



est. 1949

THE FELIX

Friday 30th June, 1997
issue 1090

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

Student Newspaper of Imperial College



And they're off. Four Presidential candidates present themselves and their manifestoes for your perusal on page 6.



In Something for the Weekend: David Cronenberg's Crash reviewed and Clash of the Festivals.

C&GU in 'cash for questions' row

NEWSTEAM

An incredulous Imperial College Union Council on Tuesday night heard City & Guilds Union President Guarav Misra admit that thousands of pounds of unaccounted funds lay in a safe near the C&GU offices. The money had been accrued as part of a scheme to sell copies of mechanical engineering exam papers and tutorial sheets to students.

The meeting heard how the C&GU's top three, Mr Misra,

Honourary Junior Treasurer Martin Ayers and Honourary Secretary Andy Gilder, had taken on the task after the Mechanical Engineering Departmental Library refused to continue loaning papers to undergraduates. Though previously a free service, the copies available through the C&GU Office cost between £15 and £45 for a set of papers and worked tutorial sheets. Mr Misra defended this pricing regime, saying that "the students were getting a good service"

and that the exam paper packages "involved a lot of photocopying" by the three officers.

The officers also came under attack concerning their practice of not banking the proceeds of the exam paper sales, estimated at around £3,000. Standard accounting practice for clubs and societies, as outlined in ICU's Finance Handbook, is to log all income and expenditure and forward cash and cheques to the Finance Office to be banked. This malpractice

may also have VAT and NI implications.

Some members of Council raised fears that the prices were extraordinary given that the service was for students. Indeed, profits on the sales amounted to nearly £1,000. Normally, money earned by the club themselves and not part of their budget, known as 'self-generated income' would be available for the club to spend as they wished.

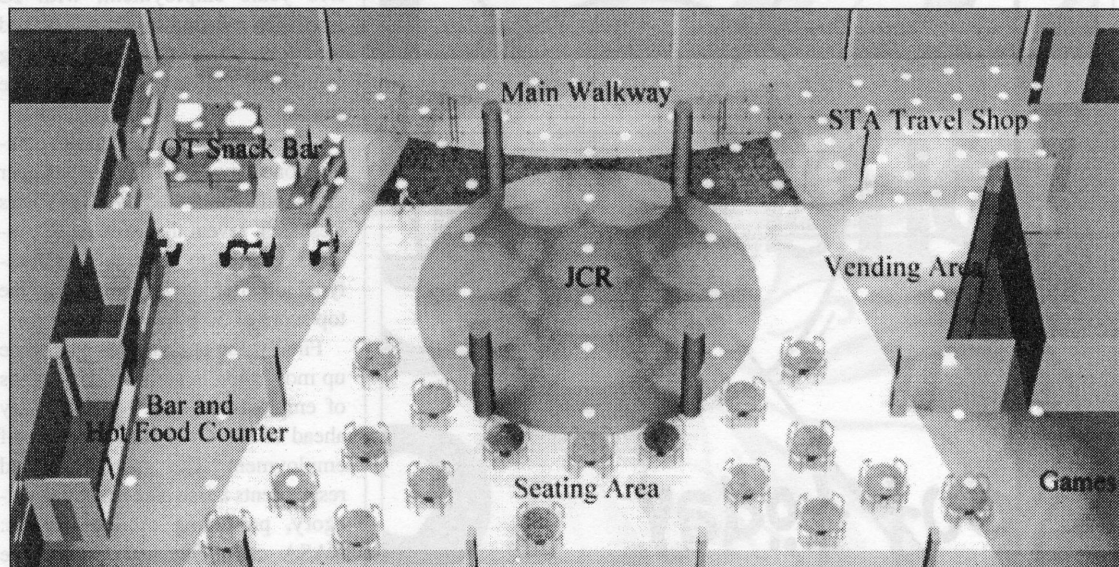
continued on page two

Amber light for JCR refurbishment

NEWSTEAM

College officials have this week given the go-ahead to a dramatic refurbishment of the Junior Common Room, due to begin in the summer of 1998.

Plans currently being drawn up by the Estates Design Office include the removal of most of the JCR wall adjoining the walkway and its replacement with a curving glass screen. This new glass fascia will be concave, widening the walkway and allowing passers-by to see through the JCR and out onto the Queen's lawn. STA Travel and the QT snack-bar will be relocated to either side of the walkway entrance, both benefiting from a more prominent glass frontage and a slight increase in floor space. Within the JCR, a raised 'barrel vault' ceiling will attempt to instill a sense of space, while an imaginative combination of improved lighting and ventilation will be employed to create a lighter, airier environment. Particular attention will be paid to the floor, the timber being re-polished and complemented by the use of brightly coloured floor coverings. The space



PICTURE: ESTATES DESIGN OFFICE

A CAD mock-up of how the Junior Common Room might look should the planned refurbishments go ahead.

vacated by QT at the rear of the room will be home to the arcade games and vending machines. On the opposite side, College Catering officials are considering plans to introduce a combined licensed bar and hot food sery.

The scheme, as originally proposed, was due to start with a period

of consultation beginning in May of this year, with building work commencing in mid-July. However, due to disagreements concerning sources of funding for the project, alterations will instead begin next summer. Under this regime, the refurbishment should be completed by the second week of November 1998 and, as a

result, it is likely that students will be denied access to the JCR during the first half of the first term. It is not yet clear whether alternative facilities will be made available.

As reported in *Felix* last week, precedent would suggest that the cost of the project be shared between
continued on page three

Court summons for C&GU

continued from front page

However, fears were expressed that, given the fast approaching end of term, the scope for spending on student activities would be limited.

In a separate development, it transpired that the cancellation of last term's C&GU Easter Dinner has continued to generate problems. An entertainments company, hired for the night in question, is suing the Union for breach of contract after the dinner was called off.

Despite returning the contract unsigned, Mr Ayres received invoices and letters from the company demanding the full payment of £700 for the booking. The firm maintains that, in a telephone conversation with Mr Ayres, a "verbal contract" was formed thus making C&GU, and subsequently ICU, liable for the fee.

Council heard how the dealings with the company only came to light beyond the inner circle of C&GU when a court summons arrived, portentously on the morning of the meeting. Before this, Mr Misra and his team had taken advice from Dr Crofton of the Mechanical Engineering department and attempt-

ed to "meet the company half-way" by sending £200 in payment of the outstanding invoice. This evidently proved futile as the firm took legal advice and sought recompense via the courts.

These revelations brought more expressions of scorn and disbelief from Council members, who decided that the summons would be dealt with by ICU in consultation with its solicitors, whilst the money from the sale of exam papers would be properly accounted for and banked.

Debate then settled on the issue of whether past exam papers from all departments could be sold or otherwise made available at some central location such as the Union Shop, perhaps at cost price. Council agreed to investigate this possibility, pending negotiations with individual departments.

In the midst of this discussion, the representatives from C&GU left the room. They have since been unavailable for comment. It is not known whether moves to discipline the constituent college union and its executive will be initiated before the end of term.

Presidential race kicks off

NEWSTEAM

The third and hopefully final election contest for the post of Imperial College Union President for 1997-98 had a positive start this week when four candidates achieved the full quota of twenty seconders.

Papers for the post came down on Wednesday this week heralding one and a half week's campaigning before voting in all departments on 16th and 17th of June. Two other students had signed up for election, but failed to gain the necessary number of seconders.

The four fully nominated candidates are Paul Brown, a Mechanical Engineering Post-Graduate; Mo



Dulloo, Physics IV; Richard Stultiens, Geology III; and Laurie Tweedale of Computing III.

Hustings for the elections, a forum for students to quiz potential Presidents' intentions, are to be held in dBs at 5.00pm on Monday 9th June and in Gladys' Bar at St Mary's on 11th June.

News in Brief

IC GRADS TAKE OFF!

Research published in The Times and Guardian newspapers this week shows that Imperial College students top the list when it comes to salary expectations.

Beating students from Oxford and Cambridge into second and third place, IC graduates expect to be earning at least £18,200 in their first year, compared to an average graduate wage of £14,400. These rankings are mirrored in the salary expected after five years employment, with IC graduates refusing to get out of bed for less than £34,800, putting Cambridge graduates' £31,000 in the shade.

Other results of the study, commissioned by The Times newspaper group and conducted by High Fliers Research, reveal that 46% of IC students expect to start a 'graduate-type' job after leaving, just below the top score of 50% by Aston.

Finally, the organisation that came up most often in students' aspirations of employment was the BBC, way ahead of the Civil Service and self employment. The survey allowed respondents a free choice for this category, producing esoteric results: NASA came 9th and Greenpeace 26th, the latter beating KPMG, Sony and British Aerospace.

LSE EXAM SHENANIGANS

The trials and trepidations of Imperial College students' examination experience pale in comparison with that of computing students at the London School of Economics.

Examinees arriving for their finals armed with weeks of revision and cramming discovered that their

preparation was all for nought. Unbeknownst to them, the exam papers held all the answers on a sheet attached at the back.

Sources reveal that none of the students drew attention to the error - each believed that they alone were recipients of the gift. However, the invigilators of the exam discovered the extra sheet fifteen minutes after the exam had started.

Candidates have been told that they must re-sit a different exam later this summer.

LADS BUNGEE TO NZ

A team of students from Imperial College have scooped a free holiday in a travel competition organised by STA Travel this week. The winner will spend two weeks in New Zealand after beating off competition from all over the country in STA's Adrenaline Challenge.

The team comprising Chris Balding (Physics II); Amir Hasan (Chem Eng II); Mike Powell (Aero II); and Andy Smith (Materials II), had to answer questions about New Zealand and complete high-adrenaline challenges such as Bungee Running. Although running second for most of the competition, which was held at ULU on Tuesday night, the team came back on the last question. Other universities who took part included Strathclyde, Manchester, Glasgow, Oxford Brookes and Western England.

Team captain Amir Hasan described the competition as "a good blag" and said that he and his team mates were looking forward to see what the antipodes had to offer in the way of high-energy sports.

It's Here!

PheniX

out today

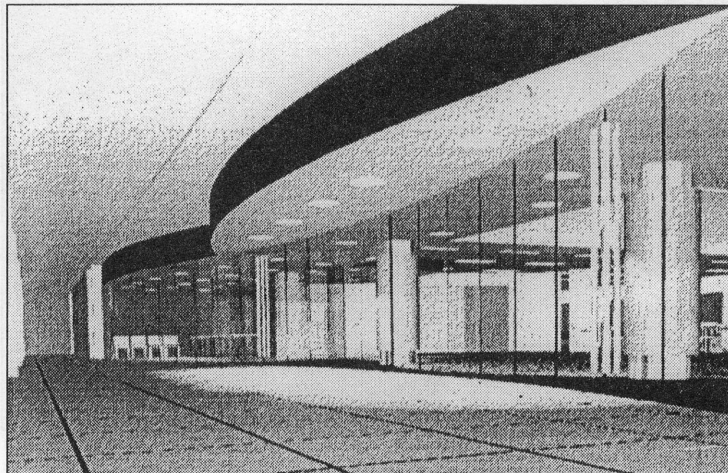
Available from the Felix office

'Desperately needed' JCR refurbishment to begin 1998

continued from front page

three sources, namely College catering, College Estates division and Imperial College Union. ICU representatives initially reacted with dismay at suggestions that the Union make a substantial contribution, claiming that the JCR is entirely College-run and thus generates no revenue for the Union. Furthermore, Union officials were unwilling to commit such a large portion of their reserves to the JCR, given their proposed expansion of student facilities in Beit Quad in anticipation of the medical merger.

Fearing the worst, Some student sources went on to suggest that the College might use the Union's reticence as an excuse to further postpone or even scrap plans for the desperately-needed JCR refurbishment. These fears were allayed this week, when a meeting of the College House Committee ruled that ICU holds no responsibility for the management or maintenance of the JCR, and moreover, that the Estates division should bear the brunt of the cost with the Catering and Conferences departments also contributing.



PICTURE: ESTATES DESIGN OFFICE

How the JCR's sweeping glass front may appear from the walkway.

The project as proposed will total around £337,000, including all building work and ancillary fittings. Of this, the curved glazed wall alone will cost £45,000 with new tables and chairs totalling a further £35,000. According to ICU Deputy President Piers Williams, the current JCR furniture "...needs to be thrown out immediately." However, officials present at the meeting felt it would be unwise to replace the furniture before the rest of the JCR face-lift is complete,

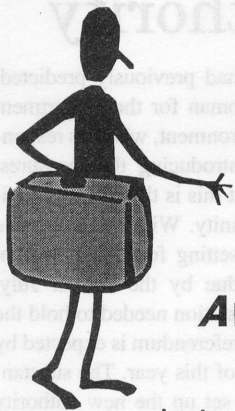
as this might lead to its becoming prematurely dilapidated. One proposal under consideration is that an 'intermediate' set of new tables and chairs be purchased for next year, and then be retired after one year to replace the furniture of a similarly poor quality in Southside upper lounge.

It is likely that a majority of IC students will welcome any improvement to the JCR, which has not seen any significant renovations since the

early 1980's. It is hoped that the refurbishment will go some way in addressing the general gloominess of both the JCR and the walkway, the isolation and identity crisis of QT and the lack of any provision or toilets for the disabled. As can be seen, the renewed JCR will closely resemble other recent projects by the Estates Design Office, such as the dB's venue and, to a lesser extent, the new Union Shop.

The relocation of QT is interpreted by some as a further move towards creating a 'student services shopping mall' along the Sherfield walkway, which might conceivably be expanded beyond its current constituency of the JCR, STA Travel, ICU Newsagents, ICU Shop and the NatWest cash-point.

Although a general improvement of student services is undoubtedly the College's intention, questions remain as to who might be permitted to run any new services, where the profits might go and whether the expansion of QT and STA will mean less seating and social space for JCR patrons. Students and staff alike await the green light for a badly



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Windows 32 bit versions shown. Most of these packages are available for Win 3.x also. Only one copy of each item available per customer.

Confusion reigns in Southwell Hall shake-up

JEREMY THOMSON

After a five year delay, refurbishment of the ageing Evelyn Garden halls is once again underway. The first to benefit will be Southwell Hall, with house numbers 57 to 60 undergoing a major refit over the summer vacation and part way into next term.

The provisional plans include the removal of two stairwells and several internal walls, facilitating thirteen new beds, thirty-five new showers, improved kitchens and a laundry. The plumbing and electrics will be overhauled, floors and ceilings renewed and the exterior of the hall retouched. This will be achieved at the expense of the old bathrooms and some of the social areas, leaving just one lounge for over ninety students.

Work will commence in mid July and is likely to continue until November, necessitating temporary accommodation for the new first year students. At a recent meeting of the Rector's Committee on Student Residences, plans were made to relocate the eighty-eight displaced students to Montpelier hall in Knightsbridge; the postgraduate hostel that was due for closure at the end of this academic year. Concerns have



PHOTO: ROBIN

Long-overdue refurbishment awaits an unsuspecting Southwell Hall.

been raised about the poor quality of these residences, and the cost of necessary repairs is so high that they were due to be sold at the end of this academic year. Complaints from current residents include unacceptably small rooms, poor plumbing and power cuts.

Dr Margaret Goodgame, student councillor, opined that "the situation is not ideal" but did not express any specific objections to the plans. Ken Young, who is both the Warden of Southwell and a member of the estates team, agreed saying that "we

have done and will continue to house students in worse accommodation than [Montpelier hall]", citing Garden Hall as an example. He also told *Felix* that the displaced students will only be expected to pay the lower Montpelier rent for their first term. His main concern as Warden was the splitting of the hall community for the crucial first few weeks and the difficulties of caring for students in a residence that will effectively be bisected next year.

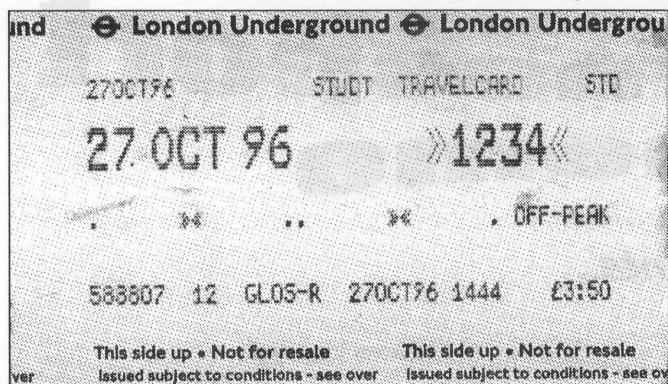
It is currently unclear who will be responsible for the students at

Montpelier hall as current warden Dr Richard Clarke and his assistants were expecting to be relieved of their posts this academic year. Recent attempts to recruit new wardens and sub-wardens have not proved very fruitful, and Dr Clarke may continue to serve Montpelier hall next term.

Another problem will be the loss of cheap student summer accommodation, popular with exchange students and those wishing to remain in London. The heavy building work is likely to force the closure of neighbouring Holbein House as well as the rest of Southwell hall for an extended period. The Estates Division is hoping to complete the noisy work by the end of the summer to avoid disruption to students returning in the autumn.

Sharine Brown, Residences Manager, also expressed regret that the all work could not be completed in time for the freshers' arrival in October. It is uncertain whether this will be possible next year when the remaining parts of Southwell will be rebuilt. By this time, Montpelier hall will not be available as back-up so any overrun on the building schedule would be highly problematic.

'Fare's fair' derailed by LT



JACKIE SKEATE

Students throughout the capital can look forward to more transport misery after London Transport, the authority that runs the tube and bus services in London, backed down from a commitment to allow people in full-time education a reduced fare. After a three month trial last year, LT have decided that they will not be implementing a cheap fare scheme for students.

From September to December of last year, students from Queen Mary and Westfield College in East London took part in a pilot scheme in which they were issued with student photocards. On presentation of a student photocard, participants received a third off the standard price of

monthly travelcards and bus passes.

Although London Transport have made it known that they were not satisfied with the results of the trial, the exact cause of discontent remains unclear. The University of London Union Vice President of Welfare and Representation, Paul Bates, said that it was disappointing that ULU has, as yet, received no information from QMW Student Union about the results of the trial.

This lack of feedback has made it difficult for ULU sabbaticals to continue campaigning for cheaper fares for students, leaving them to face continued criticism and allegations of inaction from the Unions of the constituent colleges that make up the University of London.

New London authority

EDWARD SHERMAN

The new Government's plans for a 'strategic authority' for London have become a little clearer this week, with the announcement that they expect to hold a referendum on the subject in May 1998. It is still unclear whether this plebiscite will allow Londoners to decide whether the capital should have a directly elected Mayor or whether a single question will be posed.

Labour's manifesto had promised to "create a directly elected strategic authority for London, with the consent of the people of London", but minimal reference to this in the recent Queen's Speech had caused concern that this promise was of low priority to the Government. Two London MPs have questioned Labour's commitment to a policy which has wide support throughout the city.

Replying to a question from Stephen Timms, a Labour backbencher and MP for East Ham, the Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, announced that he "expect[s] that the new mayor and authority will be elected in May 2000".

Whilst this is later than many com-

mentators had previously predicted, a spokeswoman for the Department of the Environment, which is responsible for introducing the measures, insisted that this is the earliest possible opportunity. With a consultative document setting forth Government proposals due by the end of July, paving legislation needed to hold the May 1998 referendum is expected by November of this year. The substantive bill to set up the new authority will then follow.

Nick Raynsford, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State at the DOE and Minister for London, will be consulting widely on the remit of the new authority, together with its relationship with London's planned Regional Development Authority. It is unclear to whom the RDA will be accountable but according to the Department of the Environment it will be responsible for "economic development and regeneration."

Many Londoners have felt that with the political landscape moving toward an acceptance of regional authorities for Scotland, Wales and possibly Northern Ireland, the capital would suffer a 'democratic deficit' from not having its own elected body.

SUMMER CARNIVAL

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acid jazz from
Tarantella

Funk
n
Disorderly

in yer face tunes from
Nocturne

FOUR ROOMS...

room one

Hedonizm
full on club tunes

room two

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room three

Cocktail BAR

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Seconds away... Round three



Roll up folks, it's here! The all new improved sabbatical elections. This is your chance to decide who should be at the helm of next year's Imperial College Union. After two rounds of elections with only one candidate, we now have six fighting-fit, raring to go candidates for the third and hopefully final round of elections.

They have submitted manifestoes, presented below, for you to read. Study them carefully. Look at their mugshots. Come along to the hustings next week and grill them about their policies. Find out what they are going to do for your Union. Remember that the Union is not just a place to drink - it has an importance for everyone that goes far beyond the beer prices...

Paul Brown



Imperial College Union is run by its members, for its members, but this often seems to be forgotten. I intend to change this.

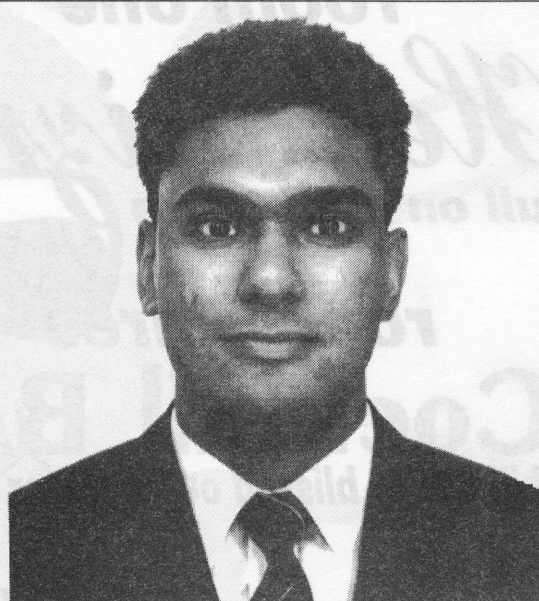
Students come to Imperial College for two reasons - to get a good degree and to have a good time. My priority as ICU President will be to help everyone achieve this.

The clubs and societies are one of ICU's great strengths, and this is where my involvement with the Union originated. But ICU should also be there to safeguard the welfare of its students. This extends from providing £1 curries and a Women's Minibus on Wednesday and Friday nights, to representing students on issues such as funding and accommodation.

Academic representation is the single most important service that ICU provides, but recent events have shown that it needs improving. Some problems can be solved by the Departmental Representative system, but bigger issues need a concerted effort from ICU and the CCUs. Many students have suffered from the recent fiasco with The Tent, and already it is obvious that more problems are on the horizon.

ICU needs a president who will take academic representation seriously. I am competent. I am committed. Vote for me. Please.

Mo Dulloo



I've said it before and I'll say it again... Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop once in a while you could miss it. I've stopped and taken a look at the state of the Union and certain problems need to be addressed. Major issues include the Beit Quad renovation, Student Union expansion and facilities to cope with the increased number of students in 1998; Funding; Integration of the Medics and Top-up Fees.

I want to see all the Union Officers make better use of their roles. The representation network already present has to be better implemented.

I want clubs to realise where 'their' money is coming from and to place a greater emphasis on 'Our Students Union' rather than 'the Union'.

I want to see the best solutions available and implemented for and on behalf of the student. This will be done through consultation with all the Sabbs and Union Officers.

I want better harmony between IC students and the Medics to smooth our transition. This will come through a mutual understanding and greater awareness of each other's differences.

Our future is important to us. Let's get on with it. Vote for the no bull-shit option. Me!

Hustings in dBs, ICU: 5:00pm 9th June; in Gladys', St Mary's: 6:00pm 11th June

New Election



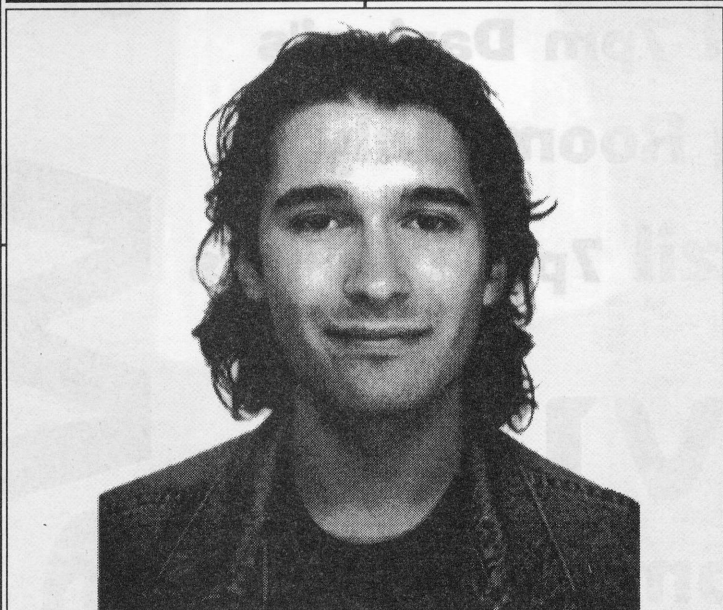
I daresay by this point you have a fair idea about what New Election entails, but for those of you who spent the last few months flying behind Halley-Bopp here's a quick summary.

If you think none of the candidates standing in the election are capable of doing the job at all (!) then vote New Election to force another ballot. Nominations for the posts will be re-opened and a fresh round of elections will take place, though this will have to be next year due to the timescale of

things (so think, before you vote).

You can also use New Election tactically (say as your third choice) to differentiate between which candidates you do think are worth the post, and which aren't. Remember that due to the wonderful nature of the Single Transferable Vote System your preferences count, as well as just your first choices.

Richard Stultiens



I consider the issue of private accommodation to be a high priority. At present the Union is 'pressuring' College into a more effective system of vetting landlords. Knowing the legendary speed with which Sherfield moves in such situations, I propose to create an 'unofficial' landlord blacklist that would be available from the Union.

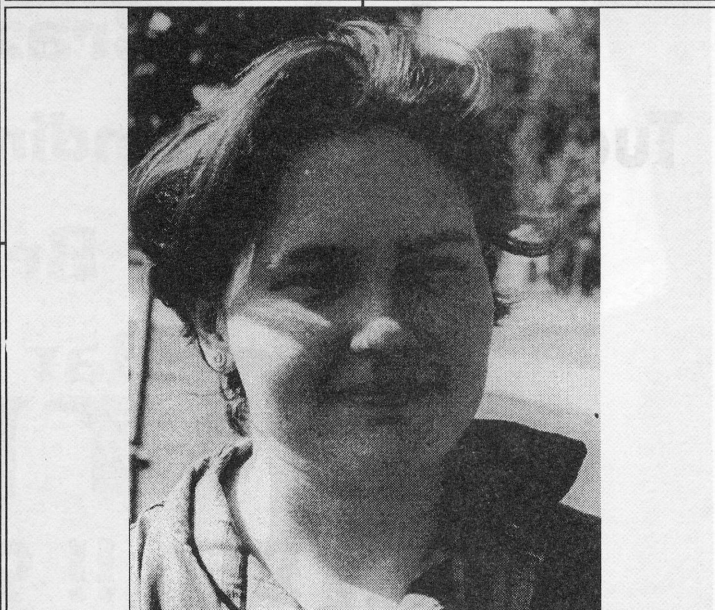
The St. Mary's merger is a contentious issue. I believe that duplicated clubs or societies should be encouraged to merge, but I feel the actual decision over merger should be at the discretion of the members and organisers of any such clubs.

I would take a firm stand against any 'inconsiderate' behaviour towards students by the College, e.g. The Marquee in Princes Gardens. I would not stand by doing nothing, stating that the College was already embarrassed enough.

I believe that no matter how much work is done by the President and the Union, this work would be infinitely more valuable if he/she is seen to be doing it. I believe in a more accessible administration, where the movements and actions of said administration are more widely available.

I would also like to see a more streamlined and efficient administration of the Union.

Laurie Tweedale



After three years here, my involvement in all aspects of the Operatic Society and experience as a dedicated Hall Re-App have lead me to believe that fairness and equality are essential.

Representation

Awareness - Only through continuous and consistent communication will students take a more active role in the Union and feel welcome to contribute.

Academic Affairs - The reason for us all being here. The current system needs to be improved; students don't know their representatives or whom to complain to.

Participation - Every registered student is eligible to vote, but the present union card system doesn't allow this. I will develop a system to allow ALL students to participate.

Facilities

Beit Quad struggles to provide for the current South Kensington population - Friday nights regularly sell out and clubs&societies are reduced to meeting in the Quad. DaVinci's and the JCR are packed out in the daily fight for lunch. We need to gain as much space as possible.

Medical Merger

We must endeavour to involve all students on the St. Mary's and Charing Cross sites. Similar clubs should be encouraged to meet and discuss how they could benefit by pooling resources or supporting activities spread across all sites.

Voting: 16th-17th June, in all departments. You will need your union card to vote.

Friday

Hedonizm

*club tunes and blissed out beats
in the cocktail bar*

9-2. free b4 9 / £1 after

Saturday Standing Room Only

England v France 7pm Davinci's

Sunday Standing Room Only

Italy v Brazil 7pm Davinci's

Tuesday Standing Room Only

England v Brazil 7pm Davinci's

^{Bar} **Trivia**

win £50 !! 9pm. Davinci's

Wednesday

**frolix ! 9-12
free**

Thursday

Cocktail Night

happy hour prices and specials all night

THIS WEEK

PART OF YOUR STUDENTS' UNION

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After much controversy over its content since its screening at the

1996 Cannes Film Festival, David Cronenberg's *Crash* has finally obtained an 18 certificate and is released uncut in the UK. Based on a JG Ballard novel, the film deals with the association of sexual excitement with car crashes and the injuries they cause.

Advertising executive James Ballard (James Spader) and his wife Catherine (Deborah Unger) are unable to find sexual satisfaction inside or outside marriage. Following a car crash between James and Dr Helen Remington (Holly Hunter) in which her husband dies, James and Catherine fall in with scientist/photographer Vaughan (Elias Koteas) who believes that car crashes result in "a liberation of sexual energy". Vaughan is so obsessed with car crashes that he spends his time reconstructing fatal car crashes of movie stars who became sex symbols after dying young, such as James Dean. The result of the couple's encounter with Vaughan is that they too come to discover the sexual pleasure that can be derived from road accidents.

The car crash is a fertilizing rather than a destructive event.

Cronenberg has already gained a reputation for being an audacious and provocative film maker who perhaps has a bit of a warped imagination; his most memorable work includes *The Fly* and *Dead Ringers*. The idea for *Crash* is an intriguing one but beyond the sex and car crashes, there is not much else. The film disturbs and shocks but has few other merits. The characters lack per-

CRASH

sonality and as a result the audience feels nothing for them.

As for whether the film should have been banned, I agree with the view that it is wrong for one group of adults to decide what another group of adults can or cannot watch. What makes *Crash* so disturbing is the fact that it deals with a form of human sexuality that has so far not been examined in a mainstream film. However, the film is hardly going to encourage viewers to go out in their car and crash it in order to obtain sexual fulfillment - the characters and their behaviour are more likely to disgust and repel than to encourage viewers to copy them.



James Spader and Deborah Unger close-up in *Crash*

Personally, I think *Crash* is a horrible film, but in light of all the hype and controversy which surround it, this is hardly going to stop people flocking to the cinema to see what all the fuss is about.

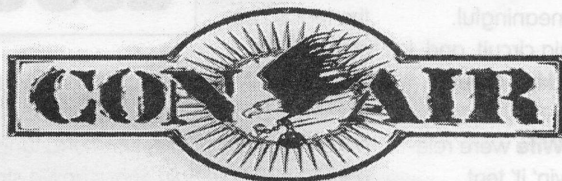
Jenny

(we can't) Give it Away!

Last week we had a great competition, giving you a chance to win a collection of **Con Air** memorabilia. There were dozens of entries, with people clearly eager to win some of the gear kindly donated by the Odeon Kensington. The question was:

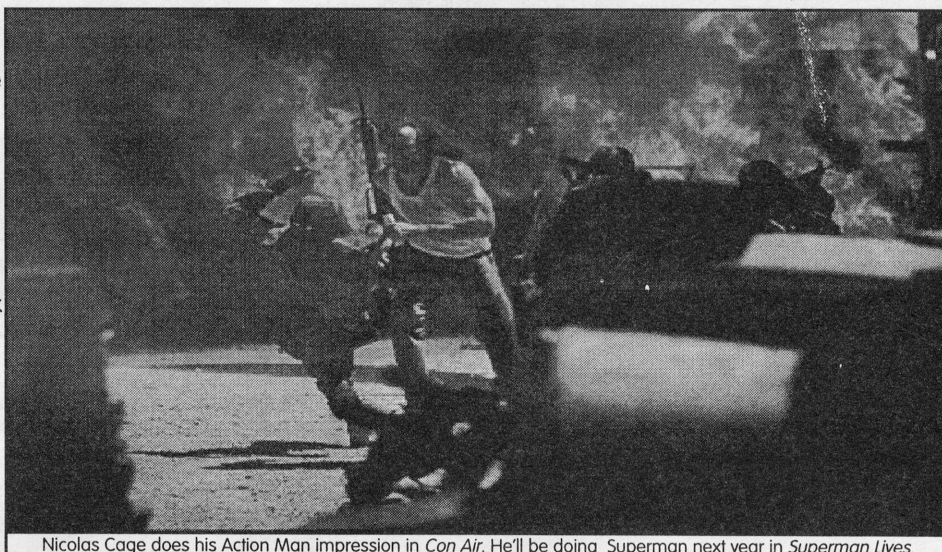
Which incredibly famous superhero is Nicolas Cage lined up to play next year?

It's all a bit easy really, "Superman". He's due to replace the irreplaceable Christopher Reeve in *Superman Lives* (aka *Superman Reborn*), which starts filming this October. Best of all, it's rumoured to star the gorgeous Sandra Bullock as Lois Lane, instead of that dodgy woman who was always whining. The quality cast means it promises to be the movie event of next year...



The winners who knew the correct answer and the prizes they receive are:

Peter Campbell, Biochem	Tickets + Army trousers
Alfons Sugiharto, Elec Eng	Tickets + Army trousers
Graeme Park, BioChem	Tickets + T-Shirt
Mark Hancock, Maths	Tickets + Lighter
Stephen Tarlton, PG	Tickets + Poster



Nicolas Cage does his Action Man impression in *Con Air*. He'll be doing Superman next year in *Superman Lives*.

Next Week in the Summer Special

We have reviews and screen shots from some of the biggest films in history, including...

Batman and Robin

The Lost World

The Devil's Own

The Fifth Element

Addicted to Love

Men in Black

One Fine Day

Speed 2

Conspiracy Theory

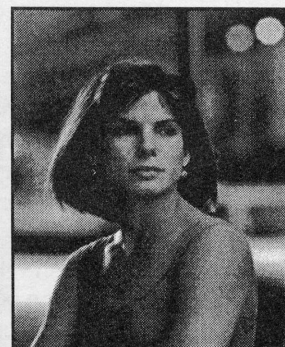
Volcano

SrW
1090/II

9

060697

ODEON
CINEMAS



Sandra Bullock, a possible star of *Superman Lives*

LIVE SPECIAL: Battle of the Festivals (Part I)

The Essential is located in Stanmer park, a rolling nature reserve of open greenery providing a welcome contrast to the London grey. The site is situated on a hillside which affords an ideal view of the main open-air stage. Over the next 10 hours this, and the other 6 surrounding stages, located in cosmic-y marquees would host over 60 live acts.

One of the early players on the Q magazine stage was **Jocasta**. Although the sun had started its steady descent the tents remained roasting pits and all the crowd achieved was some modest foot tapping.

Chumbawamba were just kicking off with their energetic pop down at the pavilion when I made my way over. Not every band has 2 front people. Chumbawamba have a quick moving gal with a higher than normal joints-to-limbs ratio and a rotund geezer with penchant for big suits. The chumbas had evidently brought their own fans with them as everyone joined in on the choruses. Chumbawamba are living proof that pop can be fun and meaningful. They've found their level in the gig circuit, and, I reckon, they are going to be sticking around for quite a while yet.

David Devant and his Spirit Wife were relegated to the claustrophobic 'Havin' it' tent where they put on a less than polished performance. Maybe they're not used to having to play a scaled down set. Still they showed they could pull off their 'backing theatre' even when performing in a tent in a field. The unfamiliar crowd lapped them up, especially the infamous 'Ginger' with its carrot-on-head routine.

Next up were **Korn**. Followers gathered all over the hill as the band marched on to Toccata and Fugue-esque devil worshipping music. They stood motionless on the stage. The audience hung with anticipation. I waited at the back, bemused. Suddenly the guitarist slammed out power chords and the singer growled in an archaic language; Stanmer park became cultist heaven.

Meanwhile, **Terrorvision** packed out the massive 'Brighton Rocks' marquee with an army of trained moshers, deadly to anyone who fell underfoot. The faithful would happily soak up Tony Wright's air drumming all night,

but this crowd wanted blood. Despite the late start the lads psyched up the crowd and kept them on their toes even after the 12 hours of hot sun. *Dave*

It's a scorchingly hot day and, having missed **Linoleum** and **Fountains of Wayne** due to British Rail's signal failures, I get to the sight and make it through the frighteningly rigorous security cordon.

The Wannadies are playing something on the main stage that I vaguely recognise, but can't make out over the din generated from the other tents in the vicinity. Nice to see so many acts here, but the cross-over of sound is appalling. Trudge over to see **Sneaker Pimps**, along with a couple of thousand other punters. The place is jammed, but after three songs of dark, atmospheric dub the stream of people wearing **Space** T-shirts leaving the tent is constant. *Tesko*

Suicide finally gets people bouncing and I'm struck by how much singer Kelli sounds like Mike Patton from Faith No More. Which is a good thing. **Spin Spin Sugar** and a stripped down, barren version of **Six Underground** are both eminently satisfying, but don't seem to please the crowd a lot. Ultimately, this kind of curtains-drawn goth-hop doesn't make much sense on a sunny afternoon in Brighton.

"Higher than normal joints-to-limbs ratio"

Much more cheerful are **The Dhammas**, who are basically The Wonderstuff with a violinist. Throw in a bit of Manc shuffle and you've got a wholly insubstantial yet quite palatable half-hour. If you've ever found yourself pissed up in a field, thinking that Dodge were alright really and not understanding why you'd never liked them before, The Dhammas would surely please. I went to see **3 Colours Red** instead.

Now, yer Reds always seemed like a poor mans Wildhearts to me, all tattoos and naked guitar aggression and ROCK but without the tunes tunes that pound their way into your skull after a verse and a half, never to escape.

Festival moment no.1: two lads, maybe fifteen years old, clearly stoned out of their tiny

minds and absolutely soaked, desperately pooling their change to get a £3 burger of extremely dubious quality. Big fucking grins all over their faces. Loving every minute of it.

After watching David Devant, I went one tent and a couple of galaxies away to see **Mogwai**. One minute they are shimmering like Spiritualised, the next Sonic Youth unnaturally couples with My Bloody

"Kenickie are effortlessly Godlike"

Valentine to release a bastard child that tears around the stage leaving burnt out amps and stringless guitars in its wake.

Salad play a lacklustre set of songs lifted from their latest

album *Ice Cream* to a muted crowd. I leave early to see **Kenickie**, who are a revelation. This lot are cool, especially when they play punky songs with achingly sad lyrics. *Punka* is all gritty sniping, while *Come Out 2nite* is the

Essential Music

Vs

best song I've heard all day and it makes me feel like I could take on the world if I had them at my side.

Festival moment no. 2: during Come Out 2nite, the 14-year old girls in the front row go mad, while Lauren looks down and flashes a huge smile of recognition. Kenickie are effortlessly godlike.

Alabama 3 are the frontrunners in (and only members of) the gospel/acid house crossover. They build up songs to such epic proportions that our feet spasm involuntarily and we're dancing whether we like it or not. They have truly come to save our souls. Later on, **Paul Oakenfold** mixes such a storming set of trance and house numbers that people are fighting to get in. I crawl out, and ask **Teenage Fanclub** to soothe my fevered brow.

Embrace aren't the counterfeit Oasis that I had expected. Sure, they've got rock anthems with shoutalong choruses, but with sufficient depth to carry them way beyond Noelrock banality. They promise great things, so join them on their ride.

Outside, **The Levellers** are playing *One Way*. Listen to me - YOU ARE NOT RELEVANT. Go home, go to bed. That's where I'm going.

Norm

It was May Bank Holiday weekend and that, to me, meant only one thing: Tribal Gathering. Organised by Universe and Mean Fiddler, this festival is rated second only to Glastonbury by many, and rightly so. Bringing together the best dance DJs from around the world, the event was once again held at the Luton Hoo Estate, a huge spread of fields in the Bedfordshire countryside. This year

"At which point my mind melted"

promised to be the best yet, with nine dance tents playing everything from house to hardcore. **Orbital** and **Kraftwerk** were headlining the event, the sun was out on a warm Saturday morning, and not even our National Express driver losing his way could dampen our high spirits. The guide had invited us to 'step out of the real world for a day

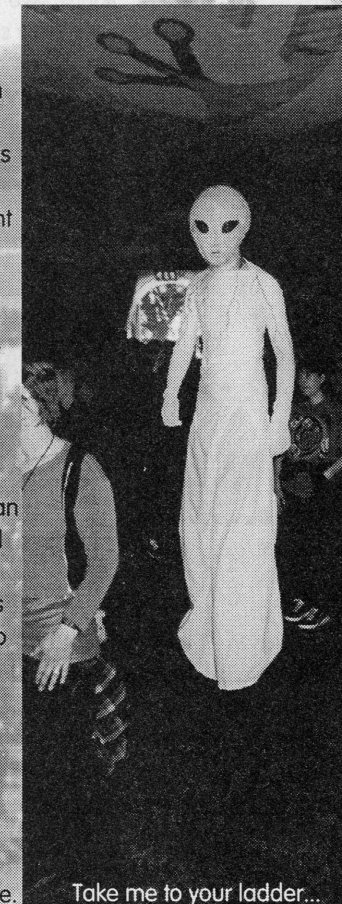
in a parallel universe', and so we did! First up in the main arena (inspirationally called 'Planet Earth') was **Matt Tagent**, one of Universe's regular DJs. His

Tribal Gathering

professional performance was, alas, unheard by most of the punters, who were still queuing to get in. After buying the compulsory T-shirt and silly hat, it was off to lie down in the 'Amazon' tent, where we relaxed to the tribal sound of the **Dhol Foundation Drummers**. Walking out into the mid-afternoon sunshine in a more mellow state, we found that the crowds had arrived. The site plan we had carefully remembered bore little resemblance to reality now, and after a diversion via a totem pole and a brass band, the only solution was to sun bathe. The early evening brought

a plethora of good acts, including **Justin Robertson**, **Felix Da Housecat** and **John Peel**. Before any of these, however, we stumbled across **Blue Amazon** playing live in 'Sahara'. This was the first tent we had been to that looked like a dance floor, and the experience can only be described as uplifting. Before the sun set we felt obliged to ride the big wheel and buy a baked potato (by far the best festival food available).

Carl Cox had been given an outdoor stage for a dusk and dawn set, neither of which ever really seemed to fulfil it's potential. We wandered off to **Paul Oakenfold**, who was midway through a crowd-pulling set, before rushing over for the start of **Eddie Izzard**'s act in the comedy tent. It was probably very good, but the crowd far exceeded the available space.



Take me to your ladder...

after encore before ending with *Chime*, at which point my mind melted and I lay down and stared at the sky for an hour.

The night was far too cold and the tents were overcrowded, but we wandered from set to set, taking in **Dave Clarke**, **Andy Weatherall**, **Daft Punk** and **Faithless**. The cinema, one of the few warm places to sit down, showed 'Final Contact' and 'Toy Story' during the night. Sunrise brought **Dave Angel**, whose set seemed standard, but it could have just been us that were below par. **Gayle San**'s set was much better than last year, possessing more beeps and less beats. The morning climaxed in a frantic 8am effort to see **Sven Vath**, **Jeff Mills** and **Laurent Garnier** before the event ended at 8:30.

As we left I reflected that Universe had perhaps sold too many tickets for the event,

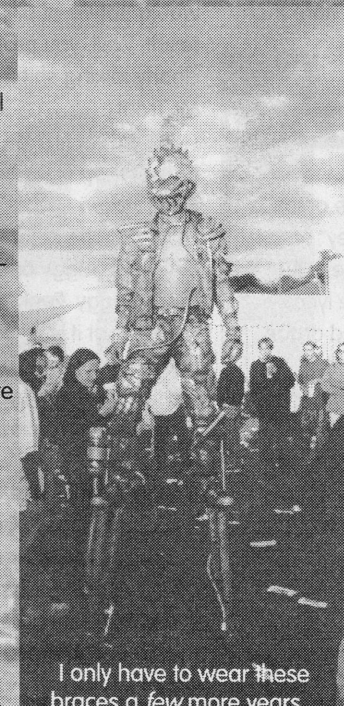
resulting in hopelessly crowded tents for the big acts. There was a definite lack of warm places to sit down but it is difficult to criticise a festival as well organised as Tribal was; the security were friendly in enforcing their 'stringent searches', the acts started on time, and there wasn't a single technical problem for the entire twenty hours. As we lay in the Sunday morning sun, waiting

"Step out of the real world for a day in a parallel universe"

for our coach to take us back to London, we could only smile and look forward to next year. See you there.

Ed & Jan

(Photographs courtesy of Paul Hardy)



I only have to wear these braces a few more years...

DO IT YOURSELF The Seahorses

Right, let me set the record straight right from the start. Yes, I have been waiting for the Seahorses to release an album for almost a year now. Yes, I was a die-hard Stone Roses fan and proud of it. So this review, you may think, is going to be a piece of subjective and arse-kissing crap, especially in the light of the fact that this album has been destroyed in the music press of late. And *that* is where you are wrong.

However much I like John Squire, however far I'm willing to follow his music and however much his music has meant to me in the past, there's no getting away from the fact that his debut as a Seahorse is frankly disappointing. However uncomfortable he ever said he was in his last few years with the Roses, at least he made brilliant music. His little twiddles and licks fitted into all the songs wonderfully and his super-fast playing made sense. I never thought I'd ever say this but in *Do It Yourself*, the guitar lines are mostly superfluous.

There are notable exceptions to this

general rule. There are a total of about five tracks here that are very good. The last single, *Love is the Law*, is one of them and it appears as an extended version with a jam at the end on the album. Two of the best songs here are the two written by singer Chris Helme. They are the excellent *Blinded by the Sun* and the rock-blues number *I Want You to Know*. The

fourth decent one is the very *Made of Stone*-like *Love me and Leave Me* and the fifth is *Standing On Your Head*, a song that apparently was meant to have been on the Roses' *Second Coming*.

The rest range from being boring to being just too much on the guitar front. The problem is, I think, that the band don't seem to be playing as a band yet. Squire formed the band and then started recording the album almost as if he was rushing around trying to prove something. The album, then, sounds like it was done by a load of session musicians and so has no real depth or particular character. Hopefully, their next album will be a million times better and if not, I'll be among the first to despair. I'll still go to the gigs and buy the T-shirts, though... (6)

Alok



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EXTRA VIRGIN Olive

To use an apt metaphor this album is like an olive! It is juicy and ripe on the outside, with promise of more classically awesome tracks like their chart topping *You're Not Alone*. But as you bite into the album you hit a hard stone - that of dull mediocrity. The first track *Miracle* begins with a swirling ambient two minute introduction and it doesn't really get an better through its full seven and a half minutes.

There is a steady mix in styles throughout the album, tracks like *Curious* combine a strange reggae/drum n' bass concoction, others sound like a more moody *Everything But The Girl*. There is even a hint of hip hop in the last track *I Don't Think So* which sounds like a sub standard Portishead B-side. And if you really, really want you can wait the five or so minutes after the album is meant to have finished for a hidden remix of *Y.N.A.* with all the good bits taken out!

Extra virgin is not a bad album at all if you like pleasant, ambient pop. It is produced very nicely and there are one or two good tracks, *Safer Hands* and *Blood Red Tears* being the two. With a few good dance remixes, Olive will flog at least another number one out of Extra Virgin.

If you buy this album expecting twelve brilliant dance tracks be prepared to have your finger glued to the rewind button as *You're Not Alone* comes to its sublime end. You have been warned. (5)

Ramzi

Cinnamon Smith - Back to her mother

Threatening bass heavy funk rock with a psyched-up Wire riff and refreshingly energetic vocal. If MC 900ft Jesus were an indie band they would sound like this. Well worth a go.

Korn - Good god

This angry screamlong from metal/techno hardcore crossover effort Korn gets your pulse racing, your face screwed up and your hair absolutely all over the place. Nice one, although the band name could do with sounding less like a low quality meat substitute.

Wireless - I need you

Unpalatably uninspired cheesy easy listening meets Oasis ballad which lasted about one minute three seconds on my stereo. Frankly, it's absolute toss, and a complete waste of plastic. So there.

18 Wheeler - The hours and the times

To be honest, the a-side is a bit of an indie wankballad. It's not a bad song, but the electronics applied are completely inappropriate.

Make - I Dream Abused

This sounds like Rage Against The Machine in the verse and Extreme in the chorus; a worse combination I could never imagine. More than a bit arse to be truthful.

Essential Choon

Supergrass - Sun hits the sky

Superior single from the 'Grass. One of the better tracks from 'In it for the Money' sees them resurrect the playful youthfulness that made them their fortune. Nonsense lyrics, mental rhythm work and an inspired organ solo makes this a certain summer hit.

Hoodwink - Dun' Like A Kipper

Upbeat hip-hop which goes nowhere special but does so with a great deal of style. A subtle chemical breakbeat grows under a well delivered but ultimately cliched gansta chat.

!Loca! - Emerald Dawn

An eclectic mix of ambient house, a looping Eastern female voice, a bizarre sample of an American president and some bagpipes.

Kansas City Prophets - Sublime

If Underworld went on the piss with New Order in a disreputable Karaoke bar in Guilford, you would not be at all surprised if this was the result. Well, you probably would actually. I'm clearly talking shit there. My mistake. Get a grip Mr.Trout...

Cornershop - Good Ships/ Funky Days Are Back Again

Following the smartest sample since "Satan", a feelgood baggy opening gives way to, erm, more baggy. Funky indeed it is, but you get the feeling that it is an instrumental version of a Shaun Ryder song. Oh shit. I don't believe it. I was actually playing the b-side, which is the instrumental version...

Garageland - The Come Back Special EP

Released in the UK after ten months of dominating their native New Zealand and sounding like a less sleepy Sonic Youth, there is nothing new here, but I'll be looking out for their name in the future.

Mr. Trout

Ents preview: The Summer Carnival

This is the end....

Another year races to its conclusion, which apart from the depressing inevitability of exams, can only mean one thing ...the Summer Carnival. And this year's event will guarantee that June 20th will be a night you'll remember for a long time.

As usual the Union building will be given over to a final pursuit of pure hedonism, with something for everyone, as ICU ents bow out after our most successful year to date. This time out, not only will we be stuffing the building with music and dancing, but the Quad will also be put to good use. Negotiations are currently under way to put some form of PA outside for a special open air chill-out area, but we can guarantee that the first thing you see when you come in will be the Space Quasar unit - a big roomed bouncy castle that you can enter and shoot the hell out of all your friends!! And as many goes as you want are included in the ticket price!

Starting in dBs, we've got two live bands - top party funk from College band "Funk and Disorderly", and the ideal summery acid jazz sounds of "Tarantella" - both guaranteed to get you sweating on the dance-floor. Then to step up the heat there's tunes from

both the Shaft and Pop Tarts DJs until 3am, so you can relive all your favourite ICU memories.

The UDH once again plays home to our blissed out Cocktail Bar, with Djs playing tunes to keep you cool.

If you like your swing, soul or R&B then Flava in the gym is the room for you, and to spice things up, and to give all you budding MCs a voice, there'll be a special freestyle showdown at midnight - so be ready to bring the noise.

Finally for all you club heads, the very best upfront tunes will be slamming your way as Hedonizm takes control of the 1210s in the Concert Hall. Also in there you'll find a hour of banging tracks mixed up live from Nocturne.

Decor as usual comes from the Big Picture Co. and there's going to be a distinctly psychedelic feel to the whole proceedings - so dress up nice and bright for the night! All this, as well as a huge barbecue, a 2am bar (subject to licence), and some yet to be confirmed surprises are yours for just £6 (£5 with an entscard), and tickets are on sale now from the Union Office. Don't leave it too late - you don't want to miss this!

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ents preview

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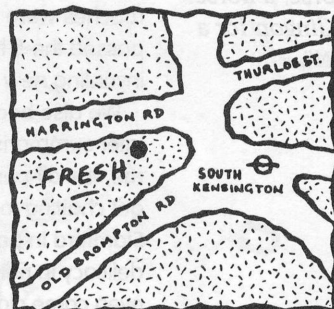
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Tavelogue Moroccan Blues

A summer holiday to Morocco takes a sour turn for Simon Wistow when an overnight storm washes away a local village...

..The holiday didn't start well; members of the team turned up late, the minibus broke down half way down the M11 and, when we finally arrived at Morocco's Agadir airport, we had to wait whilst several taxi drivers came to blows over who was going to drive us to the bus station. When they resorted to stealing our rucksacks from each others roofs we decided we'd have enough, screamed a couple of choice insults in French (I knew that exchange program would come in useful one day) and trekked off to find another rank.

The drive to the bus station was hair-raising: the drivers seemed to have no regard for signs, speed limits, priorities or even which side of the road was appropriate. The bus

the group had returned from wandering around the town and when they eventually did catch up with us they were in an air-conditioned Mercedes grand taxi.

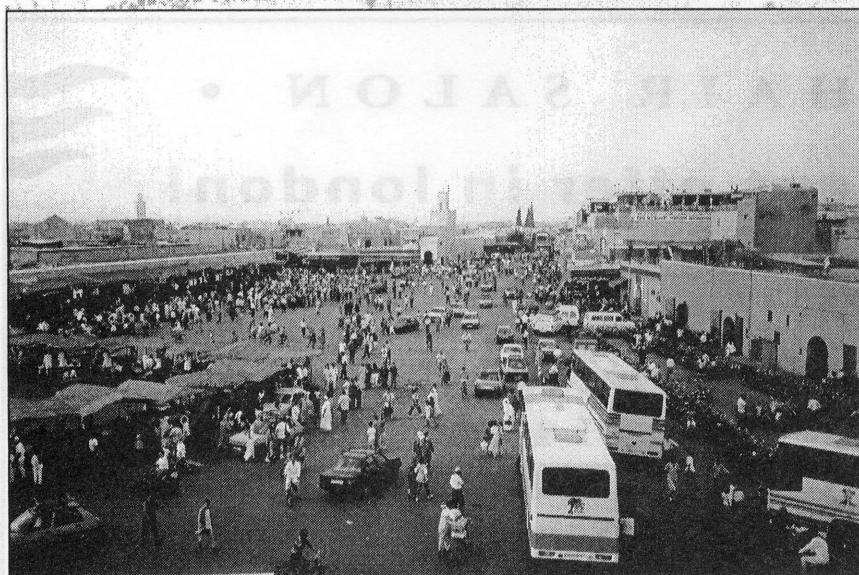
There was no rest in Marrakech. We hired a roof of the hotel CTM over looking Djemma el Fnaa, the main market place. A place to sleep secured, we set off to buy supplies for the expedition, find some way to get up into the High Atlas mountains and find some fuel to cook with. Apart from the fact that that there is no Moroccan word for methylated spirits and nobody knew the French for it, things went fine. Luckily, Fate was on our side and we bumped into the head mountain guide for the Jbel Toubkal region who offered to organise mules, guides, ments and a convoy Landrovers to get us up to the High Atlas.

The first few days of the expedition were fun. True we hadn't been able to dump our non-essential gear at the bottom of the mountain in the village hotel and it had rained for precisely 2 hours and 26 minutes every night for the past five days but the scenery had been spectacular, the climbing exciting and the food plentiful (even if the bread had started to go a bit solid). We had been peak bagging; the practice of trying to climb as many mountains as possible in a short amount of time. So far we had done Ouanoukrim and Afella both at fairly large at 3,750m and 3,875m respectively but our ultimate goal had always been Jbel Toubkal, the highest mountain in North Africa standing at a whopping 4,015m.

Surprisingly, it turned out to be the easiest climb; the path had been worn by hordes of people doing exactly what we ere doing. We got down earlier than we had expected and were also pleasantly surprised when the customary rain clouds didn't dump their load on us at their usual time. Taking this as an omen we tidied up, washed the rather ripe clothes we had been wearing and just lazed around. However, at about 8 o'clock it started to drizzle lightly... We climbed into our bivvy bags and resigned our selves to another night of boredom, isolated in what was effectively a bin bag made of Gore-Tex. But this night was going to be different.

Lightening is spectacular in any situation, but when you're on top of a mountain it is the sort of thing that can turn men deeply religious. Thunder also gains an extra dimension when the valley you're in turns out to be the ultimate acoustic

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"A horse, a horse. My Klingon for a horse!"

station was a wall with 'Bus Station' written on it. The cockroaches were about the friendliest things around and we passed the 5 hours until the bus for Marrakech left merrily inventing new ways to crush them.

We also became acquainted with something that would later summarise everything quintessential about Morocco for me, the all-pervading smell of fish. As dawn approached we got chatting to a man who claimed to know England, and Stamford in particular, well. He also offered us Kif, the local delicacy in ridiculously large amounts. Tempting does not even come close to it.

The bus journey was long, hot and smelly. It was made worse by the fact we'd been forced to leave before two of

sounding-board. It rained like I've never seen anything rain before. The rain stopped and the hailing started. The hail stones hurt. Badly. They were about the size of a walnut and we were protected by a sheet of breathable material and a 3 seasons sleeping bag.

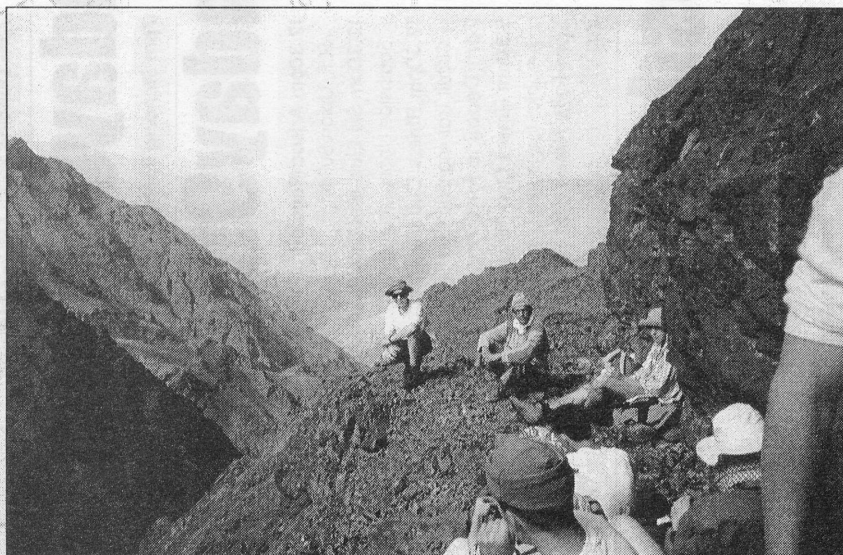
The other problem with sleeping on a mountain is that water tends to flow down hill. Towards you. Now you do all you can; face down hill, have a rock up hill of you, try and find slightly higher ground and all that but all these precautions failed to help us in any way whatsoever. The physicists and engineers have been looking in the wrong place by the way. The substance with the lowest coefficient of friction is Gore-Tex and Karrimor roll-mats lubricated with about a gallon of water. I only realised something was wrong when I felt myself sliding down past my friends who, from my point of view, appeared to be doing a gravity defying shuffle summit-wards. I levered myself upwards and set off towards the equipment store as, unwilling to leave the comfort of their bivvy bags but more unwilling still to be washed several miles down stream, the team participated in a surreal sack race in search of shelter.

As 16 people struggled to cram under the piece of blue plastic that also served to keep out food dry it was decided that we would make the short walk up to the Neliner Refuge and try and stay in one of their huts. Stuff was duly packed and we headed towards dryness and warmth. This was not to be. The irritatingly well-equipped French Expedition who were camping near us had abandoned their space age tents and had commandeered the dormitories. More choice insults flowed and, after questioning their parentage, describing exactly what diseases we thought their mothers had contracted and where, in some detail, they could place various bits of kit that were lying around, we regrouped and after much haggling managed to hire a tepee off some of the Berbers (the local tribesmen) which slept 8 and accommodated the others by stealing the French tents. The night passed slowly and cold.

The next morning (to use an overused but remarkably accurate cliché), dawned bright and clear. We breakfasted on rolled oats and nuclear strength coffee and settled back to wait for more supplies to arrive from the village below. We waited. And waited. And decided that if the mules weren't here by 1pm then it was too late to start the next stage of our trek; a walk round the base of Jbel Toubkal via Lac D'Inni.

At about 2 in the afternoon a runner came up from Imlil. The paths up here had been washed away and all the mules were being used to cart corpses around. Hmm, not really a lot you can say to that. Our guide's farm had been washed away and all his animals were dead but he remained remarkably stoical. He explained in a broken mixture of Berber, Arabic and French that the roads we had travelled up on were, to put it lightly, no longer there and that were going to have to walk out of the valley. We made our way down to Aroumd (pronounced Arempit) to stay the night there. I apologise in advance for using another cliché but the only word to describe the scene was total devastation. The lush green field we had walked through a week earlier were gone and whole rows of houses were gone. Further down the mountain in the larger Imlil cars were lying on their backs and in trees or had been crushed by 8ft boulders. The hotel we had been going to store our stuff in was gone leaving only the cellar. Even CNN were there. At that point we thought that if the media were involved it might be a good idea to get a message back

to England so two of the more energetic members of the team set off to find a young doctor who was reputed to have a mobile phone and the rest of us started to help rebuild the town.



"A little bit futher back Simon, I can't quite fit you in"

The walk out was uneventful. After a while you got used to seeing fields of rocks and dead animals. After three days we got to a stretch of main road that was undamaged and met up with the Landrovers again and went back to the CTM. Understandably we let our hair down. We celebrated the Prince of Morocco's birthday in style (difficult since Morocco is an Arab nation and supposedly dry), wandered round the souks, bought carpets, haggled and forgot everything that we were told about which foods not to eat. By the time that we caught the bus to Essouira, a fishing town on the coast two days later, all but two members of the group had been affectionately known as The Marrakech Shits made particularly unpleasant by the fact that the iodine that we were using to purify our water (camping trip iodine is so much better than chlorine based puri-tabs: use it if you can) tended to stain all food a luminous yellow.

Two days later we caught the flight back from Agadir (the flights, incidentally being the only pre-booked things on the expedition, the other stuff being organised on the fly). Another uneventful journey. The food was the same unremarkable airline food you get anywhere but with a Middle Eastern twist, the intercom was unintelligible, the hostesses pretty and the toilets had a queue stretching all the way down the aisle.

We arrived back in Stamford at 3am slept soundly for 8 hours, showered, shaved, thanked the Industrial Revolution fervently for flushing toilets and the settled down to wait for our parents. Predictably mine were the last to arrive. They had heard about the floods but had decided that it had nothing to do with me so had not been unduly worried!

Despite the rather dramatic situation that occurred, I loved the whole holiday. I suppose it could be because it was my first time out of Europe and the that it was such a culture shock but it still remains one of my favourite countries. It's easy to get to (catch a ferry from Spain), friendly (as long as you watch out for the pick pockets and rip off merchants) and very cheap (providing you're not afraid to bargain) and I want to go back there this summer. I thoroughly recommend that if you have some time off and are looking for a exotic holiday that you should go there too. But *do* take plenty of Diarheze.

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Tuesday 10th June

1.30pm Felix Reviews and Science

Last run at Union closing time.

Big screen coverage of Italy v Brazil.

Great Hall, All players welcome.

12.15 Yoga Soc (Regular)

Aerobics (advanced), Southside Gym

Because of the football, BAR TRIVIA will now start at 9pm, so you'll have to wait a little bit longer for your chance to win £50 !!

2pm Photo Soc

8pm Frolix!
Still alive and kicking ... Frolix! 9-12. Free.

Room 266 Aero Eng.

As the sun comes out, indulge your taste for the tropical... 5-11. Free.

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seven days

Politics is, as one of the great philosophers once remarked, a funny old game. In the European arena, however, it is positively crazy. Last Monday, I found myself toasting the French Socialist victory with champagne. Not perhaps the sort of behaviour that you, dear reader, expect of me. Reason? The Socialists in conjunction with the Communists (it's a mad, mad world) have just hammered I the last nail in the coffin of European Monetary Union, and for that we should be eternally grateful.

Though never by any means a racing certainty, the French electorate have ensured that we shall be spared from possibly one of most damaging policies ever in Europe. It would appear that the only remaining exponents of EMU are Jacques Chirac and Helmut Kohl, whose enthusiasm for the project remains completely undented by the bleedin' obvious. For at least 18 months, it has been painfully apparent to almost everyone in Europe, save for these imperialistic zealots, that the imposed timescale for a single currency was fanciful, and, more fundamentally, an idea with very questionable premises.

No country in Europe has moved towards economic convergence by

legitimate means, with the possible exception of Britain, which has moved towards the targets by coincidence. First we had the French pension fiddle with France Telecom, then the various gold sales by the Dutch and the Belgians.

Space does not permit to list the accountancy shenanigans of the Italians. The latest and most serious fudge is, of course, the planned revaluation of German gold reserves, successfully vetoed by the Bundesbank President.

Quite how Germany can legitimately meet the economic convergence terms that it insisted were included in the Maastricht treaty is anybody's guess, for by ensuring stricter monetary union, it has all but guaranteed its absence from the process. No Germany, no EMU.

What we have here is a classic example of the dangers of mixing politics with economics. Kohl has effectively made European federalism his life ambition, to be pursued with vigour at all costs. The principal enabling

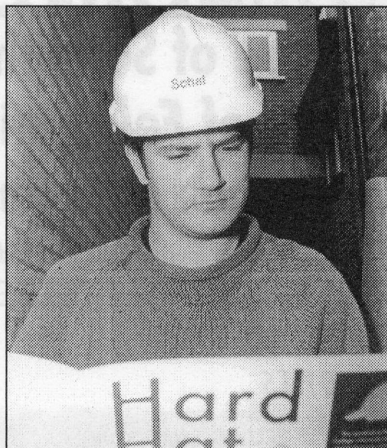
step for this is monetary union; political union, and make no mistake about this, is the logical consequence. As EMU is the beginning and not the end, he feels that it is vital that it starts on time. Obsession in monetary policy is less than wise, and the pursuance of this policy oblivious to the broader European economic picture

is highly irresponsible. It has had two consequences. Firstly, France and Germany have had to apply the fiscal brakes at precisely the time that a loosening of policy was called for at the end of the recession, with the subsequent high level of continental unemployment. Secondly, and as a

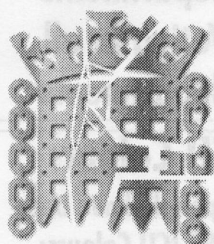
result of the pain of real efforts to move to convergence, governments cross Europe have little choice but to cook the books to flatter the figures. This has little immediate consequence, but a Euro built on such shaky foundations will be savaged by the markets, inevitably driving inflation up. Anyone who thinks that the historical strength of the Deutschmark will be preserved in the new currency either attended the Dennis Healey School of Economics or answers to the name of Helmut.

The Times Higher Education League Table has caused much interest in here placing us third, principally on account of First, books and beds. Our pre-eminence over the LSE is secure, but in other aspects, they are giving us a real run for our money. A recent 1st year Computing exam was conveniently supplied with the examiner's marking guide, rendering the exam simple even for LSE students. A resit has now been rescheduled on a day after most of the overseas candidates have flown home. If the late resit is due to a lack of facilities, I think Imperial should do its duty and offer our own first-class exam centre to our University of London colleagues.

Simon Baker



voice of reason



Westminster Eye - Hamish Common

When President Clinton visited the new Prime Minister and toured round London last week, he was very envious of the speed with which the new Government came in, and the power it enjoys. In the States, laws are passed by Congress, and a two-thirds majority overrides a presidential veto. An American President is always negotiating with Congress on policy and law. We have no such problems here. Britain is essentially an 'elective dictatorship', where the Government has in effect absolute power to direct policy and law for five years, after which the public make their choice for another five years. Such power has come under criticism, with commentators saying that we suffer from a democratic deficit. Our only other voting powers lie in electing local councillors and Members of the European Parliament, whose power pales into insignificance compared with the British Parliament.

The Conservatives did nothing to improve the situation: Mrs Thatcher embarked on a centralisation of power that many socialists could only have dreamed of, turning many local councils into talking shops and administrators of services rather than directly elected bodies who could affect their territory. Mr Blair is making some welcome changes to this policy, including devolving power to run local affairs to Wales and Scotland, although the vacillating and woolly implementation of the policy has plenty left to be desired. The long-promised introduction of a Freedom of Information Act was

not - as promised - in the Queen's Speech but the outcry this provoked as accelerated the timetable for its arrival on the statute books. Let us hope that the Government does not get too used to the culture of secrecy for this to be delayed any longer. The final part of the new policy of opening the workings of the Government to scrutiny comes with the Bill of Rights, which involves the incorporation of the charter of the European Court of Human Rights into British Law, so citizens will be able to get redress within British courts rather than have to appeal to Strasbourg. The Bill of Rights will not go as far as the American model where entire Acts can be struck down by a judge. This is expected to be the best compromise available, as the Government does not want to go too far down this road: in the States the death penalty was abolished and later reinstated purely by decisions from the US Supreme Court - Congress was not consulted.

Set against this happy picture of our Government handing some of its awesome power out some worrying signs have emerged. Firstly the alterations to the workings of Parliament made by the Government - decisions that should be the preserve of Parliament itself. Secondly the use of the 'guillotine' on the devolution debates which wrecked the Opposition's attempts to bring the Government's flabby devolution policy to account. This broke with previous convention that matters of the Constitution would be discussed at length on the floor of the House. This guillotine motion brought the debate to an end and precipitated a vote - which the Government cruised through

(something that will be very familiar during the next five years). Donald Dewar accused the Opposition of "an organised attempt to obstruct" the legislation, a particularly arrogant comment given that it is the duty of the Opposition to do exactly that if they are unhappy with it.

The last, and most worrying aspect of the Government's new regime is the plethora of political appointees holding powerful positions in Government. There are now 35 such people employed in Government departments, with more promised, compared with 30 during the 18 years of Conservative Government. Although some, especially in the DTI and Treasury, have considerable relevant experience, the majority have experience only of campaigns and party politics. This goes against the Civil Service principle of positions being available by 'free and fair competition', and the appointments required a rare Order in Council for them to wield power over civil servants. The final straw was the predicted appointment of Mr Blair's 'Chief of Staff', Jonathan Powell, to be his Parliamentary Private Secretary, to which the Cabinet Secretary voiced his concerned opposition, given that the PPS deals with documents of national security. The appointment was finally given to civil servant.

The incumbent Government is keeping faithfully to its manifesto of openness and honesty, but the politicisation of the Civil Service is a foreboding sign. Although most of the signs are optimistic, they must ensure they don't go down the well-worn path of keeping the levers of power too close to the chest.

Please, please, please note that the next and final full issue of *Felix* for this academic year is out on WEDNESDAY 18TH JUNE*.

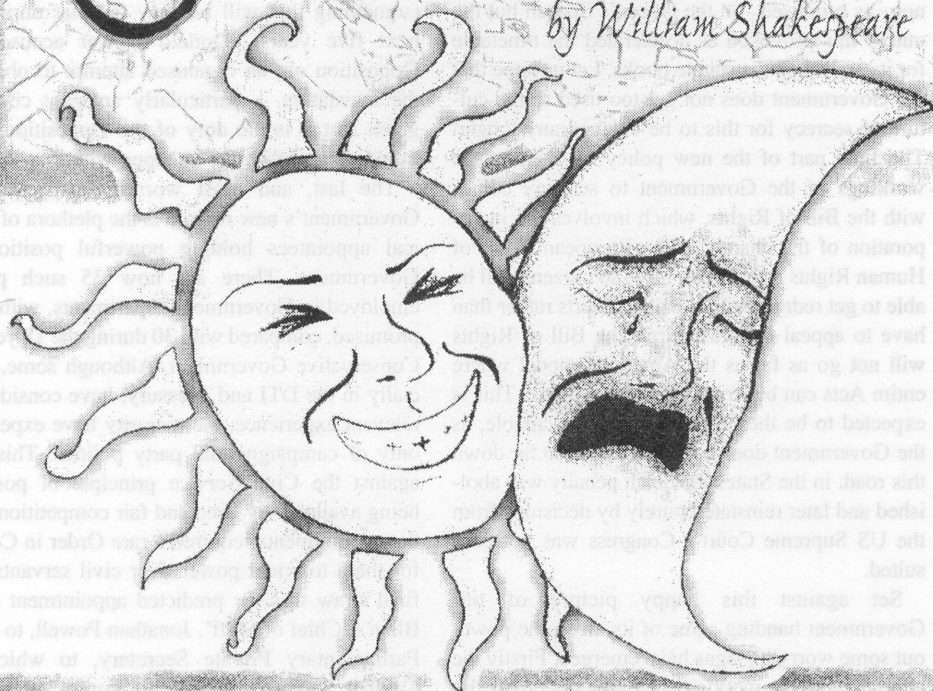
Look out for the colour issue of Something for the Summer accompanying the next issue of *Felix*, with a summer festival, music, film and arts guide.

**There will, however, be an 'election special' Felix next Friday, 13th June.*

Dramsoc Presents

Romeo & Juliet

by William Shakespeare



11-14TH JUNE 7.30PM
UNION CONCERT HALL £3.50 students

tickets available from union office

ICU Presidential Elections (take 3)

Schedule for elections:

9th June: Hustings at ICU
dBs 5.00pm

11th June: Hustings at St Mary's, Gladys's

16th June: Voting in all departments

17th June: Voting in all departments

1997 ICU Colours

the following people have been awarded 1997 ICU Colours:

Social Colours: Marios Agathangelon; Arosha Bandera; Myles Barret; David Bowers; Daniel Cash; Sam Cheung; Caroline Deetjen; Richard Edington; Sally Fisher; Mike Gibbs; Pete Kirkley; Tamsin Lyle; Woody Ma; Selina Man; Steve Nash; Oliver Newman; Anne Ovens; Jo Paice; Hannah Pearson; John Pye; Mick Reynolds; David Roberts; Meng Tan; Brian Tucker; David Underdown; Jonathon Zeckler. **Outstanding Achievement Award:** Mine Bolgil; Smita Chaturvedi; Alan Geer; Sarah Hemmings; Jon Lambert; Catherine Langrishe; Natasha Newbold; Rob Park; Mark Sharman; Tanya Siraa; Jackie Skeate; Sarah Waiman. **Honourary Life Membership:** Christopher Bragg; Dr J Bramley; Paul Brown; Rt Hon Sir Frank Cooper; Andrew Dorman-Smith; Nikos Doukas; John Durrell; Peter Mee; Robin Riley; John Savery; Professor Tim Shaw; Professor Alan Swanson; Duncan Tindall. **Honourary Life Membership and Pot:** Eric Allsop; Sami Ansari; Sarah Corneille; Mo Dullo; Alex Feakes; Tom Galliford; Chris Ince; Tim Townend; Sarah Thomas; Piers Williams.

LETTERS TO FELIX

ICU excellent?

Dear Felix,

As a student who left my IC degree at the end of the first year, but managed to leave the the Union, I have been amazed by the lack of interest in the Union demonstrated by those candidates standing for the President in the elections so far.

IC Union is quite simply excellent. A few brief comparisons with King's, one of the reputedly "hip" places to study in the capital should make this clear. At King's a film society occasionally shows films; the drama group have to hire the theatre from the college in order to use it; their monthly newspaper features about as much blank space as it does interesting writing; and those trying to organise societies are given a minimum of assistance. Here we (oops, sorry you) have a newspaper the students actually want to read, a radio-station, a cinema, a very nicely equipped resources room for clubs and societies, and if Dramsoc's current production of Romeo and Juliet has been rehearsed on stairwells, outside the Royal Albert Hall, and in the Sheffield Ante-Room - at a cost of £25 a go, at least we have a venue to perform it in.

Hopefully the candidates this time round really want to run this union. They need to, because the most important issue which they'll have to deal with - apart from the Mary's merger - is getting the college to realise the union is not an extra, but a vital part of their service to students at I.C. and one they should be proud of. Incidentally - why such a fuss about Mary's moving over here - its like any small company or nation being amalgamated with a larger one. The most important traditions, the cultural identity of the small unit will be maintained as far as the members of that unit wish, whilst the individuals will benefit from the greater range of choice offered by the larger organisation. Financial battles will be fought with some bloodshed on both sides - but it is an inevitable process.

Back to the point - the President's chief responsibility is to persuade college to take the funding of the union seriously - instead of supporting only the high-culture activities, such as Orchestra and Choir, and the high-achieving sports teams such as fencing. Apparently there are people employed within college to support staff-student relations. Will any of them be attending Romeo and Juliet being performed in the Union Concert Hall - do they ever go to the cinema - or out to cheer on a hockey team. Do they take our social activities seriously at all? If they do not we ought to be outraged.

Except, of course, its our own fault. How can anyone expect to be taken seriously when Hustings for sabbatical elections consist of forcing candidates to down pints to prove their "manhood?". Drinking capacity is seen as superior to policy - why should anyone take that seriously.

In case anybody is wondering whether this is mostly an excuse for a Dramsoc plug - I've just submitted an application to become a Life member of the Union. And if I'd wanted to write a plug, I'd have put: Dear Felix, Look out for people fighting with staves in the Quad next week, they're demonstrating sequences from Romeo and Juliet, which runs from 11th-14th June in the Concert Hall. It costs £3.50 for students £5 for non-students and tickets are available from the Union Office.

Yours

Kat Fishwick, Chem 1 94-95

wanted: inspiration

Dear Felix,

In this week's issue of *New Scientist* (No. 2084) the new Pro Rector for External Affairs, Igor Aleksander, writes a very interesting article contrastinf American and British research. The article is entitled "Dustbin of the World" and concludes with a sentence that equates British universities with dustbins. How readily I agree with his com-

ments on the eysores of tatty posters and crushed coke cans but must point out that the entrance foyer of Electrical and Electronic Engineering where Professor Aleksander was head for 8 years, is one of the least attractive locations on campus, rating not much above the JCR. If we wish to creat "enthusiastic and curious students and faculty members" then an entrance foyer which inspires those who enter it may well be as important as finding the funding for more research.

Yours,

Paolo Cuomo EE2.

It's not a particularly good ad for IC either...

Dear Felix,

Just to put the record straight, regarding last Friday, and the Union's position with licences. As you are aware, the Union currently obtains its bar extensions by means of Special Order Exemptions - which means that we must apply for each extension individually. Last Friday, the local licencing authority decided not to grant an extension, a decision which is entirely at their discretion. However, before we are all thrown

into panic, the licences for the remaining events have now been granted.

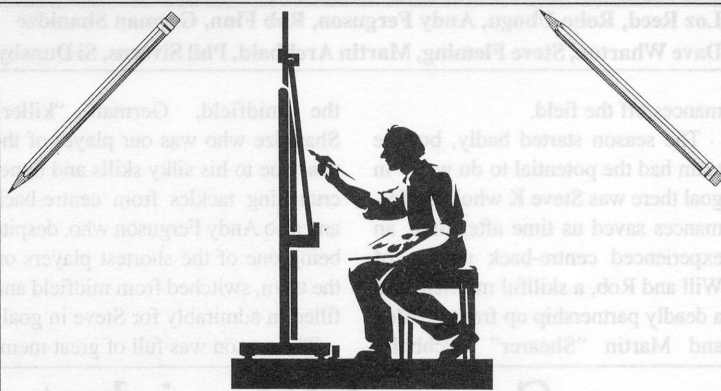
At present, the Union is in the process of applying for a "Section 77" licence which will allow us to permanently maintain our current midnight licence on Wednesday and 1am on Fridays, without making individual applications. We hope to have this in place for Freshers' Week.

However, we require the co-operation of everyone that attends Union events before we can expect this application to be granted. One of the major objections against our licence is the noise after Friday nights, and we have promised local residents that the noise will be reduced. We need your help - it will only take a few objections for our licence to be removed, and we will not be able to open past 11pm.

The Union has invested a great deal of time and money in gaining a licence - we do not want to lose it because of the poor behavior of a small handful. Please respect the needs of our neighbours.

Yours,

Mark Horne, Events Manager.



Feeling artistic?...Up For a challenge?

Due to insurmountable problems Leosoc (your college society for drawing and painting) has been unable to run this year but intends to be fully functional for next year.

To do this we need your help

Those of us still involved with Leosoc are either leaving next year or are too busy to run the society. Therefore we need enthusiastic people to help setup and run the society for next year. If you feel you have the time and the motivation to do this then contact Steve Barrington at :

**sj.barrington@ic.ac.uk
or phone on 0171 706 0018
(preferably contact by email)**

Letters may edited for content or length.

The deadline for letters for the last issue is Friday 13th June (oo-er).

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

Produced for and on behalf of Imperial College Union Publications Board.

Printed by Imperial College Union Print Unit, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road,

London SW7 2BB. Telephone: 0171 594 8071

©Felix 1997. Telephone/fax: 0171 594 8072. ISSN 1040-0711

NEWS: ROBIN; PHOTOS: ROBIN; MUSIC: JASON AND ALOK; FILM: CHRIS;
FEATURES: AFUA; SPORT: SIMON AND MO; GRAPHICS AND LAYOUT: DAVID;
COLLATING LAST ISSUE: JIT AND DAVE

FELIX SPORT

Seconds discover good looks alone aren't enough

1996-7 was a season of highs and lows for the ICAFC second eleven. It all started back in October with a team talk from the veteran Phil "the pill" Siverns, who explained that in the seconds the football was good but the partying was better. This was borne out as we didn't achieve the promotion expected at the start of the year by "Captain courageous" Steve, but managed some notable perfor-

Unfortunately it was never possible for Steve to name an unchanged side and towards the middle of the season Alex was lost to the first team and never really replaced, Dave managed to destroy his ankle and goalkeeper Steve had to stop playing due to arthritis of the knee.

It was not all bad news as we did have joining the team about this time the Mighty Robo who added steel to

ories, not all of which can be mentioned due to space, but here's a few: the best performance was coming back from 1-4 down at half time, after two thirty-yard lobbed own goals, to beat Goldsmiths 5-4. Undoubtedly the worst performance was in the BUSA cup when we lost eleven-nil, but the evening in the bar and the journey home nearly made up for it. The 5-1 loss away to

goal-a-game scoring, "Hardcore" Hajo's goalkeeping, Will's sliding tackles, Dave's offside decisions, Steve's ridiculously cool lob against St Mary's, the amazing 3-3 draw against the league champions, going out of the cup 4-3 due to a last minute penalty, piggy-backing Dave to the station after the ball had hurt his ankle, Loz's scrape with the law, German's scrapes with the referee,



Loz Reed, Robo Ubogu, Andy Ferguson, Rob Finn, German Shandize, Dave Wharton, Steve Fleming, Martin Archbald, Phil Siverns, Si Dunsby

mances off the field.

The season started badly, but the team had the potential to do well - in goal there was Steve K who's performances saved us time after time, an experienced centre-back pairing of Will and Rob, a skillful midfield and a deadly partnership up front of Alex and Martin "Shearer" Archbald.

the midfield, German "killer" Shandize who was our player of the year due to his silky skills and bone-crunching tackles from centre-back and also Andy Ferguson who, despite being one of the shortest players on the team, switched from midfield and filled in admirably for Steve in goal.

The season was full of great mem-



"The Slags" on their visit to Leicester, this time Felix Schroeder (far left) and Hajo Dekker (centre of group) turned up. Will and Steve K didn't.

Goldies was brightened up by the referee pummeling one of his teammates and the game being abandoned. The state of Phil's eyeballs on Saturdays as he continued his four-way love thang with Margaret, Dawn, Mary and Amy; Felix's amazing speed on the wing, Loz's constant hairstyle changes, Martin's

that absolute **** who played for Kings and was sent off, Hajo paying his subs and my ridiculous methods of keeping my hair under control.

It was a season that we all enjoyed and although we didn't win much, we were always the best-looking team. All together now, "In the town where I was born, lived a man who...

Second XI cricketers robbed in the cup

The day started badly with the minibus that we had booked having a flat battery. This delayed our departure, plus long tail-backs leaving London to the M4 meant that we arrived at the secluded Royal Holloway sports ground just in time for the start of the match.

Our captain went out immediately to look at the perfect pitch. He also won the toss in an Athertonesque manner for the third time in a row.

After losing our valiant captain in the early overs, Mike and Imran Kahn set about getting a decent score, while the rest of us sat in the sunshine attempting to get away from the breeze which came direct from Siberia. Mike proves again that he is hard on bats as his third in five innings bit the dust, but that didn't

stop him clocking up a fluent 36. Imran was joined at the crease by several other fine batsmen, but being the senior partner he kept most of the strike for a well-deserved 74. God knows what he would have got if he didn't find the fielders with such regularity.

Graham successfully forecast his golden duck right down to the catch at mid-on. Mikal made another extremely quick 12 in a way (and with a bat) that only he can. The tail put on a few valued runs, with Mandar hitting new highs in form since starting to wear glasses, and ended with 17 not out. All this superlative batting meant that we ended with a record total of 208 for 9. But was it going to be enough?

Tea was delivered by some fine

young ladies and was taken outside in the sun. Tom, who had an emergency call-up for the match, managed to pout away a whole packet of jaffa cakes. The tea was marred by it coming to light that three light-fingered kids had been through the changing rooms and had relieved us and our opposition of nearly £100 and some watches.

We took the field and gained an early breakthrough, but there was a lot of room for improvement in the fielding. Mandar was successful, in part at least, when attempting to catch the ball that had been well and truly leathered at him in his mouth.

The story, again I'm afraid to say, was all about dropped catches. Dave was distraught in getting figures of 1 for 41, with his left arm spin totally

bamboozling the opposition and giving five catches that were dropped. Mandar was economical in his seven overs for 30 odd runs. Mike was extremely pacy off his short run-up and was unlucky not to get more wickets, as were Pete and Moz. To tell the truth, I think almost everyone had a chance dropped. This saw Royal Holloway past our score with four overs to spare.

After the match, they were extremely hospitable and we went back to their Stubble Inn where we spent the evening. Half the team stayed on to sample their union and more hospitality trying to score a few runs or bowling a maiden over. But from what I hear none were able to even hold a catch there.

Report by Tweaker.