



Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

20th FEBRUARY, 1973

FREE!

No. 329

SEX

For further Unexpurgated

Details come to

the Queen's Tower at

12.45 tomorrow

ALL OUT!

Tomorrow's National Grants Demo assemblies Queen's Tower, 12.45

There is a GRANTS DEMO tomorrow (Wednesday) by all the colleges and Universities in the South-Eastern region. This is the day of climax of the grants campaign, which has so far included rent strikes and refectory boycotts all over the country. Every region in the British Isles will be holding a mass demonstration of unanimity for the NUS proposals for higher grants — so it is of vital importance that you come to Queen's Tower at 12.45 and join the demo, for the march to the DES head office must be well supported to have the effect we need.

From Wednesday, there are only six days until the Government talk

to the NUS, after refusing for over a year. Norman St. John Stevas, under-Secretary of state for the DES hasn't seen anyone from the NUS since he took office. Well, the Government will hardly be able to ignore this demo, as we'll be right outside their windows.

SPORTS:—so that all sporting students won't have to face the dilemma of a muddy pitch or the demo, the ACC has cancelled all sports fixtures except for a few cup and league games which cannot be rearranged. Come along then, and bear in mind that beer is not one of those commodities whose price is fixed by stage II so if you want to be able to afford a few

jars in six month time, come along and make sure you get a higher grant now.

All social reps are reminded to publicise the demo on blackboards and make announcements in lectures today and tomorrow.

At Queen's tower at 12.45 we shall be joined by the mass contingents of students from other Usk colleges. Tickets for the Underground will be sold — price 15p — a paltry sum compared to the £100 p.a. increase we're demanding. At 1.15 the demo will move off to South Ken, where trains will be waiting to take us to Russell Square. We assemble in Malet Street and at 2.15 we move off with all the

other colleges in the Southern region down Southampton Row to the Kingsway, round the Aldwych (legally a demo is a vehicle and so has to observe one-way systems) and across Waterloo Bridge to the DES.

The rally after the demo will be held on the South Bank near the DES. Speakers at the rally will be from a London based Teachers' Union, the Labour Party, various Trade Unions and Digby Jacks (Pres. NUS) and Judy Cotter (Pres. ULIESA).

The importance of you coming to this demo cannot be underestimated, because the strength of arguments that the NUS have in a week's time will depend a lot on the turnout for this demo.

DIRECT ACTION! 90% support for Refectory Boycotts

Two refectory boycotts have taken place so far, both at Southside. They were organised by the Union executive, (some of them) and the grants action committee, following a (quorate) vote at the union meeting of February 1 to hold refectory boycotts as part of the I.C. campaign in support of the N.U.S. grants campaign. As the time when the negotiations between the N.U.S. and the D.E.S. are to take place draws closer, (Feb. 27), it is felt by the grants action committee to be important that students demonstrate their solidarity with their leadership.

There were about twenty students picketing students who had intended to eat in the refectory, and on the second occasion some people stood outside Mech Eng to save people the walk back to College Block. It is impossible to assess the exact financial impact, or to find out the percentage success in terms of the number of students, since Mr. Mooney is suppressing certain information. In particular, whereas before the final till receipts were rung up after lunch, as is normal in any shop, now the till is covered up, or the final total, when read, is replaced by a row of nines or 50p. But the people who eat at Southside regularly (very

thin people, often with scurvy), estimated 70% and 90% respectively in the two boycotts so far.

What is perhaps more encouraging is that many people were persuaded by the pickets to support the boycotts, by, it must be pointed out, verbal persuasion. Many of the people were not acquainted with the N.U.S. campaign, and when they were told, were totally in support of all the claims. Most of the people who did eat were staff, and a lot of Mormons. One of them said that he did support the claim, and assured us that God was on our side, but he was hungry. Of the students who went in, the commonest comment was yes, I support the claim for increased grants, but this is not the way to do it. None of these students was at the Union Meeting which voted for refectory boycotts. Again, some students argued for the "rights of the individual to eat where he pleases, that being democracy." It was argued that this concept is wrong. Democracy consists of supporting the democratically taken decisions of a particular organisation, and in changing these decisions within the framework of the organisation. Students can expect more lightning boycotts. All the pickets are very gentle people, and the one or two people who intend to walk past the pickets are urged to stop and argue the case.

UGM LASHES OUT OVER REFECTORY PRICES

Thursday's Union Meeting showed its anger over refectory prices in sharply-worded exchanges during the President's report. John Lane, ICU President, reported that Mr. Mooney was asking for a 25% rise to cover the losses his refectories were likely to incur this year.

Various members of the Union told the meeting that, even though price increases had not been approved, Mr. Mooney

had instructed his staff to reduce the size of portions and to charge double if the portions appear to be large (even if you haven't asked for a large portion). Angry members claimed that this constituted a price rise, and were only quietened on being told that refectory prices would be a major topic of discussion at the next Union Meeting on Thursday week.

Mr. Mooney has been

invited to this meeting to state his case and to answer questions, and, since the UGM comes only an hour before the next Refectory Committee meeting, it is hoped that it will have some effect.

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE STEPS IN

At the end of January Mr. Mooney wrote to the Ministry of Agriculture to

ask clearance to raise prices under the freeze. Informed sources say that the Ministry replied to the effect that prices can be raised to recoup increased costs of raw materials if profit margins are not increased, but that since Mooney's increased turnover since 1971 has covered such increases and the profit reduction has been caused by wage increases, no increase in prices would be permis-

sible. The Ministry will not agree to price rises to cover increased wages bills.

FELIX SURVEY

FELIX is to survey refectories next week for discrepancies in prices and quantities, and our report, Which? Refectory will be published in next week's issue. So watch out, Mr. Mooney, Felix's plain-clothes consumers are coming!

SLUDGE

The greed for putting profits before the social needs of the community is once again illustrated by the GLC's stubbornness to do anything about the lockout it instigated on the men who work on the sludge ships. The ships that take London's sewage down river to the estuary where it is dumped in the sea. The consequence of this is that the £35 million that the GLC has already spent on depolluting the Thames has all gone to waste. The fish shoals which have been introduced into the Thames so that by 1980 we should be able to reap the benefits from this long term planning will nearly all have been killed. The long term effects on the Thames is inestimable. As a result of this action by the GLC, millions of tons of sewage is being pumped into the Thames, where it grossly pollutes the river—or is being stored in 'lagoons' near big housing estates in Becton and Thamesmead where it is becoming a very unpleasant health hazard. The councillors have even pretended the sewage is non-toxic . . . the tenants in Becton and Thamesmead think otherwise.

The dispute started when the sludge boat men were offered a new contract which imposes on them the clauses of the

new Merchant Shipping Act under which the Master of the ship can fine the men on the spot up to £50 or suspend or dismiss them for anything he thinks to be a misdemeanour. (The crew of the cruise liner, 'Ocean Monarch' were each fined £50 by the master last week when they walked out in protest over dirty living quarters). Unless the men agree to these clauses they won't be allowed to take the sludge out to sea.

The GLC has several councillors who wish to 'hive off' the service to private enterprise, and there is already one subcontractor standing by ready to ship the sludge out to sea at the rate of 50p per ton (at present it costs 15p). The subcontractors are a sand and gravel firm who plan to bring back sand and gravel from the sea bed on the return journey . . . so they hope to make a real killing. Several GLC councillors, it appears, have shareholding in this firm and have thus a vested interest in ensuring that this private contractor get the contract.

The convenor of the shop stewards has challenged the GLC Establishments Officer to a public debate but to date the latter has not taken up this offer.

JOCK VEALL.

Letters

Sir,

As a so called member of 'Godsoc', I feel I must reply to Mr. Campbell's poem in last week's FELIX. Mr. Campbell seems to suggest that Christianity is for people who can't come to terms with reality, and I would dispute that most strongly. One only needs to look at the hoards emerging out of Southside and the Union bars at midnight, to realise that for a lot of people life can only become a reality in an alcoholic haze. For others reality comes through drug trips, and sadly for some with an overdose of sleeping tablets. Have these people found reality?

IC has its fair proportion of revolutionaries, one only needs to go to Union meetings to realise that, and yet the greatest revolutionary of all time is largely ignored; Marx, Stalin, Castro, Guevara, etc., attempted to change social structures, Jesus Christ changes people. Christ produced the only answer to the problems that confront everyone of us — his voluntary death on the cross for our sins. If we accept that death, Jesus Christ becomes a living reality. He has all the answers to life's problems. Jesus said: "I have come that you may have life, and life in all its fullness". I pray that Mr. Campbell will come to realise that Christians, far from opting out of reality, present in the person of Jesus Christ, the only true answer to living a life of reality — the reality of a personal relationship with Jesus.

Yours in Christ,
DAVID HUMPHREYS
Chairman of Methodist Society.

Sir,

I would like to debunk the attitude of the lunatic Left that students "are workers, too, as you will find when you are employed, and fighting for that first pay increase."

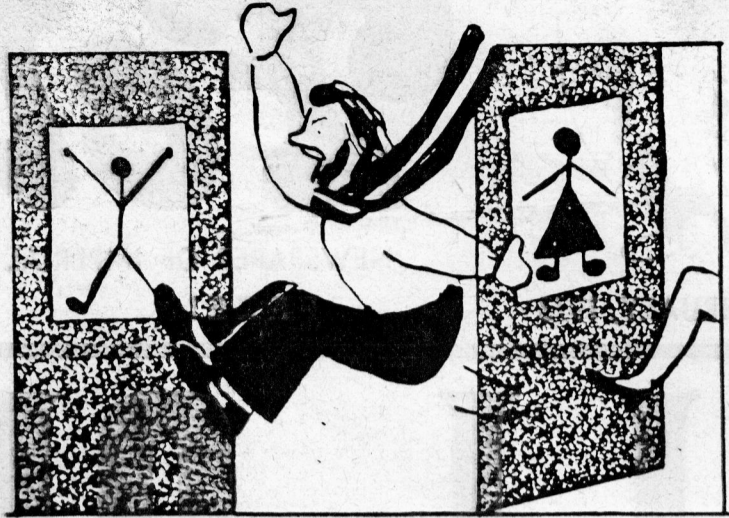
In the five years between my first degree and return to post-graduate study, I received no less than ten salary increases. Not one of these I asked, demanded, struggled, or fought for.

In three plus years at my first job, seven separate rises boosted my pay from £1,500 to £3,100. After changing jobs, a further three in eleven months took it to £4,750. A few months later, I quit.

I do not believe my case unusual; most employers have salary reviews periodically — every six months or so. If you merit an increase, you get it; you need neither ask, demand, struggle, nor fight.

Sincerely,
JAMES H. FENNER.
Meteorology P.G.

Gordon Reece



"But where I come from, the ones with their legs apart . . ."

ARMITAGE EXECUTED

The Spring Term statutory meeting of the University of London Union took place on Saturday at Chelsea College, and there were six hours of animated debate. Imperial College Union was represented by Rob Armitage, External Affairs Officer, who got himself elected onto the SRC Executive.

The main topics of discussion were the Government's White Paper, "Education: A framework for expansion", the Grants Campaign and the setting up of a London Student Organisation.

The major topic was the White Paper. A motion, proposed by Queen Elizabeth College in the form of Dave Emmett (also Chairman of the SRC), attempted to set down SRC policy on all aspects of the White Paper; Nursery Education, Schools, In-service training for Teachers, Higher and Further Education and the Diploma of Higher Education. Rob Armitage proposed four amendments, three of which were accepted; but the fourth, deploring the government's increase in defence expenditure at the same time as cutting back education, was defeated.

The motion especially deplored the "Proposed decrease of 20% in the education budget, from 6.5% to 5.0% of the Gross National Product." It also deplored the cutback of 80,000 on projected figures for numbers

of students in Higher Education and rejected the Dip H.E. as it stands.

An amendment to remove a section of the motion affirming SRC's belief in the state-run comprehensive system as the only fair system of education was, surprisingly, only narrowly defeated, various speakers extolling the virtues of private education and the two-tier state system.

Discussion on the proposed London Student Organisation was hampered by dissatisfaction and incomprehension of a flowchart indicating the suggested structure of the organisation. SRC did, however, accept the need for such an organisation and agreed to give it their support.

John Wilson, Vice-President of NUS for Education, addressed the meeting on the subject of tomorrow's regional demonstration. Mistaking the meeting for a rather depleted Chelsea UGM, he went into all the trivialities, but stressed the importance of a good turn-out in London if the NUS Executive's negotiations with the DES next week are to be fruitful.

Spurred on by what they described to a FELIX reporter as "a manic desire to get home in time for 'Dr. Who'", the Executive rolled through the minor business in record time to finish the six hour marathon by 5 p.m.

MORE ON STIRLING

Students at Stirling voted at a meeting of the Student Council to boycott the University trials. They will not be represented in any way at the hearings, and students witnesses have refused to attend. They have done this because they feel that it was

impossible to get a fair hearing, for the reasons mentioned in the last article. The Academic Assembly (a meeting of all the academic staff of the College), decided to ask that all charges against the students be dropped.

Martin's Bit

Yet once again the season of elections has crept upon us. Nomination papers are up for the posts of President of Imperial College Union, Deputy President, Honorary Secretary and Editor of 'Felix' on the Notice Board in the Union Lower Lounge and for Department Reps in departments.

I have noticed that, especially in the case of President, there are some nominations of the form "NOT Walter Plinge". This seems to me to be rather silly and will therefore be ignored.

There appears to be a re-emergence of stickers advertising various phenomena, NUS demonstrations for example, about College. Please remember that it is often extremely difficult to remove them when their useful life is over and I understand that in the past perpetrators of the campaigns have been sent bills for removal of stickers by the college. SO PLEASE DO NOT STICK STICKERS TO THE COLLEGE.

Readers of I.C. News will have noticed that there is a new Fire Officer. His main aim in life is the prevention and cure of fires.

There will be a period of amnesty during which time anybody can bring either to his office (room 164, College Block) or the Union Office empty extinguishers.

Fires in IC are not unknown, please help to make the College a safer place to work and live in.

The Annual Testing of the Fire Hoses in the Union Building will take place on Tuesday, 6th March, from 12.30 p.m.

The Annual Pancake Race between the Executive of IC Union and the Ladies of ICWA will take place on Tuesday, 6th March, starting at 1 p.m. in the Beit Quadrangle.

ISRAEL

Be there for the 25th Anniversary celebrations



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BUNAC — 10 years on . . .

This year marks the 10th anniversary of the British Universities North America Club. The Club started life as the University of London Canada Club back in 1962, and BUNAC was formed the following year to expand the cultural and travel possibilities of the U.L.C.C. into a national club for all university students, with branches at each University. By the end of its first year of existence, BUNAC had some 3,000 members and had operated its first transatlantic flight programme of 11 flights.

From the start it was felt that for the Club to be successful, it would be better if it did not run its own travel programme, but had an agent to run it. This would avoid BUNAC having too strong an image of a travel club, and allow it to concentrate more on purely Club activities. The BUNAC flight programme was then, as now, handled by B.S.T.C. Ltd., a wholly-owned subsidiary of the British Universities Student Travel Association (BUSTA) which is a non-profit educational charity and whose surpluses are directed towards student travel scholarships.

During the 1960's BUNAC's membership soared and its flight programme expanded so that by the end of the decade its annual membership was regularly approaching 20,000. This caused something of a problem for the flight programme because as an affinity group, the Club's charters were limited by a Civil Aviation Board's rulings of a 20,000 membership limit and a "6 months' membership before you can fly" restriction.

Accordingly, B.S.T.C., which by then had moved into the European Student Flights business, obtained permission for BUNAC to operate its transatlantic charters on the same basis as those of European flights. This benefited the student in three ways. First of all, he did not have to be a club member for 6 months—he could join today and fly tomorrow. Secondly, he didn't have to be an actual University student—any student between 16 and 30 was eligible. Finally, he was no longer tied to a fixed outward and return date package, but could choose his East and West-bound flights separately to suit his particular plans.

Certainly no one can accuse BUNAC of not trying their utmost to live up to their slogan and "make America possible" for British students to visit with the minimum of cost and fuss. Over 60,000 members have flown BUNAC over the last ten years and helped them gain an excellent reputation for reliability in the sector of student travel.

O.K. Big Deal. But how does BUNAC operate and what does it offer the student?

BUNAC operates on two levels—nationally and at college or university level.

On a national scale, BUNAC has its headquarters in London at 46 Charlotte Street, where it employs a small, full-time staff. They ensure that the college North America Clubs are kept supplied with membership cards, handbooks, publicity, etc., and they also do the running of the Club's services such as BUNACAMP, a summer camp counselling scheme; the BUNAC EXCHANGE VISITOR PROGRAMME, which enables students to get a summer work visa for the USA; and the BUNAC EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, which fixes up guaranteed jobs in the summer vac. for those students who are unable to find a job for themselves and would otherwise not go to the US.

All policy decisions regarding BUNAC are made solely by a National Committee, composed entirely of students and elected annually from representatives of the various North America Clubs around the country. This ensures that BUNAC's services are kept in touch with what students want and can afford, i.e. it is run by students for the benefit of students.

At a University level, the voluntary NAC committees are responsible for recruiting members and encouraging interest in North America by holding film shows, talks, etc., and by being available to answer members' questions on travel, employment, and the like. I.C. has had its own North America Club for some years now, and those wishing to find out about travel to America or interested in helping to run the Club are asked to contact Chris Gibbs (Weeks 84) or Bob Evans (Tizard 154). ICNAC urgently needs helpers.

Finally a word or two about some

of the services BUNAC are operating for 1973:—

(1) 1973 Flight Programme.

This year the student has the choice of over 100 flights to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto or Vancouver, departing from either London, Belfast, Birmingham, Manchester or Prestwick. He also has the choice of booking a student flight, or an ABC (Advance Booking Charter) flight for a few pounds less, although on some routes only ABC flights operate.

ABC charters are being introduced this year and will be the only sort of charter allowed in future. Briefly, the advantages of ABC flights are that they are cheaper and are not subject to any eligibility restrictions. This means that a student can now take his parents or girlfriend (who perhaps is not a student) to the States at a low price whereas for student flights only husbands/wives can accompany the student. The drawback to ABC flights is that they must be booked three months in advance, whereas student flights can be booked right up to the last minute.

Return flights to New York start at £58 (ABC) or £62 (student flight). These rates are fully competitive with, if not cheaper than, rates offered anywhere else, especially since they include such extras as free drinks and meals on the flights, hotel accommodation in North America on the night of arrival, plus transport from airport to hotel, airport taxes, and a copy of the "Student Guide to North America".

Students can rely on BUNAC's reputation for reliability, especially this year with the airline carrier being almost exclusively Panam.

(2) Bunacamp

This programme is aimed at those who enjoy the outdoor life but maybe cannot afford to shell out the money for flight, Greyhound pass, etc., before departure. The scheme offers an eight-week job as a counsellor in an American children's summer camp. All the student has to pay is an £8 registration fee, and Bunacamp pays for his flight, transport to the camp, board and lodgings and a minimum of \$175 pocket money.

There are still some vacancies for instructors in certain sports—contact IC NAC for more details, but hurry as lists close shortly.

(3) Exchange Visitor Programme

For those who do not fancy camp-counselling there is the EVP, operated by BUNAC in conjunction with the US-based Council of International Educational Exchange.

Admission to this programme gives the student a J1 visa which enables him to take any form of paid employment in the U.S. and thus makes a summer vacation in America financially viable.

Every year over 3,000 users of the programme discover that working for about 8 weeks and travelling around for about 4 weeks need only cost them the same as a fortnight's holiday in Europe.

Many wait until after arrival in the States to find a job, but for those who don't wish to do this there is always the BUNAC Job Directory.

(IC NAC are hoping to arrange a talk about the EVP on Thursday, February 22).

IC North America Club—Contact Chris Gibbs (Weeks 84); Bob Evans (Tizard 154) for details of membership, etc.



Oxford Street was declared independent last Wednesday by revolutionaries from RCS brandishing placards and collecting tins. Several hundred entry visas were sold, including one to a Hungarian gentleman who thought it was official and produced his passport. Total proceeds for the day exceeded £46.

Royal College of Science
presents

FOLK CARNIVAL

with

Ian Campbell Folk Group

Hamish Imlach

Barry Dransfield

Dave & Toni Arthur

Special Guest Viv Stanshall

(ex Bonzo Dog)

Ceilidh

Late Bar

TICKETS 90p

in advance from RCSU Office, Southside or on the door.

PAPERBACKS

Scent of the Sea, Geoffrey Jenkins, Fontana 30p.

If you know about the Titanic and the Marie Celeste, then nothing that Geoffrey Jenkins says about the 'Waratah' will be very surprising. His story follows the traditional line, the year is 1909 and the crack 'Blue Anchor' liner the Waratah sinks without trace or survivors off the coast of South Africa. When in 1967 the Gembok, a Viscount Airliner of South African Airways disappears in exactly the same place, then the mystery starts to become complicated. The characters are weak, and their actions and emotions predictable; however, luckily for the author, the story moves quickly and he becomes engrossed in the descriptions of the storms at sea.

The story of the Waratah's disappearance is a true one (only the facts have been changed to fit the book) and one where there is still considerable doubt and mystery surrounding the disappearance of this modern 'safe' liner. Recently this controversy

was reopened in the correspondence columns of the Times. Was it the extra deck built on at the last minute that made her top heavy and caused her to capsize or was it the coal bunkered on her decks for the long voyage, or perhaps it was in the freak seas experienced by the British Cruiser HMS Biraugham during the second world war off the Pordoland coast that the true solution lies?

Down with Skool! by Geoffrey Williams and Ronald Searle. Armada Lion, 20p.

Do you have haunting memories of school, did you keep dragonflies in "Sir's" desk or was it you that spotlighted the stagehand tiptoeing across the set while the heroine sobbed in darkness? Even if you did none of these things, then you must surely remember those sadistic teachers that tweaked your ears and shaved your head with a ruler. 'Down with Skool' brings it all back in a delightfully good-humoured way... well worth looking at.

THEATRE

MY FAT FRIEND

Jennie Linden is the 29-year-old Fat Friend. For the past 6 years, since her father died, she's had a rather effeminate boarder, Henry (Kenneth Williams). Last year she took in another, James, an 18-year-old Scot, a naive, burly bookworm who has just finished his first novel. He's also the house cook.

Fat these past dozen years, it's only after meeting Tom in her bookshop that she embarks on a reducing plan. His work has taken him East for four months; she will surprise him upon his return at Christmas.

The first act is filled with Henry's funny, though often snide, remarks on her rotund figure. His cajoling is instrumental in keeping her will power up. He has the best comic lines in London, while James' are naively witty.

The second act changes timbre. Although still comedy, there's an edge of drama as she copes with losing three stone. James is upset, as he liked her better (or at least as well)

as she was before; he is not helping the "cause". This friction makes her more determined than ever to remain slim.

The final scene shows a surprised, perhaps perplexed, Tom confronting a noticeably changed Fat Friend. But the play ends, for me, puzzlingly; it was ambiguous. I was ambivalent where at first I emphasised. The ending is not unexpected, just odd.

This play attempts the terribly daunting task of combining a comedy (first act) with a drama (second act). It was, in general, a successful synthesis. Only the final minute puzzles me. She and Tom have found out something about themselves and others; James has had a book accepted, finally. But Henry has us baffled. We haven't a clue what he is to do.

That's my only criticism of an otherwise fine production. In a different vein from most West End comedy, it benefits thereby. Highly recommended. Globe theatre, Shaftesbury Ave.

JIM FENNER.

"THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND" AND "AFTER MAGRITTE" (SHAW)

Four years ago I attended, very much against my better judgment, a play by a fellow called Tom Stoppard. I had not heard of him, and the name of the play "The Real Inspector Hound" hardly seemed inspired ("More avant-garde rubbish" I thought). The evening transformed me, and I have become a devotee of this writer's brand of humorous obliquity.

The evening at the Shaw starts with "After Magritte", — a lightweight play which opens in the utmost obscurity, with (amongst other seeming absurdities) a man in waders telling a girl in a ball dress about a one-legged footballer skipping along with a tortoise under his arm, but carries through to a conclusion that is as utterly logical as it is funny, with all explained.

"The Real Inspector Hound" however, which forms the bulk of the evening, begins quite reasonably, with two critics, Moon and Birdboot, (sic) awaiting the opening of a Who-

Dunnit, which in time comes to bear an uncanny resemblance to "The Mousetrap" (Hello? This is the drawing room of Lady Muldoon's isolated country residence one foggy morning in early spring) but by the end the critics are on stage (dead at that) and two of the cast are giving the play-within-a-play the blasting it rightly deserves, which Moon and Birdboot never did. The conventions of the Who-Dunnit are lovingly rocked (I've known whole weekends when Muldoon Manor, as this lovely Queen Anne House is called, might as well have been floating on pack-ice for all the good it would have done phoning the Police), the critics are slated, the plot thickens and Stoppard's use of language triumphs o'er all.

The current production of "The Real Inspector Hound" is coming, with its companion piece "After Magritte" into the last fortnight of its run at the Shaw Theatre, (halfway between Euston and St. Pancras Stations), but it is still as worthwhile as any show in London. Tickets from 25p for Students. **Bob Carter**

IOLANTHE

The IC Operatic Society put on a creditable performance, for IC at least, with their production of "Iolanthe" last week in the Union. The audience was as packed as the stage during the finale; the entire cast on stage resembled more the rush hour on the Circle Line than a chorus line.

The individual performances that stood out were Barney Burnham and Brian Parsons as the two Earls, Pat Elliot as the lovelorn Phylis and Peter Mills as the very susceptible Chancellor. Unfortunately Private Willis of the Grenadier Guards appeared to be struggling to find his notes, and an electrically-cranked Fairy Queen would have been an advantage: the impressions of Cilla

Black, without the accent, came over above the music in a definitive fashion.

The Orchestra, largely consisting of drafted members of RCM (as was the majority of the female chorus) did their stuff with vigour: only when over loud or subtly quiet did they fail to sound convincing.

The stage, set off by what appeared to be eminently edible scenery, was severely cramped. The fairies tended to come across as a 1st XV on their own; the effect when joined by the Earls, Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts and Barons was one of the Opsock Gang Show—and their obvious enjoyment of the whole proceedings convinced everyone that they were riding along on the crest of a wave.

Concert

Only after a great last minute rush did I manage to get to the concert on Saturday night. Unfortunately I missed the beginning of Back Door's set, but from what I heard (I certainly couldn't see anything for periods longer than five seconds), they seemed to have developed quite an original brand of bluesy music, using bass, drums and saxes.

During the interval, I managed to squeeze into a rather small region on the floor, but this merely shifted the discomfort and about quarter of an hour after Fairport had taken a stage in almost total, but temporary, darkness, I was virtually praying that each number would be their last.

As for their music, I was surprised at the number of songs they borrowed. These consisted of "Country Pie", Dylan's George Jackson, and

also ones from Jerry Reid and Buddy Holly. Their own compositions were quite good, and generally light on the ear, though there were times when they jiggled along quite nicely, especially in the encore, Dave Swarbrick's fiddling injecting a little fire at these times.

Not unnaturally, they included a few pieces from their new album, "Rosie", among which was the title track, a delightful ballad. Despite all this, I can't help feeling that they have seen better days in their long and complicated history. For those who are interested, the present lineup is Jerry Donahue and Trevor Lucas, electric and acoustic guitars, Davey Pegg, bass, Dave Swarbrick, fiddle and mandolin, and Dave Mattocks, drums, with just about everyone having a go at singing.

FILMS

SOUNDER (U). Rialto, Coventry Street, from the end of the month. Directed by Martin Ritt

Sounder is the name of the dog belonging to a coloured family who live and work on a sugar farm in Louisiana during the Depression (1933). If you (like me) have an instinctive abhorrence of animal films, don't be put off, because the story is more about the relationship between the son and the father during the difficult times they all have to go through. The father is arrested for stealing food and is sentenced to a year's penal servitude, but due to local policy, the family are not allowed to know where he is being kept. The son manages to find out via a sympathetic local white woman, and prepares to make the 50-mile journey on foot to find his father. Eventually he finds the prison camp, but is unable to find him, but is taken under the wing of a black school-mistress who, recognising his intelligence, offers to take him into the school for the next term.

I came out of this film feeling

rather overwhelmed by what I thought was the excessive wholesomeness, though this may be, as someone pointed out, because there is no rape scene or car chase. What is good about this film, however, is the splendid acting by everyone, even the dog, but more important, the basic attitude of the film. The coloured family is dealt with sympathetically, but not over-indulgently (which was one of my criticisms of "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner"), the family were treated in exactly the same way as if they were some poor white family in a 1950's Hollywood budget movie. There was no race-relations preaching at all. For that I was grateful.

The direction and camerawork were good, but not outstanding; the film tended to drag on occasions, and the camera shots were nice, but unvaried. (Music, incidentally, by Taj Mahal, and very good). So go, and take your girlfriend with you, if you like to see nice people in nice surroundings winning through. But if, like me, you like to escape into a cinema, don't worry, the rest of the film industry is on our side.

'SERGEI'

Felix Diary

TUESDAY, 20th FEBRUARY

- 1235 Catholic Society Mass. Chem 231.
- 1300 STOIC TV presentation in JCR and Southside.
- 1330 "Accommodation today and tomorrow": final lecture in a series of four by FELIX FINANCIALLY advisor, Derek Cummings. Phys LT 1.
- 'Social Responsibility and Science' by Tam Dallyell, MP (Labour, West Lothian). ME 220.
- 'Listening to Contemporary Music' 6: Music in America from Ives to Cage, by Sarah Thomas. ME 342.
- 1740 Railway Society: 'The Three Ages of Underground Railways' by R. M. Robbins of the London Transport Executive. ME 664.
- 1745 Winetasting Society tastes Burgundy (put on by Grant's of St. James') (new members welcome). Phys Level 8.
- 1800 Transcendental Meditation—Introductory Talk. EE 606.
- 1900 IC Society for Social Responsibility in Science: 'Chemical and Biological Warfare' by Prof. Steven Rose (OU). ME 640.
- 1930 RCS Mopsoc filmshow: 'The Iron Duke' and 'San Ferry Ann'. All welcome. ME 220. Red Forum Educational Classes. 'Social Democracy'. General Picton pub, Caledonian Road. (Tube to King's X).
- 2000 Catholic Society shared prayer. More House.

WEDNESDAY, 21st FEBRUARY

- 1245 Assemble under the Queen's Tower for London and South-East Region grants demonstration. See front page for full details. You can catch it up at 1400 at Malet Street if you miss the IC start.
- 1830 Islamic Society meeting and discussion. CB 002.
- London Student Press Association meeting. Room 2c, University of London Union, Malet St. Everyone remotely interested in student press welcome, no membership fee, free refreshments.
- 1900 Art Club meets in RCA annexe, behind Huxley, and desperately needs new members!!
- 1930 IC Folk Club presents "Come all ye", in Union Lower Refectory.

THURSDAY, 22nd FEBRUARY

- 1230 Scout and Guide Club: The Royal Naval Reserve—a talk about HMS President, by 2nd Officer P. A. N. Volkes. RSM 3.03.
- 1300 Publications Board meeting, Cttee Room A. Catholic Society Bible Study Group. Fal 118.
- 1315 Stamp Club. Civil 412.
- 1330 'From Byzantium to Bruges'—the evolution of painting in medieval Europe (illustrated

with slides) by Dominic de Grunne. Phys LT 1.

'The hippy heresy' by Jock Young (Author of "The Job Takers" and lecturer in Sociology at the Enfield College of Technology) ME 220.

Lunch hour concert: The Georgian String Quartet. Library, 53 Prince's Gate.

1830 IC BUNAC Orientation Course. Essential for all who wish to work in the USA next summer. Elec. Eng. dept (no room specified). Motor Club: Talk by Brian Cocks on 750 motor club racing. ME 700.

1900 Art Club still needs members! RCA, behind the Hux.

1930 "Cat Ballou" and "Two men and a wardrobe" at Middlesex Hospital Film Soc., Cleveland St.

2000 'A Soviet View of Disarmament' by Mr. Faekov at 111 Gower Street. Organised by the University Catholic Chaplaincy. Bedford College Folk Club, Union Common Room.

FRIDAY, 23rd FEBRUARY

- 1245 Islamic Society Congregational Prayers. CB 002.
- 1300 Union Finance Committee, Union Office. STOIC TV service in JCR and Southside.
- 1800 Repeat of 1300 STOIC transmission.
- 1830 Christian Union: "The Body of Christ" by Rev. Dennis Paterson. Library, 53 PG.
- 1915 Film Society: "Borsalino". (mems only). ME 220.
- 1930 Bedford College Film: "Gumshoe". 15p. Principal Edward's Magic Theatre and McGhee at University College, CCB, Gordon St.
- RCS Folk Carnival. Runs through to 2. Tickets 90p from RCSU Office, Southside.
- 2000 Folk Concert with Parchment and Alexander John at QEC. 20p. People's Disco, Union. 10p.

SATURDAY, 24th FEBRUARY

- 1100 NUS White Paper Conference, at IC.
 - 1900 NUS Grants Campaign Co-ordinating Committee.
- SUNDAY, 25th FEBRUARY**
- 1000 Holy Communion, Ante Room, CB.
 - 1100 Mass, More House.
 - 1800 Folk Mass, More House.
 - 1930 Catholic Society: "The Christian Priesthood" by John Coventry. More House.

MONDAY, 26th FEBRUARY

- 1730 ICU Council, Union Evening Room (till 2300).
- 1830 Socialist Society meeting.
- 1930 Wellsoc. ME 220. Dr. R. E. Kelly speaking on understanding disease.
- 2000 Marxist Study Group.

It's different over there

Clarkson College is a private \$4,500 a year college of Science and Technology in Potsdam, New York. Here is an article reprinted from their

Hi there, high school seniors! Are you looking for a place to spend those undecided years between high school and working? Do you want a place to go to get away from nagging teachers, nagging parents, nagging world problems and simple pain of arthritis and neuralgia? Well, friends, you need look no farther. Clarkson College of Technology is the place for you. Ideally situated in lovely Potsdam New York, you will be overlooking the scenic Racquette River, known all over the North Country for its flowing water. Are you from a big city? Potsdam is afflicted with the highest unemployment rate in the state, which means you will be able to choose from a wide range of slums, marauding gangs of alcohol-crazed youths, and perverts of all shapes and sizes. Are you from a small town? You will be able to enjoy the latest in big-city conveniences, such as electricity, telephones, and streets named after every imaginable species of tree. Yes, people from all types of environment will feel right at home here in Potsdam.

But what does Potsdam have to offer in the way of entertainment, you ask? Just one of the highest bars-per-capita rating in upstate New York. Many of industry's finest alcoholics got their start right here in Potsdam. We also boast the only \$1.50 movie theater left in the world and also a McDonald's and a Carroll's and a Mister Donut for those interminably long, hazy nights when all you seem to do is get hungry. For the male chauvinists we have a whole college filled with girls just a short walk away. For the female the males at Clarkson outnumber you 10 to 1. Remember you don't have to look pretty to make it here at Tech, all you need is a sense of adventure, a desire to reach out for what you want and enough money to pay for it.

Potsdam is easily accessible by all major dogsled lines and by some jeeps. During the summer you will be able to leave Potsdam by any form of transportation known to man. The summer usually runs from early July to late July which makes for a lot of fun in the sun except during the rainy season—early January to late December. For those who would rather fly, the town of Potsdam operates a large well-equipped cow pasture which can easily be converted into a parachute target area in times of national emergency.

All these things are merely frosting on the cake, however. Not only is Clarkson located in a fabulous entertainment mecca, but it is also the site of a fine engineering school. We offer courses leading to degrees in Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical, Civil, and Choo-Choo Train Engineering. Not to mention our pioneering Industrial Constipation Department, and the newly mismanaged Industrial Mismanagement Department. But Clarkson does not believe in cluttering a student's mind with just facts and figures. We believe a well rounded individual should also have his mind cluttered with history, novels, letter writing and lots of compositions which test your ability to write lots of compositions. Our Humanities and Social Insignificance Department are not overlooked just because Clarkson is an engineering school. Clarkson spends thousands of dollars a year of your money so that you will know who was the Assistant Secretary of State in 1832 and that the "Grapes of Wrath" is not a book about violence in the wine industry.

But, all work and no play makes Johnny apply to another school and we have a firm policy of not letting go of any student who can still pay

paper, the Clarkson Integrator. Nothing like I.C., of course, as you'll see. . . .

his own way. Therefore, we emphasize freedom of choice in choosing one's courses and schedule. YOU have the freedom to protest OUR choice of which classes you are to attend. You also have the freedom to sit wherever you want in the class unless your professor makes the choice for you. We have recently begun to offer a number of pass-fail options—your professor has the option, of course. These and other innovative teaching methods have earned Clarkson College the Thomas S. Clarkson Memorial for Modern Instructional Methods in a Technological School Located in or Near a Small Rural Town and For the Prevention and Extinction of Loquaciousness.

Many of you cringe, however, at the thought of accidentally learning anything while enjoying yourself at college. For a slight decrease in tuition you may pursue a degree of Bachelor of Arts in Extra-Curricular Activities. Some of the more noteworthy graduates in this field include Clarkson's Board of Trustees, the President of General Pinball, and Bugs Bunny. You may also choose to participate in outside activities in addition to your other major. Be a D.J. on WTSC-FM. Do you like comic books?—get on the staff of the Clarkson newspaper. Do you like to sleep late?—cut classes. There's something for everyone here at Tech. You will also be able to attend the many parties, dances and cancelled concerts which are jointly sponsored by Clarkson and Potsdam State.

Of course, in order to more fully appreciate your life at Clarkson, you will need a place to live. We offer a variety of living conditions which are designed to emulate the neighborhood you would like. There are decrepit tenements known as Hamlin-Powers, low income housing projects in the Cubie-Reynolds-Ross-Brooks complex, middle-class "nice" rooms in Moore House and modern pre-fabs for social recluses in Dorms 5 and 6. We realize that for many of you, this will be your first time living away from your parents and you won't be prepared for sudden independence. To make your transition easier, we require you to live on campus for at least two years. We also supply each floor with a Resident Babysitter. You will not be allowed to drive, have girls in your room, smoke pot, make noise after 10:00 p.m. or go out in the rain without your rubbers. After four years at Clarkson you will have gained enough independence to be able to go out into the world and cross the street by yourself (don't forget to look both ways!). Clarkson College of Technology wants you to become a responsible, respected member of society for only \$4,500 a year.

Our admissions requirements are based solely on academic achievement. If you are a high school graduate, or expect to be within the next four years, please enclose one year's tuition and you will become a member of the class of '77. Two years' tuition, prepaid, will qualify you for the class of '76½ and also for our grand prize drawing of a free toaster.

Due to a limited amount of funds, scholarships can only be awarded to the most deserving students. Therefore, anyone who pays for four full years in advance will receive a full-tuition scholarship to Potsdam State's Crane School of Music. Your money will be used to finance our new social science lab, to be located in the Arlington Inn.

If there are any further questions please address all inquiries to Chancellor John Graham, somewhere in the Bahamas.



Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din

Part nine of the serialisation of the book by
S. J. Swailes

Sails flapping, Fanny lay rolling in a trough. Ferocious extricated himself from under the Twigworm, and tried to think of something to do.

"The anchor!" he thought. Clambering onto the deck, he made his way to the front of the boat, and looked for the anchor. There it lay, tied to the deck with some little bits of string. With water sluicing over his hands and shooting up his sleeves, Ferocious untied the string and lifted the anchor from the deck. With a short prayer that he was doing the right thing, he flung it over the side. There was a rumble and a roar, as the chain rushed out, whisking Ferocious' legs away from under him. Yards and yards of chain disappeared over the side and down into the water. It occurred to a bruised Ferocious that the end of the chain might not be attached to the boat. He hoped he was wrong. Luckily, he was, and the chain stopped running out with a jerk, and a cloud of damp rust. They still seemed to be drifting along, but at least all that chain was holding them head to wind.

Suddenly a shock ran through the old boat — they had been carried into shallow water and the anchor had bitten. The anchor chain sprang into the air, and strummed like a violin string. It seemed impossible that nothing would break under the tremendous strain, but everything held, and the Fanny came to rest on her anchor.

"Not half bad," thought Ferocious, and looked around the craft. Obviously the next job was to get the remaining sails down. He called aft to Phosphorous to come and help, and together they managed to lower the mizzen and the jib.

"Right," said a fully-recovered Ferocious Din, "now to deal with George."

The two friends returned to the cockpit to find the Twigworm anxiously bending over the prostrate figure of the captain. "Oh, dear," cried the Twig. "I don't know what's the matter with him, he just keeps muttering." True enough, poor George seemed to be unconscious, but all the time he kept muttering, a string of words and phrases that made absolutely no sense whatever.

"Tiny rubber bananas," muttered George confidentially, "over intensive agriculture vagrancy side walks in the country, felling list to port in a storm bound . . ." smilingly he rambled on.

"What do you think we should do?" asked Phosphorous.

"Let's get him inside," said Ferocious. Carefully they carried George down the companionway, and laid him, still muttering, on his bunk. "We must send for some, as it were, medical assistance," said Ferocious importantly, "there must be some sort of communications equipment on board". The three survivors searched the cabin for a radio, or even a hooter. They found nothing. Suddenly Phosphorous gave a shout.

"Here," he said, "this could be it."
"Tarmacadam and eve," said George helpfully. Phosphorous held up a little box with holes drilled in the top. Written on one side were the words "Foetid Messages".

"How strange, not to say macabre," commented Ferocious, "open it then, dear boy, don't keep us in suspense." His hand shaking slightly, Phosphorous lifted the lid.

"You rang, Sir?" said a deep voice from within. Phosphorous recoiled and nearly dropped the box.

"Oh, give it here, old son," said Ferocious, impatiently. He took the box from Phosphorous' trembling fingers and looked inside. A tiny bat stood in one corner of the box. It bowed from the waist, and said,

"Good evening, Sir. I am Foetid the ship's communications system. If I can be of any assistance to you, Sir, you have only to

ask." Ferocious was momentarily at a loss for words, but not for long.

"Well, tiny leathery creature, it is like this," he said, "George has been struck down with a strange muttering disease, and we cannot really sail the boat without him. So we need to summon help of a medical nature, as you might have it." Once again the little winged weirdie inclined its head. "Might I suggest, Sir, that I summon the assistance that you require? I can fly to any destination within fifty miles, and return."

"Splendid" said Ferocious, "off you go then and find us a doctor for poor old George."

"Certainly, Sir," said Foetid, and flapping his crinkled wings he flew straight out of the door and away over the storm-tossed waters.

"Bit like Noah, really," said Ferocious.

Night was fast approaching, and the intrepid trio made themselves as comfortable as possible, to try and get some sleep. It was not easy, as the boat still rose and fell on the rollers, and George's muttering was too loud to be ignored. Finally the three fell into a fitful and dreamless sleep. Phosphorous was the first to wake. George was still muttering away on his bunk, and Phosphorous went over to peer at the patient.

"Ostriches Croesus," said George by way of greeting.

"Morning George," said Phosphorous. The captain seemed neither better nor worse.

It was then that Phosphorous noticed that the boat was no longer rolling and tossing all over the place. In fact he could stand up without having to hold onto anything. He made his way out onto the deck. The air had that six a.m. feel about it, cold and fresh, a weak sun spilling over the sea. The latter was as flat as the proverbial mill pond, just a tiny ripple running here and there to break the mirror surface. Phosphorous was impressed, and stood for a long moment looking out over the water, thinking that perhaps this boating had something to it after all. His dreaming was interrupted by the arrival of Ferocious Din.

"Morning, dear boy," he said gloomily, "a trifle nippy about the kneecaps, is it not?"

"I hadn't really noticed," said Phosphorous, a little annoyed at having his moment of solitude disturbed.

"That, dear lad, is because you are well clad in a layer of fat which I do not possess. More's the pity at times."

"Um," said Phosphorous, "perhaps you're right."

"Dear lad," replied the unsquashable Ferocious, "I am almost always right, but don't let it disturb you. I propose to concoct some breakfast. Will you join me?"

"In a moment," said Phosphorous. Ferocious disappeared below, leaving his friend to a few more minutes staring sadly out over the leaden sea, now tinged with copper as the sun rose higher.

Hunched over the little paraffin stove in the galley Ferocious was putting together a vast plate of bacon, eggs and sausage.

"Tum, tee, tum," he hummed, dropping two eggs down the burner, "Drat!" he said. "I've dropped your eggs down the burner, Twig, Sorry." Luckily the Twigworm was only just awakening, and was not too clear what was going on. It was not too long before the three non-muttering crew members were sitting in the cockpit, enjoying their fry-up and the warmth of the early morning sun.

"I hope that funny little bat is O.K." said Phosphorous, "He's been gone all night."

"Don't worry about him," spluttered Ferocious with a mouth full of sausage, "he seemed very confident when he left. I'm sure he'll be back any minute."

BLACK CHIPS . . .

A very singular occurrence happened to me last week. I ate in Southside refec. Usually, I give Mooney a wide berth and Southside a desert. Like many others, I operate a personal Mooney boycott which takes me to the RCA, or Harrods staff restaurant or even the Hot Pot at Earl's Court. At all of these the taste-buds can emerge well-satiated at a price wholly competitive to Chez M's eating houses.

Occasionally, when time is short, I eat in the Union but on this day circumstances took me to Southside. Unfortunately the S.U. was not operating a boycott to dissuade me from recklessness and I was swept inside by the mixed aroma of vinegar and the cashier's profuse adornment of stale perfume. Any satisfaction to be afforded by a Mooney meal is likely to come from quantity rather than quality though the one is prone to usurp the other to such an extent that most of any lavish portion is dumped on the clearing table as the hasty retreat is made. I arrived at the head of the queue full of optimism . . .

"Pork, please."

The woman serving the spuds was the one in the blue suit, the boss-woman. She seems to have more hands than Eric Sykes but tends to disappear up her own. I wish Victor would teach her to smile. The guy in front of me asks for roast potatoes. Roast potatoes! That's a joke. He gets two small ones. They bear a remarkable resemblance to greasy dump-lings squeezed into a pair of condoms.

"Chips, please."

I get about a third of a typical chip-shop portion.

"Can I have some more chips, please?"

"That's a portion" she says, glaring at me sexlessly.

I arrest the bulge within my trousers. "It's a very small one," I say.

I decide to become what is called petulant in such circumstances and refuse to accept this grotesque black object which comprises about 10 per cent of my chips. She replaces it with one other. Unhappily she unearths many other rank, black specimens on my plate taking the one off. These comprise about 50 per cent of my demi-portion and I proceed to take them off, one by one. She becomes what is called petulant in such circumstances and snatches the plate back. It is returned with the offending matter removed and replaced. I masochistically accept a portion of phosphorescent green beans, hand over 22 pence, eat the meal and leave. I am still hungry. The pork was quite nice.

. . . AND REFECTORY BOYCOTTS

Student politics is a bit of a game, really. New issues crop up each year, only to be replaced by other, more fashionable confrontations the following. Double punishment and common rooms have been and gone and others, NUS membership, for example, get resurrected every few years when there is nothing else of special interest raising its ugly head. This continual change of direction is mainly due to the annual turnover of Union officers and the radical alteration in policy which often ensues. The college administration, however, doesn't change very much at all. Many college negotiators have been sitting on their committees for years. Some for many years. Many for too many years. What these many years have taught them is the art of diplomacy — or, in cruder terms — tactical bullshit.

If you write critical letters from one company to another, say, very often the reply you receive will not answer many, if any, of the points you raised; it may well appear to reply to a completely different letter. This non-committal, procrastinating disease is virulent in any sort of political confrontation and is a very effective weapon against the enthusing but tactically naive student. Often non-decisions are calculatingly delayed until the summer vac. when they are quietly forgotten under a mounting blanket of dust. For others an abrupt negative, weeks after the summer term has ended when no-one is around to put up much of a fight.

The prophylactic for this sort of opposition is to concentrate on central, perennial issues and to organise a very effective campaign. Two obviously recurrent subjects, always of immediate concern to students, are grants and refectories and it appears strange that tactics adopted by I.C. Union are an attack on the second on behalf of a campaign to increase the first. Strange, maybe, but then grant money is used to buy food and the less the cost of the food, the greater the actual worth of the grant. In the opinion of many, I.C. refectory food is both expensive and lousy (relative to comparable places) and any boycott specifically to improve the refectories would be justified.

Mooney, who is now talking in terms of a 25 per cent increase in refectory costs and has instructed his staff to give smaller portions may well be inefficient but this can only be shown by an examination of the accounts. If it is so, internal changes must be demanded. The current boycott however, is not concerned with the efficiency of the catering at IC, but is still relevant to refectories because the system of University financing (which includes the provision of grants) demands that they should be self-financing. A refectory boycott has been held before when Southside was infested with cockroaches and it brought rapid improvements after Mooney's initial tantrum when he sent all the staff home so no supper was served. The current boycott is unlikely to achieve such swift results primarily because its aims are not so clearly and locally defined.

One of its chief aims should be to get the college, in the shape of the rector, to publicly declare support for the grant campaign. He has expressed sympathy for the students' plight privately so why not a public statement? Perhaps Penney's delaying that one until he ceases to be rector at all.

MARTIN DOUGHTY

THE ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS

The Significance of Population Growth

In my last article I said that the root cause of the environmental crisis was that industrial civilisation has adopted an ideal, that of non-stop economic growth, which has now become unworkable owing to the material limitations placed upon us by the planet on which we live. However, while resource shortages and pollution problems will be the factors which most directly affect the developed countries of the world, the poorer nations will find that a third problem, that of population growth, will in most cases be their major headache. This is because their populations are growing much more quickly than those of the developed countries. The population "doubling - times" of most 'developing' countries are now about 20-35 years, whilst for the developed countries they are in the region of 60-100 years. That means that a country such as Kenya with a doubling-time of 23 years, has, in this short period, to double its food-production, its housing, its schools, hospitals, roads and all its other amenities and necessities MERELY IN ORDER TO PREVENT ITS PEOPLE'S STANDARDS OF LIVING FROM DETERIORATING.

As far as food is concerned, an idea which seems to have gained popularity lately is that the 'green revolution' has solved all the world's problems for the foreseeable future. Nothing could be further from the truth. All it does is to allow a short breathing space in the struggle to feed the world's growing population. If use is not made of this to reduce the rate of growth by a significant amount, we will merely find ourselves confronted in a short while with the same problem on a larger scale.

The limitations of the green revolution fall into two classes, the 'human' and the 'material'. The latter stem from the simple fact that you can't produce extra food out of nothing! In order to achieve the high yields obtainable from the new strains of wheat and rice, the plants must have plenty of water and a liberal dose of fertiliser. Thus unless political and economic circumstances allow a good supply of the latter and provision of a good supply of the former (unless irrigation can be used) advantages of growing 'super-wheat' are nil. The only difference between crop-failure with the ordinary grain varieties and with the 'super' varieties is

that in the latter case more people are likely to starve as a result. Real benefit can only be obtained from the green revolution if the necessary proportions of the increase in yield is stockpiled for use in a year when the crop fails.

Grave economic and human problems also arise as a result of the green revolution. These mostly stem from the fact that growing a crop of 'super-wheat' requires a higher initial investment than for ordinary wheat, partly because the seed is more expensive and partly because of the cost of the fertiliser. Hence those who are rich enough to make the investment (or obtain a bank loan) can make good use of the new varieties, whilst the poorer people can often find themselves worse off than they were before, if they rely on selling part of their crop to pay for their other necessities. Other problems can occur as a result of the higher price of the seed for the new strains; for example, adulteration of the seed with that of ordinary varieties by corrupt merchants or government officials. It is all very well for the comfortable, well-fed scientists of the industrial world to sit in their laboratories and 'solve' the problems of the developing countries. Too often, however, they totally fail to comprehend what their so-called 'solutions' actually mean in human terms.

It is frequently pointed out that we would go a long way towards solving the problem of starvation just by distributing more equally the food which we already have. While this may be true at present, there are several limitations to this approach. Firstly, the greater the distance over which the food has to be transported, the greater the quantity of resources which are used up in the process. Secondly, where food is transported across national boundaries, political problems are liable to arise. Do we really, for example, want to see a situation in which many of the poorer peoples of the world have to depend heavily on food from North America merely to stay alive? Thirdly, it seems likely that the part that redistribution can play in solving the food problem will diminish rapidly in the longer term. It has been estimated that if all the countries of the developed world lower their birth rates to replacement level by the year 2000 and all the other countries by 2040, then the world population will eventually stabilise at some 15½ thousand

and million people, over four times its present size! Producing food for even half that number will be incredibly difficult. The only rational solution to the problem seems to be to stabilise the world's population as fast as possible. If we don't take steps to do this ourselves then nature will simply do it for us.

The most worrying aspect of the population problem is perhaps the question of how much a decrease in the rate of population growth is inevitably tied to a corresponding increase in the material standard of living. We know that countries can go through the so-called 'demographic transition' (i.e. achieve a significant and permanent fall in the birth rate) without having any particularly advanced birth-control techniques. This happened in Britain between about 1870 and 1930. In such cases the decrease in birth-rate has gone hand in hand with the process of industrialisation and the rise in the standard of living. What does not seem to be clear, however, is whether a similar transition can be brought about merely by making available sophisticated family-planning methods but without a concomitant improvement in material welfare. It seems very unlikely that it can be, unless coercive measures are resorted to, and who precisely is going to claim the right to tell other people how many children they can have?

Thus the population problem concerns not only the underdeveloped countries but the developed ones as well, for it is the latter who by their excessive material greed and profligate wastage of resources are making it much more difficult for the former to achieve one of the requirements for stabilising their populations (ie development). Therefore, perhaps the main way in which the developed countries can help solve the population problem is to decrease their usage of resources and make more available to the rest of the world. One of the ways in which they can help do this is by stabilising, or even reducing, their own populations. While this will hardly be enough on its own, as I hope I made clear in my last article, it is certainly one of the things which should be done and it is also a measure which, in Britain at least, is likely to be politically more acceptable in the short term than, say, reducing the per-capita use of resources.

MIKE ROBSON
(Chem.P.G.)

On the workings of Refectories and Mr. Mooney's Mind

THE COMMITTEE

How is the Refectory Committee constituted? See green Blue Book pp 149-151. Thanks Martin.

What does it do?

It deliberates on all matters affecting the refectories and bars (run for the benefit of members of the colleges and members of the Union), although its sub-committees largely handle Complaints, Finance, Refectory bookings, Bars and the college cellars. The Refectory Committee is responsible to the Governing Body.

A recent matter of great importance is hygiene — dealing with cockroaches and mice pie. I personally think College has, by student bureaucrat standards at least, been incredibly slow in dealing with this problem. But a fairly rigorous procedure for cleaning and pest control seems to have been finally adopted — although not yet officially by the Refectory Committee, we shall find out at the next meeting. (Of interest here was a recent story in the Evening News, relating to a fine on some establishment for failing to maintain a sufficient standard of hygiene: the proprietor of a similar establishment in the same street was quoted as saying that infestation was not an insuperable problem. The reason — 'I keep my place clean'.)

PRICES AND POLICY

That wholesale prices of food have risen is not unknown. But the following figures might surprise you.

	Sep	Feb	% increase
Beef (lb)	38p	49p	28
Lamb	22p	26p	22
Pork	26p	33p	24
Potatoes (½ cwt)	60p	75p	20
Frozen peas (per pea?)	.069p	.075p	10

The wage bill rose from £31,043 in the 5 months to 26/12/71 to £45,726 for the same period in 1972. The basic rate has risen by 12½%, the rest of the increase being from the employment of more staff in College Block (with a resultant larger turnover: how about trying that in the Union Refectory?) and increase management expenses (e.g. last year the post of Deputy Manager was vacant for a considerable time with consequent saving). So it is seen that food prices have risen twice as much as wages.

Now, it is Government policy that catering should be self-balancing, i.e. run on a break-even basis. With the exception of public holidays, the refectories are run all the year round, and the trading position varies with time. Briefly, the peak trading is October (on arrival of the freshmen) is the main input of profit to counteract

the losses made in the vacations and the summer term.

When prices were increased in October by 2¼% (the grant went up by a whole 3%) it was thought that this would be a sufficient increase to break even this year. However the current rate of inflation was not foreseen. So, even if wholesale prices remain at their present level, the Refectories will lose in the region of £9,000 this financial year.

THE PROPOSED PRICE INCREASE

Several things could be done about this:

1. Part of the loss could be met from reserves (the total reserves are not large enough to cover the loss).
2. The bar profits (difficult to estimate because of the effects of VAT) could be used to offset part of the loss instead of refurnishing Southside Bar.
3. The entire profits of the College Cellar might offset some of the loss.
4. Prices could go up — Mr. Mooney proposed a 25% increase in the main course charges, 20% on chips and 1p on vegetable servings. (NB it is Mr. Mooney's duty as Catering Manager to table this proposal. Don't blame him — to do so is only side-tracking the issue).

What will be done? 2 and 3 are against both college and Union policy. The Union reps will certainly fight any such proposals, and such proposals are extremely unlikely.

1. Will have to be used in part.
4. This is the interesting bit.

Mr. Mooney wrote to the Ministry regarding the effects of the 'price freeze' on the proposed increases. A copy of the reply is printed here. Now tell me that Phase 2 is not a wage freeze. Does line 6 of the text mean you can't raise net profits, or percentage profits? Very interesting.

THE EFFECT ON STUDENTS

Firstly, I believe prices

are unlikely to be increased. Secondly, there is a much broader, and I think quite clear, conclusion.

Two years ago the NUS went to the (Conservative) government asking for major changes in the structure (and amount) of grants. The Government refused to discuss the major demands, whilst the token concessions they made have been described by the CVCP as 'completely inadequate.' The Government, however, said that Universities should keep down the cost of accommodation and meals. However, the college have orders from the Government to make accommodation and refectories, self-financing, and are bound to do so. Vacation letting has allowed Imperials' authorities to keep accommodation charges reasonably low, but there is no comparable income for refectories.

On one hand the University states "We know students are in difficulty but this can only be solved by the Government giving larger grants". On the other hand the government states "Grants would be quite adequate if Universities kept their prices down". Both agree there is something wrong but neither side will accept the ultimate responsibility for the students squeezed in the middle.

ACTION

We therefore must choose either to take some action or become poorer from year to year — or month to month. On the question specifically of refectories, I believe that Mr. Mooney has been invited to the next UGM (which is an hour before the next Refectory Committee meeting). Bring questions and ideas.

And see you on tomorrow's demo.

Rob Armitage

(Mr. Armitage is one of the 5 Union reps on the Refec. Cttee. The others are John Lane, MCB, Steve Gardner and Gordon Jackson).

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the sports page

rapid rambles

The Hyde Park Road Relay

The only claim to fame that IC X Country Club can boast at the moment is the Hyde Park Relay. Although there are several imitations going about it is one of the largest and most respected road relays in Great Britain and probably in Europe.

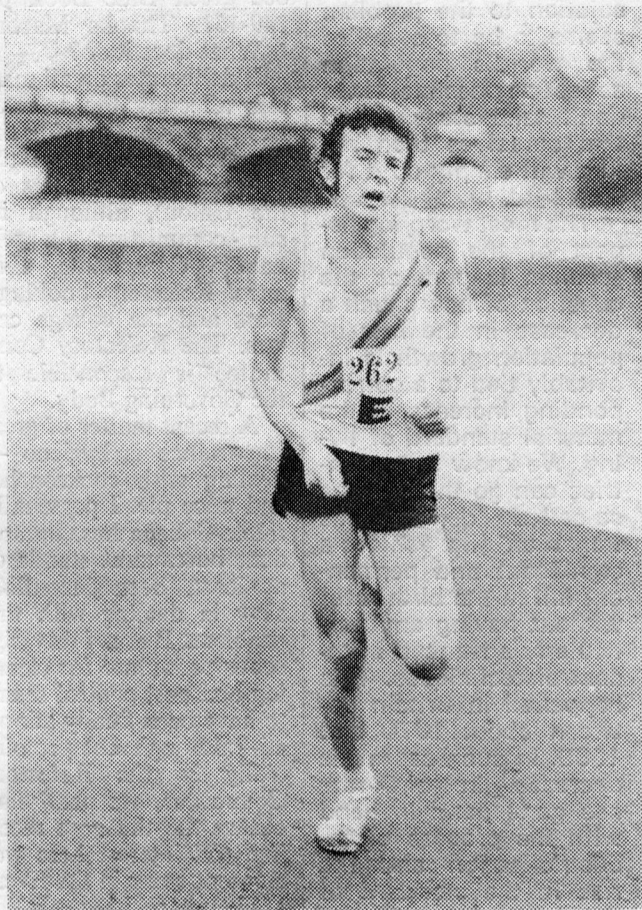
Each member of a 6 man team runs 3 miles over a course based on the Serpentine, the times for each leg vary between 13½ and 20 minutes.

This year we confidently expect a turnout of over 500 runners which will include 12 teams from the Continent, including Spain, Germany, France, Scandinavia and Belgium. Almost every University or College in the UK that has a X country team (and even some without!) will be there, bringing Olympic runners Dave Bedford, Ray Smedley and Andy Holden, and many other internationals.

The local attractions included a weakened IC team and an Old Boys team, (they're not so old, so watch out IC!). The RCM have answered the call "You too can run against Dave Bedford", they have threatened to withdraw if he fails to turn up!

The race will be started in Rotten Row by the Rector at 3.00 on Saturday and the prizes presented by Lady Penney in the union afterwards.

Anybody wishing to help should contact Steve Webb or just arrive early at the Union; they will be able to fight for tea with the rest.



tiddlywinks

It has fallen to me once again to write a Winks report, the one you've all been waiting for. On Sunday, 11th February, we ventured up the A10 in 2 cars, pulling our star player behind on an airbed. We were visiting Cambridge to play them in the Prince Philip Silver Wink competition, and our team was once again glorious in defeat. As we were two players short, Bob and Helen each had to play a pair, while Glyn suffered J.J. and Mike played with Shelagh (!)

The brilliant Mr. Douglas (6 second interviews to date) managed to win a game in his own inimitable style while the rest of us lost, or drew.

We were drastically handicapped by the licensing hours and being boozeless could not attain the usual high standard of play reached on Thursday nights. Crawling around on the floor is not suitable for people with flash jackets or delicate young ladies (that means me and if you disagree I'll bash you), but against these terrific odds we scored 22 (Helen 8½, Bob 8½, the rabble 5) to their 62.

After 3 rounds we adjourned for milk and hot water (they called it "tea"), bikkies and the Beano.

Bob, the coiffeur, said he was great—perhaps that's why the car windows steamed up on the way back to Southside bar for a pint or six, to end the day in style.

The previous week we entertained Quesh, a team of ex-Southampton University members. They had in their clan a certain Alan Dean, the English champion, no less. Against such formidable opponents we lost 7½—55½, but the outstanding achievement of the year must surely be the gaining of a point off A.D., the second point he'd lost in five games!

Unfortunately we were without Bobby, before whom mountains collapse, ferocious beasts tremble and Winks players plead for clemency from the tortuous dealings of his squidger. Without this maestro, how could we hope to win?

Thanks to all those that turned up to play, and to those that didn't — * * ? ! £ ? * ! !

Thought for the day — is beef curry a new type of trouser cleaner?

The Wonder Team: Helen Isaac (latent genius), Bob "Flash" Douglas, Glyn Jones, Mike Ixer, John James and Shelagh Crawley. Amen.

hockey

Last Wednesday, the I.C. cup side qualified to meet Guy's hospital in the final of the U.L. cup, by defeating Bart's 3-0. This victory was achieved by the I.C.'s normal game of ten men hockey, i.e. keep your own goalkeeper out of the game. For the first ten minutes, the ball was continually in or around the Bart's twenty-five, but their goalkeeper was untroubled in this period. Then for the rest of the first half, neither of the teams could be bothered to get going, so the game became bogged down between the twenty-fives. The only moment that relieved the boredom was a goal by John Schofield.

The second half was completely different, as I.C. scored twice in the first five minutes. The first of these goals came from a short corner pushed out by Iki Keller to Jaz Missn, who pushed the ball into the centre for Jag Gahir to push home. The final goal was scored by John Schofield.

The previous Saturday, I.C. 1st XI met B.A.C. Weybridge and deservedly won 2-1, the goals coming from Downs and Rickman.

Meanwhile the 2nd and 3rd XIs were playing Old Creights 1st and 2nd teams. The 2nds won 1-0, but the 3rds were defeated 2-0.

Mixed Hockey

Last Sunday the I.C. mixed hockey team played Westfield College. Victory was assured, with the executioner on the I.C. side and the final score was 2-1 to I.C. Straight from the bully in the first half, I.C. swept into the attack, and scored, but were unable to score again before half-time. Westfield came more into the game in the second half, and after a hectic scramble in the I.C. goalmouth, Westfield were awarded a short corner, from which they scored, to make the final score 2-1. I.C. should have won this match much more convincingly, when one considers the number of chances they created.

Finally, a special thanks to all the people who played on Sunday lunchtime.

football

THREE IN A ROW FOR I.C.

BATES DESTROYS U.C.

At Headstone Lane on Saturday 10th February, IC made sure of their third UL cup final in three years by defeating UC 2-0.

The conditions were not suited to good football and the game was never a great spectacle, but there were a few isolated moments of good play from both sides. The first twenty minutes belonged to UC. They had a shaky IC defence in trouble several times and, but for Gerwyn Edwards' good work in goal, IC would have been in even more trouble. One save in particular showed the class of Edwards. A shot from 20 yards was hit hard and low, with the wind and despite the greasy turf he managed a great dive to his left to push it away for a corner.

As the game wore on IC began to settle down and once Paul Worthington had accustomed himself to the poor surface, his winger was rarely in the game. The man of the match, however, was Steve Bates whose midfield tackling gave UC no chance to settle down on the ball. But Bates did more than tackle — from a partly-cleared corner he pulled the ball down and struck a deceptively lazy shot which swerved viciously under the despairing dive of the UC 'keeper.

With this goal behind them IC took command for the rest of the half and were unlucky not to score at least another two goals. Maurice Hastings went close with a header from a corner kick and Billy Milne beat the 'keeper with a delicate shot after a good run, only to see the ball cleared off the line.

When the half-time interval came IC were well in control of the game. But as often happens to IC they started the 2nd half as they started the first, badly. UC only really had one good scoring chance but the general performance of IC during this period was poor. However, just as in the first half they came back strongly. Steve Bates was still getting the tackles in and it did one good to see Pete Lonnen working so hard in midfield. He is undoubtedly much more useful there than on the wing.

Chances to score were still rare for both sides and most of the second half was played between the penalty areas. Byron Smith and Billy Milne both had half-chances to score but with ten minutes to go the score was still 1-0 and it didn't look much like changing.

Then tragedy hit IC, a perfectly fair tackle left Maurice Hastings with a nasty bruise, superimposed on four or five other ones which he has picked up during the season. Hastings had to go off and the sub., a defender came on in midfield. Almost immediately IC launched the decisive attack of the match. One long ball was cleared and Bates promptly chipped it back to the edge of the box where Smith headed it on to Milne who sent IC to Motspur again with a close-range shot.

UC didn't seem to appreciate that they had been fairly beaten and the last 10 minutes were just a little silly. In fact they were bloody stupid. Kicking a goalkeeper repeatedly when he is on the ground is not very clever. But then UC footballers never were very clever. I would like to be able to say that the referee was responsible for the game not deteriorating into a battle but it was in fact only the restraint of the IC team which kept the free kicks down to two a minute during the last five minutes.

Now to nicer things: the final will be at Motspur Park on Saturday 10th March when IC will attempt to make it three in a row against Birkbeck or Bedford. There is also the possibility of winning the league after a fine display in beating King's recently.

Team: G. Edwards, M. Manning, P. Worthington, I. Postlethwaite, I. Bell, J. Kelly, S. Bates, P. Lonnen, B. Smith, M. Hastings (sub. R. Kill), W. Milne.

On the same day at Birkbeck's ground at Greenford in the Upper Reserves Cup Semi-Final IC 3rds defeated IC 5ths in a fast and open game. The 5ths produced some hard running which unsettled their opponents and the opening minutes were evenly contested. Control was made difficult by a heavy shower before the game and perhaps this was the factor which made the game close. Eventually the 5ths were pushed back into defence and a period of constant pressure produced a fine angled drive from Geoff Gilbert which Gordon Lack managed to turn round the post. The 3rds were not to be denied and shortly afterwards a goal came. Alan Peterson received the ball near the edge of the box and floated a shot into the corner of the net as the defence stood flat-footed seemingly confused by the flight of the shot. This proved to be the only goal of the half and the second-half began with a further period of 3rd team pressure.

The 5ths counter-attacked and produced their best chance of the game when a fine cross from the left beat the defence and left Pete Bintliff with an open goal which he surprisingly missed from close in. A clinching goal came when Alan Wilkinson surged through from defence and scored a typical midfield-strikers goal when his 30 yards effort eluded Gordon Lack to make the score 2-0. The 3rds now go on to meet Birkbeck 2nds in the final at Motspur Park on March 10th, where they will be trying to make up for the 2nd teams' thoughtlessness in allowing Goldsmith's to win it last year.

Imperial's other semi-finalists, the 6ths went down 2-0 to an LSE IV which looked not unlike LSE II. However the 6ths have done well to get this far and they still have a good chance in the League.

R.K./A.P.