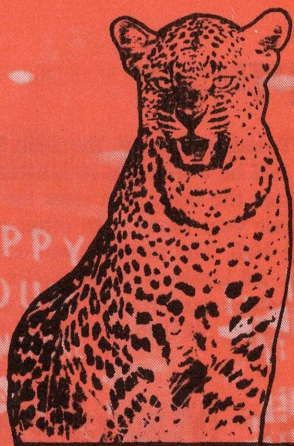


SP



24 May 1991 Issue Number 905

Felix

**Cover: On the Piss with
Felix**

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Flogging a Dead Horse...p3



NUS Abandoned

Aston University is to disaffiliate from the National Union of Students (NUS), it was decided at a Union meeting earlier this month. The result of the meeting, which took place on the 2nd May, was ratified by a Council meeting, and is now going ahead.

York University Students' Union (YUSU) submitted a similar motion to their Union Meeting, but this was not passed in its original form. Instead, it was altered to read that a decision should be taken to reaffiliate every three years. If this is not passed then York University will automatically disaffiliate from the NUS. The decision to remain affiliated for the next three years was also taken. The opinion of the meeting was that it was better to stay in the NUS and reform it from inside, than to leave at this time.

Campus Cannabis

A rather unusual motion was passed at York University last week. The motion stated that, amongst other things, the Union believed that Cannabis was cheaper and less harmful than either alcohol, or tobacco.

The motion therefore proposed that their Internal Vice President launch 'an awareness campaign about the advantages of cannabis'. The external VP to 'look into the *Legalise Cannabis* campaign' and the Deputy President to provide a report on the possibilities of selling cannabis through the Union shop. The President commented that although the proposal had been passed by 'a large majority', it would probably not be implemented due to 'a small problem' of law.

The President in turn was mandated to write informing the York University's Vice-chancellor of the advantages of 'Sex (with a condom), Drugs, and Rock and Roll.' He informed Felix that Union meetings were generally well attended with quorate meetings occurring about twice a term assuring us that they dealt with more serious matters too.

Ghandi Killed

Ragivaratna Ghandi, Prime Minister of India, was killed in an assassination last Tuesday. Born on the 20th August 1944, he received his school education in India, but came to England to go to University. While at Trinity College, Cambridge, he met his wife to be, Sonia Maino, who he married before coming to Imperial College.

At IC, in 1965, he started an Undergraduate course in Mechanical Engineering. During his year of study, his mother Indira, was elected Prime Minister and, after taking his exams, he withdrew from his course. It is not known whether this was the reason for his withdrawing.

Professor Williams, of the Mechanical Engineering department, is arranging for a member of the department to go the Indian High Commission, in India House, to sign a book of condolence.

Jazzy Winner



Bruce Hall, a Physics Second Year, was the recipient of £10,000 last week, when he won a competition on Jazz FM. Although Felix was unable to contact him, we have been informed that he is currently unsure what to do with the money (I've got a few ideas—News Ed), but has stated that he intends to 'put it in the bank and decide later.'

Appeal

Next Tuesday evening, the 28th May, there will be a meeting in Linstead Hall to discuss the large rent rises for the next academic year along with other proposals for the Hall. The meeting will occur after dinner. All Linstead residents/Ex-Linsteadians are strongly urged to attend, Paul Shanley, ICU President has the facts.

Bar Manager

Also next Tuesday, Mr Andrew Flanagan will become Imperial College Union Bars Manager. Previously Goldsmith's College Students Union Bar Manager, his appointment follows the resignation of John Riding just over one month ago. John has successfully obtained the licence of the Flounder & Firkin pub, Islington, a venture in which we wish him luck.

Ice Cream

Queen's Tower snack bar will soon be supplying 'an enormous range of high quality ice creams', according to Mr Simon Westerman, IC Refectories Manager. Hopefully commencing on the 4th June, QT will stock Loseley ice cream products along with other brand names. Watch out for the special promotions which will accompany the launch.

Crime

The total value of money and valuables from the five thefts in Southside Halls of Residence, last Thursday, was between £300 and £400. Efforts to obtain a visual description of any suspicious individuals amounted to nothing and has led College Authorities to conclude that an outsider was probably responsible.

A wallet, left inside a jacket pocket, was stolen from the seventh level of the Huxley building. A male Afro-caribbean, five foot eight inches tall, wearing a black padded boiler-suit and baseball hat, is suspected of the crime. A similar description was given in connection with a theft from the Management School the week before.

Apology

Felix would like to apologise for an error on the news pages last week in the article about Imperial Colleges gas suppliers. The quote from Mr Greaves should have read that he *did not 'want to prop up other Universities'*, not that he *'did'* as stated by the article.

In the wake of the recent storm. The Rector gives his answer to the question....

The College Day—Why Change?



The College day currently extends from 9.30am to 5.30pm. It has done so since time immemorial. So why change? The need to do so arises from a number of different circumstances:

1. The increase in the number of students
The number of students has increased by 24% in the course of the last decade. The number of lecture theatres and rooms has remained constant. So, with minor exceptions, has the provision of teaching laboratories.

Are we using the facilities we have in an optimal manner? I am sure that we are not. We should, for example, stop thinking of lecture spaces as 'belonging' to particular departments. They should be allocated according to need—by computer—as has been the practice in many American universities for a long time. At the cost of more walking across the College, this would help. Even so, although as the Universities Funding Council (UFC), by adding up all the seats, tells us we have more than enough lecture provision, in practice there are very real difficulties in finding suitable teaching spaces.

That problem becomes worse when we are concerned with specialist teaching classrooms—such as those equipped for computer aided teaching. And, of course, laboratories can hardly be swapped between different disciplines.

2. The increase in the variety and complexity of course structures.
The accretion of new knowledge in most sciences and engineering, proceeds at a devastatingly fast pace. The wrong way to deal with this is to cram more into courses—the sentiment shared by all members of the College. But one must provide opportunity for students to make contact with what is new. This suggests courses which no longer insist on a single path to salvation, but provide choices, certainly in the later years of a course, and where possible, also in the earlier years. I believe that most of our colleagues—student and staff—welcome such developments. Once again it imposes new pressures on the timetable.

3. The difficulty of preserving slots for humanities and language teaching

When the timetable squeeze is on, the temptation to reduce the opportunity for humanities and language teaching is strong and in some cases has proved to be overwhelming. Yet this part of our academic programme is growing more rapidly than any other—particularly language teaching. This is of course a direct result of the perception that Europe is for real; specifically it bears on the emergence of a number of four-year courses with one year to be spent outside

the UK. Reasonable proficiency in a language is vital, not just to make best use of academic opportunities, but to allow a fully integrated life in another society. It is probable that the demand for language teaching will continue to increase, both in total number and in the range of languages covered.

4. The continuing financial squeeze by government on the university system
Just over a decade ago the student staff ratio at Imperial College was under 7; it is now approaching 12. The reduced level of funding is evident in just about all we do. It is particularly apparent when we embark on capital projects. So, for example, we are about to turn the first sod for Chemistry II. It will be a splendid new laboratory—but significantly smaller than the clearly identified needs of the chemists. In the original design it included new lecture spaces. The UFC flatly refused to allow us to include these. The pressure on us to make more use of the resources we have is evident.

Another example: we have a number of classrooms equipped for computer aided teaching. We would like more. The recognition that there are some things which are better illustrated on a screen, manipulated by the student, than chalk and talk, is growing. These facilities are expensive. The capital equipment grant that we receive is under enormous pressure. Yet one has to admit that these computer equipped lecture theatres are not used very many hours a year. A modest extension of the usage would ease the timetabling problem very considerably.

5. The desire to introduce joint honours courses
Some students know precisely what they want to do—their aspirations match what individual departments have to offer. Others are attracted by a menu which draws on offerings from two departments. We have examples of such joint honours courses right now, eg between Computing and EE, between Chemistry and Management. There is evidence that there is a demand for more such courses. We are currently making a preliminary investigation of the possibility of joint honours courses with our neighbours—the Royal College of Music. We know that there are a lot of students who have found it difficult to decide between a degree in science/engineering and going to the RCM.

One can plan such options—but the problem in adding anything new to our fabric is, inevitably, the additional difficulties of timetabling which it implies.

The Working Party who have looked at the possibility of extending the College Day have made some tentative recommendations. They are presented in

the adjacent box. Adopting these proposals would provide some very helpful additional breathing space in the timetable.

So why don't we do it? There are difficulties of perception, as well as, objective difficulties to be overcome. The Working Party listed a number of these—not all of equal weight. I do not, for example, believe that there is a danger of increasing the number of lectures per course. All the pressures—students, undergraduate studies committee, individual academics—are working in the opposite direction. There are no significant increases in costs. I do not believe that staff will object to a very minor element of flexi-time in working hours—all indications are that this is welcomed.

But there are real problems:

1. A particular choice of options could lead to an excessive number of lectures on one day—very sparse timetabling on the next. One is exhausting; the other non-optimum use of time.

2. If there is to be a staggered lunch hour (ie timetabling permitting lectures in some departments 12-1pm and in others 1-2pm) it will stop some students participating in meetings of clubs and societies.

3. Domestic difficulties: eg making breakfast in some University Halls and a 9am class; dinner following a 5pm lecture; difficulty for staff and students having responsibility for children.

These represent a real additional burden. However it is important to see these problems in a *quantitative* as well as qualitative manner. Not all departments will need both the early and the late slot. It is very unlikely that an individual student, or an individual member of staff, will have many 9am classes. It is unlikely that a student will have many lunch time clashes between classes and societies. And after all, just occasionally, one can skip a class—get a friend to take some notes. Going to lectures is much to be desired—but one can make just a few exceptions. It has been done before....

The proposal is not grossly out of line with what happens elsewhere in the University. UCL 'normal' hours are 9am to 5pm, but there are classes that start at 8.30am, and others that go on to 6pm. RHBNC runs from 9am to 5pm—but they are considering an extension of these hours. QMW runs from 9am to 5pm, but with some classes going on to 6pm. All American universities that I have encountered start at 8am.

The need for the proposed extension of our 'normal' hours is real.

Eric A Ash.



Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead

F From the mind of Tom Stoppard, writer of 'The Real Inspector Hound' and screenplay scripter, comes a bag of fervent ideas to amuse and tease. This play, first shown at the Old Vic in 1967, displays all his wit and intellect, and brought him many an award in Britain and America.

Based on and around Hamlet, the film follows the forced adventures of two of his servants, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, summoned by Royal Command to the court of Denmark. Hamlet's father has been killed by his brother, who jumped quickly onto the throne and into marriage with the Queen. It appears that this has added Hamlet's brain and is causing great concern to the Royal Court. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are brought in to look into his problems and find a solution.

Tim Roth and Gary Oldman make an exquisite duo as the servants who are always verbally sparring and playing games with each other. Beautiful ideas are brought forth way ahead of their historical time in a way that seems so



wonderfully obvious. The discovery of steam turbines, paper aircraft and executive toys makes one think; why did it take so long to reveal their practical significance?

Though set perfectly as a costume drama, the opening bluesy guitar riffs and the first scenes remind you of a classic western. Tales told within tales by The Player (Richard Dreyfuss) make a mockery of the servants' view of life and

provide more intrigue than Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy. Bouncing from balcony scene to balcony scene reduces Romeo and Juliette to a french farce.

In short it is a film not to be missed at any cost, a cinematic creation far too long in the coming that shouldn't be allowed to fade away. And just remember 'Death is for Kings, Princes, and nobodies.'

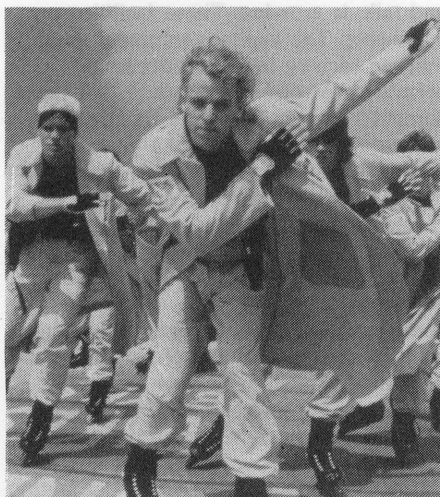
Christ

Prayer of the Rollerboys

F This may well be the best Sci-Fi rollerskate action movie of the year, but only just. It tells of how after America has crumbled under the debts left by credit frenzy (overdraft city) a group of adolescent fascist drug dealers (on rollerskates) try to rebuild the great US. The cops want to stop these narcotic tradesmen/boys and to this end intend getting Griffin (Corey Haim, the one from the Lost Boys) to infiltrate. Add the pretty young love interest in the shapely shape of Casey (Patricia Arquette, the one from Nightmare on Elm Street Three), a little brother (in the shape of a gnome on acid) Miltie (Devin Clark, the one from bugger all) and an inevitable childhood friendship between Griffin and Gary Lee (Christopher Collet, the main baddy from Prayer of the Rollerboys).

Of course, the Rollerboys, who resemble the Brady Bunch on bad acid, wind up getting involved with Griffin's life. In order to save the old folks home which he loves Griffin and Casey have to form a roller disco championship team and win the prize money.

That's not what happens but it would have been a better movie. Okay, it wouldn't, but close. What does happen is that the appallingly bandanna'd Griffin (think Axl Rose with less (!) taste) infiltrates the Rollerboys despite his complete lack of acting ability and takes them out from the inside. Joining the Rollerboys (apart from its fascist and drugfrenzy problem) could well be the



best thing Griffin does all movie; they take away his bandanna and shoot it, give him some cool shades and give him a reason to get off with Casey.

All this said and buried, it's not as bad as it sounds. It is bad, but not as bad as it sounds. Most of the acting is dreadful and the rollerskates are practically subliminal (more of a tribute to Leo Sayer) but there is definitely a masochistic charm that keeps you watching (Oh to be thirteen and tasteless). It beats washing tramps.

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine

The Flying Gerbil would like to make it clear that he dissociates himself from the final two lines of this review. Vagabonds to the Felix office please.

When What Where

Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead	Curzon WE, Cannon Chelsea
Prayer Of The Rollerboys	Do you really want to know?
Mermaids	Odeon Leicester Square
These Foolish Things	Curzon Mayfair

Recommended:

Flatliners + Re-Animator + Dead Ringers + Altered States + Halloween 2	Scala Pentonville (all nighter)
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Mermaids



F Why are there so many films around at the moment that feature women who are modelled after Boadicea with a hangover? Stropky, insensitive and blunt, they roam around celluloid under the guise of being liberated. And why does Cher play so many of them?

Thankfully, although this film does boast a 'strong' (read 'boringly obvious') woman, she doesn't stride around the place being admired for being a bitch. *Mermaids* actually charts the development of Cher and her entourage from itinerant ragamuffins (okay, not quite) into a nice stable family unit. Again, not quite.

Mrs. Flax (Cher) is a roaming and heavily unreliable mother with two daughters of differing parentage. She spends most of her time getting laid and leaving small towns in an uproar. Her daughters are a ten-year old with a penchant for aqueous exploits and Charlotte, fifteen, with a burning desire for nunhood. Nunhood. There's a word that isn't used enough. A bit like 'spelunking'.

Complications arise when Mrs. Flax falls for the unlikely but likeable figure of Lou (Bob Hoskins) and Charlotte (played by the wonderful Winona Ryder, objectivity be damned) topples with a heavy thud for a gentleman named Joe with a dark past and a lifetime of repentance. Bob



discovers that Cher is more possessive than ..erm.. a very possessive thing indeed, resenting his close relationship with her daughters. Charlotte, having had all the sex education of an eunuch in a nunnery (and much the same frustrated outlook on life as one), is convinced that to kiss is to conceive.

This all goes on for quite a while, which is a bit of a drag, until a bit of tension rears its ugly head; Bob gets a tad pissed off and Charlotte goes spelunking. Actually, that's not strictly true. She runs off in her mother's car. Which is nearly the same.

All is eventually resolved more or less

happily (rather more than less) via the obligatory Tragedy That Brings The Family Together and ends with a song and dance routine that reminds me with immense force of the Muppet Show in one of its less bizarre moments.

Cher is annoying but competent and more secondary than the film than the ads would have you believe; Ryder and Hoskins between them probably carry the best scenes in the movie in fumbling seduction and family forbearance. A cliché movie that does them well enough for you not to care. It also has one good song. No, not that one.

The Flying Gerbil

These Foolish Things



F Originally named as *Daddy Nostalgia*, the scriptwriter, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, wrote the story mainly about her parents. It was directed by Bertrand Tavernier (*Around Midnight*) in a reflective and contemplative mood, as a tribute to his own father. But even actress Jane Birkin played the part of the screenwriter daughter of Caroline as if she was in a real family. This is why the film is so real. One can feel he has heard some dialogues somewhere before. (I have!)

Of course, the film won't be that good without the help of a strong cast. Other

than Miss Birkin, Odette Laure as French wife Miche, who tries to express her love to her husband by overprotecting him and keeping him on a strict diet but is repulsed, is excellent. But the star of the film is still Daddy, played by Dirk Bogarde (after a twelve year absence on screen since *Despair*). Since Daddy hates the strict lifestyle he has to carry on after a serious operation, Caroline helps him to find his way back to his favourite cafés and places. Through their conversations, Caroline begins to know her father more because as a child, her parents are always engaged in Bourgeois social

events. She also feels Daddy's dislike of being old and fear of death, even though Daddy tries to conceal. Although Caroline has to go back to Paris for work and her own family, the family relationship has been strengthened a lot. However, Daddy doesn't find his strength to wait for her next visit one week after she has left them.

One special thing about the film is the third person narrator telling the story other than the actors. Instead of an ending that could have made the audience searching for their Kleenex, we've got the narrator mentioning Daddy's death and Caroline's feelings as she strolls along the street weeping. This can be due to Tavernier's intention of making the film light and natural, but yet one can feel his love for the characters. The film, which was shot in the picturesque spots of the South of France, stands miles ahead of other cheap soppy dramas. *These Foolish Things* may not make you cry, but it will certainly make you reminisce.

DJ S Su.



The Tad Interview



Guarding our lunch-box with our lives, FELIX went to interview the non-stop eatin' 'n' rockin' machine that is Tad on the road. Tales from the lard side: Seb.

If Tad were physically capable of bumping and grinding he would. It is not a figment of your imagination that the new album's name *8 Way Santa* sounds like some yuletide perversion. Tad is perverse, the music and image all ooze a perverse, toxic vomit inducing, smegma of slime. And Tad, in the flesh, lives up to all expectations. He is fairly quiet. He claims the image is just how he happens to dress. Anyway, I would advise feminists or the faint hearted to cease reading now because...

Tad is an Irish butcher, or a half-irish ex-butcher who threw down the cleaver for a guitar 'cause the attraction of 'holdin a knife and stabbin a big slab of meat repeatedly while the violins go whee whee...high scrill violins' wasn't so great. Now, the Tad rock 'n' roll experience tours six months of every year with the rest spent 'completely out of our minds on drugs and fucking girls constantly...constantly'.

I was lucky (or unfortunate) enough to catch up with the Tad crew at their promo gig at the Powerhaus and created an audience with the great gods balls of Tad and Kurt themselves.

So why did you decide to base your music on aboriginal folklore?

Kurt: It seemed like a natural thing to do. Something some people were hinting at but nobody was doing it to the extent we wanted to do it...rock 'n' roll is a really cool medium to work in and there's lots of room for developing interesting characters and having interesting narratives developing through the records and not many people take advantage of it. It's something we can do.

Tad: It's true.

Some of the songs seem to be based on fact?

Tad: Some are, some aren't. We mix fact and fiction and make it better...or worse.

So some times the real Tad comes out in songs?

Kurt: The real Tad is a private secret Tad.

Tad: The real Tad is someone you can only get to know if you marry him, sleep with him, eat vegetables with him—raw hard vegetables. I love vegetables. I love meat.

And a general discussion of the merits of eating raw carrots follows. After all isn't life as a rock star all about such eccentricities?

Tad: We're getting a whole lot more out of life.

Kurt: Everything that's good in life is

better and everything that's bad is...
Chorus: Worse.
Tad: Business.
Kurt: Love.

How is love?

Tad: Love is bad. Good lovin has gone...straight to hell in a hand basket. A hand basket carried by a veneral syphalitic cunt.

So you get depressed?

Kurt: We get very depressed sometimes, we want to slit our wrists and leave incriminating suicide notes detailing all sorts of slanderous events and incidents.

Ever tried suicide?

Kurt: Many times, usually with sleeping pills, usually get rushed to the hospital at the last minute, like Bjorn Borg. Actually we hang out with Bjorn a lot.

Tad: I filled a pillowcase with a couple of cans of Seven Up and tried to beat myself around the head till I was dead but it didn't work.

Kurt: I filled a tube sock with a couple of oranges... We don't seem too successful at it.

Tad: Only in bed.

Kurt: We're living a healthy life with plenty of orange juice...

You're rough in bed?

Tad: You betcha.

Kurt: Nasty.

Tad: Overwhelming. There aint a girl alive who can't say she's shagged and knackered once we're done with her.

General discussion of bollocks, bullocks, steers and general bovine matters. So, Tad, what did you hack at?

Tad: We cut up heffers mostly. Females with yawning gashes, big spitty type pooches...

Kurt: Pooches poochy pouches...

Tad: It was like squeezing together two leather flaps and watching the cream come out, cream curded cheeses...

A woman walks into the bar and general leching follows...

Tad: They're not women, they're mutants acting like women.

Why?

Tad: You tell me.

Kurt: Mutilated and sewn back together by aliens.

Tad: Hatched in pods from under the Tyne river.

Kurt: New gash on Tyne—the city of gash. There's nothing wrong with Newcastle 'cept the water's a strange colour.

So what's the most beautiful thing you ever saw?

Kurt: Twat...

Tad: The most beautiful thing...

Kurt: Yawning gash...

Tad: ...I don't think I've seen it.

And what about gigs, you like stagediving? (There were invariably more members of the audience on the

stage than band members.)

Tad: It should be required (Tad himself is an impressive veteran stagediver).

What about the photos? (Tad takes instamatics of the audience)

Tad: I draw satanic messages on them and jerk off over them. Light sparklers and spill blood on them...go out and kill horses with razor blades, cut their veins draw the blood into big buckets and paint the photographs...

Kurt: With our dicks.

Tad...with warm horses blood—using our dicks as paint brushes, using our dicks and swabs.

Your secret perversion?

Tad: Women...

Kurt: ...Chappie dog food...

Tad: Chappie dog food spread all over cock-like nipples and licked until they're knackered, they're screaming raw.

Besides unlimited verbal perversions Tad plan on 'writing and releasing records' in the future.

Last words for the great British student public?

Tad: Drop out, take acid and don't pay no Poll Tax.

Kurt: And keep those meat curtains drawn.

Cyberaktif

—Tenebrae Vision LP

This album sounds very good on a walkman turned up loud as you strut down the street on a warm, but rainy, night in, say, April. You have just been somewhere, where exacty is unimportant, and are returning home suitably loaded to the gills on a substance cocktail. There is a menacing feeling in the air and you're feeling tough with the hard electro-dark techno rhythms pulsing in your ears. They provide a more than adequate soundtrack to your own miniview of the world. The rain, the speckled lights and the darkness move to form a *Bladerunner*-like setting. The vocals are phased just the wrong side of intelligible and combine with eerie breaks and estranged samples, including one which sounds like someone gargling in slow-motion as they drown, to make you feel uneasy and start walking faster.

Just when you needed it least, you have an acid flashback and panic. The music is now driving you further and further towards the edge; the relentless march of techno, gunshot samples—are they real?—ring out and the dark clammy feeling extends through the headphones into your soul. You're really losing yourself now, especially when the Devil-worshipping sample pops out of the blue. At times the vocals sound like those of a man having his soul sucked out. Y'know, you see it in the films all the time. Eventually the terror stops as the tape ends and you return home to chill out with the MC5. Pretty good night out.

Dominic.

Milltown Brothers

—ULU 10.5.91



Call me protective, pretentious and pompous but any group that draws a crowd that's on average six inches shorter and three years younger than me I'm out of there. The 'sixteen years old, seen them on the TOTP, fancy the lead singer' scene is not for me. The hall looked more like a *Milltown Brothers* appreciation society meeting than a gig. If I was disappointed it didn't last for long.

Excellent support came first from *Beware of the Green Monkey*. The lead singer did a brilliant impression of a spider on speed, arms and legs flying around in an ungamely dance. With a little more creativity and continued enthusiasm they could be good. Then, *1000 Yard Stare*. The lead singer seeming rather perplexed at the frantic response they generated, apologetically thanking the crowd for their efforts. Great energetic music that bodes well for their future.

When the *Milltown Brothers* took the stage you could tell that things had only just begun. Concentrating on material from *Slinky* with a few older and a couple of new numbers mixed in their fifty minute set drained the crowd to exhaustion.

If anyone had come expecting the same sort of limp performance they gave supporting *The La's* they were crushed in the rush. This was a case of a band firing on all cylinders with the turbo charger up full. Even Matt had to take a breather, squatting on the stage while the others continued the show.

Lifted by the crowd they returned for on encore and a second performance of 'Which way should I jump' rounding off a brilliant show.

My faith restored I left happy in the knowledge that their audience may have changed but the Milltown Brothers still have what it takes to entertain.

Anna B

Xymox

—Phoenix of My Heart 12"

Xymox sounds like a new drug. Think about it. Good name for a drug doncha think? Let's see if it sounds like one. Randomly aural bleep intersections abound. Gregorian chants. Medium tempo dance number. Synthoid scuzz metal geetar (lose one brownie point). Nice cover (looks a bit like a new drug). Goes on a bit. Song ends. Another version starts up. Less blips. I start to lose interest. I liked the blips. End of record. Well, it didn't sound much like a new drug. Hmmmph. Let's see if it tastes like one...

Dominic.



CLUBS

Easter Dive Trip



We arrived at Porthstock beach, in the Lizard, and the novices attempted their first tentative dives from the beach. The following day we ended up at Porthkeris beach after a brief tour of the local area, involving a number of "U" turns and several revisits to particularly interesting road junctions.

The large rollers were breaking nicely on the rocks so we decided against launching the boat in the surf. After several phone calls to find out what had happened to our dive boat, which we had hired, we found out it had turned back and would meet us around by Mullion. Our inflatable was then unpacked, launched and used to ferry the first lot out to the hired boat.

The surf was still quite big and there were several unorthodox bits of boat-handling during the day, including surfing backwards onto the beach and filling the boat up with water etc.

During the week we mainly used the hired boat, launched from Falmouth, as it was too rough for our inflatable. Even in the hired boat it was still quite rough and the fish saw a number of breakfasts making a special re-appearance over the side.

At the end of an enjoyable week of

diving, the annual awards were handed out roughly as follows:

Best quote: "This looks fairly serious Rolf" uttered Rudi, as the boat was about to be swamped completely by a large wave. Highest "Faff" factor (time wasted preparing for a dive and longest dive time): Cambridge dive club.

Best dive shop customer (ie lost most gear): Hime.

Most Unorthodox Boat-handler: Steve (hire boat skipper) for tearing off while still tethered to the back of another boat.

Janshed Sethna award for stunt driving: Sarah-Jane (for a 180 degree spin on the way down).

Coke Cola fiz award for decompression diving: Colin and Rhoda.

UAU Cricket

IC 2nd vs City Sunday 19th May

Imperial won by three wickets. Going into this last group match Imperial had to win to go through. City won the toss and decided to bat, a big mistake it turned out. Imperial fielded excellently

before lunch with City 79-7 by the break. We let them get away after lunch, but by the end of City's innings they had made 165 for 9 wickets. Both Rup Banerjee and Paul Lewis were fined heavily after the match for jug avoidance, getting 4 wickets each for IC.

City's innings was punctuated by two hotly contested run outs, where City's sportsmanship was found sadly lacking. On both occasions their batsmen were given out but the IC captain nobly, if naively called them back. So City can be thought lucky that they made as many runs as they did. Had Imperial consequently lost, the chances of the captain being lynched by the rest of the team were considered extremely high.

However justice was done. Gunni Dhadyalla scoring a quickfire 38, Runil Vitarana an assured and confident 60 and Pete Sharpe a remarkable 32 were chiefly responsible for IC getting the runs well inside the allotted number of overs. Pete Sharpe's innings was especially noteworthy since he hadn't played for over a year and was only asked to play on the morning of the match when IC were a man short.

The 2nd XI now expect an away match against Exeter to be played very shortly. Please check the noticeboard regularly.

Aquacise Water Exercises

Each Wednesday afternoon from 2.30pm to 3.15pm an Aquacise class will be taken by Mark Lawrence. Classes consist of approximately 35 people and are held in the Imperial College sports centre swimming pool. Hand paddles are used to create more resistance in the water and a pulse check is taken at the start of the class (resting pulse) and again 35 minutes through the class (working pulse). The class consists of wall exercises: stretching, swimming, running and the cost to Imperial College students is £1.50 (non-students £2).

This type of exercise is designed for overall fitness and is becoming increasingly popular with top athletes. Sign up NOW in the Sports Centre for your first class.

Sailing Club

For the first time in several years (if ever!) IC received an invitation to this years World Dinghy Team Racing Championship - otherwise known as The Wilson Trophy. The event takes place annually at Kirby Sailing Club on the Wirral, and this year it was held on the 10th-12th May. The trophy is always

earnestly contested for in the Firefly dinghies, with entrants this year from Eire and the USA as well as the best of the British teams.

Due to exam stress we were short on numbers, but with the help of an IC old boy and a couple of IC sailors, we managed to reach Cheshire with a full team of 6. (It should be mentioned that the UL team had not been invited and were feeling somewhat miffed!) Arriving in good time on the Friday night, we recovered from the journey and then sorted out our accomodation. All 32 teams present were put up in local households, and contrary to the norm of sleeping bags on the floor, we all were given beds in which to get some sleep. This was a good thing as sleeping time was scarce with a 7.45am Captains briefing on the Saturday Morning!

Kick off was at 8.30 and our first race was against a familiar United Hospitals team. (Did we really go all that way just to sail against them ?) After the first lap we were in a winning combination, but then the aforementioned old boy seemed strangely attracted to one of the markers, and couldn't get off it again! We managed to hold first place (well done Liam!) but lost overall after some good team racing.

Next on the agenda was Cambridge. Despite their fast reputation, we managed to make their 3rd helms bad day even worse by adding 5 penalty points to their score. This clinched us victory. The final team in our league was USYRU - the States national team. A very jammy move by one of their boats gave them a 1,2,3 over the start, and they held it for the rest of the race.

To decide the one qualifer from each league, the teams sailed each other twice.



USYRU convincingly beat everybody in all the races, and so went through to the quarter finals.

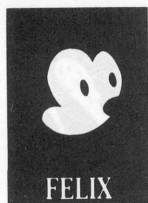
Sunday saw some very exciting sailing between the league qualifiers, with the bonus that the Marine lake at West Kirby has an excellent grandstand viewing position where we could observe how it should be done! London rivalry aside, we were pleased to see the ex UL "Castaways" do well.

A plate race for non-qualifiers was run as a flat race with one boat from each team. Henry & Liam were determined to do well. They seemed to be the only boat to find a completely calm patch after the start, and we thought that all was lost. Amazingly though, they picked up a gust, stormed back into the race, and were not last over the line... the first time around. The experience of the other boats proved too much for them to overcome, but their roll-tackling improved throughout the race, and they got a cheer as they cross the line.

At the end of the weekend, we had to acknowledge being beaten in the league, being beaten in the plate race and even beaten in the boat race on the Saturday night! But we were THERE at The Wilson, and we returned southwards sunburnt, tired and beaten but happy!

We hope to return next year and, who knows, we might even improve by then!

**FELIX
needs
FEATURES!**
which means that you have
got to write them!
So if you're bored with
revision
GET WRITING!



Video Competition

Deadline — Tuesday lunchtime

Warner Bros have recently released two of their successes, *Dead Calm* and *Clara's Heart*, on video. In *Dead Calm*, John Ingram and his wife take a pleasure cruise in the Great Barrier Reef and sail into terrifying danger.

Rescuing a sailor from a drifting boat where the crew purportedly died from food poisoning, they find that they have taken on board a psychotic Vietnam veteran who hacked his shipmates to pieces in a frenzied range.

Clara's Heart sees Whoopi Goldberg as a witty, warm and wise Jamaican housemaid to whom David Heart turns when faced with his parents impending divorce. They become unlikely friends, despite their dramatically different backgrounds, because *Clara's Heart* was once broken too. Now she can help David

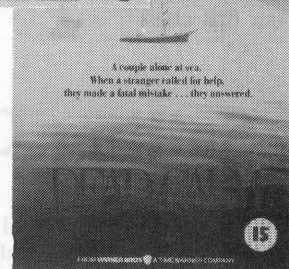
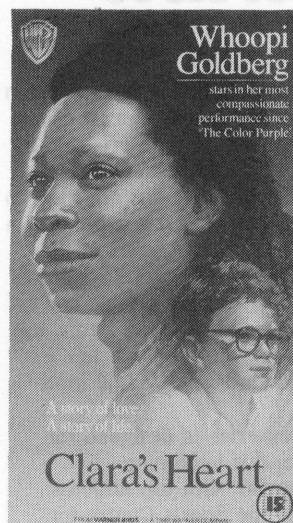
over his pain and heal her own deep hurt.

Felix has three sets videos to be won. Just answer these two simple questions:

1. In which film did Whoopi Goldberg play a computer operator who finds herself drawn into the world of espionage?

2. George Miller produced *Dead Calm*. He also directed a cult futuristic road movie. What was it?

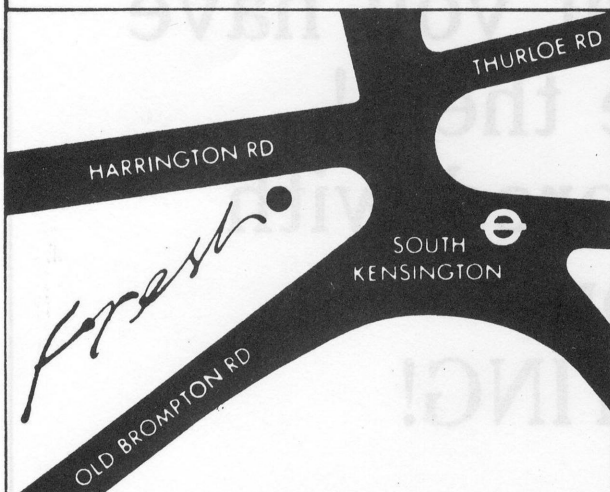
Write your name and answers on a piece of paper and bring it to the Felix office (on the ground floor of the Union building) by Tuesday lunchtime.



Fresh

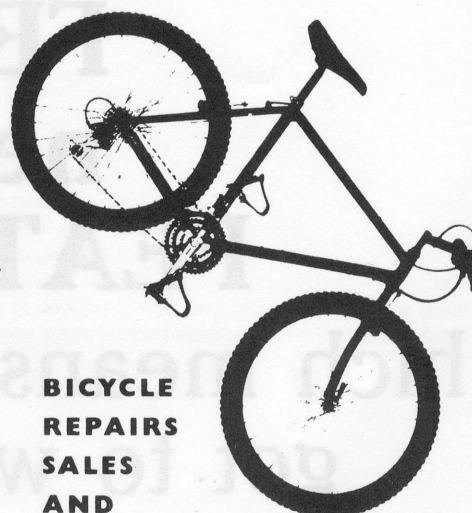
HAIRDRESSERS
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We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist (which normally costs around £21) For only £11 Men £12 Women Check us out !



Mend-a-Bike

PETER THOMAS



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Editorial



Okay, so we've all got exams this term. For some they're the last ones that they'll ever take at this wonderful little college of ours. For some they are just the beginning, and all the fun and splendour of finals are a mere glimmer on the horizon two or three years hence. But the main point is: For some they are already over, and for some they are still a fair way off, and Felix needs more input!

Even at the best of times it can be a bit of an uphill struggle to get enough material together to produce a decent issue. In a college of over 6000 students we continually seem to have to rely on about a dozen regular people for most of our stuff. This really sucks. I know about the exams: Unlike a normal Felix editor I'm a non-sabbatical, and I've got exams this term as well. But no one has them non stop for the whole term, and a lot of you guys and gals have finished now. Everybody finds it easy to tell me that Felix hasn't seemed to have much in it this term. Why don't some of you try and see how easy it is to give us a hand?

And while we're on the subject...

Why on earth does IC (along with most other universities, etc) still use the most archaic exam system ever? Someday someone will explain this to me. Or at least I hope so, because I can't work it out.

All that the current style of exams really test is the ability of a student to memorise an often huge amount of information, and churn it out in a vaguely readable form. That, and the speed of their handwriting, and their ability to deal with short term stress. It's ridiculous. The relationship between a student's actual ability at the subject and their exam mark is minimised. As is the relationship between a student's ability to work consistently and usefully. I have several friends who have done virtually no work for an entire year, spend about two weeks revising like mad and doing all the past papers three times, and then end up with 70-90% marks!

I'm not trying to say that they should fail, but surely there are two main uses for a degree: To gain a higher level job in a business unrelated to the subject, or to gain some form of employment involved with the subject studied.

In the first case the degree should represent the ability of the graduate to work consistently with a high level of personal motivation and independence; adapt to different or new situations and produce results to deadlines, etc.

In the second case the degree should represent all of the above, and show that the graduate actually has a good

understanding of the subject and it's basic concepts, as well as representing a high level of ability in it.

Let's face it: The majority of our degrees are gained by our exam marks, and the type of exams we have don't really represent any of the above very well (if at all). Consequently, people who have a high ability in the subject, and work hard all the time, but aren't good at exams (for whatever reason) don't achieve the degree that they should. In most of the exams I've taken, someone with no knowledge or understanding of Biology, and a photographic memory, could at least have passed, and might have done very well!

It's about time this was changed. Just having a high level of education in a subject is useless if the means by which the subject is tested don't actually measure what they should.

The majority, if not all, of exams should be 'open book', so you can take your notes and/or textbooks in with you: The ability to organise personal material, and quickly find information when necessary is a very important skill, and becoming more important all the time. Also, 'open book' exams judge your ability to, for example, use a formula correctly, not your ability to remember it in the first place. Which do you think gives a better representation of your understanding of a subject?

It has been stated in various studies on examinations that multiple-choice papers give a far better portrayal of a student's ability than traditional written papers. But how many university exams have multiple-choice papers? Why not ???! They're even easy to mark!

In addition to the exams themselves, there should be a greater amount of in-course assessment, instead of the odd practical, essay, or problem sheet, and this should be given more weighting in the final marking. Not only would this increase the importance placed on consistent work, but it would also encourage interaction between students and academic staff, as more students would seek the help of their lecturers with the work.

But then, I'm sure there's a very good reason why I'm wrong. It's just that I can't find anybody to explain it to me. Good luck in the exams, everybody. Maybe someday they'll actually reflect the reasons why we're here.

**Staff Meeting:
Monday 1pm.**

Credits:

Printing and Typesetting: Andy and Rose

News Editor: Stef

Arts Editors: Matt and Sumit

Books Editor: Michael

Music Editor: John

Clubs Editor: Khurram

The Team: Adam, Jonty, Nige, Ian, Dom, Steve, and all the reviewers.

The Collators: Damn good question at this point...?!

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**WANTED:
ARTICLES
for the
SUMMER
ISSUE!**

**WANTED:
ANYTHING
ELSE
for the
SUMMER
ISSUE!**



Hon Sec Bit

DP Bit

After submitting my report to Felix last week, I received a note from Mr Peter Mee, College Registrar, concerning the future of the Careers Service.

Mr Mee assures me that 'it has never been the intention that individual students would have to pay for services as a result of the changed arrangements.'

One other point raised in my report was also answered—that of possibly using an assessment centre to recruit the new Director of the Careers Service. Unfortunately, this will not be happening, and a more conventional approach to appointing the Director will be taken.

Colours

The following people have been awarded colours by City and Guilds College in recognition of their outstanding services to the Union and its associated clubs over the past year

Full Colours

Paul Ness
Mark Payne
Martha Black
Graham Candy
Jonathan Edge
Mark Smyth
Niall Davis
Paul Wareham
Joe Fernley
Kevin McCann
Tim Proctor
Lucia Clipstone
Paul Ewing
Adrian Winchester
Mick (Harlington)
Igor Aleksander
Veronica Cloke
Dave Sandercock
Tim Woolman
Malcolm Pigott
Robert Evans
Richard Balmford
Steve Hobrough
Louise Moss
Chris Browne
Charles Tomkins
Mike O'Connell
Jen Hardy-Smith
Sean Crofton
John Impey
Phil (Harlington)
Steve Richardson
John Smith
Tim Newton Smith
Ed Coates
Lachlan Clark

The following posts are still up for grabs at the AGM in the last week of term. Papers are presently up on the Union noticeboard. If you wish to know more about the posts come into the Union Office and have a chat.

Housing Officer
Postgraduate Affairs Officer
UGM Chair
Women's Officer
Welfare Officer
External Affairs Officer

**MONDAY 27th
MAY**
Monday users of
the Union Building:
Due to College
Closure, the Union
Building will be
closed to all users.

Hugh Warren
Murray Williamson
Kate Dalton
Cathy McClay
Warwick Mullan
Karl Edwin
Christy White
Colin Rodgers
Pat Holmes
John Piggot
Roger (Southside)
Peter Stevens

Half Colours

Faye Davison
Craig Neave
S Doran
Gopal Srinivasan
Mike Sleath
Nick Watson
Tim Mead
Sarah Welsh
Daniel Doulton
E Wheeler
A Plant
Duncan Black
Russell Collins
Mark Jackson
Mike Smith
Richard Hardiman
Isabelle Jenkins
D Millard
Abigail Matthews
Hilary Hughes
Robert Jackson
John Young
Carline Daisley
Ralph Greenwell

Rugby Full Social and Sporting

Sporting:
Paul Warham
R Goodfellow

**Big bargains to be
had in the Central
Libraries summer
booksale.**
**Lyon Playfair
Library**

June 5th
9.30am-5.00pm

D Donald
J Hurd
A D Chapman
P Wiltshire
N Steer
R Cousins
R J Potter
R Gilcrest
D Ingram

Social
Paul Wareham
R Goodfellow
D Donald
C Powell
A D Chapman
P King
N Steer
R J Potter
R Wiltshire
R Cousins

Rugby Half Social and Sporting

Sporting:
P King
N Travers-Griffin
C Powell
S Catterall
I Lee-Prudhoe

Social:
A Comber
D Ingram
J Fernley

Certificates for the above awards can be picked up from the Guilds Union Office, 3rd floor Mech Eng from today.