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15th February 1991 Issue Number 893

Felix



Valentine's Issue



Union Scuffle

In the early hours of Thursday morning a scuffle erupted in the union bar. The incident was serious enough for one of the concerned parties to be appearing before a union disciplinary hearing in the near future.

According to a union source the atmosphere at the end of Wednesday evening had become rather fraught. The bar staff were hassled by a clientele that became increasingly difficult.

A spokesperson from the RSMU stated that 'we were all out of there by 11pm' and that they knew absolutely nothing about the incident.

Paper Money

The newspaper of Kings College, Casey L, is beleived to be suffering financial difficulties. A King's College student told Felix that the paper had used up all its £6000 grant and hadn't managed to raise the £4000 from advertising that it expected to.

In response, Ms Turner, editor of Casey L, said that £2000 was left over from a £8000 grant, which would last at least until the 24th April, when she said that she would leave. She said that the paper came out usually once every two weeks. She added that they 'were doing disastrously' but were now doing fine.

Access Closed

Applications for the access fund are now closed. The expected last minute flood doubled the total number of applicants from 220 on Thursday to 560 by 5pm on Friday.

Mr Cullen, the person in charge of the access fund, thanked Felix for helping to publicise the fund's existence. Mr Cullen felt that the most effective way of communicating with students was through Felix and that articles in Felix had directly contributed to the last minute surge in applications.

Mr Cullen said that he had 'made good progress' with the enormous pile of applications. Successful applicants will receive their money by the end of term.

Libyan Link

Imperial College has made a 'substantial' offer for the thirteen year leasehold of the ex-Libyan Embassy on Exhibition Road. The college is now awaiting planning permission to convert the building for academic use.

Although the remaining leasehold is comparatively short, the prime position of the building has kept the value of the leasehold high.

The University of London holds the freehold and this has been a major consideration in the decision to make an offer. When the thirteen year lease expires, IC will probably be able to extend it further.

What A Mug

A beer mug was thrown from Tizard Hall on Monday night, narrowly missing a local resident. According to John Hassard, Tizard's warden he could have been killed had the glass hit him.

The student who threw the glass, who didn't come from Tizard Hall, is due to face a disciplinary hearing within the next week. The most severe punishment the student might suffer is expulsion from college.

The resident called the police after the incident and has written to Sir Eric Ash and the mayor of Kensington and Chelsea. Dr Hassard said that the incident can only strain relations with the mews residents which was poor at the best of times. He said that it might threaten planning permission for an extension to the gym and he was also concerned about damage to the overall reputation of the college.

Theft Corner

Computers worth £3500 were stolen from the Huxley building this week. The room in which they were kept was well secured except for a bit which could only have been known about by somebody knowing the room well. The security problem has now been solved.

Some vending machines have been broken into, the amounts taken being 'not worth the bother' according to Geoff Reeves, IC's chief security officer. He suspects that people sleeping rough or hard up have been responsible and added that there had been more thefts from cars in the last three months than in the last three years.

A Jaguar car parked behind the Chemistry building had its wing mirrors ripped off this week. Security officers said that this was probably due to 'kids taking it out on a car or two.'

Fresh

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STRESS RELAXATION SESSIONS

Tue 26 Feb
&

Thur 28 Feb

Giving up smoking seminar

Friday 1 March

No charge—sign up in the Union Office a.s.a.p.

UROP: Undergraduate Research Opportunities Programme

Are you thinking of doing paid UROP work with a member of IC faculty during the summer vacation 1991?

If you are, please try to settle details as soon as possible so that the member of faculty can, if necessary, apply for funds.

For further details of the UROP scheme, see the UROP 1990-1991 Directory available (free) from the UROP office, Room 313C, Level 3, Mechanical Engineering Building.

Ken Livingstone Speaks



Ken Livingstone, Labour MP, attended the Labour party Anti-War meeting on Tuesday. Professor Steven Rose, a recognised expert on chemical warfare and formerly at the biochemistry department of Imperial College opened the meeting.

Professor Rose examined the role of biological and chemical weapons are playing in the Gulf Conflict. He said that western governments had not completely removed their stockpile of chemical weapons, all of which are illegal under international laws. He added that western governments had failed to condemn President Hussein's chemical attacks on the Kurdish population.

Commenting on the possible threat of biological weapons being used by Iraq he said that they 'don't make military sense' and that a biological attack would 'have a beginning but absolutely no end.'

Professor Rose described the war as an 'unmitigated disaster environmentally' and added that the United Nations resolution was 'a fig leaf of respectability to cover up the nakedness of US imperialism'.

He went on to say 'a continued western presence in the Gulf after the war would be a constant expense to us and an irritation to Arab nationalism.'

Ken Livingstone said that the reason for the relatively small size of the peace movement in Britain as compared to the US could be blamed upon the uniquely conservative British press. He added that there was nothing like economic decline to precipitate the smashing of a third world regime, and that we only had to look back at the Falklands to see the readiness to beat the war drum.

'Massive economic forces' were behind this war as the result of the 'Open door' policies drawn up by the US at the turn of the century which stated that all obstacles to the expansion of the US economy should be removed. This policy,

according to Mr Livingstone, 'laid down the pattern of US foreign policy' for the best part of this century.

The present economic system meant that 'the whole world supports the US' either directly or indirectly because of the need to trade in dollars. The present problems were signs of 'resistance' that are emerging, said Mr Livingstone.

Quoting statistics, Mr Livingstone said that 22% of the world's population was now in economic decline in real terms, as compared to only 3% in the 1960s and 70s.

Mr Livingstone went on to say that 'eventually the Arab nations will be reunited, and it would be better to have them as friends' and 'the Arabs will have to solve their own problems in their own way—we can't solve them for them'.

Mr Livingstone was asked how he could 'reconcile his views in the Middle East with his support for Sinn Fein' to which he replied that Sinn Fein had received the overwhelming support of the Irish people in the only free election that had occurred in Ireland this century. When challenged that Sinn Fein supports the killing of innocent people, Mr Livingstone replied that he did not, but that every British government did.

Mr Livingstone was asked to what extent he thought that the Americans had planned the war before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. He replied that he did not think that it was premeditated because the whole affair had the 'ingredients of a cock-up' and was an unexpected opportunity for the West to reassert its influence in the World.

When asked why Neil Kinnock and the Labour front bench seemed to be toeing the Tory line on the war he answered that he could not comment because 'Neil hasn't spoken to me since 1986' but that he had fared better than Tony Benn to whom Neil Kinnock hadn't spoken since



1984.

Ken Livingstone finished by saying that 'I'm not a fan of fundamentalism but I recognise its force as representing a ground swell of change amongst the ordinary Arab people'.

He described Britain as 'the most backward of all Western democracies—a real backwater'. The only way to improve the situation was to cut the ties with a heritage of a declining empire.

He described the 'special relationship' between Britain and the US as the 'PM licking the President's arse and getting a 21 gun salute'.

Sabbatical Elections


The election papers for the four sabbatical posts of Imperial College Union are going up this Monday. The posts open are President, Deputy President, Honorary Secretary and FELIX Editor. Candidates must have a proposer and a full list of seconds by Friday 1st March, when the papers come down. Hustings are on the 7th March and Elections on the 11th and 12th. All prospective candidates should come to the FELIX Office as soon as possible to discuss and arrange their publicity requirements.

National Theatre Trip

The National Theatre opens its doors to students on Wednesday 20th February.

The trip will involve a backstage tour of the three theatres and will leave Beit Quad at 5.00pm. If interested, contact Dramsoc on extension 3531 as soon as possible, as places are limited.

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS



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ARTS

Short Time

F *Short Time* is about a cop on the edge...oops, sorry, a cop with a short time left both on the beat and in his life. Said cop is one Burt Simpson (either a desperate publicity bid or a gaffe of vast and degenerate proportions) and all his life he has lived for the future, planning for his kid's Harvard education and his own long-term financial security. After a mix-up at the doctor's (doesn't it always happen to you, boys 'n' girls?) Burt is told, to his dismay, that he has only a few weeks to live and, even worse, that his life insurance only pays up if he gets wasted in action. So bearing in mind lil' Dougie's future Burt sets out to kill himself, provoking much bemusement from his mild-mannered partner, played by Mat Frewer in a frantic effort to escape type-casting as a robot video jockey (and thus missing out on a lucrative contract with MTV). If I wanted to damn this movie I need say nothing more now than there follows a series of touching tableaux as Burt confronts his true feelings, as well as his bumbling attempts to commit suicide on the beat, invariably (and naturally) ending in commendations for heroism. However this would be unfair, since it would ignore the startling similarities between



this and the other parent-kiddy-love film out this week (see elsewhere this issue). First of all we are treated to another bizarre Sesame Street crossover since Burt's partner is named Ernie and, being played by Frewer, he bears more than a slight resemblance to the Great Yellow One both in character and looks. I cannot bring myself to believe this is accidental. Secondly, in both, we are treated to acting performances which scrape the edge of saccharine sentimentality without actually taking the plunge and thirdly, do

we end up rootin' for the hero pop kids? Yep, I think so; by the end of the movie Burt has so efficiently turned his life around that I was praying he didn't destroy the 12 certificate by actually snuffing it. Or does he?

Short Time is alternately fairly moving, if you're easily moved, fairly exciting, if you're easily excited, and amusing, even if you're a miserable sod (Would the real Alan Bailey please stand up?). A film greater than the sum of its parts.

The Flying Gerbil

The Crop (Die Kroppe)

F *The Crop*, winner of three Critic's Prizes at the Brighton Film Conference for Best Foreign Film, Best New Director and Best Supporting Actor opens in Britain on February 15th.

It is a masterfully sombre reworking of the great Yugoslav director Varschek's *Hard Winter (Die Unglückschewinter)*; the director has made his debut with a compassionate and moving portrayal of a simple potato farmer before the outbreak of hostilities in the First World War. Perter Weinstag (better known as Ralph Malph in *Happy Days*) commands the screen with a presence reminiscent of the early work of Fritz Lang as he fights to raise his people from the earth to a land he calls Glücklichuberalles (the land of love). Unfortunately for Perter, the woman he loves, Falia (played by Glenda Jackson) is pregnant with the bastard son of the Burgermeister (Vincent Price). The roots of Perter's faith are tested in a moving scene intercut with Falia's seduction, which swirls with barely restrained eroticism. Perter is forced to lead the villagers on a quest across the Siberian steppe in search of his vision, in a trek that brings hardship and pain to those he loves. In a dramatic avalanche sequence Falia is crippled in the third month of her pregnancy; a potato blight threatens the very stability of the village.



With stout direction from Jon Pertwee, proving himself more than simply a fine actor, this film leaves the viewer's mind full of complex resonances which persist long after the film has ended. When Falia gives birth to the two headed fish (in a dream sequence handled with a minimum

of taste) after eating a bad potato, the villagers ostracize her, calling her 'The Bad One' and the viewer is left full of guilt but also anger.

The film is a stark metaphor for our times, from its metaphysical use of the potato as a symbol for fornication to the prolonged (sometimes several minutes) shots of empty fields. Pertwee's crisp direction gives a challenging and sometimes frankly disturbing insight into one man's love for his root vegetable. *The Crop* is also rich in incidental detail; try and spot Clive Dunn in a rare cameo role as Stalin, or the moment briefly glimpsed where Tarkin tries to sell Perter a hard core porn video. Unfortunately the film is marred by the clownish buffoonery of Una Stubbs, appearing as the naive and voluptuous daughter of Dienstag (Lionel Blair), although the sequence in which she is dragged away by the merciless agents of the secret police (Frank Muir and Arthur Marshall) is strikingly effective.

Although shot in black and white, and distracting at times with the poor Italian translation of the Serbo-Croat dialogue, *The Crop* is an unmissable treat for students of the tuber, and a treasure for generations to come.

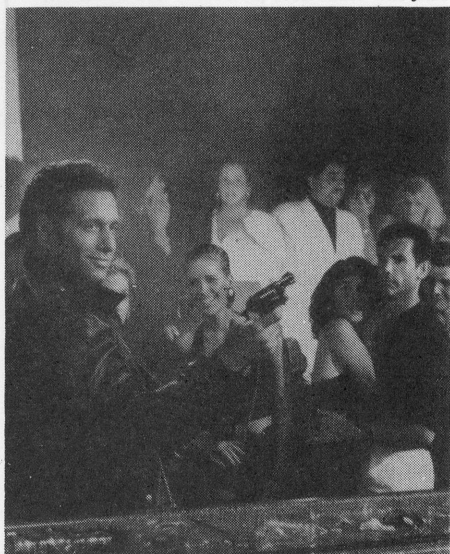
The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine And Friend.

The Adventures of Ford Fairlane

F Andrew Dice Clay is an American comedian who specialises in the new breed of hate comedy.

To launch him as a movie star in a mainstream comedy/action film, such as this, may seem to be something of a bad move. And indeed it is.

Ford Fairlane is an American comic strip detective (is it just me, or does this sound familiar?) who specialises in Rock 'n' Roll. He gets involved in a plot which is either so (a) complex or (b) badly written, that I didn't understand a word of it. However, it does involve a brainless bimchette, 3 CD's, a record producer who pisses in the punch, Jimi Hendrix's guitar, a penis called Stanley, the lead singer of a heavy metal band, an explosive microwave and a koala. Ford does very



little actual detective work, preferring to profane, punch and pucker his way through the film, while his red-headed bombshell of a secretary solves the case (and gets thrown out of the window).

Despite the above, the film is not as good as it sounds. There is potential both in the script, despite the ridiculously sentimental ending, and in Clay's performance, but they are both badly let down by gross directorial mishandling. The director, Renny Harlin, is best known for his work in action movies, and it shows. The crashes and fights are superb, but many of the best lines lost.

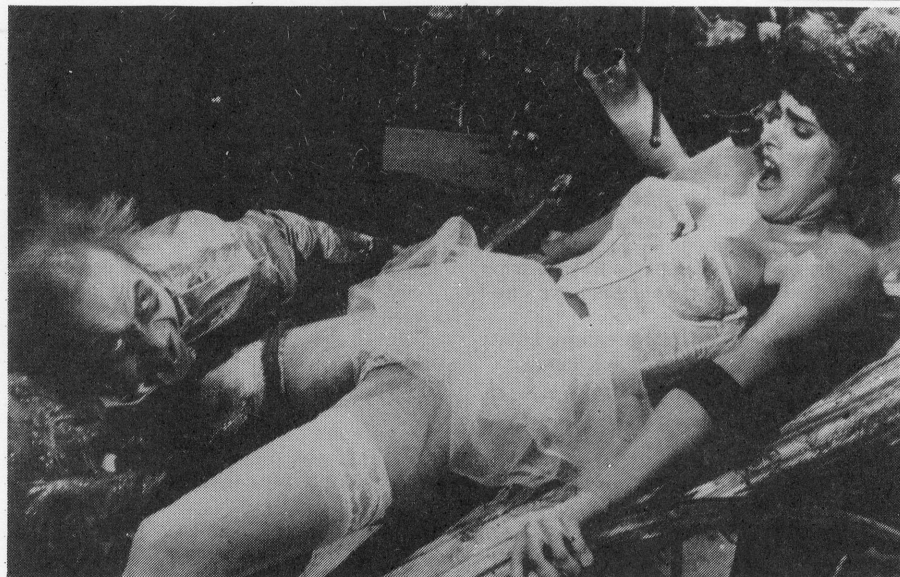
There is some potential for a cult following here, but otherwise a potentially good movie seems condemned to sink without trace.

Pendragon.

F —Film

Flesh Gordon 2

Flesh Gordon Meets the Cosmic Cheerleaders



F Emperor Wang managed to survive the cataclysmic explosion on the planet Porno and has now reappeared on the Ice Planet with the Frigid Queen. Further research and extensive tests with the sex ray have now produced the Impotence Ray, which he uses on a nearby planet. Here the Cheerleaders of Cosmic High, faced with an unsatisfied sex drive go in search of the most virile member of the human race—Flesh Gordon.

They kidnap Flesh from Dale's loving clutches, forcing Dale and our old friend Flexi Jerkoff to pursue Flesh in a spaceship powered by the energy of copulating chickens, facing the dangers of an ass-teroid belt and the chickens running out of steam, they finally meet up with Flesh and the Cosmic

Cheerleaders in the land of the Turd People.

Escaping to the Ice Planet they have to stop Wang from bathing the Earth in impotence radiation so strong that Flesh is in danger from it, though it would be too late for him as his organ would have been transplanted.

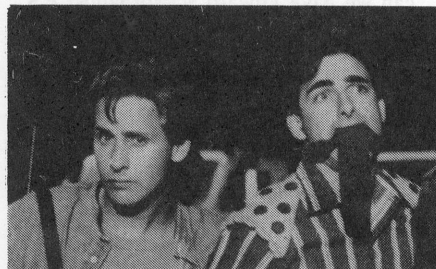
I think that sums up the plot, which on paper is funny and, indeed, the film has a few good funny lines to offer. While the acting is abysmal, the are models amusing and in several cases very crude. Unfortunately, it has totally lost the spirit that the first film had and is nothing more than a cheap sequel. If you like seeing big tits on the big screen this is your film, otherwise don't go and see it!

Killer Bob.

Men at Work

F Oh dear. A movie written and directed by Emilio Estevez, and starring himself and his brother, Charlie Sheen. Who are they playing? Garbage men. What do they do? Find a dead body. What do they do with it? Carry it around with them, along with a mad Vietnam vet and a kidnapped Pizza man. Meanwhile Carl (Mr Sheen) is making the dead man's campaign manager fall in love with him, by using his knowledge of her, gleaned from watching her in her apartment, by means of a pair of binoculars. Uh-huh.

This film should have been really bad. It nearly makes it, but the principals have enough feckless charm to sustain the thing, at least for an undemanding adolescent audience. In its favour, it initially avoids going straight for the wham bang action approach, instead opting for something that is a fairly close



imitation of character development. But not that close.

The twists are obvious, the jokes simplistically funny, and the climax, well, silly. There are worrying homophobic undertones in the treatment of the policemen, and the Vietnam vet, although getting all the best lines, is not exactly sympathetically handled. Admittedly, I did laugh occasionally. But not that much.

Not great.

Pendragon.



A squidgy chocolate box of adoring missives brought to you...

Valentines Messages

★SPUNKY PANTS

Be our Vixen

All our love. Foxy and Gloves!

★TO THE PRESIDENT:

I want to bury my nose in your bum-fluff, but only if you'll lick black cherry yogurt off my wellies. Love Dirty Oo-Er.

★ANDY—I love your horn—Pete.

★JENNIFER Pennells (Wow what a surprise) nothing compares to you, happy valentines day from your blue eye one I love you xxxxx

★TO my gorgeous little creature. Love and tenderness forever. Fluff Bums...

★SAILOR,

Thanx 4 watching

my despair

I will always

love you,

Peanut.

★MR P

Is that a saxophone in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me—Love Pete.

★FOR Asha and Amar,

I have stood here before inside the pouring rain, with the wind running circles, running round my brain. I guess I'm always hoping that you'll end this reign, but it's my destiny to be the King of Pain. Sting 'King of Pain'

★FOR NADIA,

'You know I can't lie

If I say that baby I love you

Then baby I love you

And I do

I do'

Harry Connick Jnr. 'We are in Love'

★DARLING CHRIS

Do you have the leather bondage-wear to match your jacket? Love S.M.

★TO FLAPS, my birthday is as follows: a 747, a Merc 500, a flat on the Champs d'Elysee or failing those can I have another weekend away? Love from AEMF xxx

★TO MY cufe Polly-Bear. You're so strong and so hunky, let's make beautiful jigsaws together. Absolutely all my love, Lisa Simpson.

★DEAR ADAM, Please, please, please can we have Edward Scissorhands? P.S. Photos tomorrow (Tues?).

★TO CHRISTIE Brinkley (Jennifer). Can I see some more of you and your dove's eyes? From Prince, Physics.

★YASMIN dearest, to a stunningly beautiful lady with angelic eyes tht speak and with a smile so breathtakingly sweet that it never fails to melt my heart. Happy Valentine. Lots of luv Secret Admirer.

★PARENTAL Guidance, similar to receiver! Are you a chemophile as well? If so then do sommut soon before the interest rate drops, I'm two wild about you, but only underground!

★DEAR MARO

I love you backwards....Adba Mawram

★HELLO SAILOR,

I just wish I could be merry 'n' happy again in those doodie mansion-like quarters of yours. Yours indefinitely (but no longer). Fred and Barnie.

★AN: ABTEILING, JO

Wenn wir zusammen kommen könnten

die reaktion wäre explosiv.

Von: einem kostbaren bewunder!

★AUNTIE,

I love it when you call me dearie

It all becomes so clear

It makes me feel less weary

Ooohh I love you dear—ie.

Love Rich.

★KATIE POOOOS....

Please have me back...I do like dogs and teddy bears really!

★MICHELLE...

You are the minibus of my dreams. Can I ride you?

★OOOH LOUISE,

You are a tease,

You are my pride and joy,

Please, please, please,

Play with my little toy!!

Love Richard.

★TO MS TIMBERLAND

Will you be my perky this Valentines.

From Pinky.

★IAN RICHARDS

I fly in just for breakfast

And place my bottom on your bread,

Next time you take your hat off,

There'll be a dropping on your head.

Love A Pidge.

★MURRAY,

I love your wibbly-wobbly bits. Love J.

★TO BRONNIE,

Let's break all the rules and allow my hard center to meet your soft. Let's neutralise. From Lewis.

★THE CHASED,

I'm still searching but with no sight, my love for you still shines a light. The Follower.

★MR BREAD MAN

A little grizzly loves you,

He visits every night,

He steals your cash,

And hits your head,

And fills your mouth with shite.

Love A Bear.

★TO MY Bumble Bee,

Let's not hesitate, let's pollenate.

From your favourite flower.

★TO MY

Disciples,

Don't hesitate, let's procreate. From the Guru.

★TO S/A

All my love and Affection. J.

★TO JO & EMMA

'Roses are red,

violets are gree,

open your legs,

and I'll give you some cream!'

From Matt and Dave.

★TO MR R

You killed my son you bastard,

You snapped his wings in two.

Next time you get plastered,

I'll be looking out for you.

Mrs Pidge.

★MICKY

Be my Valentine, and I speed-a-way to your heart.

Love Steve.

★HELLO Sweetheart,

you are the Princess of my heart. I will always love you—your prince.

★TO THE Bread Man

I love you,

Why do you hate me so much?

From A Pidge.

★Bzzzzzzzz. Bzzzzzzzz. They're in your dreams Andy. Luv R.

★ROYSTON

'Is the wind still blowing? I hope not!

xxxxxxx—\$\$!\$!\$xx!!

★A BLACK Labrador called Guinness attracts attention. Let's tune to the same wavelength: from one to Luxembourg is heard Bobby McFerrin. I'm not, even though you thought I was and I am, even though you thought I wasn't. Hopefully the wibble is free on Saturday night.

★BHARTI Mi, my valentine, I will love you always, always, always!

★I. RICHARDS

I come in every morning,

I see you every day,

I think you're really horny, But you chase my mates away.

A Pidge.

★THE SUN

The sun still rises, powerful free from all, the moon still hiding yet seeing all. Sun and moon both they fly, never to meet, can they die? The Moon.

★TO THE Bread Man

Is that a broom in your hand or are you just pleased to see me?

A.N. Other-Pidge.

★MR T—Lemoncurd will always remind me of you!

★I DEDICATE

All my love to

Natalie, my babe.

★TILL THEN awaiting your reply Night and Day.

★I.R.

Oooer, Phweorr Finbarr

Your bacon makes me sizzle,

Your cakes they are so sweet,

Your curry tastes like donkey poo,

Your pizzas taste like feet.

Love EVA.

★I.R.

Grrrr

A.B.

★RICHARD

I know I agreed to do it on the steps of the Albert Hall, but I want to keep the negatives. Luv R.

★I LOVE your LJL's.

★TO THE TWAT with the hat...

Watch out for me tomorrow morning. A Grizley.

★AMY, You just name the ocean, I'll swim it. Want you, need you, miss you, love you. JB.

★I.R.

I'd love to wake up with you tomorrow.

A Grizley.

★DEAR J.G.

I have been thinking about you since I started my PG. Here wishing you well and all the best with your Biology course. Take care of yourself. Love Jimmy.

★I.R.

I've got a big hammer and I'm not afraid to use it.

A Bear.

Roland Flowerdew uncovers a barking vicar, a potato inspector and a man who thinks he's Robin Hood.

Eccentrics



'Are you eccentric? If you think you are, or know someone who may be, contact Dr David Weeks at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital.' This message was on cards displayed around Edinburgh, when Dr Weeks decided to investigate eccentrics and eccentricity in 1984.

His ultimate aim was, and still is, to look at the thought processes of schizophrenics, whose brains seem to function in a sort of secret code, intelligible to no-one but themselves. Instead of jumping in at the deep end, Dr Weeks tackled the lesser, but equally interesting, problem of eccentrics.

What makes an eccentric eccentric? An eighteenth century Scots laird suddenly decided to take to his bed. A couple of years later, he heard that Bonnie Prince Charlie had landed in Scotland, whereupon he jumped to his feet declaring 'I'll arise the noo'. He was later found in bed between two nubile serving women, who, he said, were simply to keep him warm.

There is the case of the Englishman who decided to corner the rice market in San Francisco. To further this end, he bought up the entire rice stocks of the city, with the intent to sell it at a profit later. Unfortunately, several clippers carrying rice sailed into the harbour, so the bottom fell out of the market. Suffering from shock, he declared himself emperor of the United States of America.

The cards displayed around Edinburgh generated newspaper, then radio and television interest in eccentricity, which enabled a large number of people to hear about the investigation. This technique is known as multi-media sampling. Simultaneously, Dr Weeks used the 'snow-ball' method, where friends are asked to ask other friends if they know any eccentrics. The other friends ask their friends and so on, until a whole chain is built up. Over two years, these two methods asked an estimated 30 million people in Britain whether they were, or knew any eccentrics. This sampling figure is only exceeded by the national census in scope.

Some have questioned the validity of these selection methods, saying that they are unscientific and open to abuse. This is partly true; however, Dr Weeks needed to locate eccentrics, rather than conduct an opinion poll. The fact that his sample size was so large means that it is unlikely to be unrepresentative of the whole population.

Following up the returns from this survey, Dr Weeks and his team came across the following:

- The man who invented the 'Balloon Wire Strategic Defence Initiative'; a plan to surround Edinburgh with balloons armed with lasers connected to vibration sensors. His idea was that, in the event of a nuclear strike, the lasers would neutralise the radioactivity. However, the



same person has come up with other, more practical, inventions.

- The militarist, with 30 model tanks across his living-room floor. He had taken to his bed to read books on military history. During the interview, he pulled out a hand grenade and asked 'Frightened, dearie?'

- The vicar of a church in Berkshire, who barks during sermons to liven things up.

- The old lady who said 'I'm trying to become a cultivated enigma.'

- Another old lady, who added another Beatitude to those given in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are the cracked, for they shall let in the light.'

- The potato inspector, who eats nothing but potatoes, and goes on potato holidays to Peru.

- The man who works for the Ministry of Defence. However, in his spare time he identifies with Robin Hood, to such an extent that he walks around complete with bow and arrow, and dressed in Lincoln green.

What distinguishes these people from the 'man-in-the-street'? The study found that eccentrics are enormously creative, and many have vivid dreams. Although they know that the rest of the world considers them peculiar, they have the self-confidence to ignore others. This non-conformism means that they are remarkably free from stress, which in

turn means that they are incredibly healthy: the average eccentric visits his doctor twenty times less frequently than his 'normal' compatriot.

Eccentrics usually start becoming eccentric fairly early in life, from about seven years old and upwards. Frequently their parents are or were fairly strong disciplinarians, but this may be because of the behaviour of their children. There is often a history of eccentricity in the families of eccentrics.

Eccentrics are also extremely curious and highly motivated. Although some of their ideas may be 'wacky', many could be put to good use, but only if people stop dismissing them as being stupid. Eccentrics feel invisible to the rest of the world - for much of the time they enjoy this, because it allows them to get on with their lives without much interference. However, people tend to overlook them as contributors to the benefit of mankind. This they find irritating, because one of the main motivations for an eccentric is to improve the lot of others. They often feel that they are ahead of their time and that the rest of the world is out of step with them.

Most eccentrics are male, but the number of female eccentrics is increasing, probably because of the increasing independence of women. It seems that female eccentrics tend to become so later in life than the males: Dr Weeks found that they tended to get married and raise children, then they 'get rid' of their husbands and restart their lives with an amazing burst of creativity.

Dr Weeks considers that society needs eccentrics. Their ability to cast off preconceptions and ignore conventions means that they can produce radical ideas which can be put to good use. He also draws parallels between the high occurrence of eccentrics in Britain and British creativity. Over half the world's new commercially-adopted ideas and inventions come from Britain. He says 'Eccentricity is essential if society is to have a sufficient variability within itself to adapt successfully to changing conditions.'

IZIT
+
HIPJOINTS

Free before 9.45pm
then £2.50 or £1 (Ents card)
BAR 'TIL 1am
DISCO 'TIL 1.50am



Rufus Isaacs and Fizz Marsh report on Saki-Winki and Bearded Sakis from Kurupukari on the Essequibo.

Expedition Guyana '90



The Guyana '90 Expedition was born two years ago when a poster appeared on the Life Sciences noticeboard saying, 'Anyone want to go to Brazil?'. It was an opportunity far too good to miss, although the Brazilians were less than keen to have seven biologists witnessing the treatment of their forests. So we plumped for Guyana, a tiny country, also in the Amazonian Basin, north of Brazil, which is 80% rainforest. Guyana '90 was an ecological conservation minded expedition to study the flora and fauna of the tropical forests. No one seemed to have studied the forest there since David Attenborough in 1957, and earnest organisation for the trip began.

First stop was an overnight stay in Trinidad, our introduction to the laid back Caribbean life, rum punch, calypso, mosquitos and mind-numbing heat. Next morning, a quick flight took us over the coast of South America. Trees stretched everywhere beneath us, except where the snaking brown rivers cut through the dense green carpet; a breathtaking first glimpse of what was to become our home.

We took a taxi from the airport into the capital (and only) city, Georgetown, where 80% of the Guyanese people live. He took us into the hubbub of Georgetown's market square. Here, full of excitement and a naive wonder at the foreign surroundings, we watched in stunned disbelief as a defenceless old man was robbed of his bag by a teenage thief who leaped just out of his reach, laughing with the crowd who stood by. Water Street, we found out later, was not a place to go shopping alone. Going out anywhere alone or at night was a bad idea, as 'whities' were sitting ducks for the bandits. During a pleasant evening stroll in the tropical air on the first night, four of us were robbed by a couple of broken bottle waving yobs. While we were in Georgetown we saw very few Europeans on the streets.

Part of the reason for the tense atmosphere is the very unstable political situation, as most of the population are of East Indian descent, but governed by West Indians, unsympathetic to their needs. The Peoples National Party government have been accused of ballot rigging in the past, and the people are demanding free and fair elections this time. Riots and racial friction are increasing as the elections, due any time, approach.

The city itself, once a corner of the Commonwealth, still retains much of the past; the statue of Queen Vic, the grand buildings of the High Court and St Georges Cathedral and rattling Morris Minors. Almost every building in Guyana is wooden and on stilts, as the land is mostly beneath sea level and prone to flooding. In the city centre, impressive

elaborate whitewashed houses several stories high line the broad Parisian-style streets with grassy central walkways, shaded by scarlet flowering flame trees. The rich suburban areas along the sea wall contrast strikingly with the poorer quarters where muddy potholed roads thread through the rundown shacks and children play around stagnant drains and decaying rubbish heaps.

Having expected to be at our study site within a week, the problems we had organising food, equipment, permission and transport delayed departure a second week. The smiling Guyanese officials wanted to help, but their inbred love of red tape and bureaucracy was a constant obstacle to progress. In between daily meetings we were invited to teach at local schools. At primary schools, we shouted to be heard above the clamour of hundreds of chattering children, drawing a tree with monkeys, snakes and parrots to illustrate our talk on very basic rainforest ecology.

Departure day dawned on the 17th October and we headed for our destination, Kurupukari, 200 miles south of Georgetown on the Essequibo River, where, we were reliably informed a pontoon would carry us across the river. We travelled in a Toyota Landcruiser driven by the mad Rastafarian, Mr Baptiste, who insisted on stopping for several beers before breakfast and laughed and swore riotously for the entire journey. The equipment was packed into a Mercedes Unimog lorry with huge wheels, looking like it could get anywhere through anything. Our driver, Elvis, held the landspeed record for the journey, and he was warning us how bad the journey was. None of us believed him.

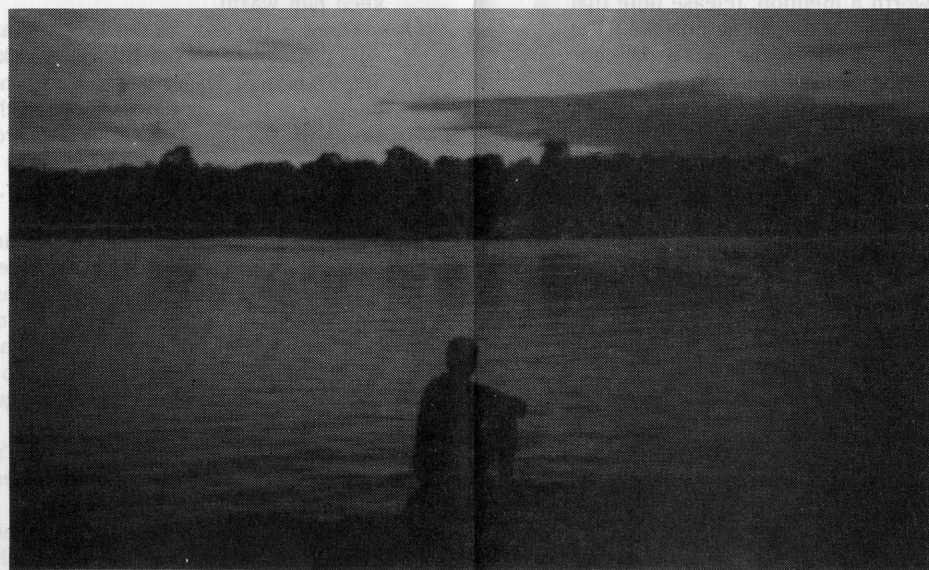
The 200 miles to Kurupukari took a tortuous nine hours. Houses turned to fields and as the tarmac ended and the forest began a feeling of great excitement gripped us all. This was what we had come to see. The cruiser went in front while the Unimog lumbered behind, squeezing between the trees which hugged the narrow road and poked their branches through the windows. The most serious obstacles were the swamps. Both vehicles got stuck and we had to wade in the mud to clear logs and attach the winch before they could be freed.

Eventually a shell-shocked team fell from the vehicles into a small clearing at the edge of the Essequibo at Kurupukari. There was no village and no pontoon (dismay!). The site was occupied by the Canadian Youth Challenge International group (YCI), who told us that the pontoon had been broken for two years, but there was an Amerindian settlement across the river.

Well, we chatted to the YCI gang, then went for our first blissful swim. We were assured that the Pirhana only came out at

night, but something bit a hole in a swimming cozzie! We staggered around trying to cook dinner in an exhausted stupor, and in the end strung up our hammocs for our first night beneath the stars.

The following day, we had our first encounter with the Amerindians. Jonas, a short, dark triangular torsoed man with wiry dark hair and a solemn expression paddled some of us across the river to search for a study site. Alighting by some beautiful rapids, our guide led us up a small grassy hill through lime trees and coconut palms to the village. This comprised of several wooden palm-thatched huts on stilts, seemingly occupied by only a few chickens. We were met by Captain Andrez, the 68 year old boss of the village. A bright eyed, round faced, loquacious man who welcomed us eagerly. He took us to the small wooden stilted school building, built by Operation Raliegh in 1988, unused



since the government had not provided a teacher. After a couple of hours looking at possible campsites in the forest, we decided to stay in the schoolhouse and walk in to the forest every day to work.

Dawn started each day with the distant roaring of the Howler Monkeys shouting across the mist shrouded tree-tops. The mammal trappers would go off before breakfast to check their traps. Things weren't always easy; mammals were elusive and not inclined to be trapped. This was all rather conducive to nervous breakdown but fortunately jacuzzis in the rapids and the delight of wandering through the virgin forest in our spare time kept us sane.

Huge buttressed trees, towered majestically straight up into the dense canopy. Thick woody vines spiralled around branches and trunks. Here and there a tree had toppled over slightly, still held up by other trees and creepers, but letting shafts of sunlight sparkle through the green. Otherwise the light was quite

dim and the air relatively cool. It was incredibly silent, the atmosphere soothing and secure, the ancient grey trunked trees were the epitomy of complete serenity. The only sounds were the whistling and calling of the birds above, the periodic squawk of macaws, the buzzing of wasps and the helicopter whir of the Hermit humming birds that darted around, sometimes only inches from our faces.

We saw several species of monkeys, often disturbing their feeding and seeing a rustling branch in the canopy. With much patience, their bright orange, long haired bodies could be viewed as they moved slowly and carefully between trees. The extremely rare Black Spider Monkeys were even more timid. Although initially inquisitive, they seemed to evaporate into the leaves once disturbed. In contrast, Capuchins were obstreperous creatures, screeching and swinging from tree to tree throwing debris down to

chase us away. We also caught sight of large troupes of Squirrel Monkeys, or Saki-Winki, and Bearded Sakis.

The Amerindians were very hospitable; Augustine, the master fisherman would bring us fish each morning from the previous night's moonlit hunt. Other villagers brought us sweet bananas, refreshing coconuts, berries and fresh lemons and limes. We ate like kings and only resorted to eating rodents occasionally! Even the children, who were initially terrified of our strange white skin, soon greeted us shyly, offering rats and insects which they had caught, to help us with our studies. They also let us in on their tree secrets, sniffing bark and snapping twigs to identify them, sometimes offering gems of stories about the medicinal or food uses of the plants.

We became especially close to Captain Andrez—known as Captain because of his unquestionable knowledge of the river. He passed us very early every morning on his way to the fields beyond the

school, where crops of cassava, yams, peas and sugar cane were tended by the villagers. He would often visit us for breakfast on Sunday (his only day off) or in the evenings when he could be persuaded to take a shot of rum, which made him even more talkative than usual. A very religious man, of high morals, the Captain had an opinion about everything, from the trivial e.g. a woman with a first toe longer than the others will make a bossy wife, to the deeply philosophical, 'No matter how hard they look, scientists will never find God'. He talked endlessly on history, politics, war, science, farming, conservation, love and religion with astounding knowledge, considering he didn't even have a radio and possessed no books. He would invariably end up on the subject of the new road from Brazil which was planned to run past Kurupukari cutting through the forest to the coast, and was reputedly progressing rapidly at a rate of 10km a week, much to the Captain's obvious dismay. He loathed Brazilians and was appalled at the prospect of the road and the havoc it would bring to his peaceful village.

After three weeks at Kurupukari, we met with a team from the Ministry of Agriculture and Wildlife, who were surveying the Black Caimen population (very big alligators with sharp teeth which we weren't scared of at all!). They warned us that the imminent November rains could leave us stranded beyond the impassable swamps. The Captain confidently predicted from the colour of the moon's halo that the rains would come late, if at all this year. In fact, spending Christmas with the Amerindians was quite inviting, but after much debate we decided for safety's sake to pack up and wade through the swamps to drier forest. After getting settled into life at this idyllic site it was hard to leave, after the last swim and final farewells we clambered back onto the Landcruisers and headed for the next camp.

Site 2, at a place called Mimu, was set in a white sandy clearing, by an ice-cold magenta coloured creek. The land was owned by Demerrara Woods Timber Co., who operate small-scale selective felling. A team of their foresters who lived in a palm-thatched hut by the creek, helped us build shelters from wood and tarpaulin, using the ubiquitous, razor sharp cutlasses—one for hammocks, the other as a kitchen/communal room. We were soon back into the routine of work, with help from the Guyanese wildlife team.

Monkeys were arguably more abundant here and we definitely saw more snakes (no fatalities though). Our nearby creek was found to be the night time haunt of a young Spectacled Caimen which we disturbed one evening. Fresh footprints on the road each morning prompted night-time searches for Jaguars, but they

sensibly kept out of sight. Signs of tapir, deer, anteater, agouti and labba were also seen on our travels.

Being next to the jungle track, we were often visited by passing travellers, particularly 'pork knockers'. These wandering gold and gem prospectors, getting their interesting name from their survival on bush pig meat which they tenderise by bashing with hammers. They live a rough life, always on the scrounge for food and tobacco and always ready to strike a deal. Notorious for their sticky fingers they set the camp on edge when they arrived and often left in the dead of night, sometimes with more than they came with the price of their raw gold was too good to pass up and we each bought a pennyweight—enough for one ring.

About a week into our stay at Miku, we saw the first traffic from Brazil pass by, indicating that the new road had been completed. It was disturbing to imagine the changes to Kurupukari where we had been so recently.

After another ten days, the November rains began, in infrequent showers, but becoming daily more fast and furious. Our last few evenings were spent frantically digging gutters to divert the torrents. On the last night, the weight of water collected in the roof and split a massive hole in the tarpaulin, convincing us that it was time to leave.

With both vehicles piled high with bodies and equipment, we slipped our way back towards Georgetown, sorry to leave our beautiful home, but looking forward to a hot shower and cold beer. After seven weeks in the forest, the unfamiliar sights of buildings and crowds of people turned Georgetown into a Manhattan in our eyes. Mirrors, running water, toilets, walls, ceilings, doors and stairs, beds, pavements and traffic all seemed bizarre. The culture shock was eased a little by a night in an air-conditioned hotel with a superb meal, but it still took some time to adjust.

Georgetown seemed like a different city now that we had Guyanese friends to take us around. We went raving at reggae street parties and clubs, squeezing in with wild dancing locals. Shopping for souvenirs at markets, we now paid Guyanese prices, often half what we previously paid.

Mark Johnson, who masterminded Guyana '90 is already organising expeditions for 1992 to Guyana and Trinidad. We strongly advise anyone who is interested and doesn't mind snakes, crocodiles, pirhana or nasty skin invading parasites (didn't tell you about that one) to jump at the chance of being involved.

DIARY DATE: The Guyana '90 will be telling their story with slides on the evening of Feb 21, in Beit W2/3. Cheese and Wine. Look out for posters.



Manic Street Preachers

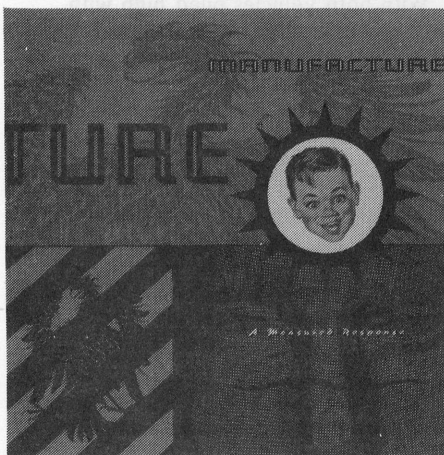
—Motown Junk 12"



'We live it up in hell
We destroy rock and roll'

Expounding the gospel of 'heroin-tainted rock 'n' roll' to the disciples of anarchy and anyone else who cares to listen, the *Manic Street Preachers* have exploded onto the music scene over the last few weeks.

Manufacture



Rose (Felixist extraordinaire) has likened this record to quote Chelsea supporters on acid unquote. I cannot better this description except to say that the avid is of the inspirational rather than musical variety. *Manufacture* are obviously of the industrial school of thought with massive bass and vague electro twitterings swamped in a terrace anthem, but this 12" has none of the power or interest of similar waxings.

The flip contains two remixes of a track that didn't require one.

Assuming you ever find a copy, don't bother.

Stone.

10

'...every 14-year old who sees us doesn't care that we sound awful. He goes home, sells his record collection and wants to burn down Barclays Bank...' they told NME. Are they for real? This comes from four working class Welsh boys wearing eyeliner, tight white trousers and a nice line in home-made shirts, featuring such significant slogans as 'Culture of Destruction' and 'Condemned to Rock 'n' Roll'. 'We're the most brilliant band, I think, in the last fifteen years, just because we don't want to do what's been done before' they announced on SNUB TV. Released on the small indie label—Heavenly, *Motown Junk* is apparently their third single. There are two other tracks—*Sorrow 16* and *We Her Majesty's Prisoners*. All three feature fast and furious guitars and should be played very loudly, but their punky style sounds somewhat dated. Original and brilliant they are not, but they're not bad and they certainly know how to get noticed. If they concentrated more on making music instead of talking shite they might get somewhere.

EGOR.

Echo & The Bunnymen

—ULU 6.2.91

Spring, the time for rejuvenation, flowers, sun and little white rabbits hopping around making even more hopping rabbits. Its a shame the same can't be said for Echo and the Bunnymen.

They combined perfectly with the monotonous and boring supports to produce an evening I have easily forgotten.

My only memory is a fifteen stone stage diver that managed to completely miss the audience and colide face down with the floor. How anyone could stage dive to The Bunnymen I can't understand but people managed it despite the efforts of a very slow hippy.

Everytime somebody got up onto the stage he ran out only to be a second late and see them land face down in the crowd. The one time he was nearly on time he seemed hesitant as to what to do. The result, a very shocked man hitting the floor six feet below.

Sorry, but when you are more interested in the light show than the band its a bad sign.

Anna B

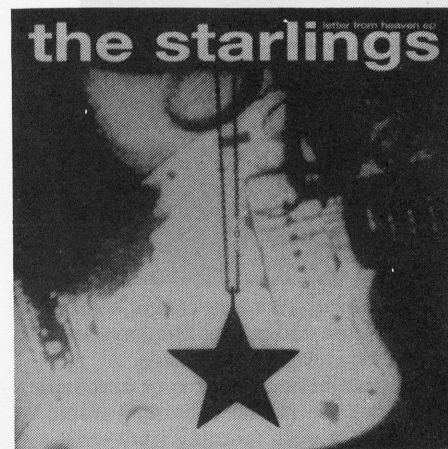
The Starlings

—Letter from Heaven
LP

I just managed to hear this EP over the noise of *Blue Monday* which the flat below insist on playing very loudly and very often. This is the debut single of *The Starlings* who originally come from New Zealand. There are five tracks—starting with a cover of *The Byrds* classic *Wasn't Born to Follow*, with added dance beat—how very original. The title track *Letter from Heaven* was inspired by the story of a convicted drug smuggler who is hung before his mother receives his last letter. Hence the title: *Letter from Heaven*. The words (there aren't many of them) are sung over bluesy riffs, ending with 'Look into the eyes of death and never feel your baby's breath' (apparently a quotation from an episode of *The Waltons*!!).

Two of the three songs on the B-side seem to reveal an obsession about razor blades. *Razor Girl*—'She cut 666 into my skin' and 'Halloween Candy—there's razor blades in the Halloween Candy' (??) aren't really worth a mention. (Please note that Halloween is not a spelling mistake.) The final track, *My Sympathy*, has a definite *Velvet Underground* feel to it. Lou Reed-type vocals glide over an acoustic guitar, nicely helped along by some 'atmospheric' backing vocals. I haven't a clue what they are singing about, but it sounds good.

EGOR.



POST-ABORTION SYNDROME

On Tuesday 19 Feb, IC Pro-Life Society will be hosting a speaker from the British Victims of Abortion, who will talk about this emerging area of concern. Mech Eng 664, 12.40pm

Clubs & Sports



Sailing

The Castaways' Cup is a sailing trophy competed for by all the individual colleges forming the University of London, for which Imperial traditionally enters two teams. The first part of the competition was run as a league, in which the first team finished second, close behind Guys Hospital, while the second team dropped out of sight. The top four teams then went through to the semi-finals. Unfortunately for IC one of our first team helms then had to go home, and his second team replacement was not of the same calibre, as IC narrowly lost to University College, whom they'd beaten earlier. Guy's Hospital eventually thrashed IC in the final, but didn't enter into the spirit of the competition, and it was left to IC and UC to celebrate in the normal fashion.

Water Polo

Any women out there? Come along don't be shy, enthusiastic beginners welcome. Fun on Fridays 7.30-9.00pm for a great game. Have you got a swimming costume? If you haven't, buy one now so that you can play a game which never has a dull moment. Mondays and Fridays at the College Swimming Pool. Regular exercise. There will be swimming practice from 6.30 on the same night including training. Unleash your talents at Women's Water Polo, you'll love it. Zap along.

Dramsoc

Imperial College Dramatic Society will be running a series of acting workshops every Wednesday at 2.30pm in the Concert Hall. These are open to everyone and will cover topics from stage fighting to improvisation. Entry is free.

Cricket

Imperial College Cricket Club sent a team to the UAU 6-a-side Cup at Norwich on Sunday February 3. Despite an excellent effort by Paul Wiltshire, who averaged over 100 with a swashbuckling 73 not out, ICC were knocked out after only two matches. This was mainly due to inexperience of the indoor game, however we will try again next year, hoping Andy Jones and Daniel Jaffe will do better than 0 and 3 respectively.

Don't forget Cricket Nets at Lords every Tuesday at 9pm. Also on Monday 18 February there will be a curry night for members of ICC. Meet at Southside at 6.30pm and on to Khan's at 8.30pm.

Third World First

Third World debt is one of the fundamental causes of impoverishment. 3rd World 1st, a national campaigning organisation on 3rd world issues is participating in a Europe-wide campaign directed at requesting the major banks to: a) reduce, by at least half, the debts owed to the banks by the largest debtor countries, and, b) cancel completely the debts owed by the poorest countries.

Coming Events

1. Stall in the JCR: Tuesday 19 Feb, 12.30-2.30pm. Come to our stall if you would like to do any of the following: sign a petition or a letter to your bank

manager; have all your cheques stamped with the message 'stamp out third world debt now'; pick up a leaflet, buy or browse through a selection of books, food and craft products from Third World producer groups; talk to us.

2. A talk on the debt crisis by Rob Wilkinson of the World Development Movement on Thursday 21 February from 12.45-1.45pm in Mech Eng 542.

3. Follow-up to the letter writing campaign will take place during our weekly meetings on Fridays at 12.45pm in Southside Upper Lounge.

Film - Internal Affairs

Last summer, after a break of a few years, Richard Gere came out with a pair of films of a completely contrasting nature. The first *Pretty Woman*, was a happy fairy tale romance, the other, *Internal Affairs*, a riveting thriller.

When Raymond Avilla (Andy Garcia) starts to investigate corruption in the Los Angeles police department: malpractice which they believe also includes Dennis Peck (Richard Gere), an officer much respected for his apparent efficiency. The film concerns these two principal characters and how Raymond gradually uncovers the shady side of Peck.

The film has a cracking narrative drive and moody atmosphere and some excellent performances. The title is a double entendre which refers not simply to the LAPD division of that name, but also the way in which the monstrous

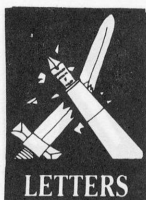


Peck cunningly and cruelly manipulates both Raymond's emotions and his wife. The interplay between the two men is frequently electric. Come along and see it next Thursday, 21 February, at 7.30pm in Mech Eng 220.

Cross Country

Whilst ordinary people gathered fuel and kindling for the onset of the cold snap, the Phonoecian Spartans were girding their not inconsiderable loins to attempt another feat of abjectly sublime athletic insubordination. The snow swirled, the glasnost wind blew, but at the top of the tree there was little change. Frank, frightened to a frozen standstill in his vest and shorts by the prospect of a first individual win, came the usual and splendid 5th; Alex after a brief hiatus from the top 10 was in with a bullet at 8th, while Bill and Laurence fought it out to come 13th and 14th. From out of the metaphorical and personal gloom flew a shaggy haired hero. Duncan was only held back at 35th by failing to adequately

time his biorhythms with his menstrual cycle, a gross lack of professionalism from an otherwise perfectly prepared athlete. Next, in quasi gurka fashion, were Dave, Ian and Jolly Bobby in 50th, 51st and 52nd. Our Asian disciple then returned spurting blood, while Dave splendidly larded himself into all but last. On the girlie front, Edwige continued her continental assault to come 2nd, while Helen, with her terrific team spirit, came 11th and left immediately. Male Bonding was forged in the Anvil of Siberia when the course markers had to be collected on a windswept and desolate wasteland which days before had been recognisable as Richmond Park. Such is life at the top...



Scribbler's Corner...

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS
IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and find out about weekend training. Weekly meeting.
- Yacht Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Huxley 413.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.40pm
Union Lounge.
- 3rd World First Meeting**.....12.45pm
Southside Upper Lounge. AGM and elections.
- Huxley Soc Bookstall**.....1.00pm
JCR.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. See Islamic Society.
- Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym.
- C.U. Prayer Meeting**.....5.00pm
413 Maths.
- Yoga**.....5.30pm
Southside
- Christian Union Meeting**.....6.00pm
308 Computing.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre. New members always welcome.
- Fencing Club Training**.....6.40pm
Club training.
- Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo**.....7.30pm
Sports Centre. Come along and join in.
- Southside Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.

SATURDAY

- Kung Fu Club**.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in Southside Gym.

SUNDAY

- Sunday Service**.....10.00am
Anteroom Sherfield Building. See West London Chaplaincy.
- Catholic Chaplaincy Mass**.....11.00am
53 Cromwell Road.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.
- Yoga**.....10.30am
Southside Gym.
- Kung Fu Club**.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in the Union Gym.
- Catholic Mass**.....6.00pm
53 Cromwell Road, followed by supper.

MONDAY

- RockSoc Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. All abnormalities welcome.
- Basketball Club**.....5.30pm
Volleyball Court. Men's Team.

Real Photography

Dear FELIX,

I, too, graduated last year and attended the Commemoration Day ceremony last October. I was very disappointed with the way my graduation photographs came out—when they were being taken I got the impression that the photographer just didn't care about the way the subject looked. While we were waiting in line his assistant came round and straightened the gowns and hoods but when I was standing in the 'studio', the photographer barely looked at me, he just focussed the camera and, without any warning, took the picture. For the first photograph he took so long to focus the camera that I had dropped my smile and the photograph shows me with a very peculiar expression. For the second photograph I was reduced to keeping a fixed smile on my face until he had taken the photograph—which looks almost as bad. I felt that it wouldn't have taken much effort for the photographer to say one simple word, such as 'Ready?', before he released the shutter to warn me that he was about to take the picture and give me time to get prepared, particularly as they are, as Tim Walker points out, the only company available on site and that they were charging a lot of money (my photographs cost £30).

My mother's verdict on the photographs was that they were 'not bad' which is not the right response to a photograph which is supposed to remind you of one of the biggest days of your life. I have asked a few other people who graduated at the same time what they thought of their photographs and only one person was reasonably happy and even he said that his 'grew on him'. Other comments I have received are that the photographers were 'adequate' (from Amanda Baker) and Christopher Horne (last year's C&G President) said that his hair was untidy—which the photographer could have told him about—and that his expression was awful.

I have resorted to hiring a gown again (at a cost of £17) and getting a friend of my parents to take some more photographs of me. This way I know that the photographer will take some care over the way I look and will try to catch me at my best. The lasting impression of Camera 7 that I obtained was that they had a captive audience and that they had a job to do which they wanted to complete as quickly as possible—no matter how it turned out.

Yours sincerely,
Philippa Hogben.

Real Life

Dear FELIX,

Life, I ask you. What is the point? After all, just think, you're born, you live, you die...and for what? You're dead, you can't take anything with you when you're gone, so is there any point to life at all?

Well, who cares, we're here, so we might as well enjoy it. So how do we do that? Get pissed! Great, but you spend all your money, and end up throwing up or with a murderous migraine the next day. What fun is that?

What about shagging? That's fun, isn't it? Well, judging by the 'real man' and 'real woman' letters that have appeared in FELIX, it seems a lot more trouble than it's worth. Or how about love, and making love? (The difference is that shagging involves some bimbo you picked up, and is 'better than a wank', whereas making love involves a relationship between two equal partners, and is much more fulfilling). This involves someone else, and the problem here is that if you base your life around someone else, then being only human they're bound to let

you down sooner or later; and where does that leave you?

How about knowledge, wisdom, science? Sure, you can dedicate your life to these, but in the end, the more you learn about life, the more you realise the sheer futility of it all; it's like chasing the wind.

What else can you aim for in life? Money? That doesn't get you anything except the desire for more money. Power? But that involves responsibility, and responsibility sucks. Fame? Fame is hell, you can't even walk down the street without being besieged by bimbos who want to talk to you/get your autograph/shag you, and you get your private life spattered all over the Sun.

So what is the point of life? Surely there must be more to it than this? If not, we might as well go commit suicide tomorrow. So is there any more to life? Well, sod it, nothing else seems to do any good; maybe there is something to this God-Squad lark after all.

A real human being.



Real Funding

Dear Andy,

Baa! There is supposed to be a committee structure in ICU that exists to ensure that when a decision is made, it reflects the views of the student populous.

Students at IC are represented by the sabbaticals and elected representatives, both social and academic. Yet these people have so little to say at the relevant meetings.

I write with particular reference to the Council meeting of February 11 1991. Anyone who attends one of these, and any student is so entitled, will have noticed that few people bother to take part in important discussions.

For example, £4,000 was passed from UFCs (University Funding Council) budget, without a full UFC being called. The Chairman (Benjamin Turner) is a member of Council, but allowed this to happen.

Real Driving

Dear Andy,

Let's get straight to the point, no religion, no sex, just driving.

What is a Petromizer? We'll believe the claims made when we see them—and look forward to hearing from Dr John Speight.

In response to the cars and the environment article in FELIX 891 there are a few points we would like to make, but first one question.

1. Who wants a Porsche anyway—all Porsches sold today have catalytic converters fitted as standard, you name us one Real Man who'd drive a car with a cat—much better to buy a car without one to avoid the boring job of cutting the thing out of the exhaust and fitting a bit of drain pipe in its place?

2. 120 kph? Are you in town? If you get bored at this speed take some advice from a Real Man and either a) drive faster or b) throw the car sideways for the sheer hell of it.

3. If one in four drivers are not concentrating on driving may we hypothesize that SHE is probably adjusting her make-up in the rear view mirror (what else could it possibly be for girls?) Before you jump to the typewriter to say that women have less accidents than men—of course they don't and the reason for this is blatantly obvious to all. Women don't drive as fast as men. It's a sure bet that if they could they'd have a lot more accidents.

4. You might find it alarming to find that a car is made every second but rest assured that most of these will not be Real Cars. For example a Fiesta is not a Real Car, a Lancia Delta Integrate S4 is! A Real Car must have:

- A male driver
- No catalytic converter

There was a definite conflict of interests, but the various representatives of the populous appeared unconcerned. There was more debate concerning a new society forming, and then there was about £4,000 being released for market research, with the potential for a much higher expenditure (from where?) should the authorised company suggest it. Although would this pass (!) through the committee structure I am concerned that thousands more could be 'rubber-stamped' in a similar way.

It is disappointing that so few members of Council (the Union's sovereign body) queried the rush release of funds so that the President could confirm his plans to the company immediately after the meeting.

R D Eyers, Publications Board Chair.

- Run on leaded petrol
- 4 wheel drive
- At least 250 bhp

A Real Car does not have enough room for sex—if it does then the engine isn't big enough. As for picking your nose may we remind women drivers—two hands on the steering wheel unless changing gear.

5. Electric vehicles! Are you joking?

By definition electric vehicles cannot be exciting to drive. Maximum torque at zero revs make for a boring power curve. Wheel spin becomes impossible. We don't want wheel spin to tear away from traffic lights like boy-racers, it is merely a necessity to soften the gear change from first to second.

As far as the environment goes (and that's not far is it?) electric vehicles simply shift the source of pollution from the exhaust pipe to the chimney of the power station.

6. The Lotus Carlton gives us the Horn. 176 mph. Where and why? Everywhere and why not?

May we now pose our solutions to Britain's motoring problems.

1. Ban all women from driving. This will reduce the number of cars on the roads by at least 50% and emissions by a similar amount.

2. Remove all speed limits and the driver's liability for personal injury to others. This will further reduce the residual congestion—traffic speeds will increase dramatically and the residual pedestrians will be faster at crossing the roads.

3. Issue all Real Men with Lotus Carltons, preferably with a Nitro kit as 176 is a bit slow, oh and a cowcatcher would be a bit useful.

Yours sideways,
Some Real Men.

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE

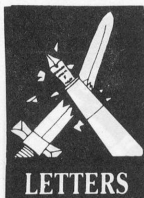
Keep Fit	5.30pm
Southside Gym.	
Intermediate Rock 'n' Roll	6.00pm
JCR.	
Swimming	6.30pm
Sports Centre. New members always welcome.	
Beginners Rock 'n' Roll	7.00pm
JCR.	
Water Polo	7.30pm
Sports Centre. Come along and try one of the most physically demanding sports.	
Latin American	8.00pm
JCR.	

TUESDAY

C.U. Prayer Meeting	8.30pm
Chaplain's Office	
3rd World First Stall	12.45pm
JCR. See boxed announcement.	
Riding Club Meeting	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
AudioSoc	12.30pm
S.C.R. for cheap records, CDs and hi fi discounts.	
Radio Modellers	12.30pm
Southside Lounge.	
Cathsoc Mass	12.30pm
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.	
Sailing Club	12.30pm
Southside Lounge.	
Pro-Life Soc Talk	12.40pm
Mech Eng 664. Post Abortion Syndrome.	
PhotoSoc	1.00pm
Southside Lounge. New members to join.	
Radio Modellers	5.30pm
Student training workshop, Mech Eng.	
Keep Fit	5.30pm
Southside Gym.	
Amenesty International	5.30pm
Clubs Committee Room. Weekly meeting.	
Wine Tasting Soc	6.00pm
Union Lounge. Weekly meeting. Everyone welcome	
Improvers Ballroom	6.00pm
JCR.	
Canoe Club	6.15pm
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.	
Judo	6.30pm
Union Gym.	
Ballroom Bronze Medal	7.00pm
JCR.	
Yoga	8.00pm
Southside Gym.	
Pancake Party	8.30pm
More House. Organised by Cathsoc.	
Cricket Nets	9.00pm
Lords. Meet at 7.45pm in Mech Eng Foyer. Must bring whites.	

WEDNESDAY

Keep Fit	12.30pm
Southside Gym.	



What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS
IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE

Bike Club	12.45pm
Southside Lounge.	
Cycling Training	1.00pm
Meet at Beit Arch.	
Wargames	1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.	
Micro Club Meeting	1.15pm
Top floor NW corner Union Building. Every week.	
Kung Fu	1.30pm
Union Gym.	
DramSoc	2.30pm
Union Concert Hall.	
Diving	6.30pm
Swimming Pool.	
Shaolin System Nam Pai Chuan	7.00pm
Southside Gym.	
Basketball Club	7.30pm
Volleyball Court. Women's Team	
Kung Fu Club	7.30pm
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.	

THURSDAY

Fencing Training	11.30am
Intermediate & advanced coaching.	
Balloon Club Meeting	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
YHA Meeting	12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.	
Postgrad Lunch	12.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens). See West London Chaplaincy.	
Fencing Training	12.30pm
Beginners Training.	
Third World Debt Crisis	12.45pm
Mech Eng 542. Rob Wilkinson of the World Development Movement speaks.	
Breaking the Shackles	1.00pm
In Huxley 340. Michael Newman talks about T.H. Huxley and H.G. Wells at Imperial College. See Huxley Soc for info.	
Fencing Training	1.30pm
General.	
Gliding Club Meeting	1.00pm
Aero 266. Come and arrange a trial flight. All newcomers welcome.	
Keep Fit	5.30pm
Southside Gym	
Midweek Service	5.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens). See West London Chaplaincy.	
New Beginners Ballroom	6.00pm
JCR.	
Judo	6.30pm
Union Gym.	
Improvers Ballroom	7.00pm
JCR.	
Intermediate Ballroom	8.00pm
JCR.	
Southside Disco	8.30pm
Southside Bar.	
ICCAG Soup Run	9.15pm
Meet Weeks Hall Basement.	

Real Opinion

Dear Andy,

At the risk of boring everyone to death, I'd like to continue the great IC Abortion Debate. So far we've heard from Pro-Life, Christians, a prat and a Greek goddess. As I fit none of these categories I hope to offer an original point of view.

Abortion enthusiasts at Imperial appear to agree on the need for a time limit, and thankfully no one has yet advocated the good old NUS stance of abortion on demand up to birth. Athena suggested this limit should be 'the time at which the baby can safely be removed and survive', but this is arbitrary and impractical. It depends on the health of the mother, on the equipment available, on how many nursing unions are on strike that week, on lots of things. The only way to tell if a baby will survive is to deliver it by Caesarian section, hook it up to a mega-expensive incubator, pump it full of drugs, and wait and see. I doubt this would be a satisfactory situation, either to the mother who wants rid of the child, or the taxpayer who is splashing out on thousands of incubators. To avoid this you could err on the side of caution, and set a lower limit at which the child definitely couldn't survive, but I don't think this would satisfy Athena.

The suggestion I favour is the one I think Jason Pike was aiming at in FELIX 888. If we could identify a time 't' at which life begins we could use that as our limit. Before the egg/foetus/embryo/child is just a blob, and you can do what you want with it; destroy it, experiment on it, play football with it, the choice is entirely that of the woman concerned. But after t this sack of chemicals, DNA and whathaveyou is by definition alive, and must enjoy the simple right not to be killed just because it isn't wanted.

So it's off to the Biology Department to define 't'. When does life begin? At fertilisation? At implantation in the

womb? Or when the brain starts to function in a particular way? Or not until birth? Even later, when the child first realises it is alive? Forty? Maybe Bishop Berkely was right, and nobody is ever alive because they are all just figments of your imagination.

Armed only with a biology 'O' Level, I would tentatively suggest that life begins at conception, for the usual reasons (identifiable individual, unique DNA, etc). If someone out there knows better, please say.

As far as I can tell, abortion is the killing of a human being, which certainly shouldn't be encouraged. There are, of course, times when killing people is okay. For instance, shooting an armed terrorist or psychopath is usually a pretty wise move. Killing a foetus is necessary if continuing with the pregnancy will injure the mother. But what of pregnancies arising from rape or incest? And what about pregnancies 'injurious to the mental health of the mother'? I dare not pass judgement on these cases, for fear of provoking the wrath of Athena and other feminists; but I don't think it should be solely up to the woman involved whether to kill her child. We are talking about 180,000 avoidable deaths a year: there must be some national consensus on when this is and isn't acceptable. I hope that one day people will stop regarding abortion as another means of family planning, and will recognise it as a specialised and rather gruesome form of infanticide. Maybe then the social pressures which today force women to have abortions will be removed. If the anguish and despair many pregnant women suffer is replaced with concern for the welfare of their child, that would do more than any amount of legislation to reduce the senseless slaughter this country currently condones.

Yours,
Ultan McCarthy.

Simple Truth

To whom ever it may concern.

I have had an abortion. Yes, I am the scum of the earth who has killed another human being.

This happened two years ago and I still cry myself to sleep on a regular basis. But what kind of life could I have given my child in a shitty little bedsit somewhere with no job and no money?

Now I am going to stir up all your self-righteous, unforgiving Christians: would God have given me the money I needed? No, the government would and we all know that it is not enough to bring up a

small baby properly.

The point of this letter is: I am fed up with people writing into FELIX shoving their opinions down others' throats. Everyone is entitled to their own opinions, but you've had your say now. Please let's stop this correspondence. It hurts me and others like me. I do not want to forget my child, but I don't want to be reminded by narrow-minded idiots who have no idea of the hell I went through.

Name and address withheld by request.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

●URGENT! URGENT! URGENT! We are looking for a second or third year engineering student with lots of initiative who is available at times during the day to help us with market research of the chemical and pharmaceutical industries as part of a project for Raychem, a leading manufacturer of sophisticated materials. Flexible hours, very competitive pay, working with two MBAs from London Business School. Interested? Ring Georgina Baker on 081-740 1448 or Charlotte Haynes (ex-IC student) on 081-740 4574 for further information.

●GUILDS Dinner and Dance tickets ready from the Guilds Office, level 3 Mech Eng.

●INDUSTRIAL SOC. Talk by Michael Tripp. February 20th. Chem Eng Lecture Theatre 1.

ACCOMMODATION

●CHEAP: £30 p/w until Easter in Earls Court. Extra person required to share with 3 male UGs from IC in double room. It's cheap because it's being subsidised, normally £42. Phone 071-373 6127 late evening (after 11pm is a good time).

●SINGLE ROOM available from April to end of June, Battersea, £55 p/w. Phone 071-924 4142.

FOR SALE

●REEBOK Energy Return Women's white shoes. Bought 12.4.90. Aerobic 4100 ERS: Aerobics, LOW. Size 10 USA, 8 UK, 42 Eur. Made in Korea. Worn very little, mostly used on carpet in my flat. Unsuitable for me as my foot has changed after a fracture. Original price £39. What offers? Contact Nesta Coxeter on ext 8950, Room 741, Mech Eng.

●HIGH QUALITY flying jacket. Very warm. £250 ono. Phone Steven Ralph on 071-373 2910.

Editorial

Exams and other Problems

Once more our non-sabbatical editor is swept under the rising tide of his departmental exams. So, the task of producing this anorexic Felix (and rant) falls to the lesser minions known as the student staff. We are not a closed shop. We want as many people as possible to join us. So whether you are a new or old member of this esteemed college, come along and help out.

Lies, Damned Lies and Market Research

Consider a point raised by the letter 'Real Funding', concerning the way the Union handles financial matters. Now, this is your money and yet most of you show no concern as to how it is spent. Believe it or not the Union actually consists of the 5000 or so students that make up IC, and it does not exist to give a few dozen hacks something to do in their spare time. The only way things can get any better is if YOU get involved (all of you).

Students and Normal People

Once again it appears that some people want the College to become Imperial College Plc. One of the main functions of Universities is to educate not only

students, but also the general public. Some administrators are trying to restrict public access to open lectures in College. Further divorce from the real world serves no one but the pen-pushers.

News Meeting 3.00pm Wednesday

All who are interested in this vital area of Felix welcome. Free Coffee (and milk and sugar, if required).

Credits

Typesetting & Printing: Rose and Andy

News Editors: Anna & Adam H.

Arts Editor: Adam T.

Music Editor: John

Features Editor: Roland

Photo Editor: Richard

Collating: GAE Ltd.

The Team: Stef, James, Chris Riley, Ian, the Flying Gerbil, his Amazing Machine, their freind, Killer Bob, the potato, Rufus & Fizz, EGOR, Anna B and all you lovers out there!

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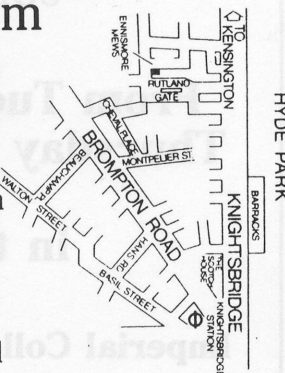


STUDENT PIPELINE

BLIND DATE PARTY
at the
ENNISMORE ARMS
Saturday 16th February
7-11pm

Guest Bitter £1.10
Guest Lager £1.10

Guest bitter and guest
lager only £1.10 as from
16.2.91 every night
between 7-11pm when
you show the barstaff
your student union card





The Good, the Bad and the Consequences

The 'Greens' have been campaigning since the early 1970s, but it was not until the 1980s that the public at large became environmentally aware. With the environmental society suddenly becoming an inclusive, not an exclusive organisation everyone was jumping on the 'environmentally aware consumer' bandwagon; organic food, low energy lightbulbs, biodegradable bin liners. Roisin Orosz of Ark points out that 'people read and believe what they see at Sainsbury's, whilst government publications are still ignored.'

Instantly the press branded industry the 'bad guys'. Pressure groups inherited the halo and were assumed righteous. It was their role not to see ICI's point of view. ICI justify their work as trying to increase people's standard of living. Instantly we have a clash between people who put the environment first and people who put people first. As a journalist put it last week; 'The Kurds or the Birds', when referring to the help that has been flooding in to rescue the wildlife in the Gulf, when the victims of chemical weapons were sadly neglected.

Success for Environmental Lobbyists Chris Riley

Clearly the planet can survive without us. We can't survive without the planet. So what effect, if any, have the environmental lobbyists had upon the way industry operates?

BP admits that it has taken environmental measurements which it probably would not have taken so quickly without pressure. 'What has changed is the rate at which environmental knowledge has spread'. BP are aware that an offensive attitude towards green issues is not conducive to raising equity. 'Such issues should be tackled in a pro-active way.'

Although apparently content for now to keep Antarctica out of bounds BP admits that elsewhere environmental costs have also rendered areas unobtainable. 'The cumulative effect of the environmental lobby is enormous. 25-40% of the future developments, (effectively 4-6.5 billion barrels of oil), could be prevented now because of environmental restrictions.' The environmental movement have finally achieved recognition within industry and for the first time future industrial objectives will only be achieved by working together.

Environmental & Appropriate Technology Society EVENTS

TUESDAY 19 FEB

Environmental Consequences of Paper

Use—Mech Eng 213/214, 12.45pm

WEDNESDAY 20 FEB

Environmental Question Time—RSM

Room 1.31, 7.30pm

FRIDAY 22 FEB

Social Evening and AGM

THERE IS ANOTHER WAY...

an exhibition on the
Middle East—the history,
the conflicts...the
solutions?

From Tuesday 19th to
Thursday 21st February
in the JCR

Imperial College Jewish Society

THIRD WORLD DEBT CRISIS

Tuesday 19th February
12.30-2.30pm
JCR

*come along to our stall and
sign a petition to reduce the
debt*

ALSO

Thursday 21st February
12.45-1.45pm
*a talk by Rob Wilkinson of the
World Development Movement*

SEE CLUBS ARTICLE FOR
MORE DETAILS