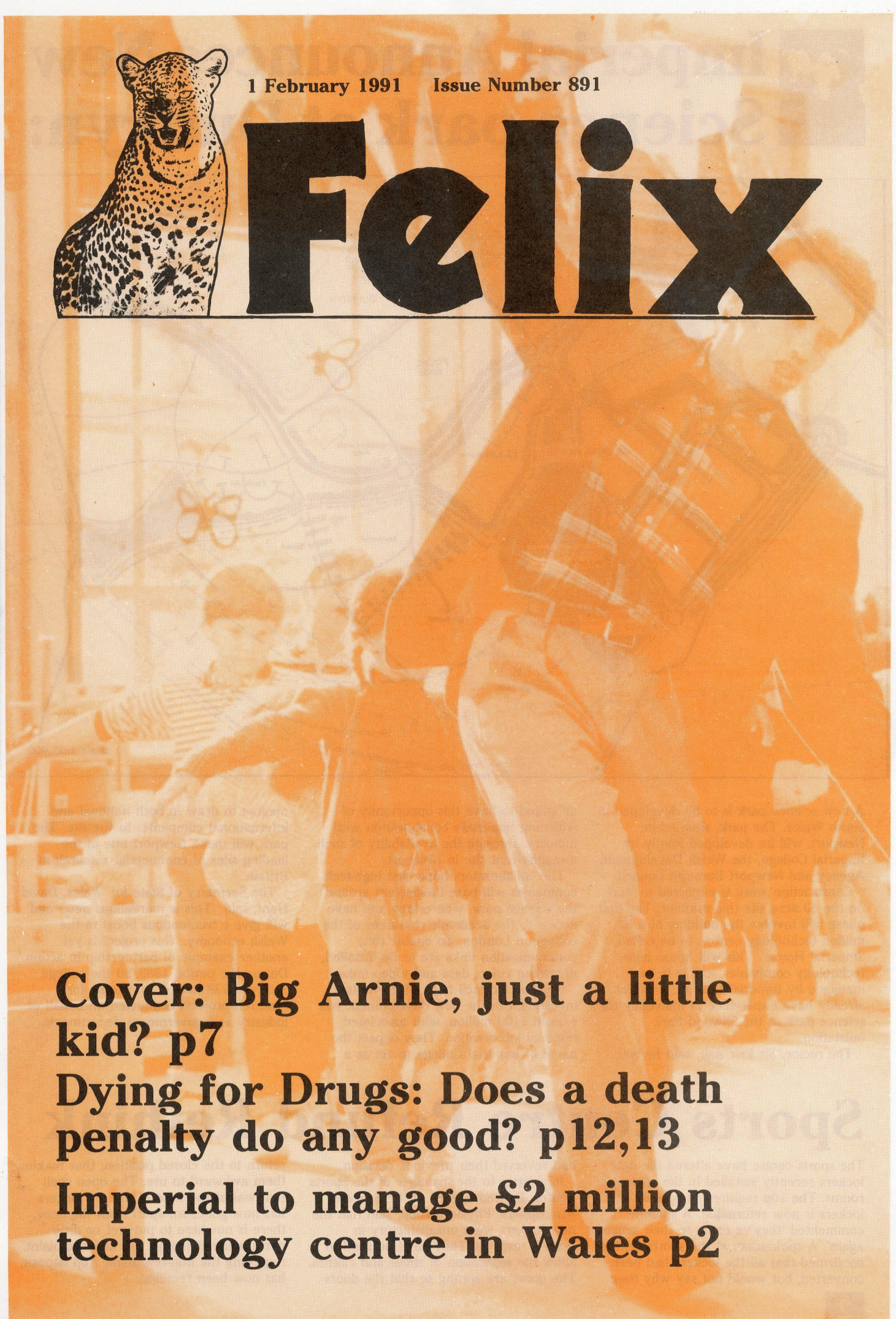


SP



1 February 1991 Issue Number 891

Felix



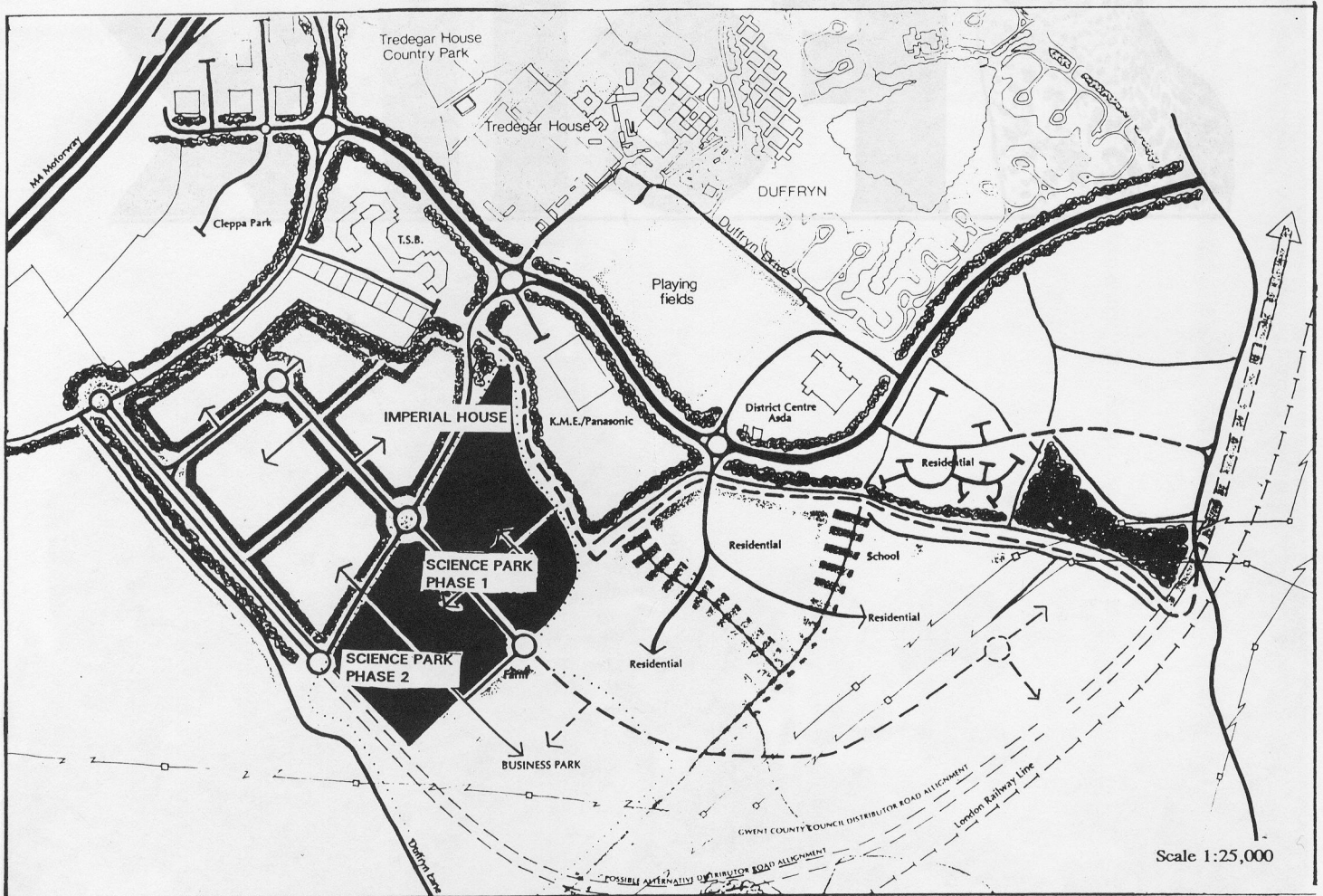
Cover: Big Arnie, just a little kid? p7

Dying for Drugs: Does a death penalty do any good? p12,13

Imperial to manage £2 million technology centre in Wales p2



Imperial Announces New Science park at Duffryn:



A new science park is to be developed in South Wales. The park, situated in Newport, will be developed jointly by Imperial College, the Welsh Development Agency and Newport Borough Council.

Construction work is expected to start on the 40 acre site this summer. The first phase will involve the building of a £2 million technology centre, to be called 'Imperial House'. This will house high-technology companies, and is to be managed by Imperial College. Imperial already have experience in managing the science park at the Silwood Park outstation.

The rector, Sir Eric Ash, said he was

delighted to have this opportunity of widening Imperial's collaboration with industry, through the availability of such a magnificent site in Newport.

The collaborators hope that high-tech companies will base themselves around the science park, where they will have access to the academic resources of the college in London. To enable this, communication links are to be installed, providing voice, data and video links.

Newport Council hope that eventual investment in the new development will exceed £100 million, with associated regional job creation. They expect the name of Imperial College to act as a

magnet to draw in both national and international companies to the site. The park will make Newport one of the leading sites of commercial research in Britain.

The Secretary of State for Wales, David Hunt, said: 'This is marvellous news and will give a tremendous boost to the Welsh economy. This project is yet another example of partnership in action.' During the period 1989/90 the college received £39 million in income for research projects conducted on behalf of industry and government departments.

Sports Centre Refund Rethink

The sports centre have altered the new lockers recently installed in the changing rooms. The 10p required to operate the lockers is now returnable. A student commented 'they've come to their senses again'. A spokesman at the sports centre confirmed that all the lockers had been converted, but would not say why they

had reversed their previous decision.

In a letter to the manager of the Sports Centre, Dr Ken Bignell of the Space & Atmospheric Physics Group, said that the new lockers were unsatisfactory in several respects. They have no shelf to allow the separation of shoes and clothes. The doors are sprung so that the doors

return to the closed position, thus making them awkward to use. The open shelf that was at the base of the old lockers has now gone, so, apart from the floor, there is nowhere to put wet or dirty items while changing. His key complaint, regarding the non-returnable 10p deposit, has now been rectified.

Flexible Friend

All full-time home students at Imperial are eligible to apply for the student access funds, which are a Government provision against hardship resulting from the withdrawal of housing and other benefits.

Registry have reported that take-up for the access funds has been slow, possibly because many students feel that they do not fit into the so-called eligible categories. This is not the case: there is a safety net whereby any student facing financial difficulty can be considered for payment. Yve Posner, the Union Welfare Officer, has said that all students with any financial problems should apply.

The nominal closing date for applications is 8 February, and application forms are available from room 344 in the Sherfield building.

Imperial College Committee to Stop War in the Gulf



The Chairman of the Anti-War Committee, Philip Gribben

On 31 January the Imperial College Committee to Stop War in the Gulf met for the first time. From a turn-out of about forty, eight people volunteered for the committee. The committee's immediate concern was to drum up support for this Saturday's march through central London.

One of the current objectives of the British anti-war movement is to raise its profile nationally as international peace

protests gather momentum.

Demonstrations in Washington, Bonn and Berlin have attracted mass public support while last week's London march had a comparatively low turn-out.

Imperial's committee for peace does not want any party political ties. It intends to join the national 'Committee to Stop War in the Gulf' and hopes to be the shortest lived Imperial College society ever.

Eccentric?

'In Pursuit of Eccentrics' - Dr David Weeks from the Royal Edinburgh Hospital will be giving two lectures on his search for 'persons who deviate from normal forms of behaviour, especially in a bizarre manner'. He has uncovered over 4000 so far, who find eccentricity a good strategy for survival.

Dr Weeks will be showing videos of some of the most eccentric eccentrics. These include the woman that kept a red plastic lobster with her, lovingly stroking it when seated, and the man who likes to dress up as a pink elephant and abseil down buildings. He claims to have cured more alcoholics than any doctor.

Both lectures will be on Wednesday 6 February in Lecture Theatre 1, Physics department. The first lecture will start at 1.15pm, all are welcome. The second lecture will be a public lecture, to commence at 5.30pm. Because of safety requirements, numbers will be restricted.

Gulf War Soc

This week, a pro-Gulf War society was formed at Imperial. A spokesman said that their aim was 'to promote the ancient but sadly neglected art of warfare'. 'Saddam must be thrown out, not only from Kuwait, but also from Iraq. This will promote regional instabilities, resulting in further warfare in the region.' It is rumoured that the new society is being sponsored by a German chemical warfare industry.

The chairman of Dassault, the French aerospace group, has been invited to speak at the next meeting of the society on January 15.

A minor incident occurred when supporters of the pro-war society clashed with the anti-war society. Apparently 12 of the pro-war supporters were killed, while casualties among the anti-war supporters ran into hundreds.

Bicycle Security

Yes, we say the same thing every week; buy a D-lock, chains are not secure, but bikes are still being stolen each week. This time there's a new angle: your bike is not safe even if you take it to your office...

This week, bicycles have been stolen from the basement of the Royal School of Mines and from the eighth floor of the Electrical Engineering Department. This is

not, however, the first time bicycles have been stolen from departments; in the last few years the top floors of Physics and Chem Eng have also been hit.

College Security ask students to be wary as bicycle thieves are continuously active around the college. A rear wheel has been stolen from below Sherfield, and two suspects chased off from the rear of the Science Museum Library. Security

would also like students to be vigilant for suspicious packages or unattended bags - please keep your own property with you.

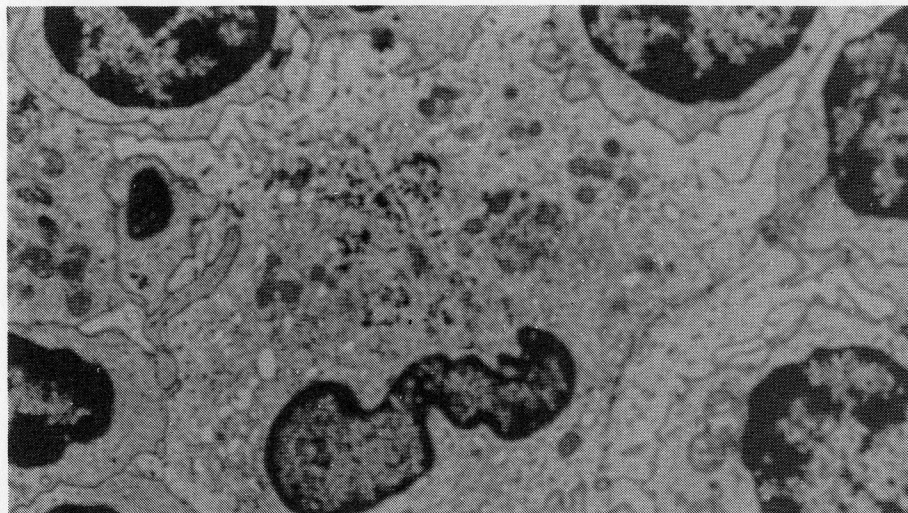
It makes sense to secure your bike to something immovable with a D-lock. These cost £20.50 and are available from College security on level 1 Sherfield, extension 3370.



A meditation on anthropism, religion, immortality, politics, the universe and everything...by the mysterious Fe-Wei...



What About The Fish?



I am never sure whether the plural of break-through is break-throughs or breaks-through, but there have been several in the last few years, under the above heading. The lads who specialise in the big bang, the universe and everything have proved that if the constants and laws of physics differed from those we actually have by even the tiniest degree, no sentient life could have ever evolved anywhere in the cosmos. In other words the universe would have been unobservable, since there would have been no one to observe it. There may of course be other, unobservable, universes but who is to say?

Is it possible to imply that this is all too much of a coincidence—that it therefore must 'all be for some purpose'—without being thought to have made a religious statement? Not necessarily of the 'bearded grandfather figure dispensing miracles and dire retribution from a pink cloud' variety (judging by what has happened to telephone kiosks in our neighbourhood, divine retribution seems to be a little thin on the ground lately; we were in fact told as much on the highest ecclesiastical authority when York cathedral was struck by lightning not so long ago for what seemed to me, as a total layman, very sensible reasons, considering the pronouncements by the local rep). Nonetheless, the probability against it all coming together by random chance is truly astronomical—and that is a purely mathematical statement.

Now it would appear that some religious (well, perhaps not mainstream) thinkers have been affected by these broad view tendencies for some time without being turned to pillars of salt. Teilhard de Chardin thought the direction of Darwinian evolution to lie broadly in a progression towards the attributes of divinity. So if you happen to believe that man's *raison d'être* on earth is to provide food for silverfish who live on the little bits of skin that we shed

from our bodies, that hypothesis would put paid to your creed. Unless, that is, you have reason to believe both (a) that silverfish are better able to survive a nuclear environmental holocaust than we are and (b) that they are capable of evolving into intelligent beings without developing the tendency to exterminate one another in the process. The trouble with silverfish is that at the moment they do not appear to rate very highly as potential observers of the universe. I hope I am not doing them an injustice; like Douglas Adams's white mice they might possibly be the projections into our dimension of pan-galactic mega-intelligent beings, but somehow I doubt it. If mankind were indeed just a rung on the ladder, it might make more sense to suppose that our function is to develop artificial intelligence as a potentially more benign form of intellect which could observe the universe without our tendencies to destroy the planet. We have recently made a not unpromising start in that direction (certainly the PC on which this is being typed seems rapidly to be evolving towards a mind of its own) but it's early days yet.

Unfortunately we are programmed to be altruistic on behalf of our genes rather than intelligence in general. Our brains appear to have evolved to keep the wolf, not to mention our predatory neighbours, from the front door and because of that we do not seem to be at all that well equipped to understand what it is all about. The only tool we have for groping towards the light is severely bent. It is a bit like a caterpillar trying to work out that the shortest distance from where it is on the ground to the top of the nearest tree, from where a hungry bird is eyeing it, is not in fact to the bottom of the tree and then up the trunk. It matters if you are a caterpillar if only because, until you start philosophising, the winged messengers of death have such an easy time performing caterpillar miracles by

violating caterpillar geometry. It should matter to us for very similar reasons, as we shall see.

Our strongest programming, no doubt, is for self-preservation and death avoidance. I cannot help but

*The thought of dying does not cheer me up a lot
Mostly because this is the only me I've got.*

However, I am a bit confused as to whether the me I am so possessive about is the hardware or the software. The hardware is getting so repulsive it hardly seems worth fretting about. Besides, all the bits it is made of have been and will again be recycled, in due course. The software, on the other hand, is so thoroughly networked by what I discuss, read, see on TV, research, etc, that I am not convinced it is just mine; any more than are the innumerable molecules I am transiently playing host to.

I am generally amazingly prone to label things 'mine'—'my children, my land'—perhaps by some perversion of the territorial instinct. No doubt the early caveman grunted 'keep away from my fire' and we still find nothing preposterous about his illusion of presuming to own an oxidation process consuming stuff that grew! Could I be making the same mistake about 'my' consciousness, 'my' intelligence? Perhaps it's not so much that I have consciousness as that some universal consciousness has me. After all, I am definitely misguided in the way I regard as being 'me' the molecules I have just incorporated into my body which were a part of yours a little while ago. We ought to try and understand how Mum Nature works this trick, even if we are not going to groom computers or silverfish to take over, because the delusion evidently causes a lot of misery.

It seems to me that the thing which gives us the conviction of a single 'I', from cradle to grave is essentially just a memory circuit. In the way the stuff of which we are made continuously passes through us, while we retain a self-similar shape, we are rather like waves in a sea of matter. By way of a somewhat inadequate analogy which nevertheless helps us to see ourselves from an external point of view, compare this with a wave on a sea of water. If that had a memory, it would remember being born far out at sea, it would experience the passage of time because of its fixed speed of progression and, eventually break, 'die' and lose its identity on reaching the shore. To become immortal and timeless, all that is required is the realisation—quite obvious to any uninvolved observer—that the wave is the water, the

particles of which do not even travel along with it whilst assuming its form. Now, if the wave did have a memory, this realisation would be out of its reach. This is because the memory must record experiences of the wave form, not of the constituent particles whose histories may all be different, if only because so many particles are required to form a memory. Here the analogy wears thin because there is no reason why a wave should have a memory, whereas it is essential for the working of the evolutionary scheme that we should. Without it, there would be no self-awareness and the obvious way of ensuring that a mechanism will continue to be self-maintaining—indeed self-improving—is to make it strongly egocentric. This will motivate it to avoid damage to itself, to fight to keep alive its present form and to pro-create in a way which involves the choice of the fittest (in the biological sense) partner available. The difficulty we have in accepting these concepts are built in; our minds are constructed so as to suppress experiences which cause us to doubt our self-ness.

The ancient Eastern philosophies have some astonishing insights into such matters, all the more remarkable for being obtained by introspection and in

ignorance of current scientific knowledge. Buddhists might regard the above remarks about ownership as little more than creative plagiarism from the Buddha's teachings on non-attachment. Again, when the Yogi says not 'I am dying' but 'I observe my body to be dying' or, in non-terminal days, when he attempts to attain the nirvana of pure consciousness in meditation by banishing his thought and sensory inputs, he is cultivating the perception that 'he is the water, not the wave' and hence his immortality. This ecstatic state cannot be rationalised in conventional evolutionary useful values, unlike the euphoria induced by the acquisition of a new car, for example. It appears to be more like the elation induced by a beautiful sunset which appears equally pointless in utilitarian terms.

Could we live according to such beliefs—could we so transcend our evolutionary programming and would our society fall apart if we did? All the evidence suggests that any kind of idealism and altruism doesn't stand a chance against our egocentric programming—look how quickly 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs' became 'from each according to his coercibility, to each

according to his Party rank! However, we do now have the beginning of a movement which cares for the environment in the longer term and, after all, what could be more selfish than seeking personal enlightenment? If opinion polls are to be believed, 2/3rds of the population in any case have an innate conviction regarding some sort of survival after death and the pursuit of immortality is a wonderfully egocentric activity. For that matter, remnants of inner contentment evidently can be turned to practical use—like the willingness to work excessive hours—judging by the way the industrialised Buddhist societies of the Far East appear to be taking over.

Perhaps what it is all about is so big and simple that we cannot grasp it (any more than the caterpillar can comprehend bird geometry). Something like the sea of consciousness, intelligence, needing eyes, ears, sensors to experience the material universe, to observe it existing and functioning. Some of us may have to put this into faithspeak by saying that the function of man is to praise the Lord. The risk is that, if it isn't people, perhaps it could be machine intelligence, silverfish or little green men from another galaxy. At least we should put in our bid. **Fe-Wei.**

World Leaders in Student Travel



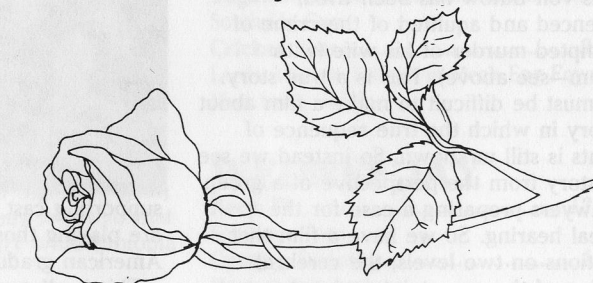
- Low Cost Flights on Quality Airlines
- Special Fares for Students
- Weekend Breaks, Tours & Group Bookings
- Well Travelled Staff to Guide You
- Over 100 Offices Worldwide

ULU Travel
Imperial College
Sherfield Building
London SW7



City and Guilds
MILK TRAY
AND
RED ROSE
DELIVERY

Thursday 14th Feb



Confidentiality Assured
Bookings taken before
Monday 11th Feb

In Guilds Office Cost: From £5.00



Rocky V

LSO

27/1/91

F Your average 'Critic' (ie a person who gets paid to slag films off) will probably hate this. During the press showing several of them gave perfect examples of how to maintain objectivity and suppress innate prejudice. They did this by ridiculing the film before it started, and then meeting several parts of it with derisive laughter (they hadn't seen it before: I asked).

Anyway, enough of 'professional' critics. This, the last (so we're told) of the Rocky series continues immediately after the not so realistic *Rocky IV*. To give you a rough idea, Rocky returns to America to find all his money gone due to a crooked accountant. He retires from boxing, sells his mansion, car, motorbike, gloves, etc, to repay what debts he has, and moves to a run-down house in Philadelphia.

Then he finds out that '...the continued heavy blows to the head...' have given him partial brain damage, and to fight again could cripple him (so it's a good job that he's retired). There then follow various family and personal problems. Most of these are caused by a corrupt boxing promoter who wants Rocky to fight again.

Then a young fighter called Tommy Gunn turns up, and persuades Rocky to train him. Gunn does very well, but is finally tempted away by the money, women, and cars offered by the aforementioned nasty promoter. He then fights for and wins the World Title. Due to some clever psychology the nasty promoter persuades him that to be accepted by the public he must fight



Rocky. This they then do, but not in the way you'd expect, and I'm not telling you who wins. So there.

There are two ways of watching this film. The first was aptly demonstrated by the critics, ie go into it with no intention of enjoying it. The second is to try to keep an open mind and enjoy the film for what it is. I tried the second, and despite the heavy-handed emotionalism, did find myself willing Rocky to win in the last scenes, which I appreciate is rather sad, but there you go.

To sum up, it is the best of the series since the first (which deserved the three Oscars it won out of the ten that it was nominated for), probably due, at least in part, to having the same director as the first one. If you enjoyed the first one, are a big 'Rocky' fan, or just fancy trying something that may turn out better than you think, then go along.

Alien Sex Fiend.

Reversal Of Fortune

F What do you give the wife who has everything? Valium. What do you call a fear of valium?

Klaus-traphobia.

Klaus von Bulow has been tried, sentenced and acquitted of the crime of attempted murder of his wife (with valium—see above). This is a true story.

It must be difficult to make a film about a story in which the true sequence of events is still unknown. So instead we see the story from the perspective of a group of lawyers preparing a case for the appeal hearing. So we have a film that functions on two levels; the cerebral tension of the uncertainty over the innocence of Klaus, which is inherently fascinating, and the more standard adrenaline rush of the race against time.

The performances are perfect. Jeremy Irons is superbly uptight as the repressed Klaus. Glenn Close turns in a performance as good as one would expect of her, as the addictive (take your pick as to substance...) wife. (Can't wait to see her Gertrude in the up-coming *Hamlet*). The



supporting cast are excellent, even if they are playing those particularly nauseating American graduates—lawyers.

This is all good. I enjoyed watching the film. So why does it worry me? Two reasons, mainly. Firstly, having a woman (who is still alive, even if she is, effectively, a vegetable) narrating the story from a coma is a little sick. Secondly, one never feels emotionally involved, watching the film is a dispassionate affair. Yet I enjoyed doing so immensely. Hmmm.

Pendragon.

C The LSO can count amongst its ranks many players who are fine soloists in their own right. This concert gave some of the principals of the brass and woodwind sections the chance to take centre stage for the evening.

Maurice Murphy and Rod Franks opened the concert with *Vivaldi's Concerto in C for Two Trumpets*. Although they were not ideally matched for tone and musical quality, their playing was tight and this was without a doubt the outstanding performance of the evening.

Vaughan Williams' *Tuba Concerto* was tackled by Patrick Harrild. His playing style was more suited to the rapid passages rather than the slow, lyrical sections, and the performance was not technically perfect, but this was nevertheless an entertaining piece.

In contrast, the third piece was Bernstein's *Halil*, for flute and orchestra. Written in memory of an Israeli flautist killed during national service, this piece is essentially a nocturne in which tonal and non-tonal elements are in conflict. The piece is haunting, suggestive of both the futility of war and hope in life. Paul Edmund-Davies gave a mesmerising and accomplished performance as the solo flute, ably supported by the remainder of the flute section.

Returning refreshed and rested from the interval, the audience was confronted with an eight piece brass ensemble (four trumpets, two trombones, horn and tuba) who romped through Ingol-Dahl's *Music for Brass* with, on the whole, tight, stylish and accurate playing.

Andrew Marriner gave the gutsiest performance of the evening, playing Copland's *Clarinet Concerto*. This was composed as a commission for Benny Goodman, and while it opens in unmistakable (and rather tedious) Copland style, it livens considerably with the central cadenza, in which the soloist has ample opportunity to demonstrate his virtuosity. The second half is then much brisker, with a great sense of fun. Marriner's performance was blistering and powerful.

The evening ended with a performance of Ravel's *La Valse*. From the moment Tilson Thomas strode on stage and ostentatiously slapped shut his copy of the score, indicating that he was going to conduct from memory, the audience knew they were probably in for something special. The piece perfectly captures the sense of the lost, doomed world of Imperial Europe in the mid-nineteenth century, waltzing itself to destruction. Tilson Thomas' energetic conducting nearly waltzed him off his podium, but this was a fine example of the considerable talents of the LSO as an ensemble.

Liz W.

Havana



F *Havana* (directed by Sydney Pollack) is set on the eve of 1959 and the Castro's revolution.

The hedonism and decadence of the rich is about to give way to the sober realities of the impoverished. Jack Weil (Robert Redford) is the gambler who thinks that the night before the revolution is the ultimate time to make a big killing. However, he falls for Roberta Duran (Lena Olin, who won an Oscar for her role in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*).

Roberta Duran happens to be married to a committed revolutionary, who belongs to one of the most wealthy and powerful families in Havana. Jack stakes everything on Roberta, thinking he has found his lucky break in life—however he is unable to understand why she has to be involved in or committed to the revolution. It is this contrast that Sydney Pollack brings across most successfully in the film. Whereas Jack has spent his life drifting from one city to another, without any ties or bonds, almost lacking any values or vision, the woman he falls for in the end is his exact opposite. She has a cause.

In the final analysis, however, the film isn't held together very well: it rambles on for almost 2½ hours. The lavish sets and locations are unable to detract from the fact that Roberta and Jack don't actually make a very convincing couple, or that the politics of the revolution (expressed through Roberta) portrayed in the film are very simplistic (though this can be forgiven on the grounds that this is, after all, Hollywood romance).

The best performance in the film probably comes from Alan Arkin's Joe Volpi—the owner of the plush Lido Casino, playground of the wealthy about to lose it all. Joe can see the doom about to befall him and his clientele, but there is a grim acceptance in him which becomes almost noble.

By the way, even if you don't see the film, you have to hear the soundtrack. It's hot.

I.H.

C —Concert

F —Film

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus and Southend Boys Choir

Barbican Hall, 6/1/91



C One could be forgiven for thinking that in this performance conductor Richard Hickox was indulging in a private joke at the expense of Christianity. Stravinsky's devout *Symphony of Psalms* was paired with Orff's setting of the irreverent irreligious monastic poems found in Beuern in Bavaria. In style as well, he contrasted and emphasised the brooding, serious nature of the Stravinsky with the joyous lust for life evident in *Carmina Burana*.

The *Symphony of Psalms* is scored for an unusual orchestra, consisting primarily of wind instruments and two pianos, and does not follow the standard symphonic form. The orchestra and chorus handled the subtleties of the piece well and provided an excellent contrast to the

second half.

Hickox emphasised the power of *Carmina Burana* through ice-sharp singing from the chorus, particularly in the central passages of *Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi*. Of the soloists, Donald Maxwell was particularly outstanding, at times seeming to get carried away with the performance, but always displaying the excellence of the wide range of talents he is capable of.

This performance pulled the audience through the ranges of emotion and at times was too large even for the expansive spaces of the Barbican Hall. This is a performance that will long remain in the memory.

Liz W.

Kindergarten Cop



F Big Arnie is not the sort of person that you ever really imagine as being out of their depth. John Kimble (Guess who?) is not the sort of Cop who you imagine ever being run all over by anyone. He's the sort of person who breaks up parties with a BIG gun while declaring 'Next time, my place!', before threatening a witness into giving evidence. He's the sort of cop who can go undercover anywhere safely. Except a primary school.

We've seen Arnold pitted against everything from invisible predators to Linda Hamilton's scream, and come out unscathed. For the first time he finds a group that he can't use an Uzi on. Twenty kicking, screaming, wetting and disobedient toddlers. It's a brilliant idea. The first twenty minutes plays like a straight Schwarzenegger movie, then we suddenly find Our Hero hyper-ventilating outside a classroom. The sublime contrast of what we expect an Arnie character to be, compared to what he is forced to become is the root of this comedy. It works brilliantly!

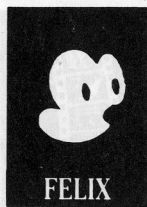
Twins proved that Arnie had the ability to be funny, and this film only serves to impress me further with his abilities. Both as straight man to others (his partner, his headmistress, his kids) and as a deliverer of gags in his own right, he turns in the goods. He's allowed a love affair, that results in some genuinely touching moments, and his partner putting on an Austrian accent for the course of a meal (I ham hiz zizzer...). AND he only shoots the one person.

A pleasant smatter of all you would expect in a film from Ivan (*Ghostbusters*) Reitman. Violence, love and comedy. This is a good film. This is a wholesome film. This is a funny film. To paraphrase the film...

When it comes to the critic's test, Kindergarten is the best...

Pendragon.

We would like to apologise for the effusiveness of this review. Pendragon is now on a steady diet of George Elliot Novels (the big, boring ones) until he recovers.



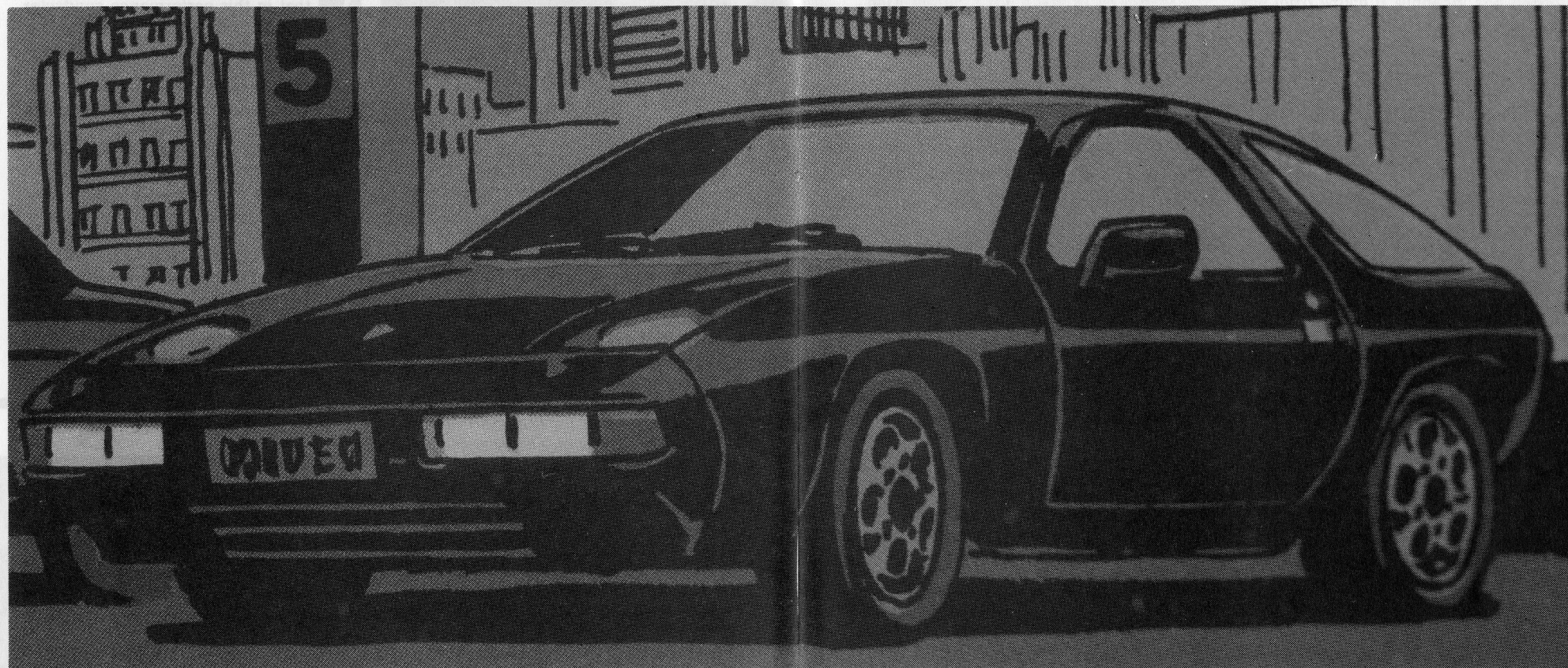
Driven Mad

Ever had that guilty feeling about cars? You are torn between a passionate love affair for buying, cleaning, owning and running a car and that little bit of guilt about the destructive consequences; the pollution, which is slowly killing the planet and people.

As cars become easier to drive, the concentration required to drive them decreases. Modern cars are stuffed with home comforts: CD players and radios, with stereo, dolby NR quadraphonic all round-sound telephones and even faxes! It is easy to forget you are not at home as you speed at over 120kph down that smooth, straight road, 'brain dead' and numbed-with boredom. With the compulsory wearing of seat belts becoming law, the number of minor collisions increased. People instantly felt safer and concentration lapsed even more. During a journey a driver is typically thinking about driving for only 75% of the time. This means that every fourth driver coming towards you on the road is not concentrating.

The human brain was not designed for controlling a rapidly moving object. When walking, the average person looks less than a metre ahead. Joggers look a little further, and at thirty miles an hour we still only focus at a point about a cricket pitch length in front of the car. Consequently, with stopping distances at motorway speeds many times this distance, accidents are only too common.

Thirty people are killed every two days on British roads, yet if there are thirty fatalities from a train crash, it is declared a national disaster. In fact the single death which resulted from the Cannon



Street rail crash at the beginning of this year warranted it 'national disaster', requiring inquiries, public outcry and press hype.

Out of all the cars sold each year in Britain, 60% are secondhand. Despite this, a staggering 35 million new cars are produced each year worldwide. That's one car each second. Go to sleep at night and 30,000 new cars have been created before you wake in the morning. Sneeze and five cars are born into the world.

Thankfully for us, at the moment, the third world's reliance on the internal combustion engine is not as great as ours. There are currently 500 million cars in the world. If China had cars to the same ratio as the USA then they alone would have 500 million cars. In eastern Europe they are experiencing their first freedom for many years and car manufacturers are 'meeting the challenge'.

If the car density of north Europe is to spread to the rest of the world it will have serious environmental consequences. Even unleaded petrol still contains hundreds of potentially harmful toxins. The world cannot support this level of growth in air pollution. The predicament cannot be stressed more clearly than this, but as with all these environmental problems, the consequences are not immediate. Destruction and poisons accumulate, out of sight, until it is too late. The hole in the ozone layer is invisible and the

greenhouse effect just means warmer summers to a lot of people.

So what is the answer? This incurable love affair that man has with his car is more than just an extension to his genitals, a statement of his sexual prowess. The freedom of transport has been a 'human right' since man climbed on the back of a beast and rode it. The car, simply an evolution of this beast, is a political hot potato. Any government who bars this freedom of driving will be in political isolation for a long while. The right to travel where we want, when we want is taken for granted, yet in congested Britain the 'freedom of the open road' is a joke. Millions would rather crawl in queues all day like sheep, than use public transport. Why?

Using public transport is estimated to be the equivalent of 130-200 mpg per passenger, so it is preferable if it can provide a reliable service, which is cheap, clean and secure, particularly for women at night.

The old excuse that 'public transport isn't efficient' is outdated. It seems doubtful that the improvements in public transport called for by organisations such as ETA (a mass membership transport users organisation) would solve the problems. Psychologists explain that people can't relax on public transport. You can't pick your nose, break wind or have sex on a bus or in a train! You haven't got complete freedom of

Torn between a Porsche and pollution, Christopher Riley examines the environmental impact of the motor car and some solutions to the congestion and accompanying pollution that bedevils Britain's roads in the 1990s.

movement and behaviour that the isolated capsule of a car gives you.

In whatever guise, the car is here to stay. Its use is threatening to rise 83-142% in the next 35 years. Despite this, governments, vehicle manufacturers and drivers all have a role to play in reducing the impact of the car on the environment. The first electric car was released in 1986. It instantly acquired the status of a rusty Robin Reliant and was shunned by the public. Electric vehicles still have the prestige of a milk float or a sewing machine, associated with menial work. No finely tuned growl from beneath the bonnet, no chromed exhaust pipe, no need for fuel injection, and no place for Turbo lag! But are Britain's motorists so blinkered? Electric motors require less maintenance mile for mile. No frozen diesel in the winter, no anti-freeze required, and no burst radiators.

To improve the appeal of the electric vehicle you have to analyse what it is that sells a car. Although cars are bought primarily for getting from A to B, the looks, performance and, of course, the name are all important. A logo on the ignition key sitting on the bar in the pub speaks volumes! The 'GTi' badge or the word 'Turbo' tattooed on the boot are a must. The image and profile of a car will make or break it.

Each car has its label, which the person behind the wheel automatically inherits. Be it a welly-green Range Rover, a

Ferrari-red Porsche or a white 2CV we all have a picture of the sort of person who would drive it. This label is to a certain extent controlled by the manufacturer. Peugeot's advert for its 405 range featuring the car driving through a burning field to the song 'Take my Breath Away' did more for sales of that car than any other car advert in marketing history. The new Lotus Carlton is advertised by being capable of a top speed of 176mph. But where and why? Paul Tosch, Vauxhall's chairman admits that it is an ego trip. 'We wanted to show that we could do it. It's an image car'. Simon Dyer, Director General of the AA criticises this as environmentally irresponsible. Manufacturers should no longer use speed and high performance to advertise and sell cars. 'It is time to be proud of cars because they are safe and have a minimum impact on the environment.'

Battery technology is no longer the limiting factor of a potential electric car. What is needed is a well established manufacturer to set the trend in electric vehicles. Something instantly desirable to nurture man's incurable love affair with the motor car, not turn him off; the 'Lotus Electron' or the 'Ford Sierra XR4e'. Such machines must be sold at realistic and competitive prices.

Unlike other 'green consumerism' the public don't have the power to initialise the change to the electric vehicle. Once a

realistic vehicle is available, government action is needed to initiate the transfer to the electric motor-car. Only higher fuel prices will be the spur, to ensure that polluters pay.

Of course this conversion to electric vehicles is not going to solve congestion problems on the roads. New road building just generates more traffic jams and is not an answer to the problem either. As long as Britain's blinkered motorists want the freedom to pick their noses in whichever traffic jam they please, our roads will always be clogged.

The first challenge is to cut the exhaust emissions from the millions of stationary cars. Until electric vehicles are freely available, choosing a car which delivers more miles per gallon and making sure it is properly tuned will both help to lower fuel consumption. Alternatively a little known device called the 'Petromizer' could help. Currently marketed by Marvelawn International at just under £50 it guarantees 10-16% lower fuel consumption, more power and reduced toxic emissions. Consequently companies like Shell are keen to keep it a secret. The Petromizer consists of a powerful bar magnet which simply attaches to the outside of the fuel line. Quite why it works is not known, but the magnet apparently reduces the surface tension of the fuel, producing better atomisation and increasing combustion efficiency. For more information on the Petromizer please write to Dr John Speight, Technical Director, Marvelawn International, Dicken House, Harrold, Bedford MK43 7BX.

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS

BICYCLE REPAIRS SALES AND ACCESSORIES

4-6 Effie Road
Fulham, London SW6 1TD
071-371 5867



Fresh
HAIRDRESSERS
15A HARRINGTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON
071-823 8968

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!



The Slow Moving Snail ignites a new Books column with...

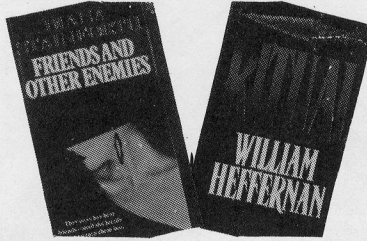
Books For Burning

Reading is difficult, even once it is learnt it still requires concentration and time. We invest a lot in trying to give meaning to the words on the printed page. The beauty of literature is that it is a doorway to a world of characters and events that we personally create, together with the author. Unlike film or theatre, books enable us to join the writer in the act of creation. This makes us vulnerable. Our intimate involvement with the concepts can make us, at least feel, a party to the crimes committed by the writer.

This is why we must trust that writers and publishers will have artistic and cultural reasons behind their work. For if profit is the entire motive we won't just be reading rubbish, our minds might be creating events that would make us vomit if we were merely to see them on the screen.

Books like William Heffernan's *Ritual* turn readers into dreaming 'snuff' film producers. It is the most effective intellectual torture device I have come across. It does so, not through boredom, but by direct corruption of the values of the reader.

It is said that 'The pen is mightier than the sword' but here it is transformed into the ritualistic torturer's knife, portrayed on the cover dripping blood. The real sadistical criminal in this book is the author, who expects you to imagine a scene of ultimate humiliation, when you become a powerless voyeur to your own slow death via the sacrificial knife. A metaphor I would use to describe the



effects of this book on any conscious human being.

John Mortimer, the author of *Rumpole* books amongst others, has argued that all and any book should be published. This is really an expression of the abhorrence of censorship as a way of social control. In Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* books are burnt and all we have left is state

television that aims to be non-political, non-religious and non-controversial. Mind-numbing social dramas in which nothing of consequence happens, just like *Neighbours!* Do we really need a 'Big Brother' to reduce our thought-levels to that of obedient dogs when we voluntarily do it to ourselves by the millions.

Cheap books written for a popular market ironically provide, for me, the greatest fuel for the 'burning of books' argument. These books are an insult to our minds and a threat to our human dignity.

On Friday February 1, at 10.00pm in front of the FELIX Office, I will be burning the three books I have reviewed in this article. Anyone who has tragically been given, or unknowingly bought, similar rubbish can join me with theirs. If there are enough of us we can have a barbecue!

Rose of the Prophet has two amazing qualities, it was written by two people and is the final part in a trilogy. Someone must have bought volumes I and II? The book has a map at the front and a glossary of terms at the back, inbetween there is sandwiched 386 pages of language reduced to such inexpressible tedium as sentences like 'The word fell like a thunderbolt...' (p.136), 'Their screams split through the voice of the mob like a whistling sword blade...' (p.334). Choose any at random. As an exercise in their training for GCSE English why...?

The last book is Diana Stainforth's *Friends and Other Enemies*. Her 'Acknowledgements' is a thank you to all the wealthy and useful people she met while researching the book, as she had such fun. This presumably, and in Diana's case unashamedly, is one reason, in addition to money, for writing such a book. It is an easier and quicker read than the other two, as it has a great number of very short paragraphs, especially in terms of dialogue. To sum it up, in the words of the cover, it is 'set against a background of international polo and transatlantic airlines'.

Dear Arrow Books Ltd, I wish to write a book on a jet-setting, international, womanising chess grandmaster, who goes mad because of the double stress of the game and being a spy. But I will need to research...

How does one recognise these books you may ask? After exhaustive research I have concluded that they all have covers that are colour with gold metallic sheen and embossing. If ICU Bookstore is anything to go by students here are not appreciators of anything remotely resembling literature.

Next week a celebration of the art of writing and the enjoyment of reading, as expressed recently by, of all people, Her Majesty's Inspectorate of Schools.

ST MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

PRESENTS

JESUS CHRIST



SUPERSTAR

25TH FEBRUARY TO 29TH FEBRUARY

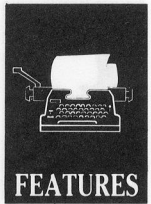
TICKETS AVAILABLE TO ALL!!
COST...ONLY £5

CALL SIMON OR HELEN
ON 071 723 1252 xtn 5196

**TICKETS ARE GOING FAST SO CALL SOON
TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!**

Michael Newman examines humanist values and gives another view of...

Life and Death



Last Sunday the 'Everyman' programme on BBC1 broadcast the story of the death of a young woman from leukaemia. It movingly showed the support she received from her family and the help given to them by a Humanist counsellor. It is often a surprise to people to find out that those who have rejected faith in God are contributing to social and moral welfare explicitly within a framework of non-belief, that is as humanists. In countries like Holland humanists are on equal terms with theistic religions in terms of their contributions to the care of people within society. Sadly in this country the law and government funding do not allow such parity.

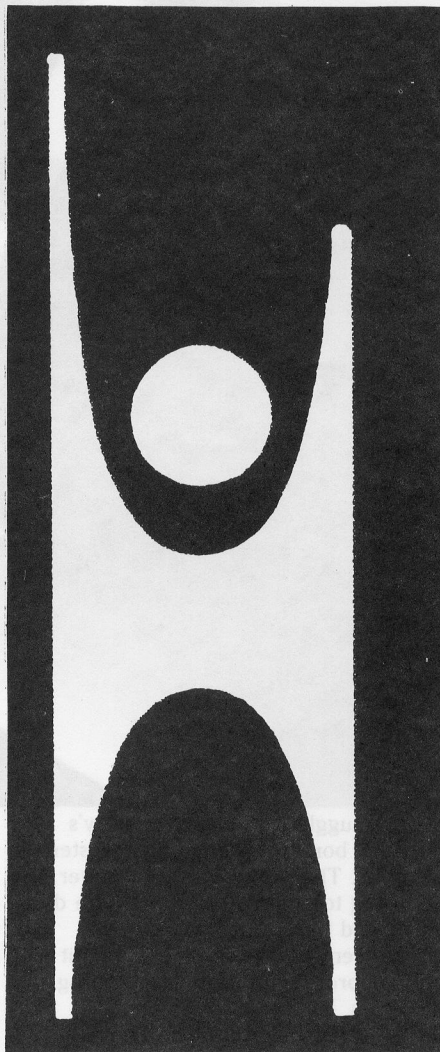
Humanists are unfairly discriminated against, as if their beliefs are still not recognised as respectable. One American book, *Your Quest for God* by R A Bennett, actually states, 'In our day Satan continues his nasty work through the deceptive teachings of secular humanism', and a member of the House of Lords during the 1988 Education Debate declared that if you do not believe in God you could have no values!

The British Humanist Association is fighting for its counsellors to be recognised as 'spiritual' advisers with the same visiting rights as clergymen in HM prisons. It is also fighting against insidious campaigns of Christians like Baroness Cox who want to force their religion onto our children as a part of a moral campaign. She managed to get passed an amendment to the Education Act forcing Christian worship on school children, unless the school or individual child opt out! this was done during a late sitting of the Lords, with few members being present. Most secondary schools in this country are probably, very deliberately, breaking that law! Indeed Humanists are on over twenty-five Local Education Authority committees that advise schools on religious education and worship. In one, in London, the Humanist has been elected as its chairman!

Humanists have a history of social contribution to our society. They have, at the cost of their own freedoms and money, fought for the freedom of speech and belief. A humanist housing association owns over one thousand properties in this country in which it houses the needy and elderly. There was a humanist adoption agency to break the monopoly the church once had over who was allowed to be adoptive parents. They campaign in parliament on moral issues such as abortion, pre-embryo research, euthanasia and capital punishment.

Whilst the anti-abortion lobby were sending plastic models of fetuses to MPs the British Humanist Association was sending them a leaflet that examined the moral issues, this received praise from the *New Scientist* and various professional medical groups.

But some of their most important work is done on an individual basis within our communities. These include humanist ceremonies. Humanist weddings and funerals go back to the last century. Nehru, the first Indian prime minister, stated in his will that he wanted a funeral with no mention of God. A copy of this document along with an essay on his thought about religion can be obtained from the Huxley Society bookstall (Friday lunchtimes in the JCR). Indeed the demand for ceremonies has increased so much that trained humanist celebrants, or officiants, who conduct the ceremonies on



behalf of the families, could not cope with the numbers. Two books have been published which encourage families to conduct their own ceremonies. The author of these, Jane Wynne Willson, chairwoman of the British Humanist Association, will be talking about them this Thursday (see What's On).

Humanist funerals are a celebration of the life that has just ended. Instead of a sermon (in many of our churches normally irrelevant to the life of the person who has died), the family listens to a short speech that describes the deceased and significant moments in their life. The family either write parts of the

address or are interviewed by the officiant. In both cases, the bereaved are able to share their loss, and turn this into a personal statement that is shared together at the ceremony. Some families read pieces of favourite poetry and listen to the deceased's favourite music.

The first funeral I conducted was of a man who was much loved by his family and those who came to know him. It was a well-attended funeral. My speech was written for me by the daughter-in-law, except for my introductory and concluding remarks which gave significance to the importance of remembering and learning from the lives of those we love. It was the first funeral I have been to where people laughed, they laughed together not at cheap jokes but at shared memories of humorous times they had had together. The man had been a DIY enthusiast constructing his own shed which fell down on him, knocking him out. Tears mixed with laughter, both giving public expression to a shared warmth and respect. This is one way humanists express their attitude to life. That day, having the honour of expressing their memories of him to his family, I felt exhilarated with life.

Tragically some people fail to understand the nature of these funerals. A clergyman in Belfast was campaigning last year to prevent them from taking place in city cemeteries or crematoria. Somehow he felt they were offensive. Last year, the mother of a young man who died from AIDS, held up the funeral for six months by contesting his will in which he stated that he wanted a humanist funeral. They argued that he was not mentally competent when making the will, and that his atheism was not genuine. He had been a member of the National Secular Society for nearly thirteen years, and an atheist for many more. His mother was a born-again Christian who believed AIDS to be satanic. The funeral was well attended with his friends but no member of his family turned up.

Humanist weddings are a public celebration of the love of a couple, whether they are heterosexual, homosexual or lesbian. The promises made between the couple are realistic and normally show a philosophy of equalness, respect and sharing. The couple write their own ceremony, choosing the venue and music. It becomes an event that is personal to them and their family. Sadly humanists are second class citizens where the law applies to weddings, they still have to register at the Registrar's Office, though Edwina Currie, before her resignation, started changes that will allow couples to marry and register in places other than those of regular worship or council offices.

Michael Newman.



FEATURES

Amnesty International investigates different countries' attitudes towards drug offences.

Addicted to Killing

'I'm ready for execution. I already saw the gallows being tested,' said the sailor. His wrists were handcuffed as he spoke. Outside the jail a group of journalists kept vigil.

Next morning at 6.02am he was dead, one hour later than the usual schedule for the execution of a condemned man in Malaysia. His hanging had been held up as a special concession so that he could perform his last prayers at dawn—the first of five a Muslim is obliged to perform daily.

The 37 year-old seafarer, a native of Indonesia, died protesting his innocence. Convicted of possessing 937 grams of marijuana and being a member of a drug syndicate, he became the first prisoner in 1990 to join Malaysia's ever-rising toll of those executed in what officials now admit is a lethal failure to stem the country's drug trade.

Malaysia's anti-drug drive made international headlines in the early 1980s when the country's leaders made the death penalty mandatory in drug offences. Huge billboards warned local citizens and foreign travellers: 'Be forewarned: Death for drug traffickers under Malaysian law.' By June of this year the national press reported that 104 convicts had been hanged on drug charges since 1983 and a further 200 were waiting on death row.

One of over 20 countries have now tried using the death penalty for drug offences, Malaysia has become a crucible for testing the effectiveness of the punishment as the ultimate antidote to narcotics.

The statistics for addiction paint a grim picture. In 1970 only 711 addicts were identified in the country. Two decades later, in December 1989, the Home Ministry's Dadah (drugs) Treatment and Rehabilitation Division had identified 145,685 addicts throughout the country.

Not only has the increase been staggering, but it has continued regardless of the hangman. Two years after the 1983 decision to make the death penalty mandatory for drug offences, the government's figure for registered addicts stood at 102,807. Fourteen months later it had risen to 111,688. Two years later—and with executions being enacted in a blaze of publicity against foreigners as well as local citizens—the addiction register had gone up to 128,741, a steep rise of nearly 30 per cent over three years.

The experiment had failed. But executions continue.

A 1989 report by the International Narcotics Control Board said that Malaysia was continuing to be affected by growing 'transit traffic' involving primarily opium and heroin. Both were



The Electric Chair—waiting for a victim.

being smuggled across the country's northern border or through its western coastline. The report noted, however, that 'in trying to come to grips with the drug abuse and trafficking situation, the government has made it clear that it will not compromise in dealing with drug offenders, including foreigners.'

Of the 104 reported executions, 25 were said to have been foreigners. These now include Han Tsui Lin, one of eight Hong Kong citizens executed on 30 May 1990 in the country's biggest mass execution. She became the first foreign woman to hang in Malaysia.

Virtually every time a foreigner has come up for execution, press interest has been intense and heads of government have publicly and privately appealed to the Malaysian authorities to show clemency. To date, the pleas have fallen on deaf ears, and nationals of Australia, Britain, Indonesia, the Philippines,

Singapore and Thailand have also been put to death.

Amnesty International, the worldwide human rights organisation, has repeatedly urged the Malaysian authorities to stop the killing. It has taken the same stand against the death penalty in all countries. In a major report on the death penalty released a year ago, the organisation states: 'The rationale for using the death penalty is that it will deter drug traffickers more effectively than other punishments. But despite hundreds of executions there is no clear evidence of a decline in drug-trafficking which could be clearly attributed to the threat or use of that penalty.'

International experts agree. The lack of deterrent effect was cited at the December 1985 meeting of the United Nations Expert Group on Countermeasures to Drug Smuggling by Air and Sea. The group's report stated:

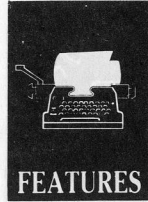
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS

Reports on Amnesty's concerns in the following countries are now available. Please contact the Imperial College Group.

Afghanistan	Hong Kong	Romania
Austria	Indonesia	Saudi Arabia
Argentina	Iran	Somalia
Bangladesh	Jamaica	S Africa
Brazil	Jordan	Spain
Burma (Myanmar)	Kampuchea	Sri Lanka
Chile	Kenya	Surriame
China	Mexico	Syria
Columbia	Morocco	Turkey
East Timor	Nepal	Uganda
Egypt	Nicaragua	UK
El Salvador	Panama	
Guatemala	Peru	
Haiti	Philippines	

INTERESTED?

The Imperial College Amnesty International group is participating in a worldwide campaign against the use of the death penalty for drug related crimes. To take part, turn up to one of our weekly meetings or sign a letter on Thursday lunchtime in the JCR.



FEATURES

'...in the experience of several experts, the fact that capital punishment appeared on the statute books as the maximum penalty did not necessarily deter trafficking; indeed, in some cases it might make prosecution more difficult because courts of law were naturally inclined to require a much higher standard of proof when capital punishment was possible or even mandatory...The most effective deterrent was assuredly the certainty of detection and arrest.'

In the desperate battle against drugs, such evidence is often overlooked. In November 1988, the United States joined the league of nations opting for executions as a weapon against the drug trade. Federal Law now allows the imposition of the death penalty as an optional punishment for persons who intentionally kill or order killings while committing drug-related offences.

Back in Malaysia, with its soaring addiction rate, officials are beginning to express doubts about the effectiveness of the death penalty as a deterrent. In June this year the Deputy Minister of Home Affairs said that the country's mandatory death penalty for drug trafficking had failed to curb either the trade or drug abuse and that a new approach to the problem was needed.

In a paper presented at the national Seminar on Drugs Treatment and Rehabilitation in Kuala Lumpur in July 1990, the deputy director of the Criminal Investigation Department's anti-narcotics force said the mandatory death sentence had not shown signs of achieving its role as a deterrent in the six years since its enforcement. Instead, the number of people detained for trafficking and increased those detained were usually replaced by other traffickers within a short time.

He said: 'Our intelligence shows that people were found to be trafficking dadah (drugs) even when a member of their family had been detained and awaiting trial.'



MUSIC

The Apples

—Eye Wonder 12"

There's a really sexy sample buried in this record I could almost kill for. It sounds like Prince on acid and it goes 'Heyyeyyeah' and the rest of the song rotates around it. (I'll insert it several times just to give you the feel for it.) Prince's influence appears more than once, this time in the guitar department - you know the one - 'I Just want your extra time and your (nicked guitar line) ... kiss!'

All this occurs in the first five seconds of every mix on this 12", but how does the rest of the song go? Well, to be fair, it heads in a different direction to the Purple One's funk workouts and it has a few other blips, bleeps, scratches and samples to bounce it on its way. There is an original song here, but it sounds like it's obeying the given formula somewhat. (hey yey yeah etc.)

The vocalist sounds familiar but I can't quite place him although he sounds a bit like Barney from New order. The chorus consists of more Heyyeyyeah's and the singer wondering if we love him several hundred times - and do we readers? Well, I think we do.

Harry Cross

Poppy Fields

—Drug House 12"

If you're gonna write a song about drugs, not only do you have to take them beforehand, but you have to put a believable edge to the song. The Jesus and Mary Chain produced probably the best druggy song ever in 'Some Candy Talking' - they certainly were talking from experience and they also did it in a haze of feedback. Remember the incident when Mike Reid suddenly realised it was about the 'D-word' and went round the BBC like a headless chicken getting it banned?

That's the sort of reaction the Poppy Fields should be trying to achieve. They employ an electro-beat and a niggly guitar line that's hard to get out of your head once you've heard it a couple of times but the indefinable magic isn't there. Maybe the song's too blatantly druggy, maybe it's that druggy songs are to commonplace after the house revolution (yeah!), maybe it's just to average. Whatever the reason, Drug House doesn't make the grade.

Harry Cross

Tanita Tikaram

—Everybody's Angel LP

You don't like Tanita Tikaram? You think she's boring? Fine. If that is the case then you probably won't much like this album either. If you're a real Tanita Tikaram-freak then you're going to buy the album whatever I say. So, who am I talking to?

This is aimed at those of you who bought one, or both, of her previous albums, and figure that you have enough of her work, or haven't bought any, and are slightly interested in her music.

So, what's the album like? Tanita's songwriting ability has improved; she manages to produce a greater variety of songs than on either of her two previous albums (*Ancient Heart*, *The Sweet Keeper*). Tanita now also has a better control over her voice, giving her a wider range of tones to cope with her now wider range of styles.

Basically, she's improving, in writing and performance, and if she were to quit the music business right now, this is the

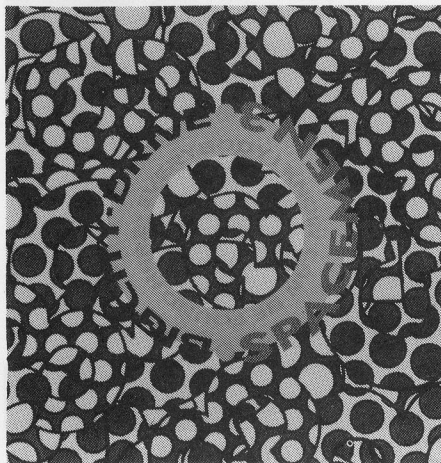


album she should be remembered for; it's the best so far. Want to know any more? Buy the album.

Stef

Spacemen 3

—Big City 12"



All sounds on this tape are produced on an unmodified guitar with an E bow, except of course the percussion. Oh wow man, let's get stoned.

Spacemen 3...from their drunken haze to discover a tune before dragging it down with them again.

The official effects are well...trippy. This time the vinyl is one up on the CD.

Just when you think you have floated away there is another chord to remind you you're still at home on the planet moron. You need something to keep your mind unoccupied when listening to this long track.

We didn't listen to the B side as we had floated away on purple clouds in a trance at *Drive*.

The Oh Wow Man.

Revolting Cocks

—Astoria 24.1.91

Thursday night and the Robey moved to central London. Every traveller, drop-out, hardcore freak and a few more besides were there to see *The Revolting Cocks* and they were in for a treat.

Godflesh opened, their merciless grind beating an already packed Astoria into submission. Despite some technical hitches the duo, sometimes augmented by an extra guitarist, still managed to sound like mountains moving.

Next up were *Bomb Everything*, who seemed to be moving towards a more commercial sound. Still crap though!

Tame expectation awaited the *Cocks*, who all of a sudden leapt onto the stage with no ceremony, and after a brief

comment about the you know what launched straight into *Beers, Steers and Queers*. Tonight they were awesome, a total wipeout of sound that got the shole dancefloor, and some of the balcony, dancing like those possessed.

The beats were merciless, but the dark edge to the music and its subject matter was totally overshadowed by the outrageous Go-Go dancers who entered after a few songs and pretty soon the whole stage degenerated into a sort of s(t)imulated orgy. God only knows how the guitarist managed to keep playing.

If they're ever allowed to leave the asylum again everybody should be made to see *The Revolting Cocks*. A revelation.

Skinny Puppy

—*Too Dark Park LP*



Too Dark Park brings *Skinny Puppys'* dark vision of the world to its logical conclusion. Their world seems to be inhabited only by pain and confusion—the song titles: *Convulsion*, *Spasmolytic*, *Shore Lined Poison* point the way and the agony follows.

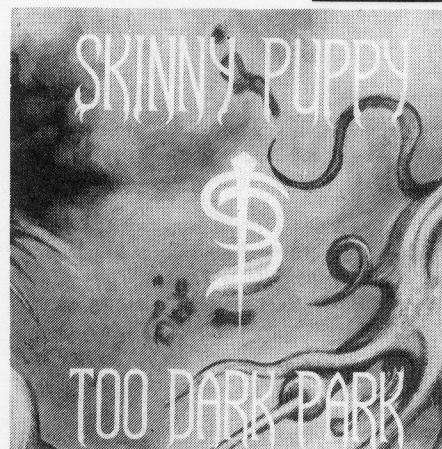
Take *Tormentor* a sick song for a sick world, it grinds down mercilessly, everything in a beat that reminds one of the crash of jackboots. This is monotony elevated to an art form.

Spasmolytic improves, complex rhythms and upfront bass providing an effective background for yet more tortured vocals. This track is again improved by variation, with the essential beat of the song never being lost.

Shore Lined Poison has an almost new age intro which is suddenly and horribly ruptured by a rhythm that appears to be composed of the sounds of a broken radio. This is perhaps the best track on the album, and excellent contrast being drawn between industrial beat and almost peaceful keyboards. Intelligent samples further improve this music to play at a ridiculous volume and get lost in.

Whilst *Too Dark Park* won't win them many new fans, *Skinny Puppy* are shown to be at the forefront of a genre that surely must replace the awfulness of Manchester. And they'd be brilliant on *Top of the Pops!*

The Paleoethnobotanist.



Front 242



Front 242 approach the same ideas as *Skinny Puppy* from a different angle altogether. Significantly lighter-edged, *Tyranny for You* is softly subversive, lulling you into a false sense of security with tracks such as *Sacrifice* and *Rhythm of Time* the openers which show a heavy reliance on keyboard motifs and working extremely well.

Front 242's vision comes through on *Trigger 2*, ominous keyboards underpinning the rhythm in an interesting role reversal.

For a long time, *F 242's* entry into the 'mainstream' has been anticipated, and this, if any, is surely the album to do it.

—*Tyranny For You LP*

Far too scary still for Sharon and Kevin though it is, this should find a ready home next to, and far outshining in the meantime bands such as *The Shamen* and even *Depeche Mode*, who now must be seen as trailblazers for this and its like.

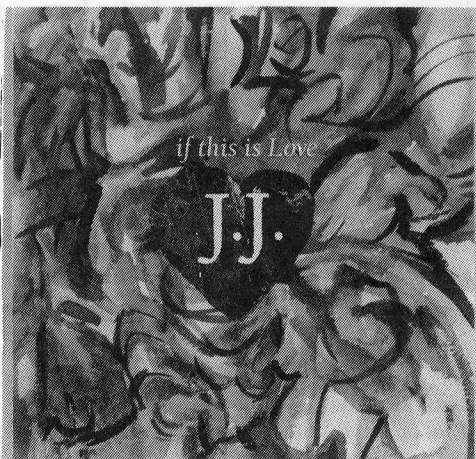
'Recession, Repression, Regression' is the chant of the title track, and for once you can be sure that its a band commenting on their society and not on their own music. This album shows a new side to electro that *F242* have been anticipating for some time. And I think its bloody good.

The Paleoethnobotanist.

J.J.

Jan Johnson's vocals remind one instantly of those sharp melodic tones belonging to Michelle Shocked. The instrumental comprises a sound, but light, jangle pop configuration. The rhythm going from an easy to follow beat to one of those annoying half times which tends to put dancers into slow motion for a second or two. That little re-adjustment to step time looking so uncool. But who cares, I hate the Empire in Leicester Square and I'm sure they wouldn't play it there anyway.

A gaelic burr at times breaks to the crest of a wave, just making itself apparent like a small rush of foam on an expectant wave. Uncontrolled but in-line and in harmony with the strength of Jan's voice. Funnily enough she hails from no



nearer the gaelic lands than Manchester. Don't worry though this is no fat, furry, baggy Mancunian line up - the press release says so! It also says that *J.J.* are here to 'create memorable hummable songs'. This they do with no problem at all though some of those intro's are a little dodgy. I mean there along the lines of so many 'here we go lets make a classic they'll remember forever' songs and the backing surely hails from *Beautiful South*, *House Martins*...a touch of over production perhaps.

Still, it's a slick little number that's bound to get far too many people hooked. Be careful, you might end up buying all there records!

Christ.

—*If This Is Love 12"*



Clubs and.....

Film

Monty Python's *The Meaning of Life* is the last and greatest cinematic attempt by the crazy team. Life is explored in its least subtle aspects with live organ donors, the Grimm Reaper, songs, dancing girls, and of course Mr Creosote. This film can never be seen often enough.

7.30pm, Mech Eng 220 on Thursday 7th February.

Yoga

Yoga lessons will commence from next week on Tuesday at 8pm and Friday at 5.30pm in Southside Gym.

The exercises, which are taken from various styles and martial arts flexibility training, concentrate on stretching, although there are also some meditative aspects. They improve physical suppleness, breathing and mental concentration, and are a good complement to other physical activities.

Diving

At the swimming pool, some time has been set aside (Wed 6.30pm) for those who enjoy, or would like to learn, board diving. We hope to start a diving club which will be open to all levels of ability.

Women's Waterpolo

We are looking for more women to make up a women's waterpolo team. There are currently three of us, all newcomers to this brilliant game.

At the moment we practice with the men on Monday and Friday evenings between 7.30 and 9.00pm. Although once we have enough people we can arrange our own pool session and coaching.

Waterpolo is an excellent team sport, improving fitness, stamina and coordination. It is also an ideal way to improve your swimming as we have a swimming practice on the same evening.

Don't worry if you can't make all of the sessions any regular participation would be welcome.

If interested just turn up or call Bron on ext 6851 or Caroline on 4772.

Cross Country

A sizable contingent of our lovable insane athletes trooped off en masse to Horsenden Hill for part 4 of the colleges' league saga, delivering another phenomenal display of mud-wallowing sufficient to extend our overall lead to unassailable proportions. On a fairly tame course of 5.3 miles, the unbeaten Paul Northrop achieved a surprisingly easy victory despite his dodgy knee, drifting in front after two miles and cruising away unchallenged. Storming home in fourth was Frank Dudbridge, still improving after all these years, having worked his way up from 15th after the opening charge. His erstwhile companion, Alex Gaskell, suffered towards the end; six weeks missed through injury taking its toll. In a photo-finish with the enigmatic Bill Skales, once more producing a desparate final sprint, Alex was awarded 16th with Bill only able to equal his best placing of 17th. But both were upstaged by Laurence Fowkes, the sturdy squaddie,

who, after mixing it with the leaders early on, settled into the chasing group and improved massively to finish 12th. Again our opponents could not match this packing and IC took the team honours by 41 points. Meanwhile the 'B' runners enjoyed an average day, Duncan O'Dell's radical attitude winning the day in 53rd to Dan McQueen's 59th. Dave Budgett had one of his less successful ventures in 69th.

Our two lady representatives acquitted themselves well, with Edwige Pitel managing 3rd after a tight finish with a group chasing the runaway winner. Helen Macintosh also needed to produce terminal strength to break into the top 10 for the first time this year. The results pushed Edwige into second place in the overall women's rank, and with two races remaining, our team looks like reaping a record glut of medals at the end of the season.

Rugby

IC 1st XV - 7 Cardiff 1st XV - 10

After qualifying from the South East group IC Rugby faced Cardiff in the last sixteen of the UAU. The Welshies getting to this stage by defeating Birmingham 60-3 in a play-off round.

Last year IC went out of the competition defeated 31-12 by Swansea, who went on and narrowly lost to Loughborough in the final at Twickenham. It was a brave display from the much younger and inexperienced IC side. With virtually the same team, confidence was running at a much higher level this year. The IC outfit was better prepared and keener than ever before.

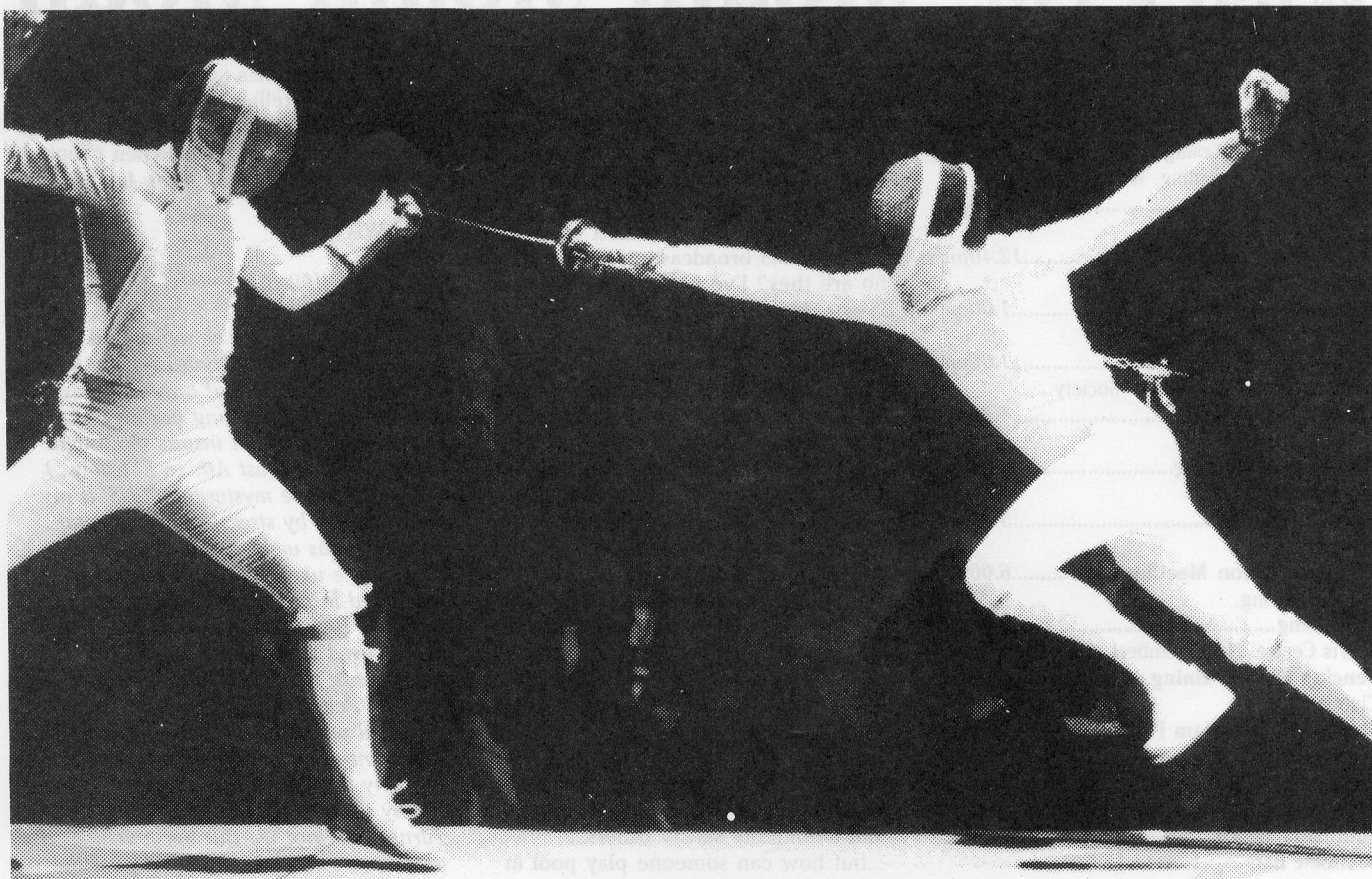
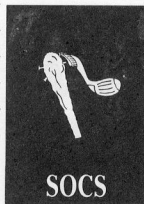
With a hardy band of supporters cheering on the lads, IC kicked off on a cold Wednesday afternoon. The opening minutes were quite frantic, both packs hunting ferociously for the ball and when it was spun to the backs each side tackled clinically. The game was cut and thrust, nothing given either way. Eventually after an IC infringement, the Cardiff standoff landed a penalty, breaking the deadlock and putting Cardiff three points up. IC got right back into the game and soon scores were tied, thanks to a Mike Anderson penalty 'success'. Just before

half-time Cardiff flyhacked the ball downfield, after some sloppy clearance efforts, the ball bobbed into the flanker's hands who duely popped over to score a pretty dire try. (Half-time: IC 3, Cardiff 7).

The second continued much in the way of the first. IC trying to pick the pace up a gear and Cardiff keeping the play tight, using their heavier forwards to grind IC down, moving downfield one scrum or lineout to the next. The Cardiff pressure never seemed to be converted into points. Thanks to stout IC defence and a miserable day from the Cardiff kicker (he did manage one in the second half) the scores were kept to a minimum. Then, as if releasing a pressure cap, IC broke out, with blinding brilliance, all out defence was turned into all out attack, forwards swarming up field like ravishing herds, backs striding upfield as if steroid implanted. Cardiff were on the rack, after a darting run, Mike Anderson went over for a try. Horrah!

The conversion went wide and this was to be the last significant event of the game. After efforts in the dying moments IC went down by only 3 points. IC 7, Cardiff 10.

Societies



Badminton Fencing

The UAU Badminton challenge round brought mixed results for the IC team. The ladies playing away to Leeds were up against a side consisting of UAU individuals, singles and doubles titles holders. The 9-0 beating was disappointing and I felt we could have gained a few points to make the score more respectable.

The men's 1st team had their problems facing Southampton. With our best player injured (Simon) the task became more difficult. The match was evens right until the last game at 4-4. We were not let down by the UAU finalists last year Simon Hughes and Trevor Kernick who won their game to give the 1st team a place in the quarter finals.

The 2nd team also needed this win against Nottingham for a quarter final place. We came out victors in the same stage last year and this year the task seemed easier. IC beat Nottingham in the minimum number of games possible 5-0.

Congratulations to Dave Hatton and Mark Francis who have maintained their unbeaten run. Keep it up. The final score 7-2 was a good performance and will have to be maintained when both the 1st and 2nd team play Loughborough next week.

Having come second in their round-robin group, IC ladies team did not automatically qualify into the next round. IC ladies needed to beat UCL in the play-offs to advance into the next round. The atmosphere was tense with both teams wanting this win desperately to prevent an early end to the UAU season.

IC started well with the three pairs outplaying their counterparts with relative ease. The match was over in the next two games when the IC ladies moved to an unbeatable 5-0 lead. UCL managed to clinch one back making the final score 8-1 to IC.

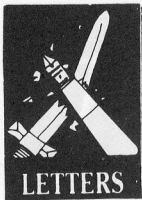
The match was won convincingly but it certainly won't be easy next time being drawn away to Leeds.

Football

IC 4ths - 6 King's 5ths - 1

In their biggest win of the season, the 4ths crushed an average opposition until their buttons popped. IC surged forward as one, apart from Si Turner that is, who was obviously a little confused after scoring a 30 yard rocket. Eyes glazed and adrenalin flowing, he was solely intent on repeating his earlier performances, but perhaps should have aimed at the other goal, as his overhit backpass unexpectedly left the half-time score at 1-1.

After the introduction of their sub John Dunstan, IC began to assert their superiority. Jon Mottashed scored with an excellent near-post header and then Gary Mahoney displayed good finishing with two quick breakaway goals. Not deterred by certain midfielders suddenly breakdancing in the mud due to cramp, the 4ths finished off the game with another header from Jon and the final goal from Gary to complete an easy hat-trick. A final word from the 4ths team players to their captain (who was out through injury)—break a leg!!



Scribblers' Corner...

What's On

Moan, Moan, Moan

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS.

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.
- 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 Sheffield 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.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Rock 'n' Roll Lessons**.....6.00pm
JCR. Intermediate.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre. New members always welcome.

Dear Mr Felix Editor,

Why, oh why, oh why?
Why one: I thought that correspondence 'battles' had been banned from FELIX (due to previous experiences), so why the 'Athena vs El-Kholy' exchange?

Why two: Why do you insist on writing about the CNS broadcasting network? Who are they? I've heard of CNN and CBS—or does FELIX have some sort of scoop regarding the merger of the two aforementioned networks? (Same mistake in Issue 889 stop press, which turned out to be incorrect about the chemical warhead statement anyway.)

Why three: I read the article about the recent refurbishment of the Union Café and Games Room, with Shanley's comment that 'it's going really well'. What justification is there for this:

-the pinball machine (if it can be called that) is really shite and there is only one machine, pinball was quite popular last year as I recall, and this 'new' machine is nowhere near the same calibre as the replaced machines;

-the removal of the table football would, I imagine, annoy some people, although the pool table replacement would admittedly satisfy others...

...but how can someone play pool in that room when shots are limited due to the fact that the video machines obstruct play;

-these machines do not appear to be as

popular as the Gauntlet/OutRun/Hero Turtle etc machines (although I suppose only time will tell);

-the carpet is jolly nice though, and I'm sure will be easy to clean when people spill their pints/guts, or drop fag ash etc on it.

So, WHY!!

Yours,

C Maury (ISE II).

Why one: Sorry, they've never had a blanket ban. Specific 'battles' have been banned in the past, but only if it was felt that they were becoming boring and/or lapsing into personal insults. So tough. (Besides, it's not just Ath vs El-Kholy...)

Why two: The mysterious 'CNS' is my fault, caused by stress-related mental regression (as well as just being thick). And by the way, all the information contained in the 'Stop Press' was taken from the BBC world service, and the quotes used were actual quotes from reporters at the scene. It was pointed out that the Pentagon denied any reports of chemical weapons ten minutes after the statement which was quoted in the article. But why do you believe them?

Why three: You really should tell Ben Turner this, not us. But the machines are much more modern, I played pool the other day with no problems from the machines, and the pinball is being changed.

Alien Sex Fiend

God's Right Hand

Dear Athena,

In the last edition of FELIX you expressed a desire for a reply from so-called 'eternal life' religions (point 5).

As a 'born again' Christian (is there any other kind?) I can pass on to you what God has given to the world in the Bible and pray that its truth cuts deep into the hearts of people who really desire to know how to fill the emptiness inside them.

God's way to heaven and eternal life is not by being a really nice person only. In Ephesians 2v8 & 9 we read:

'For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith—and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast.'

What's this guy on about, you ask? Faith in what? Romans 3v22:

'This righteousness from God comes through faith in Jesus Christ to all who believe...for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God and are justified freely by his grace through the redemption that came by Christ Jesus.'

So why is this Jesus bloke anything special? John 14v9:

'Anyone who has seen me has seen the Father.' John 14v6: 'Jesus answered, 'I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.'

In other words, we're guilty of disobedience of God's instructions (sin) and that separates us from Him, however had we tried to pull ourselves out of this hole we've dug for ourselves. But then He gives us a way out! He sends His only son, Jesus Christ, into human existence and being God and perfect in every way He is the only way that the penalty for our disobedience can be paid for us, by sacrificing himself and being cut-off from the Father, carrying the weight of our sins. But, through this act, Jesus has conquered death, rising on the third day and showing that the kingdom of God had arrived and Satan is fighting a lost battle. Now that's what I call real love!

No longer separated but adopted into His family forever. Then comes those fantastic promises—'This righteousness...to



Who? Pt.2

Dear Andy,

The men at IC think they've got it hard but it all looks pretty limp to me. You see Andy, when you've had a hard day at college and you fancy a couple of bevvies with the girls, you discover you've got no money on you so you have to pick up some poor ugly bastard (not a problem at IC) to buy you enough drinks to put up with the shag he expects in return.

So there he is, pissed as a newt (but not half as good looking) and desperate to get his end away so he can brag to his mates the next day and prove that he's not a closet homo after all (which is nothing compared to the laugh us girls will have when I tell them how crap he was in bed). He's too fucking stupid to know how to put a condom, so, to get it over and done with a.s.a.p. you give him a hand. If he can get it up and doesn't

come before he's shoved it in you've got to put up with 10 seconds of pumping and grinding, huffing and puffing, before he pulls out and asks you if you've come and falls asleep before you even lie.

Then you look down at his limp prick which looks like a slimey dwarf in a giant dustbin liner and the fucking condom's burst (not surprising where he was shoving it - dozy bastard!). Three months later you find yourself up the twig. You don't want to have the bastard's bastard but you get some loony from the God squad (male) telling you not to get it sucked and he won't take 'F**k OFF!' for an answer.

Yes, I agree with you Mr 'Real Man', British standards really are dropping.

A real woman.

Mmmmm....

ASF

Wind Up

Dear Sir,

Pendragon failed to answer my question in her reply last week.

Why subsidise the arts and no other leisure activity?

Another quite interesting point it raised is from the quote '...the only reason that big companies need subsidising is that too many people are unwilling to try something different.'

Quite clearly this means that people don't want to go and watch this stuff.

cont.

all who believe! And it's a free gift!

The beauty of it is that once we accept this free gift, God gives us a bit of Himself for good (as a kind of guarantee of what is to come) and the Holy Spirit, who regenerates our being and hence we are 'born-again' in the Spirit.

What's more, the Holy Spirit is a 'counsellor' that teaches us, encourages us and empowers us as we begin to become more and more like the people God intended us to be and then we do good works anyway because of our life for God and our lives start to make sense, with new hope and joy.

I say to you Athena that once that's sorted out, then you should wonder about what heaven and hell are like.

Proverbs 19v3 says: 'A man's own folly ruins his life yet his heart rages against the Lord.'—think about it!

With my love and prayers,
David Fernandez-Arias.

Why not put plays and musicals on that people want to watch, which are popular? Lloyd-Webber doesn't get a subsidy yet he has no problem in filling theatres. It is simple supply and demand economics. I have nothing against the arts, all I say is if they are so good then they wouldn't need a subsidy, would they?

Apart from the arts, public schoolboys and Iraqis, the other thing that pisses me off are Vegetarians and Antivivisectionists.

Firstly the veggies. These bunch of weirdos are supposed to be healthier than us meat eaters. Yet have you ever seen a more miserable ill looking shower? These people are so stupid that when they eat vegetables they are probably committing cannibalism. Well I couldn't survive without a meat pie or hamburger at least once a day.

As for the antivivisectionists this lot don't give a toss about people. All they care about is animals.

Well I won't use any shampoo unless I have a guarantee that it has been thoroughly dripped into the eyes of some bunny wunny. By the way Pendragon used the word bigoted (again) to attack me. This just goes to prove that my critics are to originality what Ethiopia is to catering.

Yours,

Alan Bailey.

Alan, how would you feel about participating in a public debate centering on the issues you have raised in the above and previous letters? Call us at Felix (3515). Oh, and by the way, have a look at the reply to Jonathan Barkers letter...

ASF

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS.

- Rock n Roll.....7.00pm**
JCR. Beginners
- Water Polo.....7.30pm**
Sports Centre. Come along and try one of the most physically demanding sports.
- Latin American.....8.00pm**
JCR. Beginners/Improvers

TUESDAY

- C.U. Prayer Meeting.....8.30pm**
Chaplain's Office
- Riding Club Meeting.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Radio Modellers.....12.30pm**
Southside Lounge.
- Cathsoc Mass.....12.30pm**
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
- Sailing Club.....12.30pm**
Southside Lounge.
- PhotoSoc.....1.00pm**
Southside Lounge. New members to join.
- Gliding Club Slide Lecture.....5.30pm**
Aero 266. 'Soaring in the Alps'.
- 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
- Social Ballroom.....6.00pm**
JCR. Beginners.
- Yoga.....8.00pm**
Southside.
- Canoe Club.....6.15pm**
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.
- Judo.....6.30pm**
Union Gym.
- Latin American.....7.00pm**
JCR. Bronze Medal Class.
- Yoga.....8.00pm**
Southside Gym.
- Cricket Nets.....9.00pm**
Lords. Meet at 7.45pm in Mech Eng Foyer. Must bring whites.

WEDNESDAY

- Keep Fit.....12.30pm**
Southside Gym.
- 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.
- Diving.....6.30pm**
Swimming Pool.



LETTERS

Not Again...

What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS.

- 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 First.....12.45pm**
Mech Eng 542. 'Arms and Debt'.
- Fencing Training.....1.30pm**
General.
- Huxley Soc Meeting.....1.00pm**
Huxley 340. 'Education and Christian Worship'. Speaker: John White.
- 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.
- Social Ballroom.....6.00pm**
JCR. Intermediate.
- Judo.....6.30pm**
Union Gym.
- Social Ballroom.....7.00pm**
JCR. Beginners.
- FilmSoc Film.....7.30pm**
The Meaning of Life. Mech Eng 220.
- Latin American.....8.00pm**
JCR. Gold medal class.
- Southside Disco.....8.30pm**
Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run.....9.15pm**
Meet Weeks Hall Basement to take food to London's homeless.

FOR SALE & WANTED

- FOR SALE: Saunders Jetpacket plus Tent. 2 years old, excellent condition, weighs about 3lbs, suit 1/2 people. Contact Jim Tinnion on 071-732 6238. £90 ono.
- GUITAR for sale: £40, Hohner Steel Stringed Acoustic. Phone Andy on ext 94803.

PERSONAL

- THE ORGASM all night party at Hill View Farm, tonight, 9pm. Be there or be spanked senseless with a wet herring.

20

Dear Andy,

Okay, so I feel challenged (or provoked?) to put pen to paper in response to the second half of Athena's letter (who is Athena anyway? Doesn't (s)he have the courage to admit to his/her own views?) and more specifically to the rantings against the 'God Squad Guys' who wrote against abortion. I would like to put the record straight, and say that it isn't just 'guys' who are against abortion, I am one of many women who also believe that abortion is murder and hence very wrong.

'But what would you do if you got pregnant?' I hear you ask. My answer is that you don't even have to run the slightest risk of getting pregnant before you are ready. And that's without using contraceptives or being frigid. Society has reduced the value of sex. It's fashionable and almost expected of you to sleep with someone (or even several people), in fact, if you're still a virgin, people begin to wonder what planet you've come from. Sex has even been reduced to be used as an abusive swear word. Where's the respect gone for one of life's greatest pleasures? It's too easy to 'get laid', and then it's too easy to dispose of the 'evidence'. You know the saying, 'easy come, easy go'.

But I believe that God has created each one of us and so, following through with that argument, I believe that it is His will if a tiny sperm impregnates a tiny egg,

Who? Part 3

Dear Andy,

Concerning 'A Real Man' article Issue 889.

Phoarr! Give him to me, the man of my dreams: A Real Man! I mean come on girlies, we'd all love a quick shag with an IC pisshead, especially when he says he loves you!

You get the scenario; a generous five seconds of foreplay and he's desperately trying to get into your knickers. 'I love you', he dribbles into your ear and of course you would believe him! Meanwhile, your previously immovable 501 buttons mysteriously come undone.

You would have no hassle with me when it comes to putting rubber socks on your knob. I'd never consider inconveniencing a Real Man with the burden of a condom, he must be hung like a donkey if he splits condoms, afterall they wouldn't split for any other reason would they?

And it's okay, you wouldn't catch any nasty diseases from me lovey, the last 23 guys I've bonked swore they were clean (clean willies, hair...?) and of course I believed them. (Well I am an easy, dopey bitch after all and my sincere apologies, liberated as well!).

starting up the reproductive course. This means that every baby that is conceived, God has created, so who are we to take away their lives.

Then there's the argument of 'what if you're raped?'. My answer is that, if only we ask Him, God will give us the courage to go through with the birth, and then, if necessary, offer him/her up for adoption. Two wrongs don't make a right. It is far easier to live with nine months of shame, and be able to hand over a beautiful living baby, than to hand over a dead one and live with years of guilt and shame.

I know that many women don't have the faith (and courage?) that I have, and so I am not preaching cold heartedly at them, to make them change their views. But I am concerned that sometimes they are offered no alternative to abortion. I have heard of several incidences where women have gone to the health centre here in College and have been counselled only for abortion with no offer of help or advice to pursue the alternatives. Then after their abortions, they have been abandoned by the NHS. Leaving some very desperate and emotionally vulnerable women to search for help and support from people like the Samaritans or the church. So much for respecting women and their rights, eh?

Yours,

Carrie Miller, Mech Eng 2.

I'm not very fashion conscious either, so you're in luck because I'm on the pill, but you'll have to excuse the fact I'm three stone overweight, frequently nauseous, jaundiced and tired all the time because I haven't found a pill my body can handle yet.

So what about it Real Man, why don't you and me get together, you can use me and reject me in the morning. That is if you privilege me with a shag, well it's a man's 'God given right' to shag and I suppose I should be thankful for anything I can get (i.e. a considerate pisshead, overendowed with tallywacker and a wonderful sense of humour).

Yours,

A Real Woman.

P.S. It's strange how some people can't seem to understand different people don't find the same things amusing. Surprisingly enough opinions differ and who's to say who's wrong. Afterall some people found the Real Man letter funny, some people found it offensive and I found the man of my dreams!!

Err... Deja vu?

ASF

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS CONSULTANCY

Financial Consulting Services (FCS) is one of the fastest growing areas of Arthur Andersen. It provides advice on a range of strategic and operational issues that adds value to clients' businesses and facilitates their growth.

Trainee Consultants joining the group perform data research and analysis within multidisciplinary FCS teams on a variety of assignments for major companies in the UK and overseas. Thorough in-house training is given in a wide range of business skills and the opportunity exists to be sponsored to study for an MBA at a top business school after two years with the Firm.

Limited vacancies exist for outstanding graduates to join FCS in October 1991.

Further information will be available at a presentation on:-

Wednesday 6 February 1991

at 6.00 p.m.

at 1 Surrey Street, London

or from Gillian Jones, Arthur Andersen and Co., 1 Surrey Street, London WC2

Interviews will be conducted on Thursday 7 February 1991.

Brochures and application forms are available from your Careers Service.

**ARTHUR
ANDERSEN**
ARTHUR ANDERSEN & CO., S.C.



Jean-Francoise Lucas (Physics 1987-90) explains how he chose his career and how his work has developed in his first year of life after IC.

Where John Cleese Went Wrong

Probably for many of you the time has come to make the biggest decision of your life. The question is what career do you want to throw yourself into now that you have finished your degree?

I was in that same position about 12 months ago, undecided as to whether to go into Marketing or into the popular and demanding area of Accountancy. In the end, I chose Accountancy and the chance to acquire one of the premier business qualifications, the internationally recognised Chartered Accountancy qualification.

Of course, having made that decision, I was faced with another—which firm did I want to join? The various recruitment brochures and articles were an important source of information to help with this, but by far the most persuading evidence was what I learned by meeting and talking to people already working with the various firms, and it was on that basis that I chose Arthur Andersen.

Internationally, Arthur Andersen is one of the largest firms of accountants, tax and law consultants in the world. It is a young firm, staffed by young people, and it prides itself on working hard to achieve its objectives in every area of its business.

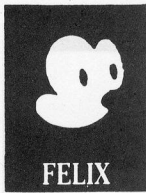
You should remember that there are many different specialisations within accountancy at Arthur Andersen. An important tip before making your decision is to analyse carefully the pro's and con's of each one. I chose the Tax Consultancy division.

Actually, the name 'Tax Consultancy' probably doesn't do justice to the range of areas covered. As an example, my group has just finished advising on the leveraged buy-out of an international consumer product group. As well as advising on how to structure the deal so that the most favourable tax position was achieved in the 19 different countries where the group operates, we were involved in deciding which currencies the senior and mezzanine finance should be borrowed in, how to remit blocked funds to Europe from Latin American and Asian countries, negotiating the terms of the sale and purchase contracts with the seller, and a whole range of other legal questions, Monopolies Commission issues and general business decisions. There is no doubt that being part of the Arthur Andersen team on a deal like that is a very quick way to learn how international business operates.

It did not surprise me much to learn that the job involves a lot of hard work and commitment, but in return I have been involved in a range of stimulating assignments and have had the opportunity to travel abroad and work with colleagues from all around the world. A lot of early responsibility has been given to me matched by in-house training on how to handle that responsibility.

There is also a well defined career structure, so that I know where I can expect to be in the years ahead provided that I keep up my efforts—indeed, there are quite a few Imperial graduates whom I work with here who have been promoted to manager and have increased their starting salaries fivefold within 4 or 5 years of leaving Imperial.

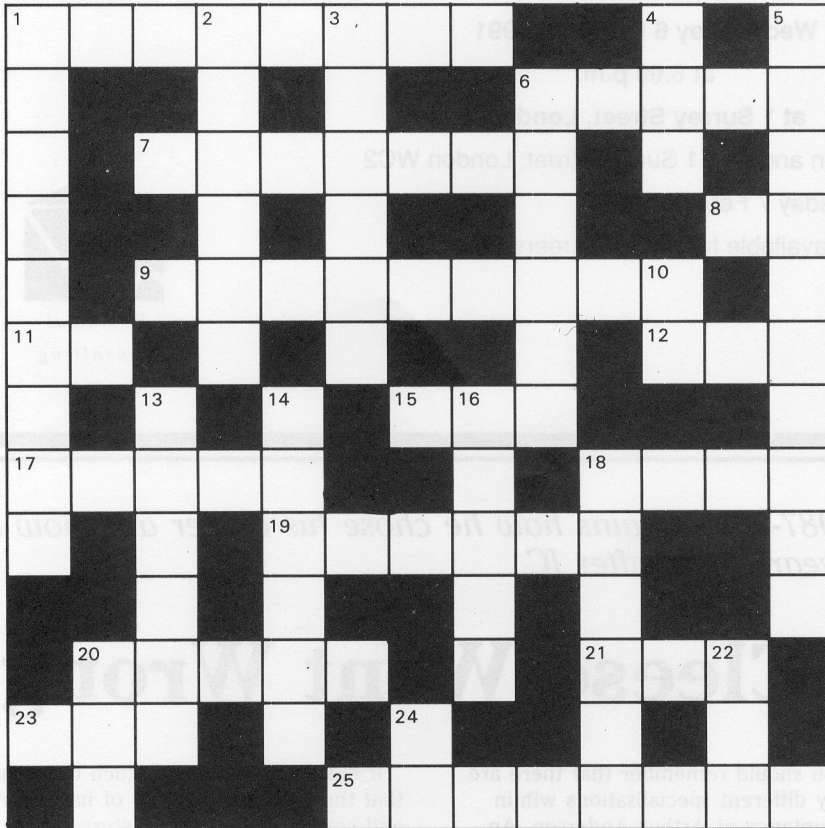
Hopefully this will give you a clearer picture of what accountancy can offer you and what Arthur Andersen is all about. Don't get me wrong it's not all about just work. In the office everybody has a very professional attitude but when the social life starts...well...I'll leave that up to you to find out!!



Pendragon presents...

Filmword

This week's quick crossword is all about films. So put yourself in Barry Norman's shoes and give it a go. And why not?

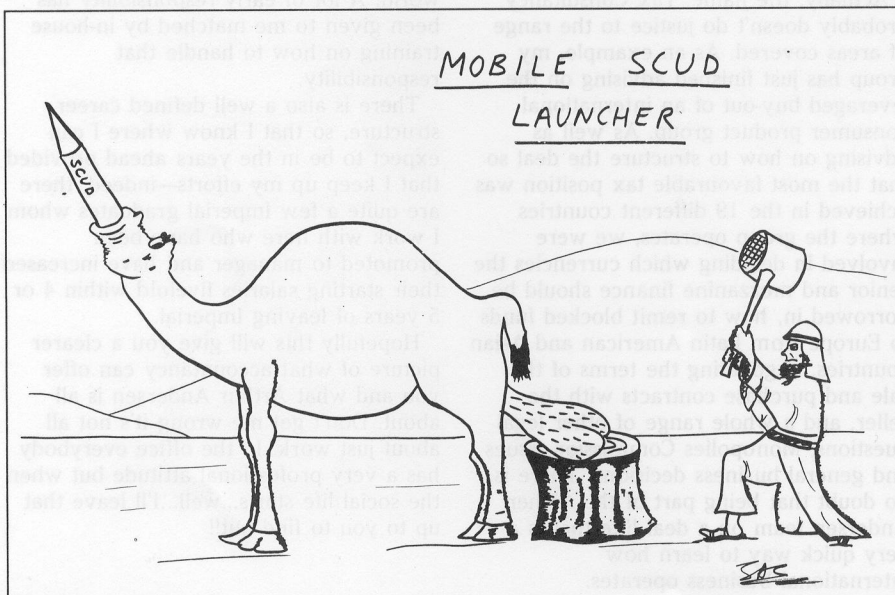


ACROSS

1. Dolph Lundgren's Marvellous performance. (8)
6. Big film, big review, little jap subtitles. (5)
7. What you'll want to if the film's bad. (4,3)
8. Dolph's Cartoon Man. (2)
9. Everyone out? Then you're like Kevin! (4,5)
11. Sound and Sight (1,1,)
12. Abbreviated Explosive (1,1,1)
15. ICU deputy president, or just Ghandi? (3)
17. Luke's Nemesis Star! (5)
18. Farenheight 451.—Mania? (4)
19. Warren and Dustin have an Arabian disaster. (6)
20. French world, lacking in pity? (5)
21. Cruise shoots! How high? (3)
23. They just love it... (3)
25. The first sequel, but not to the Horror Picture Show. (5,3)

DOWN

1. Princess Leia's Missives. Reached her limit, perhaps? (9)
2. Where 4 Down flew. (2, 4)
3. Dennis on the Hot spot. Will he Catchfire? (6)
4. First half of Mel's CIA USA airline. (3)
5. It could happen to you! (10)
6. High time for a gunfight. (2,4)
10. Spielberg 'phones home! (2)
13. Brand O'Godfather? (6)
14. Killer Play Doll—whose? (6)
16. Into the cinema.. (5)
18. Richard Gere's type of woman. (5)
20. Monkey's problem. (3)
22. Abbreviated Great Escapers (1,1,1)
24. James' Evil Doctor. (2)



Last Week's Answers:

Across

- 1.Scud, 6.Artillery, 8.Flak,
- 12.Vie, 13. Help, 14.Cruise,
- 16.Table, 17.Toe, 18.Decline,
- 19.At, 21.Israel, 22.Geneva,
- 25.Rot, 26.Achilles.

Down

- 1.Surface to Air, 2.Dark, 3.Oil,
- 4.Ale, 5.Grave, 7.Retreat,
- 9.Abuse, 10.Chemical, 11.Old,
- 15.Ta, 16.Tankers, 18.Death,
- 20.Bets, 23.No, 24.Aid.

Editorial



Another week, and I'm almost beginning to get used to this. The hardest part (no, I'm not going to use the same joke I've used for the last two weeks) is deciding how to start. Once that's over with, it's easy. So, here we go...

VICTORY!!! (Provisionally)

Yes, it looks like we've done it! In an uncharacteristic burst of sanity the Working Party on the College Day have decided that the 'jolly sensible really' proposals to alter the length of the day weren't quite so sensible after all. According to El Presidente (Shan), the decision was apparently made due to the '...strength of student opinion...' and that the departments of College (not just academic ones) which had been keen on the idea hadn't justified why they were. (Interesting, eh?).

The Working Party report to the Board of Studies, and are thus drafting a paper which contains their findings (apparently there were some) and a list of the pros and cons associated with the proposals. Shan told me the list of cons would be, well, rather long, to say the least, which I must say comes as a huge surprise to me...

Unfortunately, the next meeting of the BoS is too soon for the paper to have been completed, so a letter will be sent in the interim, expressing the Working Parties view that 'We strongly recommend that no changes are made to the College day for the foreseeable future.'. This will be followed by the paper at the first meeting next term.

All is not sunshine and roses in happy bunny land, however. The Working Party, being a committee, has no power in itself: it acts as an advisor to the BoS. The BoS, though, has no power either (it's a committee), so it advises His Rectoriness. He then makes the decision, as He's got power (He's the Rector, you see).

Right, what this means is that at any stage along the way the advice of the Working Party could be ignored. Aren't bureaucracies a good idea. Of course, this would be slightly more mad than Mad Jack McMad, winner of last years Maddest Man in Britain competition. But...

Also, the College's interpretation of the phrase '...for the foreseeable future.' is about three years, which as a pure coincidence happens to be just enough time for most of the current student population to have left. The words 'sneaky', 'clever', and 'sly', while being on my mind at the moment, have no bearing on my opinion of this. Honest.

But, all that aside, it's still a victory for us as students. It shows that if we can rise above the rabid apathy that appears to be an inherent part of IC, then we can change things. It might also show College that they can't do what the hell they like,

without considering what we think about it.

Who?

The 'Real Man' saga continues. I have received the letter from Angus Fraser that I mentioned last week, but unfortunately he clearly marked the envelope as 'confidential' and the letter itself as 'Personal'. In English, this means that it would be a bit off for me to print it without his permission. Suffice it to say that it expressed, quite strongly, a similar view to that expressed in last week's letters page. But tough, I still stand by my views as expressed last week.

This week's letters page has held these views up, especially my feeling that contrary to the opinions expressed in last week's letters page, ie that the 'real man' letter could not 'enhance or enliven' Felix in any way, in fact it could. E.g. the two letters from 'A Real Woman', which are from two separate people, by the way.

However, this is not what I want to talk about. It's just that these letters have brought to light an interesting phenomena (he says, sounding like a scientist for the first time in his life): How people assume the sex of a person from their opinions. For example, most people have assumed that the 'Real Man' letter was written by a man. Most people who have read the 'Real Woman' letters have assumed they were from a woman. Alan 'my favourite person in the whole universe, and I really do think his view points are so sensible' Bailey assumed that 'Pendragon' was a woman (he's a man - Adam Tinworth, the Arts Editor, in fact). Several people have held varying opinions as to the gender of 'Athena'.

Religion, God, etc

What are these guys/gals on? While I try hard to respect and understand the opinions or beliefs of others, the amount of letters we've had from various Christians has taken it's toll.

As far as I'm concerned, if someone wants to accept that by believing in a semi-mythical figure from the past of the Middle East, then their souls will be redeemed, that's fine by me. It gives people strength and hope, and allows them an external figure to turn to for these. All well and good. But really, when they act as if they're beyond criticism, that they're always right, and that everyone who doesn't believe is either

- Wrong
- Mislead
- Immoral
- Evil
- In need of converting

Or any combination of the above, that it really starts to get on my nerves. A belief is yours. No matter how many people also share your belief, it doesn't mean that everyone should. It also

doesn't mean it's 'right'. Specific moral judgments of 'right' and 'wrong' only exist within the framework of a specific set of moral values. Each and every person has their own set, dictated by a huge number of factors. Each human society has its own set, in the form of both laws and 'unwritten rules'. Each religion has its own set.

This is all fine by me. Just don't start assuming that everybody should live by yours. And for whoever's sake, don't use the Bible as if it were fact: It's just a book! If you believe it's true, fine. But you can't use it as the basis of an argument with someone who doesn't believe it's true, when you can't prove it is. In the same situation, you can't judge somebody by it. Some 'morals' have to be accepted by everybody: Laws. This is necessary for our society to function in the manner which it does, and to maintain it. If you don't agree with them, fine, but you'll suffer the consequences. Outside this, it's up to you.

Carrie Miller: If you want to see abortion as wrong due to your religious belief, that's up to you. However, the fact is that some people will not share your belief, and the practical fact is that women will always have abortions. If your religion leads you to think that abortion should be banned, and thus that women who wish one should have to go to a potentially unqualified person and risk the consequences, then maybe you should rethink your concepts of mercy and compassion (which Christians seem fond to extol).

David Fernandez-Arias: If Athena wishes to question your moral framework, and you can't answer his/her questions, then don't write in telling Athena that all he/she has to do is become a Christian and he/she won't worry about it anymore. Please.

So if you don't have a constructive point to make (ie not 'God is really cool' or 'I'm right 'cos I believe' or 'This is immoral because my religion tells me so') I really don't want to hear about it. Sorry.

Staff Meeting, Monday 12.30 pm

Credits

Typesetting & Printing: Rose and Andy

News Editor: Toby

Arts Editor: Adam T.

Music Editor: Sarah

Features Editor: Roland

The Team: Stef, James, Ian, Ifthikar (I hope), Liz, a couple of other guys, the Music ravers, Chris Riley, Fe-Wei, AI.

Collating: GAE Printing Equipment Ltd.

Felix is produced for and on behalf of the Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed at the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB (Tel 071-225 8672).
Editor: Andrew Butcher, Manager: Chris Stapleton, Business Manager: Jeremy Burnell. Copyright Felix 1991 ISSN 1040-0711.



The Daily Telegraph wants you to give your legs to Oxfam

Enter them now for The Daily Telegraph NUS Fun Run and they can raise much needed money for Oxfam's vital work to relieve poverty in Southern Africa.

The 5km Fun Run is the biggest student event in the UK and by taking part you will be voting with your feet for better living and working conditions in Front Line Africa.

Celebrities, steel bands, competitions and entertainment are just part of the fun.

There are prizes and incentives for raising

sponsorship and the star fundraiser will run off with two return tickets to New York from Campus Travel. Hosts of other prizes from National Express, Our Price and Nike.

Where: The University of Birmingham.

When: Sunday 10 March. Entry forms and further details can be obtained from your local Student Union or by telephoning the Fun Run office on the following number 0865 311 311.



The Daily Telegraph

NUS FUN RUN '91

**SUNDAY
10TH MARCH
UNIVERSITY OF
BIRMINGHAM**



Oxfam

**Join us to raise money
for Oxfam's Campaign
for Front Line Africa**

FUN RUN ENTRY FORM

RUN TO RAISE MONEY FOR FRONT LINE AFRICA

For every student who participates, The Daily Telegraph will donate an extra £2.00 to Campaign for Front Line Africa.

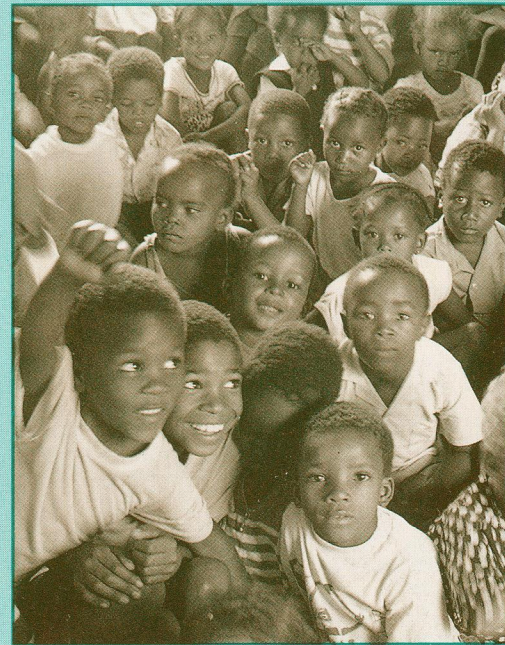
The Front Line States are those which surround South Africa. In these 8 States (Angola, Namibia, Botswana, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, Malawi and Tanzania) the lives of millions of young people are affected by turmoil and the poverty which results.

In South Africa itself, inequality and conflict are fostered by the apartheid system, the effects of which will last for years to come.

Here is one example of how Oxfam is helping.

CHILDREN IN THE FRONT LINE

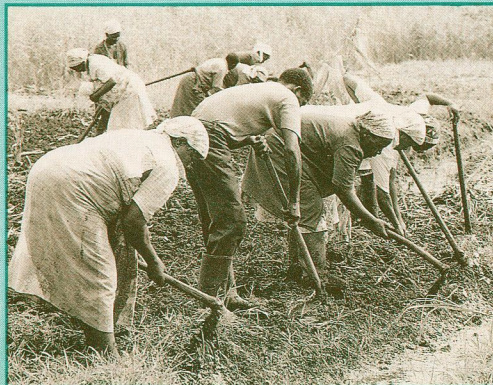
In South Africa the residents of Winterveldt have been removed from their former homes in "white" areas to this black homeland resettlement area. Most people are



unemployed, but the local Oxfam supported creche provides a stimulating environment for 160 children.

£41.00 would provide a year's nutritious daily meals for one child.

By running the race you are voting with your feet in supporting the Campaign for Front Line Africa.



F

or the second year running The Daily Telegraph NUS Fun Run for Oxfam will take place at Birmingham University on Sunday 10th March. By taking part, you are joining people all over the world who are working for fairer and better conditions of life.

This year promises to be even bigger and better with more celebrities, more entertainments and even more fun.

PRIZES AND INCENTIVES

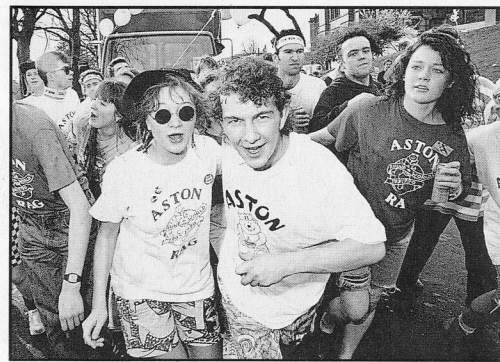
PRIZES for Star Fundraisers

- Two return tickets to New York
- Two Eurotrain tickets
- A weekend in Paris for two

All from Campus Travel

INCENTIVES for raising sponsorship. The more you collect, the more you win. For example:

- £25 a Mug
- £50 an Our Price voucher
- £75 a Nike Rucksack
- £100 National Express Tickets



OX/630/WW/90

NATIONAL EXPRESS >>>

CALEDONIAN EXPRESS >>>



Britain's Biggest Student Fundraising Event

GETTING THERE

Birmingham University is easy to get to and most Student Unions will be arranging transport. Check with your Fun Run Organiser to see if yours is. If not, there's a regular train service

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DAY

- The Daily Telegraph NUS Fun Run
- The Daily Telegraph NUS 10k BSSF men's race
- The Daily Telegraph NUS 5k BSSF women's race
- It's a knockout
- Inter-College competitions
- Steel Bands
- Entertainments
- Celebrities
- Fairground attractions
- Food

running to the University's own station (via New Street Birmingham) and National Express coaches also run to Birmingham. Special car parking areas will be provided.

**Any queries please contact:
Fun Run Office on (0865) 311311**

ENTRY FORM

To enter The Daily Telegraph NUS Fun Run, on Sunday March 10th 1991, fill in this form and return it with a cheque for £5 made out to Oxfam, to your campus organiser, or send it to: **Fun Run Office, Oxfam, Freepost, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7BR.** We will send you an entrant's pack containing the Fun Run T-shirt, full details of the event, running number, and sponsorship form.

NAME

DATE OF BIRTH

COLLEGE

COURSE

TERM ADDRESS

POSTCODE

PERMANENT ADDRESS (if different from above)

POSTCODE

and if you're in a team
TEAM NAME

How did you hear about the Fun Run?

POSTER

WORD OF MOUTH

STUDENT PRESS AD.

To enter the BSSF Races phone BSSF on 021 766 8899.