre campaign from the candidates. An overwhelming preference was expressed in favour of reopening nominations for the position of ICU President.

The result was announced in Da Vinci's on Tuesday evening, to the largely uninterested masses competing in the Bar Quiz. The declaration was delayed when the returning officer, current ICU President Eric Allsop, was unable to find Clare Bunston. Over 600 students came out against the single candidate, with Ms Bunston receiving just 123 votes.

On hearing the news of her comprehensive defeat, Ms Bunston's only comment was "New Election won easily", before leaving the Union Building with her boyfriend Luke Moralis, a defeated candidate from last year's Presidential Election. Before the result was announced, Ms Bunston rejected the idea that she might be stressed, insisting that "I'm one of those people who believe in fate."

Nomination Papers were posted for the second re-run at 9.30am on Wednesday morning, with the constitution specifying that the must stay up for ten College days. With a Bank Holiday during following fortnight, it looks likely that the election campaign itself will be limited the subsequent to seven days, with voting around the 16th and 17th June.

When *Felix* went to press, two candidates had already signed up.



PHOTO: LILI

Clare Bunston, smiling in the face of defeat last Tuesday evening.
Laurie Tweedale, former Opsoc Chair, proposed by Sarah Thomas, current Council Chair, had 17 seconds. Mo Dullloo, President of the



Khair, who withdrew from the first Presidential election. He denied that he would be a candidate for the June ballot, but suggested that he would be a nominee "not next time, but the time after that." Both Al Hussein, one of the two candidates who withdrew from this election, and Guarav Misra, another object of speculation, were unavailable for comment as *Felix* went to press.

With the Mary's vote falling by 74%, Sami Ansari, the St Mary's Student Union President, commented that the SU did not put pressure on members to vote in a particular manner, but "let it drift." This was despite reports that second year students had been heavily pressurised into voting for New Election. Mr Ansari also pointed to the fact that many 3rd and 4th year students are away from college on electives and that others currently have exams.

The leader of the medics emphasised that inter-campus wrangling was of lesser importance to "getting as much as we can from admin", and that Imperial College needs "a very
continued on page two

The Result

New Election	644
Clare Bunston	125

RCSU, has also signed his name, but had no proposer or seconders on Thursday afternoon. Paul Brown, currently IC Radio Station Manager, has confirmed that his PhD supervisor had agreed to let him take a year out from his studies, and was seriously considering standing.
Other candidates who may yet put themselves forward include Omar

Third Presidential race candidates

continued from front page

strong President." Sami denied suggestions that he himself would be a candidate insisting that "I've had enough, it's time to return to study." He did admit however that he had heard "rumours" that a medic might stand for the post of ICU President but that he "doubts" whether a candidate will come forward from St.Mary's.

Sympathy for the defeated candidate came from Sarah Thomas who said: "I really do feel for her and know how hard it is, to run a campaign and lose." She went on to

describe the embarrassment of failure and "having it broadcast college wide - it's horrible." Ms Thomas, the losing candidate in the March DP(C&S) race, discouraged speculation as to her being a candidate in June commenting that "after last time I think that it's time to get out."

Paul Brown, IC Radio Chair and an ICU Council member, also expressed compassion for Ms Bunston saying, "I think that it's a shame, I think that she did quite a good campaign." Mr Brown suggested that her defeat could be accounted for by her reticence in expressing her

own convictions saying, "I think that if she hadn't been quite so un-opinionated she would have been all right."

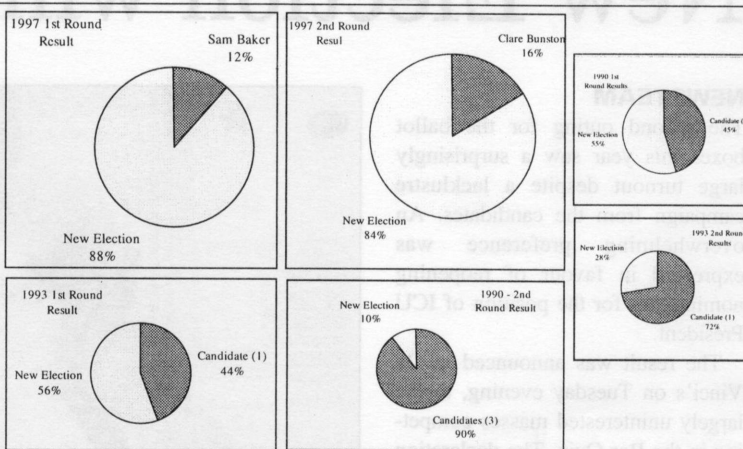
It is unclear what would happen if New Election were to win for a third successive time in June, with suggestions that the current ICU President would be asked to act as a 'care-taker President' for the Summer. Mr Allsop confirmed that he would probably accept such a request saying, "I'm quite prepared to give as much assistance as I possibly can", but insisting that he would prefer to return to his PhD.

Election Analysis

Since 'New Election' was introduced for the 1989 sabbatical election, students have called for the re-opening of nominations only twice. Before 1989 the only way to register protest as to the quality of the candidates was by voting as an 'abstention'.

The most recent time that a candidate failed to get elected in the Spring Elections was in 1993 when Max Jalil trailed New Election by 145 votes (727 to 582). This poll was the old position of Hon Sec (Events), before the two separate Deputy President positions were created.

In the June 1993 rerun Charles Leary, who had withdrawn from the March election, took the position with one of the lowest every turnouts, managing to gather only 82 votes. This was enough to see him home as New Election only managed



to a measly 32 first preferences.

The 1990 election for the Deputy President post was won by New Election as well, when the single candidate was rejected by a margin of 103 (603 to 500). Ben Turner suffered a similar fate to Max Jalil when St Mary's powered in with over 170 votes for reopening of nominations.

However Mr Turner was election the following May when he overcame two other candidates, Spenser Land and Graeme Littler, in another

low turnout. This time less than 400 votes were cast, but with New Election managing just 40 first preferences, Ben secured victory after the first reallocation.

Records were smashed last March when Sam Baker suffered an incredible defeat at the hands of a 'well organised' New Election campaign. Over 1,000 students cast their votes favour of the RON, and this easily surpassed Ms Baker's paltry total of 144 first preferences.

Medics' power-sharing deal in doubt

EDWARD SHIRMAN

The new Imperial College School of Medicine (ICSM) students' union looks set for a difficult Summer term after the two students standing for the presidency of St Mary's Student Union were disqualified earlier this week on academic grounds. The announcement that the candidates' 'academic standing' was unacceptable to the Mary's Dean was made at the Medical School's Annual General Meeting on Wednesday.

It had previously been agreed between the two main elements of the prospective ICSM, St Mary's and Charing Cross & Westminster Medical Schools, that even though

Mary's is the smaller college its president would act as overall president of the medics. Charing Cross and Westminster also have a sabbatical President and sources from the Hammersmith based medical school have suggested that they may now push for the lead role in the new ICSMSU.

Nick Carter was elected earlier this week as Student Union President of Charing Cross and Westminster Medical School, along with Vice-Presidents Oliver Dale (Internal) and Andy Heeps (External). On a slightly lower turnout from last year, Vikram Dahr was chosen as Secretary and Sally Price as Treasurer.

Next year's Royal School of Mines Union Executive is also now known, with the only candidate, David Bowers, scooping the position of President with all of 68 votes. Also elected were Martyn Buttenshaw, with exactly the same number of votes as Mr Bowers, and Kirstin MacKinnon, who had the largest appeal, managing 80 first preferences.

Alex Ashworth scraped in as Pit Editor, with the largest new election vote against him. The influential post of Academic Affairs Officer will be jointly filled by Debbie Middleton and Ewan Laurie, who secured 60 votes in their victory.

The Results	Total				Total			
	Candidate	New Election	Spoilt	Quota	Candidate	New Election	Spoilt	Quota
	Clare Bunston	86	0	111		125	3	385
						16.3%		
						83.7%		
						16.0%		
						84.0%		
						12	0	75
						16.3%		
						83.7%		
						113	3	697
						27.8%		
						72.2%		
						10	0	36
						28.6%		
						71.4%		
						4	0	14
						13.2%		
						86.8%		
						7	0	53
						4.4%		
						95.6%		
						2	0	45
						18.4%		
						81.6%		
						9	0	49
						18.0%		
						82.0%		
						16	0	89
						11.5%		
						88.5%		
						11	1	97
						18.8%		
						81.2%		
						26	0	138
						4.8%		
						95.2%		
						3	2	65
						22.5%		
						77.5%		
						25	0	111
						86	0	111
						111	0	111
						111	0	111

BEIT HALL SUB-WARDEN VACANCY

A vacancy exists for the post of Sub-Warden in Beit Hall. We are seeking to appoint a suitable individual to this post starting from the middle of September 1997. The duties include; pastoral care of students, organisation of social events and involvement in the day-to-day running of the Hall. The successful candidate is expected to be highly motivated and have a demonstrated aptitude for this type of activity. The ability to take responsibility whilst maintaining friendly relations with students is essential. Although the post is open any member of College, a post-graduate student or post-doctoral researcher with a minimum of 18 months remaining in the College is preferred. The accommodation available with this post could be suitable for a couple.

Applications comprising a covering letter, a curriculum vitae and two letters of reference should be sent to Dr Jon Marangos, LASP 2, Physics (47857 (work) or 49453 (Flat)). Please give full contact details (including e-mail address) in your covering letter. The closing date for applications is the **18th June 1997**.

Applications are invited for the position of

SUB-WARDEN IN FISHER HALL

We are looking for a friendly, resourceful and responsible individual to assist the Warden in the day-to-day running of the Hall, in return for rent-free accommodation suitable for a single person.

Application forms are available from the Student Accommodation Office, 15 Prince's Gardens and should be returned to Dr RJ Murphy, Department of Biology by 5pm on **Monday 2nd June**.

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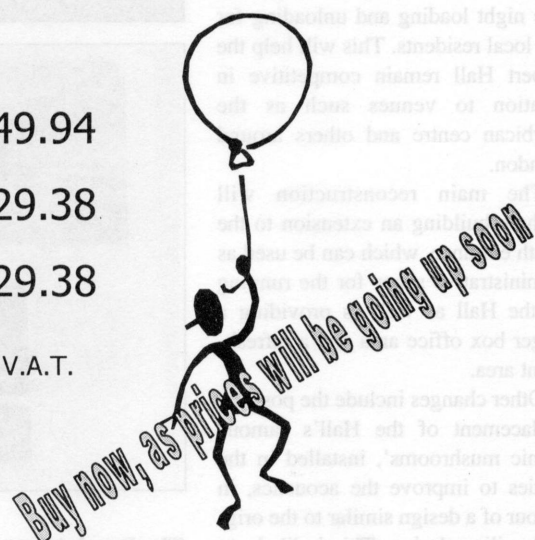
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9.30am – 5.00pm (Wed 10.00am – 5.00pm)



Top technological tea bag triumph

KELLY ROBINSON

Once again, Imperial College has demonstrated itself to be at the cutting edge of technology by investigating the nation's morning cuppa. Dr Fred Marquis, a lecturer and researcher in the Mechanical Engineering Department, has been heavily involved in the testing of the new PG Tips 'Pyramid' tea bag.

These revolutionary tea bags, now on sale in supermarkets, are the result of four years top secret development at Unilever's Colworth Research Centre. The design brief for the crack research team working on the project, code named "Project Magic", was "functionality, novelty and exclusivity".

Phil Evans, Beverage Research

Programme Manager, reported, "We looked at a whole range of concepts - including windowed bags, pouches and even see-through bags, but the tetrahedral shape scored highest by far for all three of the aforementioned attributes." To verify this, PG Tips enlisted the expert help of Imperial's Dr Marquis. As a member of IC's Thermofluid section, Dr Marquis studies fluid mechanics, thermodynamics and heat transfer, making him the obvious choice for this momentous task.

Dr Marquis claims that the innovative bags are the currently the closest thing to ideally shaped tea bag. He said, "The processes that go on within the tea bag are a lot closer to what happens when you brew tea in a

pot." To test the bags, Dr Marquis and his team apparently employed the latest virtual reality computer methods to enable them to investigate the liquid flow process involved when a tea bag brews. "We back-lit a typical brewing container with a tea bag in it and then we made a video film so that we could actually see the tea coming out of the tea bag" explained Dr Marquis.

A fundamentally important aspect of the brewing process is the rapid circulation of liquid through the bag. In this respect the tetrahedral bag is particularly successful. Kevin Potter, PG Tips beverage development manager, explained the advantages of the novel bag. "First of all, the natural - 3D shape of the pyramid bag means

that it acts like a mini tea pot, giving the tea 50% more room to move than conventional 2-D tea bags. Secondly it floats just below the surface just like an iceberg allowing much faster transfer of the tea liquor". As a result of this the bags provide a whopping 15% more flavour over a 40 second period, although quite how this was established remains to be seen.

Dr Marquis' research has indeed paid off and PG Tips are reaping the financial benefits of some well founded research, as increasing numbers of people are turning towards their tremendous tetrahedral tea bags. Meanwhile, Imperial College leans back and sips its tea, basking in the national coverage that this project and its novel designs have brought.

Albert Hall expansion plans go public

LILI TCHEANG

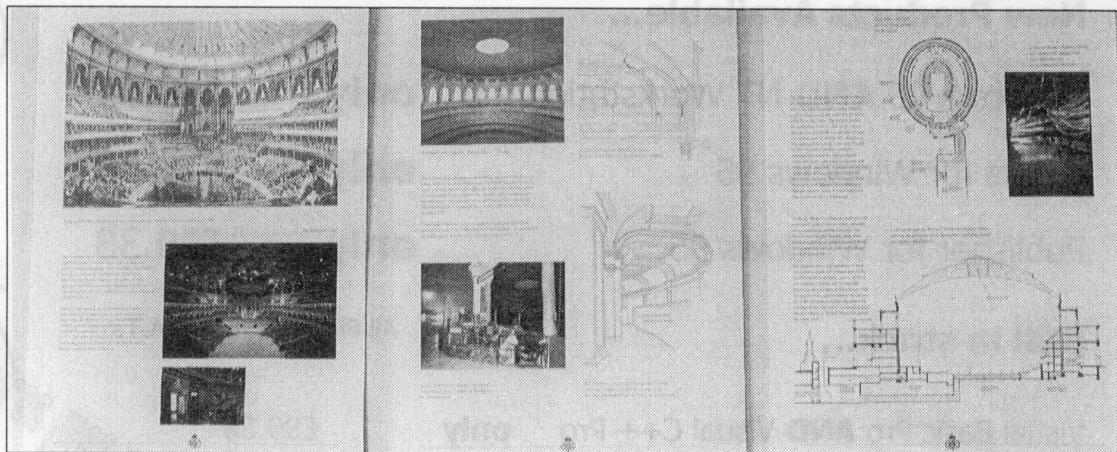
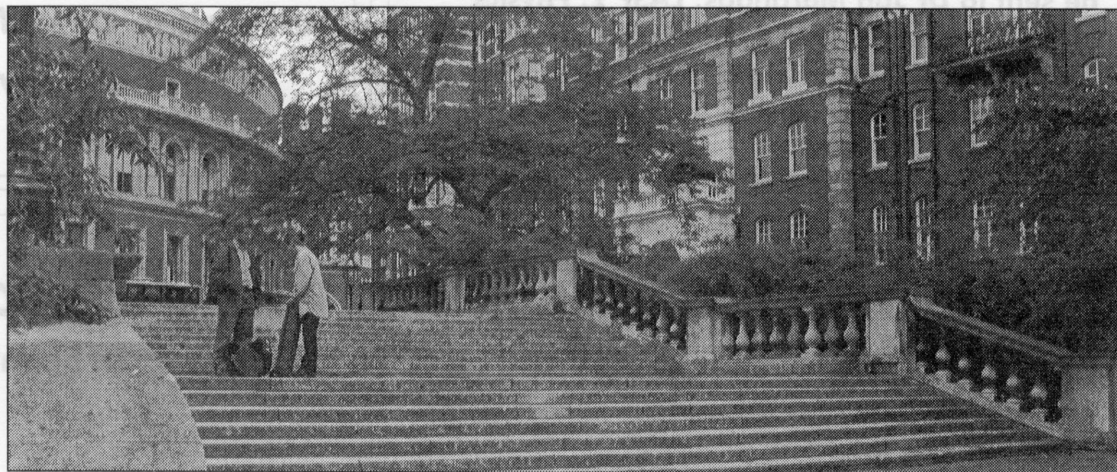
The Royal Albert Hall is planning a major reconstruction in the hope of improving facilities for future audiences. The Albert Hall, a grade one listed building, will be expanding to rationalise its loading areas and to develop a more open foyer to accommodate small exhibitions, talks and conferences.

Much of the work is to comply with the minimum foyer space requirements for refreshment and circulation space in a public arts building, but also to lessen the impact of late night loading and unloading for the local residents. This will help the Albert Hall remain competitive in relation to venues such as the Barbican centre and others around London.

The main reconstruction will include building an extension to the south entrance, which can be used as administrative space for the running of the Hall as well as providing a larger box office area and a refreshment area.

Other changes include the possible replacement of the Hall's famous 'sonic mushrooms', installed in the sixties to improve the acoustics, in favour of a design similar to the original ceiling design. This is likely to incorporate a concave shape in order to reduce echo. Additional insulation in the ceiling will reduce noise emanating to the surrounding residences.

Circulation space will be further improved by opening the basement rooms around the south-side entrance, along with the introduction



The Royal Albert Hall (top), as seen on an average English spring morning. These steps are soon to be temporarily removed while excavations for the Hall's new loading bay are completed.

(Bottom), The Hall's public consultation and information boards on the Grand Tier. The Hall has held a number of 'open evenings' for local residents, including those in Beit Hall and Prince's Gardens.

of lifts to accommodate disabled audiences more comfortably.

Originally, the Hall was built on a limited budget, with seating being the main priority. Refreshment space

was served by the Royal Horticultural Society's conservatory which adjoined the Hall to the south but this was demolished in 1889, further reducing the space per person.

This was replaced by the south entrance which proved to be wholly inadequate for an average-sized audience. The proposed improvements hope to remedy this condition.

PHOTOS: LILI

SUMMER CARNIVAL

LIVE MUSIC ...

acid jazz from
Tarantella

Funk
n
Disorderly

in yer face tunes from
Nocturne

FOUR ROOMS...

room one

Hedonizm
full on club tunes

room two

FLAVA
funk, soul, r&b, swing

room three

Cocktail Bar
chill out to blissed out summer beats

room four

POP TARTS
doing it for the kids

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How

Come on. Admit it. You must've wondered at some point in time how the sheets of paper in your hand go from being young, innocent trees to the quality printed matter that you're now reading. For example, how does *Felix* get produced? Who writes it? How does it magically appear in piles just inside my department every Friday morning?

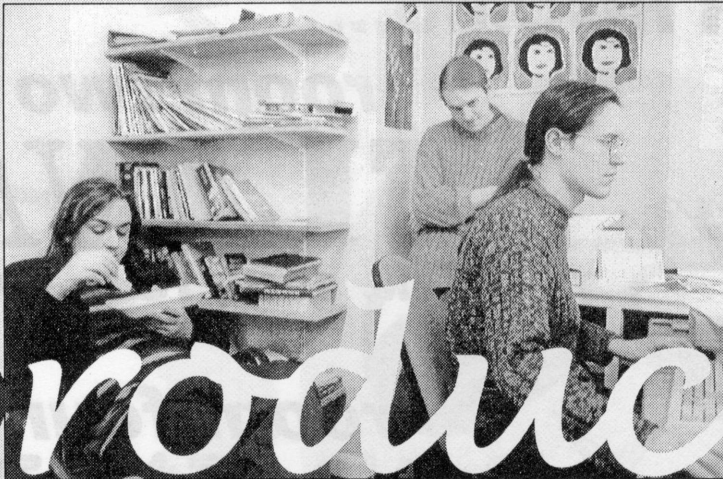
Well, we can't answer for the lumberjacks, but when Friday comes, it goes something like this...

to



The Conception

► Often, Friday can't even start until Robin has had his daily one-pound curry.



...It's lunchtime and the dedicated *Felix* hacks begin to assemble. Fridays see the Art & Theatre, Film and Music sub-editors meeting their teams to hand out items for review. Elsewhere, the intrepid newsteam gather for their preliminary meeting...

produce

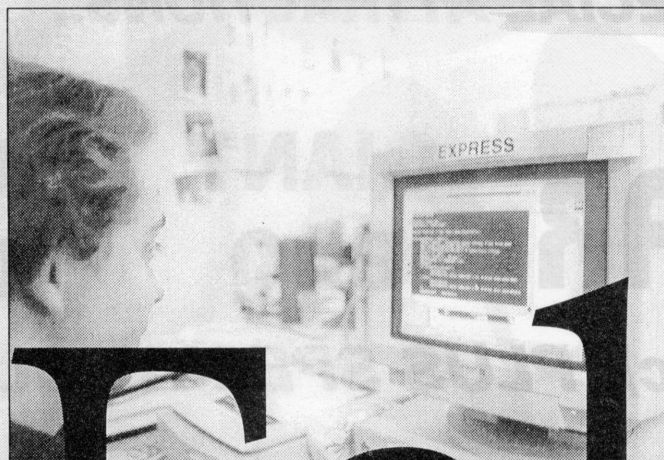
► The music reviewers have a laugh at the latest release by *Katrina and the Waves*.

...Anyone can help out in the production of *Felix* and there are numerous ways to get involved. The reviewers go away and listen to the music, watch the play or film, then write a review. These are edited and layed-up by the sub-editor...



a

► Being insecure arty types, we name all our computers and give them personalities. 'Express' for example is a young dominatrix.



...The newsteam meet again on Monday evening to check the progress of their assignments and to receive and new material. Reviewers get a week, whereas the newsteam's deadline is Wednesday...



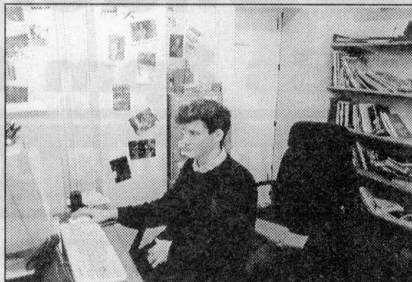
Felix

...Which is when the real work starts.

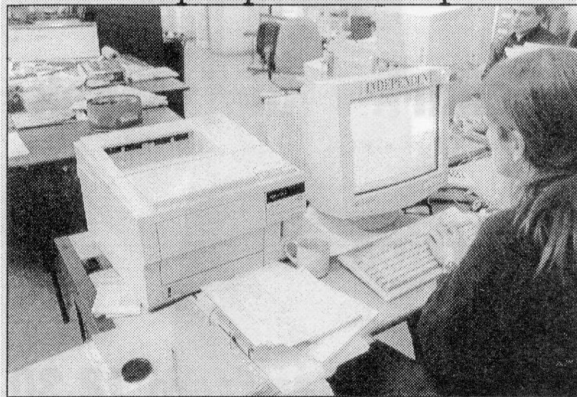
While most of you are out getting some flying time in or your shins kicked, *Felix* moves up a gear. The columnists scribe their columns, the photographers develop photos and the design and lay-up people start to panic...



The Labour



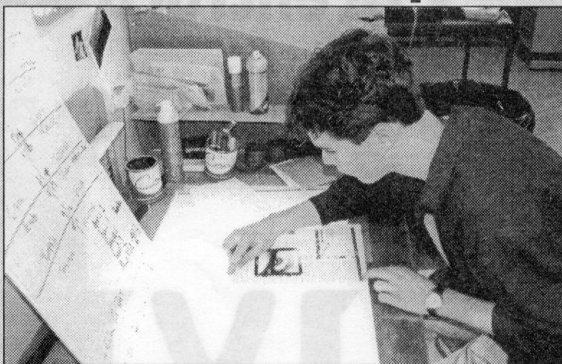
◀ Look at the concentration on that face as this expert columnist finishes off another fine point.



...*Lay-up* is the term given to all the technical mucking around on computers we do to place the text, the lines and the pictures just right. *Design* is the term given to the creative mucking around in our heads we do to decide where that text, lines and pictures should go. To achieve this, we use the industry-standard software packages QuarkXpress and Adobe Photoshop. If only the entire process was so modern and simple...

▲ *Felix* works late into Wednesday night, enduring dB's disco and the vagaries of mid-week revellers.

► But eventually, the work gets done and sent to the paste-up desk. Matthew is sporting the latest in summer wear as he delicately smooths the edges of a page.

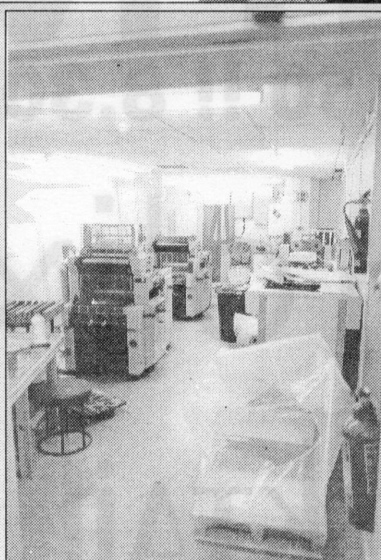


...But it isn't! After the page is completed to the satisfaction of the sub-editor, it is proofed (although the occasional error does get through). Finally, the page goes to the paste-up desk to be readied for the press...

...From the paste-up desk the pasted-up sheets go to the camera room where an aluminium plate is made for the press.

Thursday comes and the presses roll, taking twelve hours to print all of *Felix*.

After the ink has dried, the pages are fed into the collator for stapling. Then, the finished copies mysteriously appear inside your department...



▲ The presses yesterday. *Felix* gets through 250,000 sheets of paper every couple of months.

► The finished product. Easy innit!



The Birth

◀ The collating machine; the bastard son of a combine harvester and a pneumatic pencil sharpener.

THIS WEEK

Friday

Bust-A-Gut Comedy Club

Charlie Chuck plus Logan Murray

dBs 8pm £2.50

common people

9-2. free/£1

Saturday

Swansea v Northampton or Falkirk v Kilmarnock

plus

England v South Africa

Bar from 12.30

Sunday

Crewe v Brentford

Bar from 12.30

Monday

Palace v Sheff Utd

Bar from 3

Tuesday

Bar

Trivia

win £50 !! 8.30. Davinci's

Wednesday

frolix !

9-12

free

Thursday

Cocktail Night

happy hour prices and specials all night

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PART OF YOUR STUDENTS' UNION

This crime novel is odd. Right from the start we know who the perpetrator was, indeed he admits "Fact: I did it". After reading his negative school reports, he sets about to commit "acts of revision", getting even on his teachers of so long ago. His mental state throughout is questionable - drawing continual cartoons and living in the loft (ala Shallow Grave) cannot be normal, however it is unsurprising considering the aura of death that always hovers around him.

As the perpetrator commits his crimes, we travel with him, seeing how the teachers teased him in class or how they were the shattered idol of his wet dreams. On this journey we see flashes of his family life; sister whom he idolised, father whom he worshiped and mother whom he misses the most.

It is hard to tell where exactly his unbalanced mental state originates from; the novel gives a constant juxtaposition between family and schooling trauma, within which it is impossible to place exact motives. What is clear is the perpetrator's self-centredness, "Yours are the only stories that interest you" and "They were out there, people of importance...because of me" being two prime quotes which sum up much of the

criminal's attitude.

Ultimately this book is subtler than merely being a diatribe of violence.

Through school experience, it explores the way nothing

can be absolute.

For example an electron is both a particle and a wave - both these statements are correct. This is a lesson many of those at IC would do well to heed; "the obsession with facts" is not the only way of thinking.

This novel is well written and a flowing read - however it doesn't live up for one moment to the screaming blurb on the front cover. "Wildly funny" - not at all, "A disturbing amount to think

about" - well, maybe a bit, but not much. I just didn't connect with this at all. Unless you love the idea of wreaking havoc with those bastard teachers' lives, steer clear of this and spend the money on an art exhibition or two to counter all those IC facts.

Hot Lips

Acts of Revision

Martyn Bedford

Acts of Revision,
by Martyn Bedford,
published by Black
Swan, priced £6.99



SFW
1088/II
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230597

What? You don't have this already? Waddya mean why are we reviewing this in May? Sorry, but we were laughing too much. Anyway, here we are now, with a quick shuffle of the best of 1996 by that fourth pillar of British Society, *Private Eye*.

Did you miss the spat between Di and Julia Carling, Michael Gummer's daughter's famous burger or Sir Jammy Fishpaste and his electioneering? Well, there's no need now as its all been brought together between two bits of card. This book serves equally well as a coffee table entree, a last-thing at night thriller or a bathroom laxative and gives the absentee a potted history of the previous year's news.

It's better than *The Economist's* review of the year, funnier than "that look on Portillo's face" and cheaper than three pints in the Queens'. So get out there and buy several copies; one for yourself, one for each of your family and one for the dog, you won't forget it (and my shares in PE will go up, up, up)!

Ralph

The Private Eye Annual

Edited by Ian Hislop



*The Private-Eye
Annual,*
edited by Ian Hislop,
published by Corgi,
priced £6.99

Festival time is soon going to be upon us though unfortunately **James** may have to pull out of their only appearance this year at V97 in Chelmsford. It seems as though Tim Booth, lead singer of the band, hurt his neck after his manic on stage antics.

Oasis have become the first band to censor the growing number of fans' websites dedicated to them on the Internet. The group's management company are working with the official Oasis Homepage to ensure unofficial websites carrying copyrighted lyrics, sound files and photographs comply with their requirements.

Primal Scream have finally confirmed that their summer tour is to go ahead. However, the original intention of a national big tent tour has been abandoned after local licencing laws proved insurmountable, although the London and Glasgow dates will be held in big top tents.

Urusei Yatsura were forced to cancel a gig in Bari, a port town in Southern Italy, after death threats from the local Mafioso last week. Guitarist Graham Kemp said, 'It was going to be a communist gig, but the Mafia gave the guy who booked the gig a message

saying that if it went ahead, this communist band from Scotland would be in danger'. So basically to avoid getting shot, we decided to pull it.'



TRICKY Shepherds Bush Empire

I clamber out of the mens. There's a band on stage, and as it begins to strike me that it's not the band that was there when I left, they launch into a soul-shatteringly perfect rendition of *Overcome*. Tricky had arrived.

Weird gig. Stung somewhat by the stigma of going to the Empire alone when my plus one plussed out, I'd parked myself into the shadows at the back of the stalls and settled into a couple of melancholy beers. Gazing around as the place filled up I'd become increasingly aware of my own monadic state against the apparent euphoria-in-companionship of others.

It was with such a sinking mood that I missed almost entirely the support act, encased in my own thoughts. What little I saw did not impress, though since the wooden platform on which I sat resonated in excess of the PA's ample output, it would be only charitable to note that I was unable to hear them in their full glory. For Tricky, I took to the floor proper.

Everything you'd ever expected/demanded of Tricky, everything *Maxinquae* lead you to believe you deserved only to be thwarted by



Pre-Millennium Tension, everything was here tonight, in spades - gravedigger's spades. It was dark, it brooded, it rang the halls with crunching basslines as Martine floated angelically above (pointedly disappearing off stage for the more evil bits). Occasionally returning to

'old favourites' like *Black Steel* it dealt mainly with songs from *Tension*, but bending them about each other to suit the moment, currying songs together with remarkable ease. The crowd were lost, and took to swaying to the chaos, not dancing to it.

It strikes me in reflection how strangely cyclical the gig was, with the recently released *Makes Me Wanna Die* being revisited several times during the night, each with more bezerk energy from an increasingly agitated Triky (half the crowd in front of me and I still felt threatened). I've never seen a man's head move from shoulder to shoulder that fast and by the end (strange relief when it came) his trashing of the drums was less a cliché, more a concession. He could have eaten them. Scary, but ultimately compelling stuff.

Piers

Monkey Mafia - 15 Steps EP

Appealing dance track, reminiscent of the early Chemical Brothers, but with less flair. Later tracks are more original and hold interest better than the main mix.

Cecil - Red Wine At Dead Time

Apart from an introduction sounding like the Smurfs gone punk, this is a decent, solid track with all the edges smoothed off, perhaps this is why it sounds a little too dated.

Peter Bruntnell - Have You Seen That Girl Again

Slow, smooth, dated and boring; with an irritating air raid siren hidden in the background and vocals recorded straight from the bathroom.

Kaleef - Trials Of Life

Growing up as a street wise teenager is tough, so Kaleef remind us again, and again. They need a few lessons from Arrested Development - they know how to write a chorus at least.

Midget - Welcome Home Jellybean

Somewhat like Bis crossed with Ash. Sugar coated teen pop with grit inside, but too youthful and inexperienced to hold interest for long.



Essential Choon

Grasshopper - Freak Show

Not as bouncy or radio friendly as the last Swedish band to hit our charts. However, close harmonies and an uncanny resemblance to Weezer makes for a catchy little ditty.

Sonia

David Devant And His Spirit Wife - This Is For Real

Kooky pop from an innovative band. A bit sterile in the studio, but a must live.

White Buffalo - Love Me Tonight

Bastard child of Live and Counting Crows? Well worth a listen.

Morphine - Murder For Money

Gritty industrial US trio hit the right spot with bass, drums and baritone sax.

Darren Price - Lose No Time

Ifly dance. Repetitive synted noise, but then isn't it all?

Union Wireless - I Never Dream

Thinly spread earthy drum and bass. Not really very good.

World Party - Beautiful Dream

Cheerful but uninspiring melodic vocals/guitar/piano affair.

The Driven - Monkey In A Cage

Solid rock with hard vocals and packaged in a funky vinyl style sleeve.

Dave

A L B U M S

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE ARE FLOATING IN SPACE Spiritualised

Between the beginning of the title song and the end of the bluesy *Cop Shoot Cop*, there are seventy minutes of pure laid-back cool here. This is an album that switches and changes whilst constantly keeping a wall of sound at the foreground and remains interesting throughout. At stages, it goes through a Primal-scream-do-loaded phase (*Come Together* is a good example). Here, horns and swathes of brass punctuate the simple melodies and hypnotic droning in the otherwise organ-laden atmosphere. Then we get stages of Pink Floyd-ness with delayed guitars overlaying great organ backdrops on songs such as *I Think I'm In Love*.

There are also moments of just plain weirdness for example quite often, there are tracks that end in, what sounds like, a band trashing all of their instruments at once. Hey, this would be just fine if you want to reach some sort of monumental crescendo after a triumphant track, but after about two minutes this gets

boring.

As far as lyrics go, Spiritualised have got it sorted. Literally. If Jarvis got his wrists slapped for saying that he was sorted for E's and whizz then singer, J. Spaceman, is just as guilty although maybe he is a little more subtle about things. On *Home of the Brave*, for example, he talks about sometimes having his breakfast right off of the mirror, or sometimes having it right out of the bottle. Fucked up indeed.

This is an album of more than just weird sounds and mad lyrics. It is more than a set of well-timed loops and samples. It is an album to create a mood and an atmosphere. It's there to be in the background-not specifically listened to. It may sound insulting to describe an album in that way but I'm not talking background to just any old cocktail or dinner party. I mean those ones where it will just sort of take on its own identity. Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to sit back and relax...**(7)**

Alok

A TASTE OF...3RD STONE RECORDS VOL.2 Various

This is what label compilations should be all about: 18 mostly exclusive tracks by 18 different artists, a generous 78 minutes long and all for a mere fiver. However all the value for money in the world is worthless if the music isn't up to anything, so it's another triumph that the cool: pants ratio is unusually high.

Most of 3rd Stone's output is most accurately described by A.R. Kane's self descriptive phrase "dream-pop": gorgeous tunes with added twinkly bits, basically. None of the more well-known acts on display provide anything particularly great, however - the aforementioned A.R. Kane's *Cool As Moons* merely serves as a reminder of how brain-meltingly brilliant they once were; Bark Psychosis' *Murder City* replaces their usual intricate, jazzy sensibilities with sledgehammer noise, to no great effect; Spacemen 3's *I Want You Right Now* lurches through a lo-fi narcotic haze; and, God help us, Chapterhouse give us *It Won't Be Wrong* which is, of course, utter shite. It's thus left to lesser-known talents to provide the real highpoints, which is appropriate; no point in preaching to the converted after all.

Insides break a 3-year silence with the brittle *All Life Long*, auguring well for their forthcoming new album. No-Man's *Sweetside Silver Night* is a swooning piece of romanticising, and *Fancy Swim* by Reverberation marks them out as a kind of French Spiritualized, only more clear-

headed: high on life rather than illegal substances. If all this spacious dreaminess gets a bit much there's also the likes of E.A.R. and Octal, whose *Stairs Leading Up (Part 2)* is bleached-white and forbidding, the point where the dream turns nasty and you wake up sweating and dry mouthed. There's even a couple of punk tunes from the subsidiary Them's Good label. So, while this may be a mixture of contrasting flavours it's definitely a taste worth acquiring. **(8)**

K. S. Pulaski

IT MUST BE A DREAM Bim Sherman

It's been a long time since I have been surprised by an album. I remember a few years ago listening to Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On* for the first time in almost disbelief that such a great album had managed to evade my ears for so long. Listening to *It Must Be A Dream* brings up much the same sentiments. No doubt, the album is not as good as *What's Going On*, but the way in which it sounds wholly refreshing is much the same.

The album is a re-work of Sherman's last album *Miracle* with eleven top mixers, each mixing a song each, brought in to give his reggae style a more upmarket dance music feel. One might expect the mish-mash of mixers to spoil the broth, but each song compliments the next perfectly as drum and bass tunes slip and slide among the ooze of Sherman's lyrics.

ALBUM OF THE YEAR Faith No More

Bloody hell, they play harder than I remember. *Collision* is an epic opener with sufficient energy and bare-faced cheek to justify the wildly arrogant album title. It roars and screams along, riding an A-bomb to apocalypse like Slim Pickens, insane grin plastered all over its twisted face. But it's not all metal mayhem round these parts. Just remember the irony-free cover of *Easy*, and then listen to it blatantly

rehashed on the soulless soul of *She Loves me*



Not. One of FNM's strengths has always been a refusal to toe the rock-funk line that *From out of Nowhere* drew in the sand, but their experimentalism is often hit and miss. It probably pains them to hear it, but they are usually at their best when rocking like bastards, as on *The Last Cup of Sorrow*, where slabs of finest Metallica are cut with scary whispering and monolithic bass. *Naked in Front of this Computer* is a barefoot sprint across chopped glass, tickertape drum-beats dragging you along for the ride. The variable quality of the album might be due to the fact that some of the band members are obviously a bit crap. When lead singer Mike Patton is left to get on with it, he produces some wonderfully claustrophobic sounds. *Home Sick Home* lets you feel the hot breath of Big Brother on your cheek as panic folds in around your head. New boy John Hudson seems to be pretty handy with an old Queensryche riff too, but ultimately it's not enough to lift the album from a mire of mediocre tracks that bury any sparks of real power. Album of the year? Not even close. **(5)**

Norm

With so many others trying the cross-over of styles lately, you would think it might be easy to pigeon hole Sherman. It's not. The album is certainly more Massive Attack than Fugees and more Bob Marley than Shabba Ranks, but comparisons are not what this album deserves as it really is a change from the norm. There's no catchy seventies samples, no needless anger in the lyrics and not one filler track in the eleven. There is no doubt that I love this album. I had never heard of Bim Sherman before, and unless I keep a look out I probably will never do so again. This is a stunning album that every one should own. but you will be lucky if you even ever hear it.**(8)**

James

Now Showing

Love and Other Catastrophes

Originally reviewed in *Felix* 1084, the release of *Love and Other Catastrophes* was delayed at the last minute for some reason or another. Made for around £20,000 this first film by 23 year old Emma-Kate Croghan features a day in the life of five Australian students. Every element of student life is included, from searching for accommodation and sex to trying to dodge lecturers owed work. Unfortunately the lack of money behind the film sometimes shows and there's not that much to it, but the characters are all endearing and it's an amusing way to while away an hour or so.

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The Relic

The most decapitations since *Highlander* and a *Poseidon Adventure*-esque escapade combine in this gruesome thriller. Chicago's Natural History Museum is the setting for a battle of wits between an evolutionary biologist and the "Kathago", an evil DNA concoction of reptile, insect and human. Humourously handling extremely macabre scenes such as beheaded victims this is surprisingly enjoyable stuff. The cat-like monster, when it finally comes out from the shadows, is refreshingly different to the usual variation on *Alien*, and would be cute if it didn't have such a fondness for certain parts of the human brain. Despite a slightly disappointing ending, the joyous way in which each victim is dispatched means this is recommended therapy for exam stress.

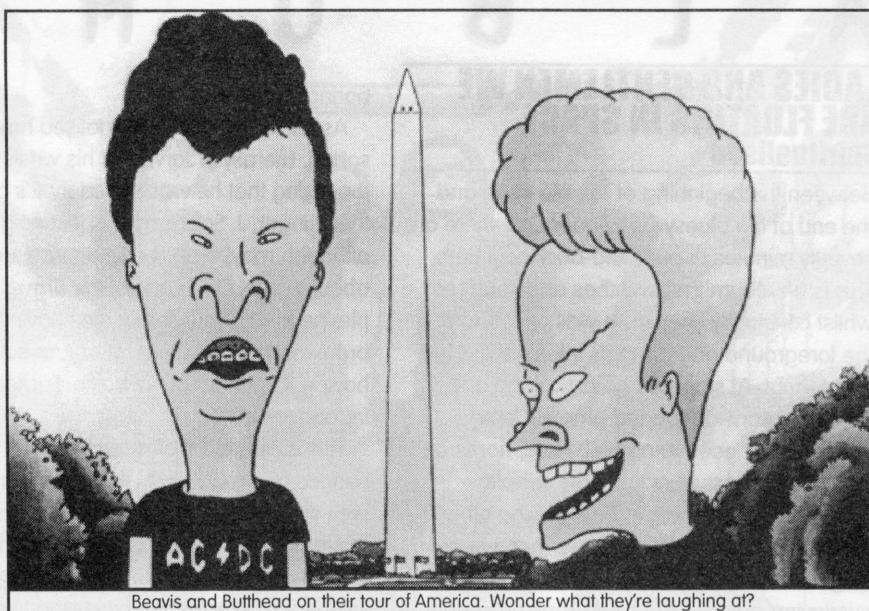
Beavis And Butthead Do America

12

Okay, so it isn't exactly Shakespeare but then anyone who goes to see a film with 'Butthead' in the title wouldn't really be expecting that would they?

For the uninitiated, Beavis and Butthead are two American teenagers with a very basic vocabulary and sense of humour. To put it bluntly, they make Anthea Turner look intelligent. You may have caught their animated TV series on MTV of Channel 4 but now they are invading the country through the medium of film. The story, such as it is, centres around the catastrophic theft of their TV, eventually leading to the duo finding themselves travelling across America with the FBI hot on their trail. Did I mention that Beavis has a vial of deadly virus sewn into the seat of his pants?

As you can imagine, this is hardly taxing on the brain and that is probably the strong point of the film. It allows you to regress to your childhood as you find yourself laughing at jokes you would have found childish when

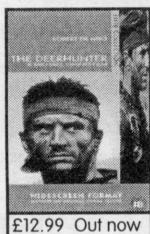


Beavis and Butthead on their tour of America. Wonder what they're laughing at?

you were seven. You'll either leave the cinema at the end and find yourself shouting 'full cavity search!' at the next person you meet or you'll have left the cinema five minutes into the film wondering who on earth would want to watch such puerile rubbish. But you really have to admire a film whose closing credits music is a song, sung by Engelbert Humperdinck, entitled 'Lesbian Seagull.'

Katie

Videos to Buy



£12.99 Out now

Not much can be said about *The Deer Hunter* that hasn't been said before. Robert De Niro and Christopher Walken come together in a classic film which traces their experiences in Vietnam and the effects this has on the rest of their lives. Visually striking, this multi-Oscar winning epic is full of symbolism and poignant images, such as young American POWs being forced to play Russian roulette by their captors. This was the first film to tackle the sensitive issue of Vietnam and doesn't shy from portraying the insanity of the war. The leads put in incredible performances, as does Meryl Streep as De Niro's girlfriend. It was justly given an Oscar for best picture in 1978 and, since it is now available in its original widescreen format, deserves to be in any self-respecting movie fan's video collection.

Equally as visually impressive as *The Deer Hunter* is the less well-known *The Mission*. Starring with de Niro is Jeremy Irons as an eighteenth century Christian missionary attempting to convert a South American tribe. De Niro plays Mendoza, who was once a slave trader but is now also a missionary, and the film centres on the struggle between the two for the leadership of a converted village. It won a deserved Oscar for cinematography in 1986, but there is something missing which is probably why it failed to win the best picture award for which it was nominated. The director is unable to make us care for either of the missionaries, so when the film reaches its climax with a battle between the two the viewer is unconcerned who wins. Unfortunately this turns a potentially great film into just a better-than-average one.



£12.99 Out now

Give it Away!

généreous *a.* 1. magnanimous, noble-minded; not mean or prejudiced; free in giving, munificent; so *generous* *n.* 2. ample, abundant, copious; (of wine) rich and full. 3. Hence *generously* *adv.* [cf. *OF* *generosus* f. *L. generosus* (as *GENUS*; see -OUS) noble, magnanimous]

Superlatives fail us as we announce that we are giving away another five pairs of tickets for the latest blockbuster, donated by, as usual, the Odeon Kensington. The film, reviewed next week, is *Absolute Power*, directed by and starring Clint Eastwood, along with Ed Harris and Gene Hackman. To enter, simply drop into Felix with the answer to the following...

In which multi-Oscar winning western did Eastwood and Hackman star with Morgan Freeman?

We were giving away tickets to see *The Relic* last week. The question was, "The monster in *The Relic* comes from the same South American coffee-making country as the snake in *Anaconda*. Which country is this?"

The answer is "Brazil" and the entrants winning a pair of tickets to see the film at the Odeon Kensington are:

David Roberts
Faye Moryc
Yee Kien Ling
Tom Howell
Revathy Sivathanasan

Physics 1
Maths 3
Chem Eng PG
Mech Eng 4
Maths 3

In preparation for our summer trekking expedition to the Pyrenees, we decided to organise a practice trip to the (somewhat more rolling) South Downs.

We set off on Saturday morning from Newhaven with full backpacks, for a strenuous weekend of hiking and camping. Conditions and scenery had absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to our ascent of Nevis at Easter - at least until it started pissing it down with rain and the wind got up.

We reached Plumpton in the late afternoon when the weather had finally started to clear up a bit. Here we followed the trend set by a certain esteemed Estates manager from SW7 with a penchant for canvas, and pitched our tents. (Although we did give our members at least 48 hours warning).

Dinner consisted of a dehydrated Chicken Supreme, which turned out to be a very novel usage of the word supreme.

After a rather distasteful Ready Brek

downing contest on Sunday morning, we pressed on along the South Downs Way. The weather was gloriously

Fellwanderers

sunny, but with an incessant strong wind. Appropriately enough it was National Windmills Day, and we stopped to lunch outside the "Jill" windmill near Hassocks. Remind me to make alternative arrangements for National Sewage Works Day.

By the time we reached Burgess Hill station, we had covered a respectable 22 miles. We may not have had the most representative experience of long-distance tracking at high-altitude in a hot climate, but at least the night under canvas will help us to feel a little more prepared for our exams.

Other proposed excitements this term include a presidential barbeque, an assault on the Three Peaks

(Ben Nevis, Scarfell Pike and Snowdon in 24 hours), and Sunday walks here, there and everywhere.

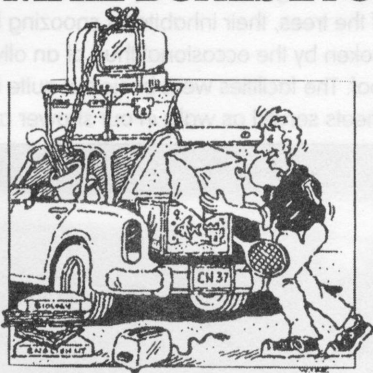


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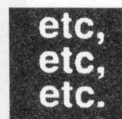
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Swimming With Turtles

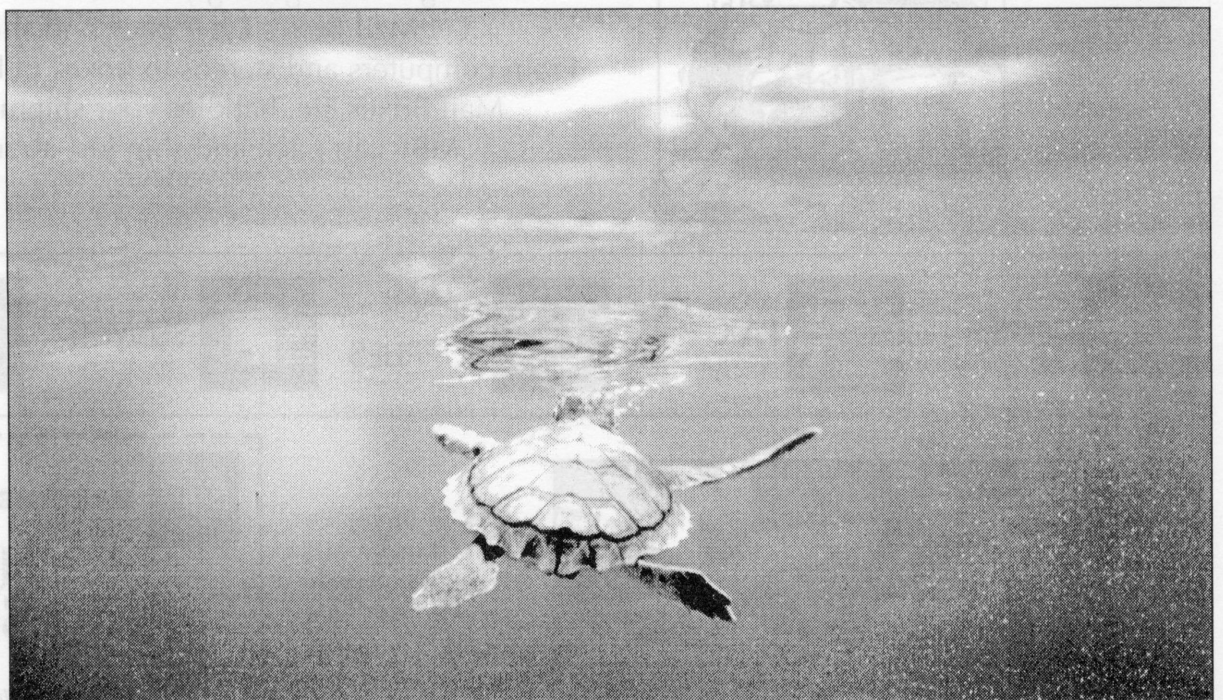
With the summer break fast approaching, *Felix* takes a look at some of those more 'alternative' ways to revise... First up, *Mandar Trevedi* recalls the time he spent helping to conserve a turtle colony on Crete.

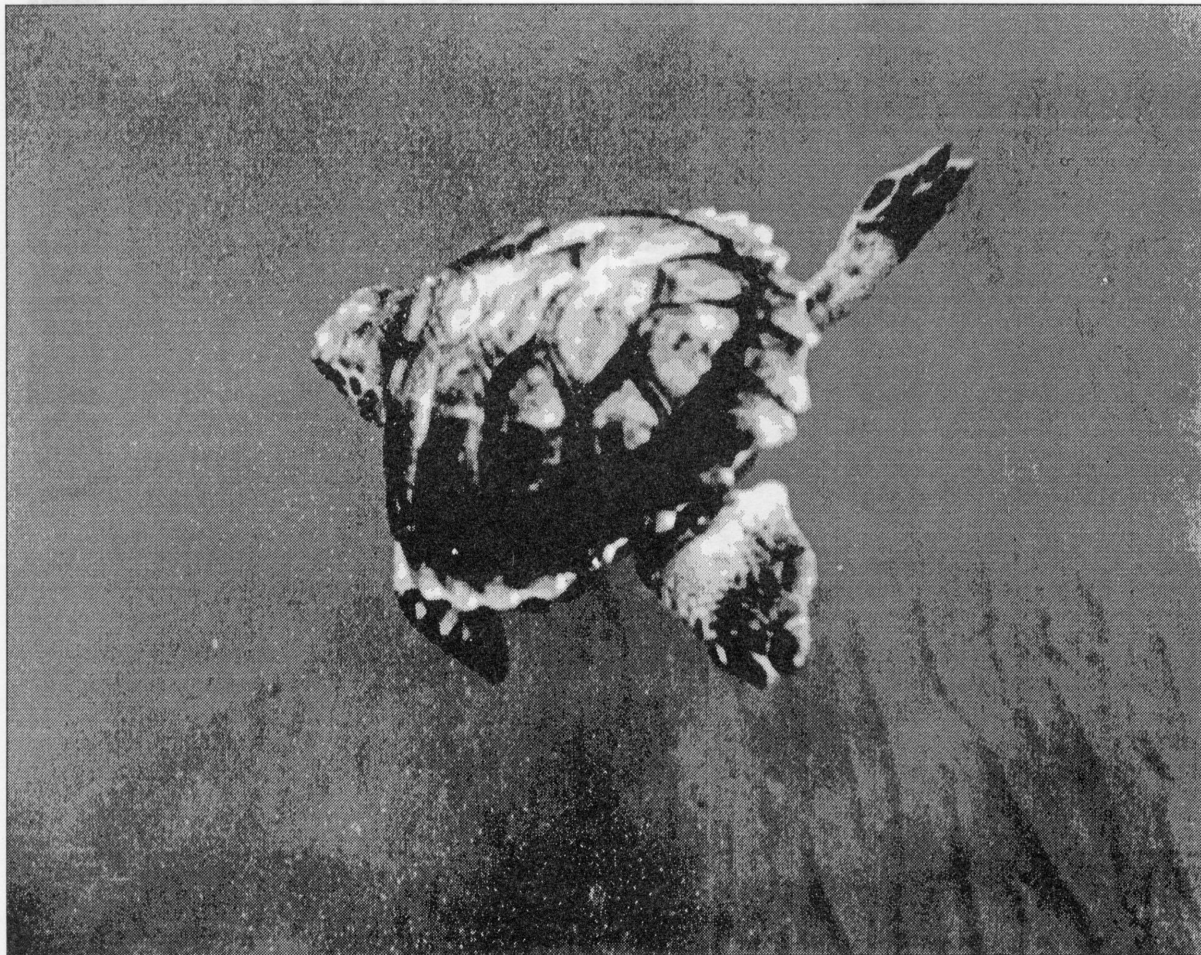
A few too many shots of raki, a Cretan drink which tastes like lighter fluid, had come my way from the taverna owner and he thought I might like to try another local speciality. "Lambs testicles", he said, his mouth watering, as I chewed on what I'd presumed was a meatball. I didn't swallow. It was my last night on Crete and I was experiencing the renowned Greek hospitality for the final time.

Four weeks earlier I had arrived at the town of Rethymno on the north coast of Crete as a volunteer to help the Sea Turtle Protection Society of Greece (STPS) in their efforts to prevent the extinction of the loggerhead turtle. My luxurious ferry docked at Rethymno before dawn and pandemonium ensued as tourists arrived and Cretans returned from the mainland along with lorries of food and livestock, all disembarking in the darkness amid the futile whistles of a couple of policemen. I made my way to the seafront through the old port's narrow streets. When I arrived I was rudely awakened from my naive dream of an idyllic stretch of sand as the sun rose over the beachside taver-

nas and the stragglers from the previous night staggered back down the littered street to their hotels to recover until the sun sank again. I realised why the loggerhead was fighting a losing battle in trying to nest on these beaches.

I took a bus to the STPS campsite 5 miles along the coast road. A short trek brought me to an olive grove in the hills overlooking the sea. Thirty or so tents nestled in the shade of the trees, their inhabitants snoozing between being woken by the occasional thud of an olive falling on the roof. The facilities were basic but quite ingenious. Tent fly-sheets served as walls in our shower and you had to be





careful when standing on the two planks which separated you from the toilet pit and the possibility of standing knee-deep in shit. You could watch the sun set over Rethymno as you stirred your typical meal of pasta in the al fresco kitchen.

My fellow volunteers included Germans, French, Australians, Scandinavians, Britons and Israelis as well as Greeks. Between us we covered the 11 km of beach where the mother turtles nested. There are several other nesting sites, all with teams of volunteers, on a few of the other islands (the most important site in the Mediterranean being Zakynthos) and the mainland of Greece and Turkey. It was mid August and hatchlings were emerging each night from their nests buried in the sand where the mother's had laid clutches of about a hundred eggs two months earlier. I was sad to have missed the amazing experience of witnessing a mother turtle coming ashore to nest but saw plenty of the cute hatchlings. After hatching, the young turtles dig their way up through a foot of sand and lay torpid just beneath the surface until a drop in temperature triggers them to emerge under the cover and less dehydrating conditions of darkness. They scramble over the sand like little wind up toys, using the reflection of the moon on the sea to direct them to the watery world where, if they're very lucky, they will live for perhaps a hundred years. Females are mature at around twenty-five years and, somehow, they manage to return to the beach from which they hatched to lay the next generation and repeat a cycle which has been going on since the age of the dinosaurs.

However, if care is not taken they may have the same fate as their extinct relatives. The older citizens of Crete can remember a time when the beaches turned black with masses of hatchlings. The recent development of tourism in this area is gradually turning them white again.

Mother's are deterred from coming ashore at night by beach furniture left out and the noise from hotels, tavernas and couples bonking on the beach. The nests are at risk from vehicles and being stabbed with umbrella stands. Hatchlings confuse the lights of the hotels with the sea's horizon and wander around until they dehydrate. Propellers and fishing nets maim and drown adult turtles.

Fortunately there are organisations like the STPS which are making an effort to ensure the survival of the loggerhead. Their work is both scientific and practical. The volunteers set off before dawn and search the beach for nests laid in the night. The number of eggs are counted and then protective cages are placed around the nests. Mother turtles are tagged after they have finished laying so that individuals can be recognised again and their movements recorded. They have a rescue centre which rehabilitates injured turtles and returns them to the sea. The STPS are also trying to stop the problem at its source by working with local people such as fishermen and hoteliers and giving slide shows to tourists at night. The work's hard but very rewarding.

So if you're looking for something constructive to do this summer I can think of one organisation who want to hear from you.

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For more information,
contact:
The Sea Turtle Protection
Society of Greece,
35 Solomou Street,
GR - 106 82,
Athens,
Greece.

Friday 23rd May

IC CHOIR CONCERT

**BERNSTEIN
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8pm Friday
23rd May.
Tickets £2.50
in advance
from ICU Office
and Choir
members

12.00pm Felix News Meeting

Felix Office Beit Quad.

1pm Hamsoc (Regular)

Top Floor, Union Building.

1pm Photo Soc (Regular)

Southside Lounge.

1.10pm RAG Meeting (Regular)

dBs.

1.10pm Islamic Soc (Regular)

Friday Prayer, Southside Gym. (Brothers and Sisters).

1.15pm Labour Club (Regular)

Southside upper Lounge.

1.30pm Felix Reviews and Science meeting

5.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

8pm Bust-A-Gut Comedy Club

Final appearances from two favourites ...the evening begins with this year's last BUST-A-GUT Comedy Club featuring a special one off Edinburgh warm up from the somewhat deranged talents of CHARLIE CHUCK. Support comes from Logan Murray. The limited tickets are available from the Union Office or on the door, priced £2.50/£2 Then wave goodbye to the COMMON PEOPLE, who'll be bringing you one last burst of indie, britpop and alternative dance sounds before they're packed off for the summer. Free before 9, £1 after.

Free Women's Minibus Service.

First run midnight, last run at closing time.

Saturday 24th May

12.00pm Standing Room Only

A double dose of live football. The afternoon starts with either the 3rd Division play-off final between Swansea v Northampton, or

The Scottish Cup Final between Falkirk & Kilmarnock.

Then it's England v South Africa, live from Old Trafford. Bar opens at 12.30.

Monday 26th May

12.30pm Artsoc (Regular)

SCR, Union Building

12.30pm Ski Club Meeting (Regular)

Southside Upper Lounge

12.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Circuit Training, Southside Gym

2pm Deadline for Diary, Soc. Pages

3pm Standing Room Only

Standing Room Only - 1st Division play off - Crystal Palace v Sheff Utd. DaVinci's. Bar from 3pm.

5.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Aerobics (beginners), Southside Gym

5pm Felix News and Features meeting

6pm IC Methsoc (Regular)

All faiths welcome, Basement 10 Princes' Gardens.

6.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Aerobics (intermediate), Southside Gym

7.30pm IC Sinfonia (Regular)

Great Hall, All players welcome.

Tuesday 27th May

12pm Cathsoc (Regular)

Mass and lunch, Leon Bagrit Centre, Lvl 1 Mech Eng

12-2 pm 'Fair Trade' Stall (Regular)

Union Building Foyer. Fairly traded goods

for sale: stationery coffee, chocolate.

12.15 Yoga Soc (Regular)

Yoga Classes, Southside Gym

12.30pm African-Caribbean Soc (Regular)

Weekly meeting, Rm G02, Materials dept. RSM

12.30pm Parachute Club (Regular)

Southside Upper Lounge

1pm Audio Soc (Regular)

Brown Committee Room, Union Building

1pm Yacht Club Meeting (Regular)

Physics Lecture Theatre 3, Lvl 1.

3pm Pakistan Soc (Regular)

Basketball in the Union Gym, anyone welcome

5pm Circus Skills Soc (Regular)

Table Tennis Room, Union Building

5.30pm Radio Modellers Club (Regular)

MechEng Main Workshop (Rm 190), e-mail

rcc.radio@ic.ac.uk

5.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Aerobics (advanced), Southside Gym

6pm Bridge Club (Regular)

Clubs Committee Room, Union Building

7pm Canoe Club (Regular)

Canoe Club Store in Beit Quad, or at the swimming pool at 7.30pm

7.30pm IQ (Regular)

Brown Committee Room, Union Building

8pm ICCAG (Regular)

Soup Run for the homeless Meet Weeks Hall Basement

8pm Da Vinci's Bar Trivia

Money, money, money !! (Well it got your attention) Win £50, or some lager...DaVinci's Bar Trivia. Quiz starts at 8.30.

Wednesday 28th May

12.30pm Islamic Society (Regular)

Sister's Circle, Prayer Room

12.45pm Sporting Motorcycle Club (Regular)

Southside Upper Lounge

1pm Wargames (Regular)

Table Tennis Room, Union Building

1pm IC Rifle and Pistol Club (Regular)

Sports Centre.

1pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Aerobics (beg/inter), Southside Gym

2pm Photo Soc

Lessons, Darkroom

5pm Fitness Club (Regular)

STEP Aerobics (inter), Southside Gym

6.00pm ICU Cinema - Fierce Creatures

6.30pm Chess Club (Regular)

Brown Committee Room, Union 3rd Floor

7pm Shaolin Kung Fu Nam Pai Chuan

Beginners Welcome, Southside Gym

7.30pm IC Symphony Orchestra (Regular)

Great Hall

8pm Frolix!

Breaking down the days of tedium ...frolix!

8-12. FREE, dBs.

8.30pm ICU Cinema - Dante's Peak

Thursday 29th May

12.30pm Amnesty International (Regular)

dB's e-mail s.trivedi or ns.trasi@ic.ac.uk

12.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Body Toning (beginners), Southside Gym

1pm Consoc Meeting (Regular)

Southside Upper Lounge

1pm Fell Wanderers (Regular)

Southside Upper Lounge

1pm Gliding Club (Regular)

Room 266 Aero Eng.

1.10pm RAG Meeting (Regular)

dB's

5.30pm Fitness Club (Regular)

Aerobics (intermediate), Southside Gym

6.15pm IC Choir Rehearsals (Regular)

New Members are always welcome, Mech Eng 342

8pm ICCAG (Regular)

Meet Weeks Hall Basement

8pm Da Vinci's Cocktail Night

The most fun you can have (legally) with a piece of fruit .. DaVinci's Cocktail Night. Happy hour prices all night, bar opens at 5pm.

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NOTE: The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the Editor or Imperial College Union. Come to think of it, they may not even be the views of the author, it would seem.

Having just got the biggy out the way, a further raft of elections has descended upon us, namely the Conservative leadership contest and the ICU equivalent. One of these is of direct relevance to students at Imperial, and the other one will pick the Union President. As for the former, most of the news has been taken up by the unprecedented spat between Anne Widdecombe and Michael Howard. It is true to say that this is precisely what the Party wished to avoid, despite the unquestioned amusement value of 'Doris Karloff' describing Howard as having 'something of the night about him', but I must confess that the end result will probably be beneficial. Make no mistake, Michael Howard is an adept politician, a point that even his most ardent opponents would endorse. The problem is that he is deeply unpopular with the British people, and consequently would consign the Conservatives to a hefty stretch in opposition. What is needed is a popular, but not necessarily populist, leader. Principle is often sacrificed at the altar of populism, as

has been witnessed in New Labour (though you can't argue with their election strategy!). Moreover, the party needs a uniting leader. Given the shift in the party on Europe, one would conclude that a 'right-winger' was needed, eliminating Ken Clarke. This left-right Europe divide is immensely damaging. Not for the reason you would expect me to say, but from the standpoint that if you are on the left-wing of the Conservative Party you must be a rampant

federalist, contrasted with the right where nothing short of leaving the EU will do, or so people say. Both are, of course, ludicrous propositions. The European issue should not divide Tories into two wings. One Nation Toryism is not in principle against defending British sovereignty, for example. An acknowledgement of the value of the Single Market with a scepticism of relent-

less harmonisation and integration for their own sakes should unite all the party, not bitterly divide it. That said the split is much less evenly bal-

anced than before the election. Taking all that into account, my money's on William Hague.

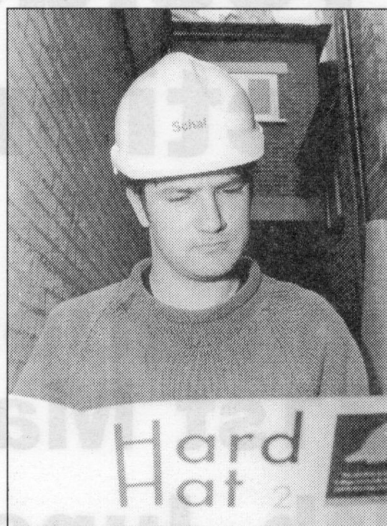
The other election will have been decided by the time that you read this, which is why I can say what I am about to. After the stunning victory of New Election last time, only one candidate dared to face this fearsome

opponent. Other commitments prevented me from attending the hustings, but last week's cover story and Andrew Dorman-Smith's characteristically excellent interview tell us enough to be going on with. My conclusion? God help us. Previous candidates at least had the decency not to believe in their crazy platforms (such as the brothel proposal), but this has the smack of sincerity. As for the

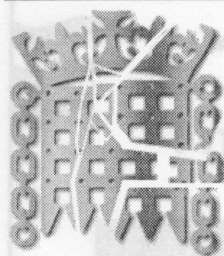
actual manifesto, the constant change and evasion makes Tony Blair look positively intransigent. Furthermore, saying that you are not in a position to understand fully your principal campaign pledge is laudably honest but displays an aptitude for own-foot target shooting previously only seen in Sherfield. One point did shine through, which could go down well with the powers that be. Our candidate's stance on the medical schools exactly mirrors the College management strategy, namely give 'em whatever they want. At a time when there is a genuine fear that the 'old' College will very much play second fiddle to the new medical boys and girls, we have a Union Presidential candidate, who clearly feels the same way. If Sherfield feared Union trouble-making over the mergers, their prayers may well have been answered. Then again, New Election could make it two on the trot. I, however, do not predict election outcomes.

And finally, let us join together and wish my old sparring partner Ian Caldwell a happy 43rd birthday. Though 43 is not one of the big landmarks, like 40, it is most definitely worth celebrating in style. Come to think of it Ian, if you're looking to hold a big party, I have just the venue...

Simon Baker



voice of reason



Westminster Eye - Hamish Common

How refreshing to be able to write about a Labour scandal for once. Mohammed Sarwar, the millionaire Labour MP for Glasgow Govan, has been accused of giving £5000 to Badar Islam, an Independent Labour candidate, for toning down his campaign against Sarwar and concentrating his efforts on the other candidates. A second candidate, Peter Paton, standing as an unofficial Labour candidate, has complained to the police about Mr Sarwar's bribery.

Glasgow Govan was one of the most bitterly fought seats this election, with Labour and the Scottish National Party battling it out in this and many other seats in Scotland. Mohammed Sarwar has previously been embroiled in scandal, when the internal Labour election for his candidacy of Glasgow Govan had to be re-run due to irregularities in recruiting party members just before the election.. Labour have not wasted any time in dealing with this, promising to discipline Mr Sarwar, possibly to the extent of expelling him from the party if he is charged. If he were convicted, he would be expelled from the House of Commons. Mr Sarwar for his part denies any wrongdoing, and is consulting his solicitors for a defamation case.

The Conservative Party are not surprisingly keeping quiet for the moment, since their scandal record is a little to 'impressive' for them to claim

Labour corruption. Of course their isn't any great internal party corruption in Labour, nor is there much in the Conservative Party itself - rather than it operating as a government. Power breeds corruption, and Labour have not had the chance to be properly corrupt yet (although their local authority record is rather worrying). In the Sarwar case, Mr Dewar, the Scottish Secretary, has asked the Advocate-General to investigate the case, taking it far higher than it would be done usually. All the relevant people got their say too, with the Home Secretary, Jack Straw saying that with a breach of parliamentary rule, the law would have to take its course. The Chief Whip (responsible for discipline among other things in the party) informed Mr Sarwar that no disciplinary action would take place yet.

Of course Labour can do without this sort of scandal occurring so soon in a parliamentary term, but Blair will have to accept it as part of the job as Prime Minister. If Mohammed Sarwar was charged and expelled from the party or the Commons, it may work

to Labour's advantage in showing that they are prepared to keep their own house clean, having spent so much effort in criticising the Conservatives'. Mr Sarwar may find himself as a victim of a zealous Labour administration, but allegations of corruption in a General Election, even if for only one seat are one of most fundamentally serious that can be made, and if it was true, most of the Commons, including Labour Members, will be glad to see the back of him.

Self-Pity

Beyond the blue horizon,
Lies an island filled with pain,
An island fraught with discord,
Where dark depression reigns.

The journey to this island,
Filled with pleasure and delight,
Is short, and soon forgotten,
Once the island is in sight.

Your arrival there is sudden,
And the time spent there so cruel,
Here, self-pity, all pervading,
Turns all sane men to fools.

Though departure may be possible,
The timings dim and distant,
So pack for the duration,
For the island is insistent.

by Kelly

ICU Presidential Elections

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LETTERS TO FELIX

Edited by David Roberts

Fair, free and
open to all?

Union = apathetic

Dear Felix,

Is it just me, or is the Union rapidly becoming a "them and us" set-up?

Look at the evidence - who else has seen the photo of our President in this year's prospectus? Does the Union really believe that a rugby player looking like an extra from Just William is a true representative of ICU in 1997? I for one do not feel represented by this image - I don't want everyone to believe that ICU is some "rugger-bugger" extension of Eton. Could we not have found a picture that shows the cultural diversity the Union claims it represents?

The other thing I've noticed from the two sets of Presidential Elections this year, and from overhearing recognised Union types discussing the candidates, that neither uncontested candidate has been seen as "suitable" by the established clique.

Ask yourself - would the two New Election campaigns have been quite so vigorous had the uncontested candidates been from within the "group"? I'm not entirely sure they would. When the Union claims to represent all its members, how can so many decisions be made behind seemingly closed doors?

Or am I just being paranoid?

A Swift (Mech Eng II)

Firstly, the content of the College prospectus is not under the Union control. The College do ask the Union to contribute some material, but they decide the format themselves. Secondly, decisions aren't made behind locked-doors - they're made at meetings which any ICU member is free to observe - but pitifully few do. The dilemma is that at present those who do regularly attend have a strong "hack" influence, and thus have a strong desire to concentrate power upon themselves.

Ms Bunston received an extreme grilling at Hustings, purely because yet again the large majority of those attending were from this group. The problem is how to break down this pattern - and make ICU's decision making bodies (primarily Council and Exec) truly representative of IC students.

Dear Felix,

Having attended the Resident's Viewing of the drawings for the Royal Albert Hall's expansion over the next five years tonight, we are dismayed to note that no-one from either Exec, Council, or officers of ICU as a whole were there to represent the student body. Given that the building work will be going on through each year until 2001 (creating an excessive amount of noise in the process) we found it distressing that the only official representatives of those affected were the few students and odd warden from Beit and Linstead Halls.

Surely with the planned expansion to Beit and the Union building following Biology's departure - and hence large amounts of students studying here during May and June - some official presence would be expected? Is our Union apathetic enough to ignore the plight of these students, or is it just another example of the poor service we receive?

Concerned students of Beit Hall
You are indeed right. There should have been a representative of the Union there.

An apology

Dear Felix,

I would like to apologise to Simon Baker, Alex Feakes and Andy Thompson for my childish prank in defacing last week's edition of Felix. I am a silly twonk and promise never to do it again.

Yours with deepest regrets,

Antoine

And don't do it again, or you'll be to bed with no supper. Mr Baker was exceedingly upset.

And finally...

Dear Felix,

I completely agree with your article entitled 'Dogs on Campus' on page 4 of issue 1087 (last week's).

There are far too many, especially in Geology.

Later,

Edd

I guess that counts as humour down the Mines.



Editor Alex Feakes / Advertising Manager Mark Baker

"Seconds away, round three."

Here we go again. Two weeks of umming and ahing by may-be-might-do candidates before a rush of last minute nominees dash around the Union to get their required twenty seconds. It's not a very stable state of affairs, and not one which inspires much confidence in the running of the Union.

Nevertheless, unless a firm candidate with firm ideas steps forward, the students who vote will not like to see their Union deposited into the hands of "Oh alright, I'll do it" President from the Union 'clique'. The surprisingly high turnout for this second ballot perhaps emphasises the strength of feeling in this matter (though not suggesting that Ms Bunston is part of that 'clique').

Mr Swift, (letters, right) makes the point that any successful candidate requires the blessing of this 'clique' lest they receive the full blast of an active New Election campaign. I am not sure that this is necessarily true. Previous elections have been fought between members of this so-called clique, thus perhaps nullifying the benefit of being 'anointed'. Additionally, any clique is a constantly jostling sea of egos, so two such candidates would be splitting the 'clique' vote.

This leaves us needing a President

who is not seen to have been put up to the job and who is strong and capable. Applications to the nomination papers opposite the Union Office.

There are two conflicting strands here. Mr Swift complains that unfavoured candidates are the victims of "vigorous" New Election campaigns, designed to sway the floating voters of Imperial College. But, given that the majority of the people who vote are 'involved' in some way with the running of the Union and therefore know who to vote for, New Election must influence very few people. Providing he has faith in the Union's impartiality and ability to conduct the elections, then surely the student's themselves are capable of deciding who would do a good job.

What he does get right, though, is the fact that many decisions seem to be made behind the Union's closed door. To a certain extent this is true, not many people outside the 'clique' do know what is going on; the blame lays partly with *Felix* for not being broad enough in its coverage, but mainly with the student officers and the students they represent.

These meetings are open to all. Go and see your Union in action and see if it works!

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Letters may be edited for content or length.

The deadline for letters for the next issue is Tuesday 27th May.

Letters may be e-mailed to: felix@ic.ac.uk

FELIX SPORT

Nice yacht, but too many punters

Course Croisière EDHEC (CCE) is the biggest student event in Europe. Originally just a student regatta, CCE now includes the *Trophée Terre*, an event involving a multitude of land-based sporting activities, as well as a recruitment fair for the sponsors who take advantage of some 6000 students present, including those from EDHEC (*Ecole Des Hautes Etudes Commerciales du nord*) who organise the whole event as a final year project.

The regatta itself is open to four main classes - two handicap fleets, for which almost any boat from seven to fourteen metres is eligible, and three one design fleets of 1st Class 8s, Beneteau Figaros and JOD 35s. Although some of the event is pure fun, the sailing is of a very high standard, especially in the highly competitive JOD 35 fleet, of which ICU Yacht Club formed part. Many of the JODs featured professional skippers and tacticians and large sponsors, with the top two or three boats using the regatta as training for the highly prestigious *Tour de France à la Voile*, a six week yachting marathon around the entire French coast - the culmination of France's most exiting one-design circuit.

ICYC performed with surprising success as we recorded results of between eighth and sixteenth out of forty all week. Unfortunately, the first day's racing proved to be our undoing. Falling foul of a subtlety of the class rules, we were binned for both races for using too many crewmembers. At least we got our own back on the crew which had protested against us, beating them consistently for the rest of the week. One of the best races of the regatta was offshore and at night. Nothing quite beats flying a spinnaker in the dark as you watch the navigation lights of 210 other yachts over a six mile course, wondering just how many of them you are beating. This night race ended with a light show to *Ride of the Valkyries*, to welcome the fleet home.

On shore we all took advantage of the amusements provided by our amazingly forgiving hosts (usually free beer for a few hours after the rac-



ing). A big top had been hired for the evenings, where helicopter coverage was displayed on huge screens high lighting the day's successes and the many cock ups at the backs of the fleets. This was followed by continued partying until at least three, attempting to dispel the common belief that the French club scene is still useless, with a bass system which managed to produce ripples in the water. Our ranks were usually swelled by a vast influx of tourists, locals and supporters.

Our plans for next year's CCE are already under way, with ICYC looking at returning with the JODs if we secure a sponsor or else in the Phillips Whirlpool Figaros if we can't. Either way, if you think you can spare a week in the Easter hols, know anything about boats, pulling French women or would like to have an opportunity to learn, there will be plenty of space next year. We would like to enter a land team, and will need a larger group so that ICYC can man a sponsor's stand and have a party crew to take over when we really do need to go to bed!

Training restarts next term with the Hamble winter series for the racers and regular cruising weekends for the lazy gits. Contrary to popular belief, sailing is cheap so there's no excuse. Look out for the display on the Walkway for details.



Duck: another cricket cock-up

GRAHAM

Having convinced ourselves that QMW I's "can't be THAT good," the match started with them dispatching us for 35 off the first five overs. A plague of bungled catches and clumsy fielding followed and soon enough, QMW had notched up a century for hardly any wickets. However, due to a combination of firey pace, tricky spin bowling and piss-poor bowling they slumped to 130 for 8. Sadly our renewed optimism was short-lived when QMW staged an annoying eighth wicket

stand of about 70. We finally skittled them out for 206.

Our innings started with a strong opening partnership of 2 and got gradually worse, with the score at 30 for 5 our hopes of victory grew slim. But, Michael took Pete's helpful advice which was, "Don't stand there and defend the ball, twat it over the boundary!" to heart and cleaved a rapid 47. Poor fielding and repeated shouts of "Mine mine ... Oh SHIT," plus some dainty cow-corner work by Ruggy left us at a respectable 105 all out. Never mind lads.