



FELIX

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION 27th January, 1972 No. 307

PIERS JOINS THE MONDAY CLUB

See Page 9½



Piers returns to I.C.

"I am delighted and very grateful to all the students, messengers and staff in I.C. and also up and down the country who were so vocal in their support; especially in political matters".

Piers Corbyn, in case you didn't know, has won his appeal against the decision of the College to expel him.

This simple statement gives no hint of the actual events behind the apparently suspicious behaviour of the physics department. After all the case is the first to use the appeal system set up in 1966. What is needed more than anything is an accurate record of what has been happening.

Piers began his career with a Royal Scholarship to I.C. where he wrote several scientific papers as an undergraduate (e.g. measuring the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit at home!).

He graduated with a 1st Class degree in Physics, whereupon he joined the Department to do research in Solid State Physics.

He passed D.I.C. Theoretical Physics in 1969.

It was then that his political beliefs became obvious and as President of I.C.U. in 1969-70 he was responsible for the distinctly leftist outlook of the Union at that time.

He started research again in 70/71 and became the editor of Sennet. This is recognised by the College as an "accepted University activity".

Over the summer vacation an attempt was made to expel him on grounds of insufficient work. This dragged on for three months when, in October, he was allowed to remain only on the grounds that he increased his work considerably.

At this point the Physics Department (in the person of Professor Coles) and Piers began to differ on the account.

Piers says that he thought the warning in October had left him with a "clean sheet" so far as his college record went, and that the letter informing him of his expulsion came as a great shock.

However, in a letter to Piers, Professor Coles made it clear that he never considered that this was the case. Apparently, he and Professor Matthews had assumed that since the "derivative of his work rate" had remained positive during August and September, there was a good chance that this would continue. It was on this basis that Piers was to be allowed back.

Piers before the revolution



At Sunday's National Demo . . .

MINER SKIRMISHES

A fight marred the start of the Demonstration on Sunday against the government's proposals for Student Unions. It began when members of the Liaison Committee for the defence of Student Unions and sympathisers moved forward and surrounded the platform at Hyde Park Corner when directions were being given to the assembled multitudes. They were insisting that a miner should speak to them about their struggle for more money. Despite promises that a miner would be one of the speakers at Trafalgar Square, the L.C.D.S.U. persisted, shouting that they wanted one there and then, and scuffles broke out amongst the ranks. Eventually, after informing them that the microphone was "broken", the mob quietened down and order was restored.

Imperial College, together with the other USK colleges and the Scottish contingent to whom I.C. had played host the previous night, started the march from Imperial Institute Road at 12.15. I.C. was completely outnumbered by the others even at this stage—there were, in fact, probably only about 200 at most of us. In comparison to this, there were at least twice

as many from the rest of U.S.K., and as many again from the Scottish universities. Flanked by a goodly number of the fuzz, they set off across Hyde Park to join contingents from all over the country at Hyde Park corner.

There everyone was split into 23 groups, depending on where they came from. The Central London crew and those from

Wales were probably the largest crowds, whereas others were quite noticeable by their absence. The assembly there was well organised and uneventful except for the scuffle mentioned above which happened just before everyone was due to move off at one o'clock.

Marching about eight abreast, the demonstration went first down Oxford Street, through the intricacies of the one-way system to Oxford Circus, down Regent Street, across Picadilly Circus and thence down Haymarket to Trafalgar Square. The NUS earlier predicted that 100,000 would turn out for the march (which is decidedly optimistic—the NUS only has 450,000 members in the whole country); the official estimate at 1.40, by which time the march had reached Oxford Circus, was 20,000, and certainly, if they were marching in the groups of 4,000 that they were supposed to be in, that can't have been far out. However, the march was all the same very impressive—it took 40 minutes for it to pass down Haymarket, from which I have just come.

Unfortunately for the cause, many students decided not to

demonstrate on behalf of Student Unions but for other causes instead, notably that of the miners. In fact, while standing at Hyde Park before departure, when the officials asked over the loudspeakers whether everyone knew what they were demonstrating for, everyone tittered merrily—but several near me shouted "For the Miners!!" There were so many slogans on the march that it could have been on behalf of almost anything. Of the dozen or so passers-by that I asked, three thought that they were demonstrating for the miners, two for school milk, and several others thought it was just a general anti-government march. One even thought that it was about about Rhodesia. Only one knew what it was all about—the rest were don't knows and don't cares.

After speeches from union officials and leaders from the labour party and trade unions, 2,000 of the demonstrators moved on to the National Coal Board headquarters, where they chanted slogans of solidarity with the miners. Perhaps the NUM will have a demo for us, some day.

Editorial

The new term has begun in a mode which suggests that it intends to be typical. On Sunday, 23rd January a march took place to demonstrate against the green paper on students unions. I.C. had a turn out to lend support to this worthy cause which was even surpassed by our lovable police forces first class support of our cause. There have also been two union meetings in the first two weeks of term neither of which has been quorate. Of course the important issues taking place in the college bars and at the constituent college fun sessions have, as usual, been well supported, together with even more critical matters to be decided on the playing fields of Harlington.

Please do not now derive the opinion that I object to any of the activities mentioned in the last sentence, except perhaps to excesses of the former. What I am trying to illustrate is the important question of priorities. If you believe that Piers Corbyn has a reasonable case for complaint then you should be at the union meeting to support it. If you think that he genuinely is a lazy good for nothing and should be expelled from the college they you should be at the union meeting to stop him spending YOUR money on his solicitors fees, not to mention his attempts to spend your money on I.R.A. bombs (you too can kill an Irish child). Whatever you believe in you have a duty to express your opinion at the union meeting above almost every other duty you may have.

You may, of course, think that unions are silly and how many pints of beer you can drink are the more important part of your college life, after all would you be as capable of damaging our halls of residence, etc., without them. Once again you are entitled to your opinion but surely if you think that unions are silly you should try and support Mrs. Thatcher's ideas in every way possible, as they are guaranteed to get rid of it for you (be careful, it may also get rid of a couple of bars).

As however I have not seen anybody actively supporting Mrs. Thatcher I can only deduce that everybody who joins this solid body of apathy believes in true apathy. Good for you. I'm always pleased to see someone with the courage of his convictions, indeed at the present rate I too may give up hope for the future and join your masses. Oh! but can I do that if I have actually gone so far as to think about why I don't want to think about anything. I'm confused, better go for a pint!

Returning refreshed to my desk I am feeling more understanding towards the apathetic majority. It is an historical fact that people are always apathetic until they are united by good leadership. I must agree with the consensus of opinion in the college that the present technique of leadership breeds apathy in that it breeds boredom. If we are to save our union and simultaneously, I believe, a lot of our interest in life, we must urge our leaders to lead us or resign. This unfortunately will never come to pass because to implement this we need a quorate union meeting. Impossible they cried, and cried, and cried.

Readers write... Kouncil Kapers

Sir,

Yes, I'm afraid that it's another slam at Council, last night's in particular. I am convinced that Council in its present form has ceased to perform as a useful and contributory area of ICU. Last night's mammoth session of 7½ hours adequately illustrates this view in my opinion.

On the agenda were some vitally important items, fundamental to the very aims and objects of ICU, yet we were stifled by obstruction, pettiness and dogma. I would at this point like to state quite categorically that all was not wasted. There was some useful and meaningful discussion, but even this was clouded. Piers Corbyn's academic affairs have blown up again, in a very nasty fashion. Council showed unanimity of thought, although Piers was somewhat evasive as to how much work he has actually done of recent. Other points were dealt with moderately efficiently, such as Finance, Minutes of the last meeting, etc., and most of the reports. The one report that caused trouble was the Ents. report. It would appear that too many people are rumouring too much about something they know all too little. Even the President's report was fairly uncontroversial!

But then came the needle issues. Student Union autonomy and Structure of ICU. These two issues were reduced to a level of personal recrimination. I believe Council showed itself to be unable to discuss vitally important topics in an adult and rational manner. Within a short space of time, the entire debate was reduced to petty bickering. Council actually managed to pass judgement on an ICUGM, the now infamous Dec. 2nd meeting, condemning the filibustering that led to the passing of a motion of dubious support, and proceeded on the next item of business to push through an amended amendment in a way that amounted to little less than filibustering again. Council spent 45 minutes discussing a procedural motion on a point of order on an amendment to a motion! Both tempers and friends were apparently lost in 4½ hours of temporary insanity.

I believe that Hobman and Amos were pushing their luck if they really thought that their motion would be passed or even discussed fully. It was perhaps foolhardy to even propose such an extreme motion as they did. Whether they proposed it

out of sheer spite, as was suggested openly at Council, I wouldn't like to say, but I would like to think that Hobman and Amos are more responsible than that.

The opposers of the motion, I believe, stifled discussion to achieve its defeat and aid the substitution of their own, with the result that the whole issue was inadequately debated. The amended motion was then effectively destroyed by further amendments. We reached a point when, after about 4 hours, an amendment was proposed and passed which negated all that had been decided over the past 4 hours. It was at this point that ritual suicide occurred. Council then voted to ignore the vote they had just passed, quite democratically at that, and revote on the amendment. Fortunately it was withdrawn before any further damage could be delivered.

The amended motion was passed in entirety shortly after, with little more fuss.

The meeting lacked an experienced Chair, although the Chairman for the greater part of the meeting should be congratulated for his handling of the proceedings, considering that it was his first experience in Chairing a major meeting. McCullough showed that he was not a good chairman and moreover he showed that he was prepared to go to considerable degrees of obstruction to get his own way when debating a motion.

What can be learnt? Council standing orders are totally unwieldy and may require extensive alteration. Council is not sufficiently flexible and relies too heavily on procedure and precedent. Council is motivated too greatly by personal opinion and, dare I say it, personal gain, at the expense of ICU as a whole. Maybe, however, my last comment was too uncharitable, but Council members of the present and future would do well to bear this in mind to avoid this accusation being made with complete justification sometime hence.

No one came out of this meeting with anything approaching clean hands, except perhaps Dave Hobman's kitten who was too young to know any better. But there again Zee must have had some thoughts on the matter, as he expressed them with clarity, dignity, and proliferation dead in the centre of the floor.

Yours, etc.,

DISILLUSIONED.

Dave Sugden edited this issue of FELIX, newspaper of Imperial College Union, with able assistance from Mary Short, Colette Robertson and Dave Gribble. Oliver F. Dowser, Ross McBeath and Bernard Williams wrote the articles whilst Bob Carter and John Stares concocted the features. Reviews were by John Bryan, Bob Carter and Syd Amos. Sports editing by Chris Potter. Photographs were taken, developed and printed by Colin McCall and John Horsefall with typing etc. by Miss R. J. Faulkner. Business and Circulation Management by John Stares. National advertising agents are University Press Representation, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London WC2 (Bless their cotton socks).

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Piggies

Scene Piggies Great Hall.
3 big pigs, lots of little pigs and a stuck pig (who is stuck).
Little pigs: Let's help. What shall we do?
We all want to help don't we? He's one of us.
1st Big Pig: Let's do it my way.
2nd Big Pig: Let's discuss it for a few hours.
3rd Big Pig: Let's do nothing. He might escape anyway.
Everyone: Yes. We're bored. Let's go home.
Stuck Pig: Help!
Exit.

Yours,
F. DERBYSHIRE
J. R. OWEN
F. R. SHEPHERD

Non-Returnable Paper

Dear Sir,
We would like to inform members of I.C. that an Ecological Action Group has been formed jointly by I.C. Society for Social Responsibility in Science and Wellsoc Pollution Group.

The first project which we have undertaken is that of recycling used computer paper which is at present wasted. We intend giving it to the "Fight for Sight" Charity, who will sell it to paper mills for re-use.

We appeal to all computer users to put their used computer print-out in our collecting boxes, which will shortly appear in all depts.

If you are interested in the group's activities, please contact one of us.

Yours,
DOT GRIFFITH, Industrial Sociology (INT 4247)
JOHN R. HALL, Materials Sci. II
MIKE ROBSON, Chemistry P.G.
BASIA ZABA, Maths. III.

Letters to be featured on this page should be sent to the Editor via the union letter rack, where there is a special pigeon hole for Felix. The Editor reserves the right to omit or cut any letters submitted.

Do you want to read books by:—

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- James Aldridge
- Marghanita Laski
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- Vladimir Nabokov
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What's On

Thursday 27

- 13.00 IC Union meeting. Great Hall.
- 13.00 Lunch-hour concert: Elizabeth Wilson (cello) and Kathron Starrock (piano). Library, 53 Prince's Gate.
- 17.00 IC Biochemical Society: Dr. D. A. Rees "Why the jelly wobbles". Biochem 303.
- 18.00 Arab Soc. International Week of Solidarity with the Arab People. "The Revolution in the Arabian Gulf". Mech Eng 342.
- 19.30 Wellsoc filmshow. "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines". Mech Eng 220.

Friday 28

- 18.30 Arab Soc. "Oil Monopolies and Arab Liberation Movement". Mech Eng 122.

Saturday 29—Sunday 30

- Touchstone Weekend. Dr. Vera de Blue. "Solitude and the terror from outside". Silwood Park.

Monday 31

- 19.30 Wellsoc. Mr. D. B. Longmore. "How and when we should replace the heart". Mech Eng 220.

Tuesday 1

- 19.30 South East Asia Society. Ceylon Cultural Evening (Exotic food, drink, exhibition, dance, song) 30p (25p in advance).

Friday 4

- 19.15 "Bronco Bullfrog" and De Sica's "The Bicycle Thieves", Great Hall. Tickets from Tizard 434.

Saturday 5

- Osibisa 60p.

Monday 7

- 19.30 Wellsoc. Dr. J. Stollery "Beyond Concorde?"
- 19.30 IC Operatic Society. "The Yeoman of the Guard". Union Concert Hall. Monday 7 until Friday 11.

small ads

and diagrams extra.—Contact Jamie, Int. 3416 between 12.30 and 2.00.

ANYONE wishing to participate in a small experiment lasting approx. 20 mins. should contact M. Garneau, Video Lab, Elec. Eng. (Room 1108), Int. 3152.

JOB, part-time for UG interested in Elec. Eng., graphics and unconventional. — Apply "Christine Harris", c/o Felix.

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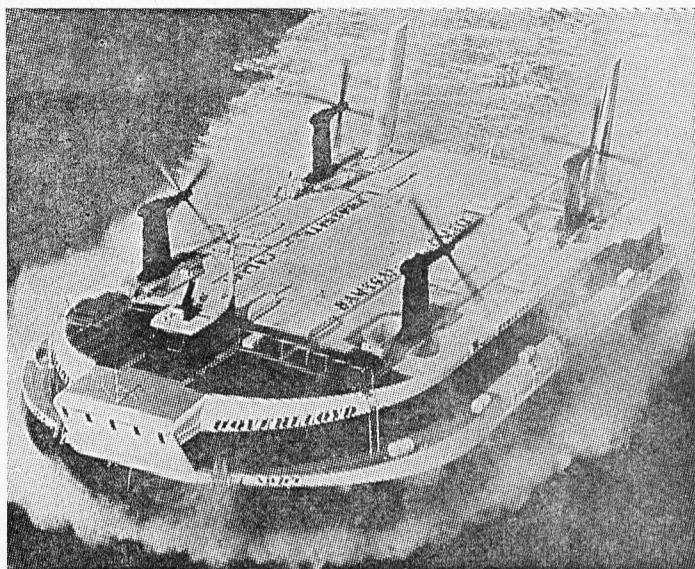
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1 EXHIBITION ROAD, S.W.7

LENTEMENT



... but cheap

The glamour that one initially attaches to a new job, a new home, a new woman, or even just a new feeling is so seldom realised. It was therefore with great surprise that, within a month of joining the Felix staff I received an offer of a free reporting trip. Much more surprising was the fact that this was a three-day trip . . . to Paris!

All this, long since past, happened at the beginning of last term. Hoverlloyd, the private company providing a Cross-Channel hovercraft service had written making the offer. To gain publicity, they chose to invite (from all the London colleges) a Felix reporter for the ride. The itinerary was explained simply as three days in Paris, travelling there on the first day and back again on the last. We were to travel by a sandwich combination of Coach-Hovercraft-Coach. Little more was said until the departure day gradually drew closer. I went to the bank and withdrew my life savings so that I could at least take advantage of the duty free opportunity that return would offer and then waited.

On a typically cold December morning I got up at the unusually early hour of 7.00 a.m., four hours sleep behind me, and packed, ate and made my way to Victoria Coach Station. The Coach Station was empty, almost ghostly I thought when I arrived, but the coach was there. The engine was running, warming the coach for the coming run to Ramsgate. A charming chatty bird arrived a bit later. That cheered me. Another one, younger but almost as charming arrived after (I

prefer 'em experienced) and we set off. Not quite as simple a journey as I would have liked, because it transpired that there were some other men coming too. Hours after we got to Ramsgate—hell, is the M2 boring!

Ramsgate Hoverterminal is like a mini-airport—a Hoverport they call it. Environmentalists may remember the problems Hoverlloyd had in persuading Pegweil Bay locals that what they had always wanted was a Hoverport in their front gardens. Hoverlloyd won and a local who was with us tried to assure me that the peasants were now convinced. I might have been, had not this particular person spent the whole summer working for the very people organising the trip! In fairness the Hoverport does not look too out of place, and considering it cost £1.5 million to build, it's not badly finished either.

We saw a Hovercraft from the terminal. A big thing, its large snout open, ready to swallow the first 35 cars that might come its way. Like Seaspeed (BR's service) Hoverlloyd operate BHC SR.N4's, now referred to as the Mountbatten Class. These things are certainly impressive, capable of carrying up to 60 ton disposable loads at speeds of over 50 knots.

After a while we boarded, the local rag's photographer took our photo (never happened to me before!) and the craft rose, gently cresting the waves and speeding into the Channel—soon to cross those notorious Goodwins. The hostesses came round after a while offering their wares (drinks, etc.). (One word

about the hostesses—they are not up to airline standards, at least in looks, most look like 30-40 year old housewives).

People's reactions by this stage are variable, some go very white. I found the sensation of travelling in big hovercraft exhilarating. Previously in the year I had crossed the Solent in a Seaspeed side-wall craft, but this was really something completely different. After a while we were invited up-top. (I forget whether it was the bridge or the cockpit). The pilot (I remember that bit) perched upon a high seat had a vastly superior view than the passengers below him.

A whole array of instruments before him, his lot is very similar to that of an airline pilot. Gradually they showed us almost everything about the craft (except a look under the skirt). Very safe I thought! I might say that I have since met someone they nearly mowed down mid-channel.

The French terminal was less impressive. Smaller, yet with much more officious staff—altogether French. (Don't be surprised if I say I really like them). There is, however, a plaque to somebody or other—a load of cock.

The worst part was to come and I think I should say, by choice, I would not travel from London to Paris by Hovercraft. Four hours in a comfortable French coach wouldn't be too bad if it were comfortable, if it had been warmer, and if the driver hadn't chosen to stop in the middle of nowhere with little to see except row upon row of British WW1 war graves; what a lovely war.

"INTERNATIONAL FRUSTRATION"

Lord Caradon at I.C.

Many problems exist at the United Nations; it should be renamed "International Frustration", said Lord Caradon whilst speaking at I.C. by invitation of Third World First—U.N.S.A.

Although he spoke only of immediate conflicts, he stated that the more important issues such as Race, Poverty and Population should not be overlooked.

A major problem at the U.N., he continued, was that its members tried to assert their nationalist policies at an international level. He had little sympathy for people who criticised the United Nations for failure to solve problems. The agreement made in San Francisco resulting in the foundation of the United Nations is still as valid and correct now as it was then. People tend to think of the U.N. as a large impersonal organisation which can solve any problems. Unfortunately, they always come too late with their problems when they have succeeded in making a mess of them. However, by condemning the U.N., they are only condemning themselves and their own failure to reach a reasonable conclusion.

He also warned of the "complacency" of the predominantly white minority that controls most of the world's wealth whilst largely ignoring the presence of the coloured majority of the world's population that is suffering from poverty, overpopulation and illiteracy. This problem, he believes, is one of

the greatest that has ever faced mankind.

Lord Caradon went on to explain the function and usefulness of the U.N. First its use as an "International Forum" where all nations' views can be heard. By way of illustration he recalled that four years ago, Malta had called for a resolution declaring sea-bed mineral resources the property of all mankind. This resolution gained support and was finally accepted unanimously, clearly demonstrating how a small country can contribute to important international policies.

His second point was that the U.N. provides a unique situation for good contact between high-ranking officials of most countries and the eventual understanding of most problems. He gave vivid details of how he walked back and forth down 3rd Avenue in New York trying to settle Arab and Israeli problems and how with his personal understanding with a Russian representative, the Soviet Union did not veto a proposition for its own sake. Whereas in the good old days, a diplomat was forced to travel from country to country, he can now do most of his business at the U.N. This has led to "A New Parliamentary World Diplomacy" with a public declaration of the results obtained. In other words, a problem has to be solved, or failure admitted. He pointed out that the Paris Peace Talks between North and South Vietnam, the Vietcong and the U.S.A. have and probably will fail to reach a conclu-

sion for this reason.

Finally, he spoke of the ability of the U.N. to act as a "Machine for International Development", to alleviate poverty by population and other controls. He quoted the case of Jamaica, which received a large inflow of cash after the discovery of bauxite. Whilst schools and hospitals were being built, the population (which nobody was concerned about) was rising so rapidly as a result, that after ten years, the people were worse off. Other countries have population problems, e.g. India, where it is increasing at 1 million a month, clearly this problem must be solved before any raising in the standard of living can occur.

Race, poverty and population are the international problems of the future, but certain political problems still exist. For example, the Conference on the Environment in Stockholm is imperilled by the political considerations of E. Germany.

Lord Caradon continually emphasised the policy of success on the international scene that is required, rather than victory on the nationalist scale. He answered several questions and emphasised this in his replies. On being questioned on Northern Ireland, he replied that he was not familiar with the situation there which was the reason for his inclusion in the recent B.B.C. investigation.

Altogether, he is to be congratulated on a fine delivery, a very amusing, eloquent and agreeable talk.

McLooge Expands

Paris had changed little since I had last visited her. There's little to tell those who have been and for those who haven't, well you should.

We were wined and dined both nights by our hosts. The food was good, the wine was ordinaire, and the meal took a long time to eat. My whole day in Paris was spent Chrissy shopping, etc., having been unable to rise before 12.00 noon due to the effects of the meal (etc.) the night before.

Return was the same as going. Even to the names on those crosses (you would not forget them either if you saw them). A companion joined our fold for the return. She was called Irene, was attractive, talked knowledgeably and enjoyed the ride. I mention this because she was probably the fairest test. She had wanted to travel the cheapest way and time was immaterial.

Duty free laden, and very tired, I returned to Linstead about 50 hours after I left. I had spent 15 travelling and about 8 sleeping and I had enjoyed it.

We're now getting well into the second term and the Union Autonomy issue is still tending to dwarf some other issues, including:—

DIVERSIFICATION

Following the Board of Studies Meeting in November, when the idea of an Academic Director was accepted and the adoption of more diversified courses was encouraged to departments, the Registrar sent a note to all Heads of Department asking them to pursue the matter further. This departmental level of representation is where the chance of true participation in College government might be. A new course—"Science in Society" is being prepared by the Industrial Sociology Unit and hopefully will be introduced into most depts. next year. Get details off Chris Sheppard (Civil Engineering Dept. Rep.), and use your staff/student committee to make sure your Dept. gives you this course as an option next year.

POSTGRADUATES

Whilst P.G.'s are in no way discriminated against by the Union (e.g.) Grants rises, Ravenscourt Pk. Flats, Student Welfare Services, Sports Facilities, Entertainments, STOIC, Felix, Clubs, etc., nevertheless the involvement of postgraduates within Union activities always seems to fall well short of that of undergraduates and some of the P.G. problems that are peculiar to them (e.g.) Lab. safety, Demonstrating Fees, etc., possibly don't get enough discussion. This may largely stem from the greater isolation of P.G.'s, both from U.G.'s and also other fellow P.G.'s. To combat this the Union Council will be considering in the near future

plans for a P.G. affairs officer and P.G. association.

REPRESENTATION

This has been a silent subject for the last year or so, but still the Union lacks representation in such areas as choosing Hall wardens, membership of the Deans' Committee, etc.

STUDENT WAGE

In the midst of Press discussions of the Consultative Document Proposals, there was a report in the Times of a reconsideration of the loans for P.G.'s question. It is in this context that students must develop the concept of a student wage—a lot of the work P.G.'s do is put to use for industry, government, etc.—P.G.'s should get paid for this work. The concept of a student wage is now widely accepted by students—we must now apply it to areas of difficulty, e.g., long vacations, nature of study, etc. to fix our own boundary condition that would make it feasible and not just a weapon with which students could be even more regimented by Colleges, e.g.) Southampton, where some P.G.'s have to clock in, and must work a minimum of 40 hours a week in the lab.

MINERS' STRIKE

Men, working in far from pleasant conditions in many cases, are taking home wage packets of less than £20 a week in a lot of cases. When there is an enforced overtime ban by the N.C.B. as there has been recently in many areas, these wage packets can drop as low as £13-£14. How can students, as a part of society, not want to add their voice in this matter.

If you've got any comments—come and see us in the Union Office.

SO YOU WANT TO SEE A PLAY

There are a great many theatres in London, in fact about 50 or so, ranging from the vast and vastly commercial Drury Lane Theatre (which will soon be mounting a musical, Gable-less 'Gone With The Wind' for a cool £150,000), through the diminutive Ambassadors with the everlasting "Mousetrap", to the non-profit making (well, they say they planned it that way) "Almost Free Theatre". You pays your money and you takes your choice. But, I hear you at the back cry, what money? Grant? A good ticket for a West End play will cost about £1.50 or so, but there are places which are Arts Council or otherwise subsidized and are thus cheaper. It is therefore the solemn duty of this article to give an impression of what is available at student rates and what (in my view) is worthwhile that is not. The list is by no means comprehensive and is rather subjective. Tough. Blame Sugden.

Shaw Theatre

(twixt Euston and St. Pancras).

Michael Croft, founder of the splendid "National Youth Theatre", set up the professional Dolphin Company at the Shaw, largely with the help of Camden Council. The aim is "To provide good Theatre at prices young people can afford"; so, on production of a Student Card, you can get a pretty good seat for

25p. The productions are generally straightforward and textual, especially the Shakespeare, and this will certainly be true of the forthcoming "Romeo and Juliet" (of which the Young Vic managed to make such a mess). The set-up is remarkably plush, with a nicely modern auditorium and about the longest Theatre bar in London. Friendly folks, but be careful about opening the 'envelope' programmes. They spill everywhere.

Young Vic

(near Old Vic, Waterloo).

Michael Croft was consistently refused Arts Council money to set up the Dolphin Company, but Olivier's sidekick Frank hand-in-yer-pocket Dunlop got a brand new Theatre, plus working capital without having to ask twice. All tickets are 40p, for which the director demonstrates how much cleverer he is than the playwright, especially Shakespeare. But don't let me put you off. Book next door at the National's office.

Almost Free Theatre

(Rupert Street, near Piccadilly Circus).

Ed Berman, or Professor R. L. Dogg (Dogg R. L.—get it?) of Inter-Action Productions runs this curious centre for three fringe companies (including his own "Dogg's Troupe") providing theatre at any price you want to pay for a ticket. As well as evening performances there are lunch-time performances starting at 1.15 p.m., fin-

ishing about 2 p.m. Despite their seemingly suicidal financial policy the place exudes an air of artistic endeavour — whether this will survive when the novelty wears off is open to speculation. Don't expect ice-cream in the interval, but just mutter about Pinter, Surrealism, how well Ionesco did this, and how important it all is, and you should pass off as trendy.

Royal Court

(Sloane Square).

The Court is the only Theatre in U.S.K., and is, as the home of the English Stage Company, Arts Council subsidized. Any tickets unsold by 5 minutes before the performance are sold to students for 25 pence. There has been a good run of plays from here recently — "The Philanthropist", "The Contractor", "Home" (recently televised), "The Changing Room" and "West of Suez" have all attained West End transfers. Small (440 seats) and pleasant.

The Theatre Upstairs is the Court's experimental wing, and as such produces anything sufficiently novel to attract critical attention.

National Theatre at the Old Vic

(Waterloo).

The Larry Olivier Mob. It is critically fashionable to slate the National at the moment, but they are not at all bad and the sickly-comic "The National Health" is well worth seeing. No cheap student rates I'm afraid, but the gallery is great fun (seated 15p, or standing 10p). Programmes are rather expensive, though you do get a cast list free, and bars are plentiful. So are Student Nurses in the gallery.

Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych

World-wide, probably the best English-speaking Company just now, but Old Bill would not recognise much of the material in current repertoire here—only one of the plays is his, and that (Midsummer Night's Dream) is a Peter Brook directorial rehash. Like the National, this gang are getting a brand-new multi-million pound Theatre in the near future, so they are worth seeing just for the sake of

keeping an eye on your investment. However, once again, like the National there are no Student Reductions as such, but reductions and other benefits can be obtained by joining the R.S.C. Club. The National also has one. Economists can have fun working out how many tickets must be bought to break-even on the membership fee. No cheap gallery tickets.

Theatre Clubs

The Theatre Clubs have largely faded out of importance now that there is no Lord Chamberlain to stop actors taking their clothes off and saying nasty words. However, the Hampstead Theatre Club (Swiss Cottage) produces some good stuff as a sort of London Off-Broadway, and Theatre 84 (Margaret Street) as a sort of Off-Off-Broadway.

and it is not to be confused with Mankowitz's Open Space (Tottenham Court Road), desperately avant-garde, sweetie. The Greenwich Theatre (Greenwich Park) is cheaper than the West End, but less accessible. The newly rebuilt Westminster Theatre (near Victoria) is run by M.H.A. (Moral Re-Armament) and tends to give away tickets to students if approached.

Dress & fings

Nobody seems to dress for the Theatre nowadays, onstage or off. "Oh! Calcutta!" calls for a clean overcoat or Mac, but that's about it, apart from an obligatory appearance of destitution for Fringe Theatre. Information for West End appears in the quality dailies, "Time Out" and "What's On?" carrying the rest. Tickets by 'phone (collect 30 minutes before performances), or from Theatre Box Office (don't expect politeness, they're all failed actors), or Keith Prowse.

Really cheap Theatre

Get to know some London stagehands (any pub near a Theatre, but the Playbill bar, St. Alban's Street is best) and they'll get you 'papers' (useful jargon to drop). Or join NATKE (National Association of Theatre and Kinema Employees). Or review plays for Felix.



Mermaid

(next to Blackfriars Tube)

There is a unique aura about this reconstructed riverside warehouse, with its open stage and simple raked auditorium, rugged and evocative without being uncomfortable, tucked away below Blackfriars Bridge in the nightly deserted City. The plays are general unusual (Albert Camus at the moment) — but good. No reductions, but the atmosphere makes up for that. My favourite Theatre.

Roundhouse

(Chalk Farm Tube)

Like the Mermaid's warehouse, this building was not originally a Theatre but an engine shed, making the new National and R.S.C. palaces look rather whitely elephantine. Old timber and wrought iron arches give character to this temple of the vaguely avant-garde, for Tynan's "Oh! Calcutta!", Warhol's "Pork", Othello's "Catch My Soul" and Tebelak's "Godspell" all started London life here. A sort of young Mermaid. There is a good fish and chip shop across the road.

The acting schools R.A.D.A. and L.A.M.D.A. also have clubs for their student productions. I think.

Others

The "Open Air Theatre" in Regent's Park is magical on a summer's evening — just ignore the Boeings —

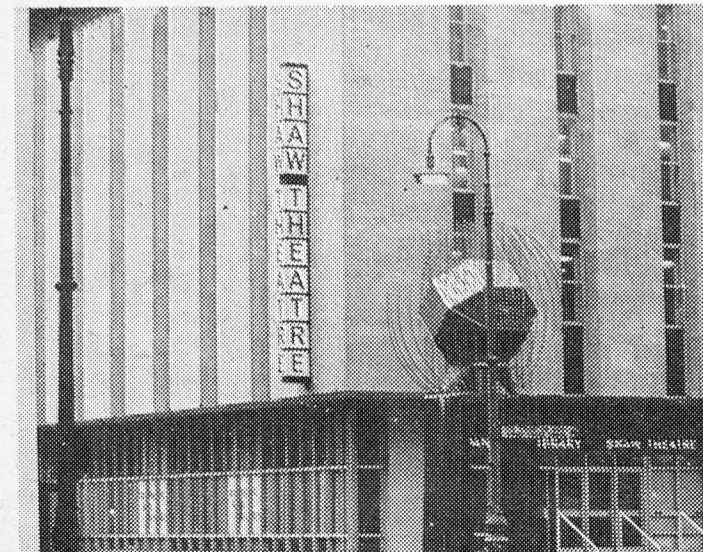
McLOUGE SPEAKS

One of the very beneficial side-effects of the Autonomy Campaign has been the basis of this Campaign on area organisations (like U.S.K.) with such features as area marches, area fund raising events and area General meetings. The development of areas is the student body's way of fighting the Binary System, that regulation educational division whereby you go to a plush University with good Residence Halls, sports facilities and Union facilities, whilst some of your old school pals go to the poorer relations of higher education — polytechnics, Colleges of Education, Technical colleges, etc. — with their often dreadful lack of residential, sporting, union facilities. And this material division is only reflective of the much more potent education div-

ision whereby all the best 6th formers are supposed to go to University, whilst the "not-so-bright lads and lasses" go to Polys., Colls. of Ed. etc. Whilst the battle against the binary system within school education (i.e. Comprehensive v Grammar Schools) is slowly making advances, no such advances have been made within the realms of Higher Education — why can't we have Comprehensive Universities, where education students work alongside science students, art students, engineering students, etc.?

In supporting the N.U.S. and all the teaching Unions who have come out solidly against the James Report, we are fighting the battle, for equality in Higher Education equality in society and for justice.

LONG LIVE U.S.K.!



REVIEWS

FILMS

I've been writing about films over the last term and have scarcely mentioned the Film Society. On the 4th February in the Great Hall we are showing Barney Platts-Mills' BRONCO BULLFROG, which I mentioned when I reviewed his second film "Private Road" last term. Barney Platts-Mills is perhaps the most promising British Director to have emerged in recent years. There is the same basic theme — the conflict between personal aspirations and the restraints of society, but Platts-Mills has focused his attention on Del, a young East Ender in a steady, but soul destroying, job as a welder and the film tells of his attempts to escape from this mainly to be alone with Irene, his girl friend. Bronco Bullfrog has great glamour for Del

in that he has escaped from Borstal. Del takes Irene for a trip to the West End which ends abortively in a Wimpy bar. Del's motor bike and their attempts to start a new life in the country are all destroyed. The film ends abruptly where it is obvious that Del and Irene must bow to society's demands in order to survive. It sounds very pessimistic, but even at the most pessimistic points the characters always seem to extract excitement and impromptu fun from their environment. Filmed with an entirely amateur cast, from an improvised script this film is excellent. For a first film from a British director it is very good and due to the lack of either sex or violence in the film it is unlikely to obtain a general release in this country. So

on the 4th February at 7.15 p.m. in the Great Hall I.C. gets its chance. Also we are showing Vittorio De Sica's 1948 classic "Bicycle Thieves".

At last year's (1971) London Film Festival the film that opened the Festival was Jacques Tati's latest film TRAFFIC. Eventually I caught up with the film and it has been very difficult to review. There were several very funny parts and many other parts the rest of the audience found funny (perhaps they weren't in as much difficulty with the French as I was—a few subtitles help; please distributors!), but overall the film was a little patchy, with long stretches when nothing happened. A very disappointing film compared with his 1952 "M. Hulot's Holiday".

CENTENARY TOUCHSTONE

Saturday, 4th December 1971 saw the start of the "Centenary Touchstone" — the 100th touchstone since Sir Rodericks Hill instigated the idea over 20 years ago.

The concept of "Touchstone weekends" has changed little since its inception and was admirably explained in the last Felix Touchstone report. Something of a nostalgic feeling was instilled into the group by the arrival, from Lever Bros. Ltd., of a replica of the original Touchstone symbol. A Port Sunlight soapbox. The box is admirably referred to as "the box of free speech" with the additional rider "but not free licence". A pity.

"America & Asia — a clash of cultures?" the weekend's topic, seemed to cover the whole field of discussion. Philip Calkins, Professor of Indian History at Chicago University was available as Guest Speaker to start the ball rolling and then, very subtly and tactfully, guide it in the right direction. The Professor was much more the American academic: friendly, sociable, young and interested — some contrast to some of his British counterparts.

Much was said. The speaker felt we were questioning whether Western technology was something which could be given to underdeveloped nations, provided we overcame conservative, peasant and religious prejudices.

Do you regard the East as exotic? — almost certainly; if not, your mind will probably conjure pictures of religious ceremonies, or a caste system, or just poor, overpopulated people. The exotic view has certainly persisted since Colonial times. Indeed, it has been encouraged. The East cultivated the religious view for being subject.

America, the speaker felt, had regarded herself as the protector of the Chinese peoples—it never had been, and was understandably hurt, like an "unwanted parent", by the Communist success in 1948.

The title certainly proved sufficiently provocative to attract two American students to the discussion, though as a first-timer, I couldn't help feeling that the group was based on a very hard core of regulars. This is not by encouragement, and all are welcome.

I really think it's a pity that more people don't try a Touchstone weekend. It is only £1. The next Touchstone speaker will be Mary Whitehouse. I've booked.

RORY GALLAGHER "DEUCE" (POLYDOR)

When Rory Gallagher performs on stage he gives his audience the thumbs up sign quite a lot and stomps about continuously. He is undoubtedly one of the most exciting performers in Britain today, but has the advantage over other "exciting" performers in that he is an excellent guitarist, particularly on slide guitar where he ranks with Johnny Winter and the late Duane Allman. Don't miss the chance to see him in the Great Hall this weekend.

In the past, however, the excitement of his music seemed to melt away on record. The temptations of

DISCS

overdubbing in a modern studio must have been too much because he introduced jazzy alto-sax which sounded o.k. but just didn't make it compared to the raw rock which we knew he was capable of. Only "Live Taste" was able to capture the atmosphere he engendered.

But this album is more what I had in mind. Almost certainly recorded live in a studio with a bit of crude production here and there, and the result is the best album he's done. Of course it's not just the feedback that makes it so good. The songs are a lot more meaningful than the

"I got a woman she's so mean" lyrics with which he's been associated. And there's bassist Gerry McAvoy and drummer Wilgar Campbell, so often overshadowed by Rory but both very competent. As well as the straight-ahead rockers like "In Your Town" (the best track) there are Rory's attempts to get into a purer blues bag, like "Should've Learn't My Lesson" and "Out of My Mind", which sounds a lot like Don Partridge (remember?). But most of the tracks jump off the turntable and punch you in the guts. A fine album.

PLAYS

Late last term I went to see "Dear Antoine" and "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg", both of which have now, unfortunately, closed. Both deserved the highest praise — "Joe Egg" for the grey comedy with which Peter Nichols colours his picture of parents caring for their 'vegetable' child, and "Dear Antoine" for Anouilh's slowly revealed depths of emotion and a magnificent "Coup de Theatre" in the third act.

But David Storey's "The Changing Room" (Globe) still lives. The play is set in the Changing Room of a Rugby League Club, and its three acts occur before, during and after a match, as the players arrive and change, come in at half-time and are treated and encouraged, and, eventually bath and drift away,

less the one broken-nosed player. There are none of the usual motive-laden speeches and all that we learn of the players is from their chatter — anything else would have torn the thin fabric of total credibility. The fascination in the play comes from watching these thirteen players come together (all are part-time, though not amateurs) and weld themselves into a unified team, gradually dissembling at the end. The image is of men at work, not of actors pretending to be something they are not, and if I mention none of the cast by name it is only because they are uniformly good. Lindsay Anderson of "If . . ." and "Home" directs this transfer from the Royal Court.

"Getting On" (Queen's) was ultimately slightly dis-

appointing by contrast. Alan Bennett (who wrote the excellent and successful "40 Years On") has written a great play with George (Kenneth More), a middle-aged M.P. just arriving, with his younger wife (Gemma Jones), at the point in their existence when they realise that they are "getting on" in age as well as career. Thrown in are a comic Mother-in-Law, misunderstood son, queer Parliamentarian and seductive decorator, to complete Bennett's comic six. There is a lot of very funny material in the first three-quarters of the play, but then the play changes down into a series of from-the-heart dialogue with, I am sorry to say, a drastic crashing of its dramatic gear-box. The play is good, but it could have been better.



SPORTS FELIX

Ist XI Take Easy Win

IMPERIAL I. 5
THAMES I. 1

After a 4 goals to 2 away win last term I.C. I. must have taken the field clear favourites to win this League game. Straight from the kick off I.C. took the game to their often predictable opponents. At this stage IC were much quicker and more decisive than Thames, they had practically taken over complete control of the midfield and were continually pressurising the Thames defence.

All this pressure deserved a goal which duly came from a corner taken by John Kelly, who found Mick Pearson's head; the header was parried but Pearson made no mistake from the rebound. After this goal I.C. maintained

the pressure; a precision pass from John Kelly put Bill Milne clear of a static Thames defence and Milne added the second with only the goal-keeper to beat. These goals seemed to give I.C. the confidence they really needed; they began to move the ball very effectively and only some very near misses from Pete Bartlett and Byron Smith kept the goal tally down. I.C. mounted attack after attack and very rarely was Mick Whitman, the I.C. goal-keeper, brought into the game. It was from one of these attacks that a Thames defender was forced to handle the ball and Noel Fryer made no mistake from the spot to make the score 3-0 at half time.

The second half saw I.C. rather complacent

and their play rather spasmodic. This allowed Thames to come more into the game, but I.C. still seemed to keep them well under control and they added two more goals through Bill Milne and Ian Rodgers before Thames snatched a consolation goal.

However, even with this convincing result I.C. I. will certainly not have any sympathy for Thames when they meet in the 2nd round of the U.L. Cup on Saturday, 22nd January and hopefully, at least, there will be no complacency.

Team:— M. Whitman, M. McGrath, A. Baker, G. Willcock (capt.), M. Pearson, N. Fryer, B. Smith, P. Bartlett, B. Milne, J. Kelly, I. Rodgers.

Successful Badminton Tour

A series of mini-tours was arranged last term for mainly the 1st and 2nd teams.

The first of these involved 11 people consisting of seven 1st team men and four ladies.

On Friday 14th January such names as— Hilary Rowson (Ladies Capt.)

Sue Thompson
Brenda Dilley
Janet Roberts
G. Georgiou (Mens Capt.)
S. Donald
'Souki'
D. Ward
R. Palmer
C. Gaukvogel
D. Thomas

set off for the long trek up north, fully equipped with badminton gear, supplies, oranges, oranges . . . oranges. Our destination was Leeds where we were to play Leeds University on Saturday afternoon. We played a 'county' style match which we unfortunately lost 1-6; neverthe-

less a lot has to be said about the team Leeds turned out and how close some of the games were. Fielding 5 B.U.S.F. representatives out of their team of 8 we did extremely well to contain them at 11-6.

The 1st event was the Mens singles, which involved S. Donald, G. Georgiou, D. Ward. Donald played No. 1 against P. Bullivant, who was B.U.S.F. champion (singles) 69-70. Donald lost two straight sets, but defiantly gave Bullivant a tough time. Fitness was what Donald lacked and not ability. Georgiou was against their No. 2 (No. 3 in disguise), whilst Ward lost narrowly 13-18, 18-14, 12-15.

The ladies, unfortunately, lost both their singles to make I.C. 4-1 down.

In the mens doubles there was a great fight back when I.C. won 3 out

of 4 games, but the ladies again fell. The final score of 11-6 against included wins by the mixed doubles where special mention must be made about Miss Rowson who kept her cool whilst facing Bullivant.

On Sunday morning we set off to Bradford and fielded the rest of the team who were unable to take part at Leeds. I.C. won 9-6.

In the mens singles, I.C. lost both. Chris Gaukvogel's inexperience being responsible for his losing to a B.U.S.F. player. Miss Thompson beat a large girl (handicapped by her weight) and the teams shared the mens doubles. The ladies saved the day by taking 3 out of the 4 games whilst I.C. cruised out winners overall after the mixed doubles.

On the whole this was a successful tour, indicating the standard of badminton at I.C.

ling movements by the I.C. backs worried the City defence while the pack was always prominent with their constant backing up. The first try came after Chris Flanagan had made a penetrating run only to be stopped 5 yards short. From the resulting scrum Andy Tebbett robbed the opposing scrum half to touch down close to the posts. James converted.

Other scores came in the first half when John McDonough scored wide out and James kicked a penalty to bring the half time score to 13-0.

I.C. turned around and were again immediately on the attack. Bill Baines

scored under the posts, as did Roy (I've got more tries than you James) Matthews. James converted both. The final score came after a handling movement amongst the forwards (in which even that celebrated prop (eh?) C. M. Wrigley took part) resulting in Ozi touching down in the corner. After this the game tended to stagnate and the final score was 29-0.

Team:— J. Hughes, J. McDonough, B. Baines, P. Pilkington, J. Hunt, A. James (capt.), C. Flanagan, C. Wrigley, H. Michael, M. Surge, R. Matthews, I. Partridge, A. Tebbett, I. Rays, D. Osborne.

Winks

I.C. Winks team crashed to a 36-27 win in Southside upper lounge last Tuesday, thus losing their unbeaten record, maintained in living memory. The match was the first the team has played in the newly formed London League, the visiting team being from the National Westminster Bank. They tried to gain psychological advantage by appearing in a uniform of suit and tie, but I.C. countered with a display of incredible disorganisation which evidently disturbed their cool. The home team's policy of multiple substitution brought accusations of cheating, completely unfounded, but did cause great confusion on the score card. The result was agreed upon as the best of the possibilities, but it was I.C.'s game all the way, especially after the second round, which we won 18-3, and after the opposition's 10th round from Southside Bar. One member of the Bank team was seen to be seriously put off a vital shot by the mention of the word 'beer' by a colleague, and thus some credit for our victory must go to them. The match was rounded off by a look at Dick's porno mags to see what we had missed playing winks.

King Winker.

VAC. JOB INDEX

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All copy for the next issue to Chris Potter, sub-warden of Falmouth Hall, by Wednesday, 2nd February at latest.

EDITORIAL

The term has started quietly with clubs preparing for the next round in their respective competitions. Between the time of writing and publishing, the Rugby, Football and Ladies Hockey Clubs should have played in their second round matches against tough opposition, and we hope to see all three Clubs in the third round (semi finals!).

Because Mrs. Thatcher has managed to deflate the situation with respect to Student Union Finance, it does not mean that Sports Clubs and their members should forget about the whole issue — she may try a new ploy. We must continue analysing the latest in fanaticism which is to be found in the newspapers and from I.C.U.

In the middle of February A.C.C. would like to know what exotic places (within the London boundary!) Clubs are thinking of visiting, and what sort of support a tour would receive from within the club. The reputation of tours of being drinking orgies (not subsidised) is quite true! But the honour of the club is at stake and captains have ambitions about winning the odd match. Meanwhile, it is a great opportunity for people of perhaps lesser ability to play alongside better players and hence learn more about their particular game.

Congratulations must be levelled at the Swimming Club Committee for taking the initiative and organising a major International Water Polo tournament in the I.C. pool. The competition took place last week, and it is hoped that some of you saw some of the very high standard of Polo that was played.

John Banks Trophy goes to I.C.

The Cross Country team started the term in fine style by winning the John Banks Trophy for the first London College in the "Q.M.C. 7½" on Saturday (15th).

A classy 140 strong field started the gruelling 7½ mile race over heavy plough and deep mud with occasional ditches and stiles. A promising start by Ed Williams ended in injury, but Rob Parker, reaping the benefits of his heavy Christmas training programme, had a fine run in 24th place. The main pack was led by Matthew Smyth (56th) running better than ever, with Ed Williams (57th) after coming through from the back. An

unfit Rog Phelps was 60th with Pete Lewis (68th) running very well. Paul Clarke ran steadily in 69th place and Rich Wilson was 63rd. Dave Jones (107th) completed the scoring eight with Rob Maddison running as an individual, 112th.

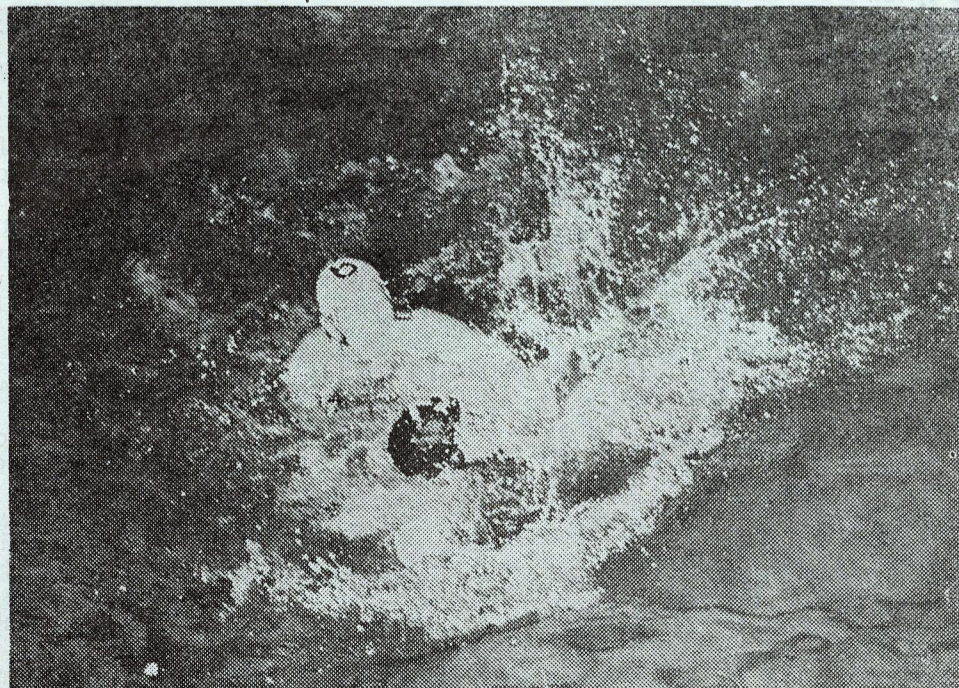
The race was won in 40.52 by Chris Garforth (Cambridge) with Doug Gunstone (Cambridge, ex LSE), third. The first London runner was Bob Reeves (Q.M.C.) in 9th. Rob Parker was the second London runner.

The team result was, 1st Cambridge, 2nd Leeds, 3rd Oxford, 6th Imperial College. 22 teams were entered.

Rugby

On the first Wednesday of the term I.C. 1st XV played City University (again) at Colliers Wood and came away victorious by 29 points to 0. Although City 1st XV were below strength, it was an excellent performance by I.C. and augurs well for the many (we hope) cup matches this term.

City University won the toss and elected to play with a stiff breeze and the sun on their backs. This however was to no avail as I.C. was immediately on the attack. Several hand-



A scene from the International water polo tournament.

AMERICA

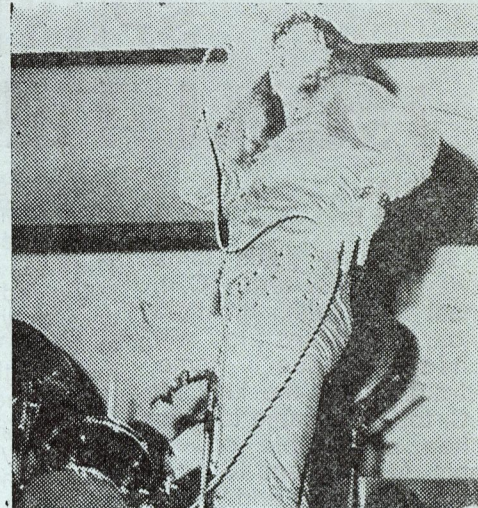


America's first ever gig was, I believe at I.C. about 18 months ago, for which they were paid £25. Their price is now £750, a testimony indeed to a rapid rise to a fame based on music which is and let's be honest frank, cruel and boring, that of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young or many other acoustic - guitar based groups. Having become Underground favourites through being adopted by Underground Cult Figure Jeff Dexter and frequently playing Implosion they released a fairly successful album followed by a very successful single whose tune is predictable and whose lyrics are, shall we say, nice-but-unimportant.

But, as I said, America are now a very successful group and promoters who (like your own Entertainments Committee, readers) were foresighted enough to book them when their price was a good deal less than it is now are very successful too. The Great Hall

was bursting at the seams for the concert and some people still had to be turned away. The musical evening was opened by Philip Goodhand-Tait whose set was well, if not ecstatically received by a very receptive and sympathetic audience. Although to many people he may be just a double-barrelled name whom Ents book quite often, he is a successful songwriter, having written "One Road" for the Love Affair, "The song that brings out peoples prejudices" as he put it. His set included, among other self-penned numbers, Buddy Holly's "Every Day" and I enjoyed it a lot more than his attempt at the Lyceum last term with Wishbone Ash. This may have been because your reviewer was able to secure a real comfortable seat instead of having to squat on the floor. It was interesting to note that the most popular numbers of both Goodhand-Tait's and Linda Lewis' act were 12-bar blues sequences. C'est la vie. Miss

Lewis, the coloured folk singer from dahn the East End sang a selection of songs about certain men and certain parts of London; the songs were interesting, and again, and again she was well received. All the artists must have sensed the "good vibes, man" in the air and talked to the crowd to long lost brothers. America took the stage to thunderous applause normally reserved for heavy groups after a wait which at an outdoor festival would have been termed "agonizing" However it was pretty warm in the Great Hall. They ran through their usual repertoire of songs whose titles for the most part elude me, but which did include "Horse with No Name," "California" and "The Sandman" a great song with an original melody and with lyrics which carry a sense of foreboding. Perhaps it's this song people are buying the single for, but somehow I doubt it. The only other song whose lyrics grabbed one was Arlo Guthrie's "Coming into Los Angeles." Anyway the audience enjoyed it and who am I to criticise what people enjoy. I think I'll resign. "Lots of significant points at this concert folks and another one was the behaviour of the audience. They remained transfixed with attention throughout the act and there was not one out-freaker (or freak-out) even during the encore, so the group must have been good and I'm wrong. Goodnight.



Stone the Crows

I should like everybody to know about a group called Man. Not a new group by any means, in fact their fourth album has just been released, but a group that is only just beginning to get recognition in this country. On the continent they are a top band so I doubt the fact that they go out for 50 quid a night worries them unduly. But things are, as I said, looking up, and they must have been delighted with their reception in the Great Hall on Saturday. The line-up (two guitars, drums, bass) is nothing to raise the eyebrows, but the standard of playing, and the empathy which exists between the players and the subtle use of dynamics prompt me to stick my neck out and say that in a years time they will be as big as Yes. The group played three numbers, including their best-

known (a relative term) song "Daughter of the Fireplace," all of them very long, but the shifts of texture ensured that they never became boring. All this, too, without organist Clive John who has just left. When he is replaced and the full scope of the band is realised Man will be wowing audiences up and down the country.

I thought I had better say this (I did mean it) so that Man were not completely overshadowed by Stone the Crows who were easily the best group to have played at I.C. this year (academic year you fool). And to think I thought they were just a rock band with a chick singer. They played music ranging from that like Soft Machine in "the good old days" (keyboard player Ronnie Leahy's influence I think) to down-home country blues and

sounded as if they had been playing them all for years (probably have). For me the highlight of the evening was the keyboards solo; guitarist Les Harvey's solo was just a bit boring—he seems to have just discovered echo and demonstrated it at length, wow far out man but hasn't it all been done before? But I don't want to get too critical and no doubt the audience loved it. To the disappointment of many Maggie Bell didn't bust the only button on her jacket, but of course it was music that mattered and Crows delivered the goods. It was a measure of their popularity that songs like "Big Jim Salter" and "Mister Wizard" were enthusiastically applauded when introduced. Last term I said that Stone the Crows were going places. It seems they have arrived.



The C.W. Post choir, pictured above, gave a concert in the Great Hall last week. Whilst the choir gave a first class performance they must surely have been insulted by the pathetic turn out. In fact a mere forty people turned up, included in which we have the entire rag committee and the tea makers. Twenty people were needed to pay to break even. They didn't.

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FELICITATIONS! And welcome to the new compact Fortnightly Felicity. The new smaller page size is because we can't afford a larger one!!! And anyway, we are now saving space by not having any ego trips, following severe criticisms from other hi-ego publications in the college. And, to stress the point of our new look even more, we've got a new head. But we're still here with the purpose of bringing FELIX up to date.

SCANDALSPOT

VERY ENT-ERESTING

Keen FELICITY and FELIX readers will note with amazement that the record-breaking news from Ent's committee this week is that they have actually made a profit - and a large one - from the first two of their five "Spring Thing" concerts, i.e. America and Stone the Crows. Informed sources put the profit figures at £180 for the Stone the Crows concert and nearer £250 for the other.

Last term, following a motion of no confidence in Ent's Committee, the whole committee stood for re-election, and all except one, the publicity officer, got in again. Congrats on the profits - keep it up !!

THE BLUE LIGHT

On Tuesday evening McClooge received a friendly visit from the local fuzz, ostensibly to complain about the soothing sounds that regularly emanate from the Union Building. However, it seemed that the visit was more concerned with recent mascot raids, which the boys in blue think should shortly come to an end. Notable was the attempt by certain Nobility of I.C. to unbolt and dig up a lamppost from Prince Consort Road (doubtless to save for posterity) and transplant it in the Beit Quad. The gang got as far as the quad, eagerly clutching lamppost, before they were given a "friendly warning".

I CAN SEA(****) YOU !

On Tuesday last, the day of Piers' E.G.M. (see FELIX), the almighty Mr. Carl S***** was seen in College Block muttering "So there's a Union Meeting is there? It's in here is it?", whilst vaguely heading in the direction of the Press Box. Here, our scout informs us, there is a one-way glass, so that anyone in the box can see anything in the Great Hall without actually being seen. Suggestions that Mr. S***** was spying would be uncharitable.

UGM TODAY CANCELLED

Today's UGM has been cancelled because, quote I.C. Union News, of a lack of business and the fact that "a recent saturation of UGM's has led to minority involvement".....see cover story in Felix (Page 8). Next UGM will be on Thursday, February 10th.

LOSING BATTLE

Our rivals in the visual media, STOIC, sent a camera crew to the demonstration on Sunday with the intention of making a film to show on today's programme. However, we understnad that they struck disaster when, having shot only one reel of film, they "lost" the demonstration. They must have been pretty dazed, since the FELIX reporter saw them arrive at the head of the I.C. procession at Hyde Park.

Also at the demo, one of one of the college Broadsheets' editors took his camera with the intention of printing some of the photos he took in his organ. However, on his return, he found that he'd forgotten to remove the lens cap of his camera!! See FELIX for the only comprehensive picture coverage of the demo.

And finally, demowise, we understand that of the 150 members of I.C. at the demo, 75 were from Garden Hall....which, considering the size of the latter, is some acheivèment!! Congratulations to you - where were the rest of you buggers?

AND NOW FOR THE FELICITY STAR FEATURE OF THE WEEK.....(by our own reporter)
"UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE"

The trouble about that oversubscribed trip to Granada Studios in Manchester eventually resolved itself last Monday. The coach left with about 8 empty seats including the one occupied by Ragamuffin. After a stýlish 8-wheel slide through Knightsbridge, in which we almost collected a taxi, we began the lengthy slog to Manchester. Once there, we had a quick pint and then we queued to get inside; Peterhouse, Cambridge, our opponents, beat us to the front rows and even Caroline and Denise had trouble getting RAGAmuffin a seat there. After seeing our teams briefly - they had been practising all afternoon, the thing started "good and proper", with Pampa arriving to a greeting chant of "Happy Birthday". The producer was very worried "Someone once wished Bamba happy birthday in a restaurant and he's never forgotten it" (Is he like THAT too?) "P450/417 take one" started with IC getting the 1st starter (we even managed to lead another twice). Granada increased the %age of science questions considerably, and Paul McCartney and team did quite well (this will be obvious if you see Peterhouse slaughter Oriel, Oxford by 370 to 70 the following week) We regained our honour by pinching Peterhouse's teddy (that's all they ever go to bed with) but Rob A. was very fair-"You can have it back for a £50 rag donation". The Peterhouse peasants got their revenge by pinching our coach wheel discs - worth £60!!! The coach left at 11.30 p.m. with several inebriated passengers, and got back to SUKland at about 0515.(the team had rail-sleepers)

2 Our match should be screened in the week commencing February 7th, and those who didn't see it will get the results, scores, etc., then.

└ Ed's note: I have just read that our reporter left the papagraphing in the last article to my discretibn. The fact that there's no paras, I hope, does not imply that I have no discretion - I just forgot them

CONSOC GOES LIBERAL!!!!!!

Continuing our free publicity for ConSoc (quite accidental), we hear that maintaining the liberal ideals of the aforesaid organisation, following the talk to them from a certain "lefty" (quote ConSocNews), named Mr. P***s Cor***n, members will be attending a dinner at the House of Commons, to be addressed by a founder member of the Liason Comm. for the Def. of SSU.'s, Mr. Enoch P***11. Mambers will be also attending a meeting with Mr De Strawberry - "No bottles of Eau de Cologne, please" (quote ConSoc News)

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