



6th March, 1973

Felix

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

FREE!

ISSUE No. 331

VOTE

(or abstain)

TODAY

* COLLEGE BLOCK *
* SOUTHSIDE *
* UNION *

MOONEY RETURNS TO LIMELIGHT

3 years since last confrontation with Union

Not only ... but also

Cockroaches and mice in refectories

"We must not be complacent, but at least the situation is not as bad as it is in many parts of Kensington". That is how Dr. Levy, Chairman of the Refectory Committee, summed up the situation regarding the infestation of the kitchens by mice at Thursday's Refectory Committee meeting.

The meeting was told that it would be necessary to spend £3,350 to disinfect the refectory areas of cockroaches and mice. This sum included £1,250 for steam cleaning and £1,000 for washing down walls. The committee, which last year contemplated the then cost of £2,500 as above their ceiling, is now prepared to pay this and get the kitchens properly cleaned.

Cockroaches are apparently fairly easy to get rid of, but tend to become resistant to the poisons used fairly rapidly, so they have to be changed at frequent intervals. Apparently Mr. Mooney and his staff are already achieving some considerable success in combating cockroaches.

A bigger problem arises with mice. There are no poisons which can be used where food is prepared, the meeting was informed. Without mentioning the possibility of the college investing in a few hundred cats. Dr. Levy drew the meeting's attention to the widespread mouse problem in Kensington. At the moment, by comparison with other places, IC is hardly affected, but the situation will have to be watched carefully. Other areas of the college are equally infested, if not to a worse extent, including halls of residence.

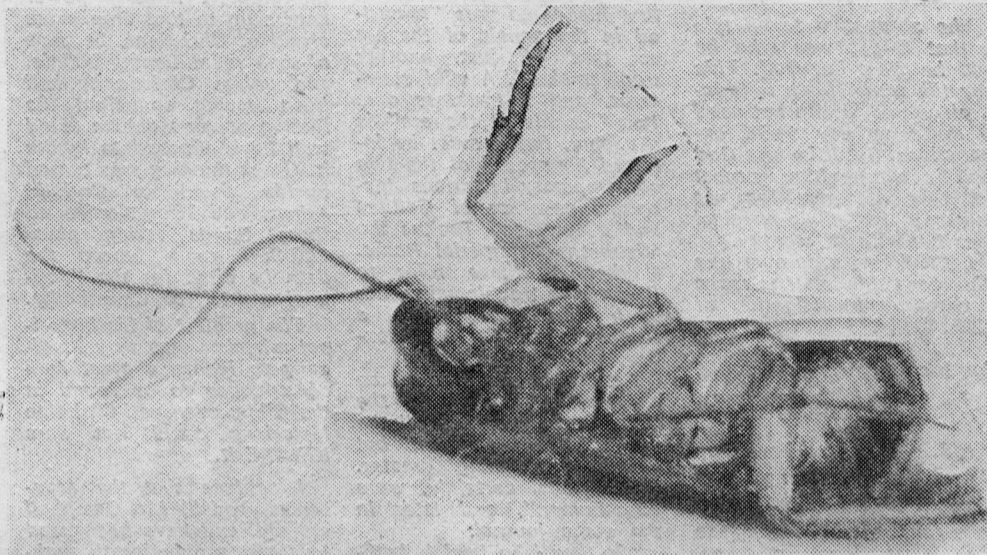
PRICES TO STAY STABLE

The finance sub-committee reported that although turnover this year was projected to be almost double that of last at £307,000, the refectories were likely to incur a loss of the order of £9,000. It was agreed that £6,500 of this could be met from reserves, and the remainder from profits on wine sales, which this year should amount to about £4,000. Bar profits, estimated at approximately £10,000, are to be spent on completely refurbishing Southside Bar.

If current trends continue, no price increases will be necessary before the end of the financial year, on 31st July. It will then almost certainly be necessary to raise prices since wages are expected to rise steeply in the interim.

V.A.T. ABSORBED

The college bars are to absorb V.A.T. until the end of July, when the situation can be assessed. It is certain that V.A.T. will be levied once this period is over. The only problem with bars at the moment is that not enough Watney's Beer is being drunk: the bars are on an agreement to down 400 barrels a year in order to reap the benefits of an improvements loan.



The famous Mooney cockroach as captured by a Felix photographer during the last scare in January 1970

Portrait of a Catering Manager

So Victor paid one of his little visits to a Union meeting for a tête a tête with the boys and girls. It's not the first time it's happened and it won't be the last.

Mooney's been a source of abuse ever since he arrived at IC many years ago and a sort of legend has evolved around this man who has done more than anything to add a bit of colour to the lives of all who have trodden the journey of a lifetime through the technological pathos of IC and the hallowed, mal-coloured pathways to Mooney's culinary delights—more than anything to add a bit of colour to the very media you are now investigating.

In my short overstay at IC Felix has been embossed with real life photies of

—the famous "Mooney hairy chip—hairier, more grotesque, than you have ever seen before, looks not unlike a spider with an enormous wooden leg or some such organ (improvise, Mike)".

—the magnificent "Mooney cockroach—bigger and better and more life-like than ever your wildest nightmares imagined. See how it leaps into a boiling vat of southside rice."

—the patented "Mooney scurvy scare—now the driving force behind such superb literary genius as Camus' 'The Outsider', Green's 'The Man Within', Mary McCarthy's 'A charmed life', Sartré's 'Intimacy', Coulson and Richardsons' 'Chemical engineering, Vol 3', Bertrand Russel's 'Why I am not a Christian' and Robin Farquharson's 'Drop Out', Life in London beneath the poverty line (It was the grant, doctor. I was forced to go there.)"

Mooney's had all this. Often it was the only thing capable of stirring IC's senescent students from their slide rules and Coulson and Richardson, Vol 3. Every society needs a scapegoat and Mooney's been IC's since records began. Not that he's suffered from the experience. He's developed a fine art in fending off questions like some dispassionate observer. Listening to his Union meeting offerings it seemed hardly credible that he has any responsibilities towards IC catering at all.

But the questions have improved too. Rob. Armitage pestered him enough to be ICU's next secretary. (Did you like those phosphorescent maroon and purple posters for Allnut and Armitage? Just watch about 800 turn up for the ents concerts on the 5th and 6th. Who are dis band, man?)

Then up pops Mike Doherty (Yes, there is a Mike Dock and he is someone else and you may have seen us . . . both of us . . . launching a joint attack of sorts in the soccer 6's on Sunday).

"What about the higher standard at the RCA?" asks Mike.

"Oh. Yes. There's always been this one. If it isn't RCA, it's RCM or some such like." But some such like isn't IC, Victor. You never see notices like 'RCA students must not eat in this refectory before 1 pm' in our Naafis. And how can you justify RCA being better because it's smaller? The only comparable refec at IC is the Union, you say, in terms of numbers, and you're trying to close that because it's "not viable". But RCA's viable. But no doubt they've got a different scapegoat.

continued on page 2

UNION MEETING ANGRY AT EVASIVE MOONEY

Mr. Mooney, College Catering Manager, and Dr. Levy, Chairman of the Refectory Committee, came to the Union Meeting on Thursday to state their case and answer questions from the meeting. Dr. Levy started the meeting by outlining the financial position of the refectories this year as a comparison with last, and questions were then thrown up from the floor.

The main grumbles were with prices, only a few with quality. The meeting seemed to be convinced that prices had been put up, and Mr. Mooney's evasive answers did nothing to alleviate their fears. He claimed no knowledge of price disparities between refectories, and said that they all operated to a standard duplicated list which had been current since the 1st August. When told last week (until it was taken down) there was a new price list against the old one with price differentials he again claimed ignorance.

He claimed that price disparities occurred only when cashiers got muddled, and that price "increases" which occurred this way should be reported to him. He told the meeting that students must be their own watchdogs on prices and overcharging.

When charged that his quality and value for money was poor by comparison with the Royal College of Art, he attempted to shrug this off by simply stating that they were smaller. While they dealt with about three or four hundred dinners at lunch-time, College Block or Southside each had about 1200 customers.

Mr. Mooney's general aim seemed to be to pass on the blame and responsibility to others. Price "increases" are the fault of cashiers overcharging, the continuance of the habit is the fault of students not complaining, and the fault for the bad quality of the food lies with the refectories having too many customers.

Letters from heaven

Sir,
I must confess that I did not find Alasdair Campbell's letter very interesting. This was largely due to his persistent use of 'big' words, which, in my state of literal sub-normality, I found difficult to understand. Despite this lamentable handicap, I gather from reading his letter that he knows even less about the crux of Christianity than I do about Communism.

Unfortunately, his apparent ignorance of Christianity is only typical of this University. We are, after all, supposed to be scientists and engineers and, as such, our common approach to any topic should be one of 'logical' analysis of the relevant facts, but it would be optimistic to believe that one in ten of us has applied this procedure to Christianity.

Considering the magnitude of Christ's claims, it would be foolish to dismiss him without a proper examination. We must, therefore, begin by looking at the historical basis of Christianity. The possibilities open to us are: either Christ lived or he did not. An investigation of the authenticity of the Gospels, the Epistles, and the records kept by Tacitus and Josephus, the main historians of that era, should clear up that point. Assuming you then reach the conclusion that I did, i.e., he did exist, we then progress to the question, who

was he? Again two choices, either a man or 'The Son of God'. If he was a man, then on top of being a good faith healer (curing the deaf, dumb, blind and paralysed) he was a miracle (sorry — it's the only apt word) doctor healing lepers, cripples and raising the dead. He was also an ace trickster turning water to wine (concealed pipes in the floor?) walking on the water (a ford, of course) feeding the five thousand, what a whopper. He certainly fooled the Jews, they were so afraid that they crucified him (but he was under drugs, so he did not mind so much).

The alternative to all this is that Christ was who he said he was, i.e. God. This way the whole bible falls into place and we do not need to make up any weird explanations. But if he was God then by ignoring him, as most do, they are gambling not only with just their physical lives but with all eternity.

I, therefore, urge everyone who reads this letter to make a thorough investigation of Christ's life.

Yours praying for your souls,
R. E. SLOTA

P.S. — If you have any difficulties in finding literature (Haldane Library) or have any questions, please contact me (Civ. Eng. 2), or your local friendly Christian, there are plenty about I.C.

Sir,
I am to avoid using the pages of "Felix" for long lunge and petty arguments between two people, many such arguments can be resolved on a personal level. However I am forced to write an answer to a letter by Mr. Alasdair Campbell, not only for his information, but more especially for all the people whom he may have misled (intentionally or not) in the historical facts about Jesus Christ.

He gave Jesus the status of a revolutionary, but stated that his death was "recorded in the annals of the era as that of just another troublemaker". A wild statement, and a truthless one. This "annals of the era" is a vagary, but it must be inferred he speaks of the two contemporary historians Josephus, governor of Gallilee and a Jew, and Tacitus the Historian of Imperial Rome. Neither of these refer to Christ as a troublemaker, nor to his death as that of a troublemaker. On the contrary Josephus writes:

"It was at this time a man appeared, if 'man' is the right word, who had all the attributes of a man, but seemed something greater. His actions, certainly, were superhuman", and later in the same journal:

"So they (the Jewish Authorities in Jerusalem) seized him and crucified him in defiance of all Jewish Traditions." These words were

written by a Jew not by a Christian.

The second factual error was saying "though in his time he had no effect". I presume most people are aware of the self-contradictory nature of this statement in the context of the letter. Firstly, Christ had sufficient effect, that without ever expressing political ambitions, but simply "speaking to them concerning the Kingdom of God" (Acts 1 v 3) he was crucified, however the effects did not end here, in Israel there was widespread persecution of Christians before the year 50 A.D. Even the Romans, the greatest military power known up to that time, were afraid of Christians, because of their revolutionary beliefs, and unless Christianity had been having an effect the Roman power machine could well have afforded to ignore it. Greek thinking was turned upside down in Corinth, Athens and Thessalonica all these things taking place 300-350 years before the date he cited for the "political efforts" of Christianity.

The greatest of his historical mistakes was very illogically to ignore a great bulk of evidence to be found in the Bible, even anti-Christian historians could not dare IGNORE it.

I confess that the arguments used by Mr. Campbell are old, and have been used by Christ's enemies throughout history, argument which is precipitated from a high degree of illogic or selective fact-choosing suggests that

even Christ's enemies see he is still having an effect on people.

So let us dispense with myths and look at facts. If it is suggested that Christianity has been used as a political or materialistic weapon, we must realise that this is NOT the Christianity, the Good-News, which Christ preached. For example, Christ's Church is not people who just pop down the local Church once a week and then carry on living a Christless life for the rest of the week.

Christ's Church is people who lived for Him, in his strength. Jesus was not, on his own admission and others, a teacher or philosopher, but God made tangible for mankind to understand, and he never showed much interest in politics.

He came to change lives and does so when we accept his death for our sins and ask him into our lives as Lord. Many people are happy as atheists and feel perfectly satisfied in life, they feel they don't need Christ, I certainly did, but that is only because we cannot realize the changes in our lives that Christ can effect, in the words of Paul:

"The unspiritual man does not receive the gifts of the Spirit of God . . . and he is not able to understand them, because they are only understood spiritually" (1 Corinthians 2:14).

How can we possibly begin to know what Jesus has to say to us until we all stop ignoring the issue and face the facts as they are. I pray that all readers of this letter including Mr. Campbell will try to find out these facts, because they are the TRUE facts of life.

Yours in Christ,
MAURICE MOLONEY.

Dear Sir,
There has been a growing concern in recent years with the problems of drug abuse, rising crime rates, sexual perversion, and most recently depression and suicide which have permeated all elements of our society. Many groups and organisations have sought the solution to these problems, but most have experienced very little in the way of concrete results. There is, however, a programme which has resulted in the dramatic transformation of purposeless, unhappy lives into useful, productive, and happy people. It is known as "The Children of God".

The success of this programme is the result of adopting a whole new life style — one based on love, sharing, mutual co-operation and the desire to help one's fellow man — in an environment of peace and harmony where people can grow and realize their full potential as human beings.

Many people have criticized this group for their revolutionary way of life, but they cannot refute the fact that it works. If you would like to know more about this way of life and the work that is being done to help our fellow men in all parts of the world I will be very happy to come to your college and meet you personally. There are also several films available and I am certain that such a programme would be of great interest to people like you who are concerned with the social problems of this day and age.

To make arrangements for a meeting or for further information, phone me at 01-464 7769. I look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. WORMUS.

The Landsnapper Sneeze



Portrait of a Catering Manager

(continued from page 1)

Then someone brought up (sorry) the subject of chips. You want more, BOY! Well, says Vic. for 5p in the refecs you get as many as in a bag for 7p from your nearest chippy. Well, my nearest chippy has many more than the average Mooney portion and they aren't hairy and gangrened either and they're only 5p and that's in W.1 (urban elitist).

Then Doctor Levy, featured as joint top of the bill — no expense has been spared — says we can always make suggestions to Mr. Mooney as we meet him in our meanderings around the campus (what's a campus, daddy?). But he didn't explain what sort of suggestions and anyway me usual meeting place is the underpass by Civ. Eng. as we approach at right angles on a collision course — me dreaming along on first lecture and Mooney speeding towards college block as he commutes in from Prince's Gardens in his Jag.

But don't worry, Victor. (You don't — Do you?) You're not such a bad guy, really and . . . mm . . . I'm going to dinner in hall tonight . . . shit.

Martin Doughty

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Anger over UGM Farce

"Farical" was the reaction of leading Union politicians to the conduct of last Thursday's Union General Meeting.

The problems arose out of inqoracy just after three o'clock, immediately prior to the vote on the Grants motion, upon which 25 minutes' discussion had already taken place. The motion laid down plans for tomorrow week's 'National Day of Action'.

On a count following the quorum challenge there was found to be 244 members present, 56 short of the quorum. Instead of closing the meeting, Paul Jowitt (Deputy President) who was in the chair, adjourned it for five minutes to give members time to go and collect another sixty or so people to make up the quorum.

It was obvious that on reopening the meeting it would be inqorate. A petition carrying the required 130 signatures was presented to Mr. Jowitt, demanding an Extraordinary General Meeting.

Mr. Jowitt accepted the petition, and made the surprising move of opening the Extraordinary Meeting straight away. The quorum was immediately challenged, and the EGM closed.

Members of the group presenting the petition told 'Felix' after the meeting that the intention had been to hold the EGM this week, and that they had not anticipated it being opened at once. They considered Mr. Jowitt's action puerile.

At the beginning of the UGM a request was made

for a change in the agenda, which would have tabled the grants motion and a few other minor motions before the hustings, with a view to ensuring quoracy throughout the meeting.

It now seems quite likely that an EGM will be held on Thursday to discuss the motion and the others that have had to be deferred.

White Paper Conference

At the end of December, the Government produced an end-of-term report that they hoped might get overlooked in the Christmas festivities. I refer to the educational White Paper, "Education — A Framework for Expansion." Their hope was based on the fact that the future looks pretty gloomy, particularly for higher education.

Following publication of the White Paper, the NUS called a national one day conference to discuss it, and this conference was duly held, here at Imperial College, on Saturday, February 24th. One of the largest one-day conferences held by the NUS in re-

cent memory, Mech Eng. 220 was filled with 250 delegates who snored through seven hours of de-briefing by NUS Executive members following a wholesome Mooney lunch. The two hours before lunch had been spent being told by Digby Jacks president of the National Union of Students, Henry Clothier of the National Union of Teachers and Eric Robinson, Deputy Director of the North-East London Polytechnic of the vagaries of the document.

The conference was united in its opposition to the White paper, which has nothing to do with "Expansion" but indeed cuts back student numbers from the Government's own inadequate 1970 figure of 835,000 to 750,000. We cannot afford to increase spending on education, so in order to provide nursery schools some sector has to be cut back. Higher Education seems a good target for

Continued on page 4



Formal head gear for students Glen Sanger (left) and Malcolm Newman before the start of the national 24-hour Pedal Car race, in aid of Bristol Rag, at Whitchurch this afternoon.

Statement of the N.U.S.

Executive after meeting Mr. Norman St. John Stevas on Thursday 1st March

An NUS delegation met Mr. St. John Stevas, to discuss the NUS grants claim. The Government was neither prepared to meet the NUS claim nor to refuse it. Yet the Government was given the Union's case four months ago. Through the actions and decisions of this Government and its predecessors the standard of living of students has been systematically eroded and the effect of outdated grants regulations become more stringent.

The NUS Executive is therefore calling a national student strike for Wednesday, 14th March. This will involve the boycott or cancellation of lectures and the closing down of as many of the other activities of colleges and universities as possible. Public demonstrations, leafleting, meetings etc. will be organised. Particular emphasis will be laid on strengthening contact with and co-operation from the trade union movement, and college-based trade unions will be asked for their support.

We accuse the Government of procrastinating over our just claim; laying the basis for a future situation in which only the sons and daughters of the rich will be able to enter further and higher education; trying to drive a wedge between students and the rest of the population.

Covent Garden Proms



"50p. pay at the door take your friends and sit on the floor."

Thursday 12 April, 7.00
Aida (Verdi)

Friday 13 April, 7.00
Arabella (Richard Strauss)

Saturday 14 April, 7.30
Così fan tutte (Mozart)

650 Stalls Promenade places available on the day of performance one hour before curtain-up. 50p each, including Value Added Tax. Seats: 50p to £3.80.

(Tickets sold after 31 March will be subject to the appropriate rate of VAT.)
Further details: 01-240 1911 (24-hr. Information Service).



Royal Opera House

The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden Limited, receives financial assistance from The Arts Council of Great Britain.

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President's Piece

Avid readers of my writings will have noticed a single-minded concentration on grants. This week I want to write about three other matters which affect students very much indeed. Funnily enough all of them turn out to be linked up with the problem of student financing.

HALLS AND HOUSES

The facts of rents and grants for undergraduates are as follows:

	Board & Lodging Estimates for Lodging			
	Total Grant £	Element	Board	
1972/73	480	27.5	163*	112
1973/74	500	28.5	163**	122

* Meals are estimated at 75p per day for 31 weeks.

N.B. This is the College's estimate.

** Assuming no increase in refectory priced(!)

Charges range from £102 to £120 per year in the case of halls and from £101 to £116 for houses. In all cases these figures include £11 (ie 35p per week) contribution to the Building Fund (a voluntary payment to help finance the new hall).

The actual amount paid is around the national element in the grant. I.C. rents are only "low" because conference and block bookings in vacations provide so much revenue. In fact we only think of them as low because London rents are so outrageously high.

Next week's Student Residence Committee (a College Committee with student representation) will receive a report on finances. This will indicate a likely £8,000 deficit next year and recommend economies. Student Houses would get what they need for redecoration (in case they fall apart) halls would get a 48 per cent cut. Even so the basic "economic" rent would be £3.65 or £124 per year (if the full 35p levy stays) is over the national element even assuming that refectory prices stay steady.

Given that the union is trying to catch up with the effect of past inflation we can hardly be expected to agree to more without a fight.

STUDENT NUMBERS

The University Grants Committee (through which IC gets in Government money) has decided that in the next five years our student numbers should increase by 25 per cent, the recurrent grant (which pays running costs etc.) increasing only 11 per cent. Apparently more students can be crammed into our buildings than they were built for. Worse still, what is the effect on the accommodation problem? 1,000 more students pushing up rents in Kensington, breaking up the local community to make way for bed-sit racketeers, or commuting from Wimbledon, Richmond, Clapham, and, even further. The Greater London Development Plan suggests that students should in fact be moved out of London. This may sound extreme but as I see it either the expansion must come by building new colleges outside London with proper accommodation or the Government will have to ban office block and luxury hotel building in London and supply the finance for both student accommodation and housing for the people of London.

To make matters worse there is grave doubt about whether the new hall will in fact be built.

The "brighter" side is that fewer school-leavers want to study science at Universities in general and I.C. in particular. Can you blame them? Lousy London digs, lousy grants and lousy job prospects in many fields. For the first time lecturers interviewing applicants have met with worries about the level of grants from school-leavers.

REFECTORY PRICES

Prices will not go up next term. OK. But if inflation continues (if?) the refectory committee may well be faced with the proposal to increase them from 1st August (when the union is at its weakest point, funnily enough). Clearly if we intend to stop them we have to do it now. Subsidies would be better than nothing but that would tie us to Mooney. Basically we need grant increases to match inflation so that we can have

the choice of eating outside Mooney if we want to. Similarly over hall rents subsidies would help those in hall but leave those in private accommodation in acute difficulty.

GRANTS CAMPAIGN STRATEGY

Getting obsessed with subsidies can lead to wrong strategy; namely, relying entirely on local militancy, in a minority of colleges, to make the Government allow these colleges to subsidise hall and refectory accounts. This strategy "guerilla struggle in the colleges" would in fact not build the sort of mass movement, on a national scale that could win a grants increase. It would in effect exclude the majority of small colleges from the campaign and would run the risk that a number of unions would face victimisation. Support for the unions would then be more difficult to build because of the lack of a national campaign already in existence.

On the other hand, by launching a National Campaign for higher grants N.U.S. has united the F.E. Students with the University students and students in hall with those in digs. The rent strikes, refectory boycotts, occupations are an important part of this national campaign but must be seen in this context.

The outcome of meeting on Thursday, between NUS and the Government about grants is bound to anger a lot of students. Mr. St. John Stevas agreed with the justice of virtually every point in the claim (except the annual review)! The Government figures on the decline in purchasing power of the grant tallied with those of N.U.S. they agreed that an increasing number of students suffered real hardship and in general the ultimate point in reasoned negotiation was reached—viz "because of the economic situation, we cannot afford it," but they want more time to think about it! Question—how can they afford the 11 per cent increase in defence expenditure?

The Government had the first interim claim a year ago, January, and the present claim with all the figures four months ago. It clearly taxed the organisational power of the D.E.S. to the limit to actually arrange a meeting with N.U.S.—too much to expect them to give an answer! No, we've got to wait! And maybe since students are "notoriously fickle" the present grants campaign will just fade away.

It's rather interesting that the Government did not have the basic animal cunning to put forward a small divisive offer, as seemed likely—maybe that is still to come. Other points of interest, according to Digby Jacks, are firstly that St. John Stevas was not very well briefed particularly on the cost of abolishing the parental contribution and secondly that he said he was sympathetic to the student case but the economy, the public, M.P.'s, local authorities, Mrs. Thatcher, Ted Heath the civil service etc. etc." were the problem. That is everyone was to blame except Our Norman.

Well, at least, we know they cannot meet us in a straight argument—our case is solid. They seem to be pissing about, playing for time. The only thing to do is hit them hard on March 14th. Every student in I.C. should be on "strike" that day in a really massive demonstration that we are not complaining about grants because it's "the latest fun thing to do." We demand that our claim is taken seriously.

Our position has changed completely in the last decade. If anyone still thinks students are privileged, this episode should shatter their illusions. We have been put in exactly the same position as the millions of workers in dispute just now, health service workers, civil servants, Ford workers, train drivers, nurses, gas workers, teachers; in the same position as the old age pensioners. We are being told that no matter how just our case is—no deal! The defence increase and tax-cuts for the rich come first.

Surely it is stating the obvious to say that all the sections hit by the Government freeze should support each other? As yet we have done far too little to win that support from either trade unionists or old-age pensioners.

MARCH 14th

After last Thursday's U.G.M. there will no doubt be great confusion about the March 14th Day of Action. Council, last week agreed nem. con. to back the strike and so the Executive and the Grants Action Committee can go ahead and organise things. A teach-in on "Education in the '70's" in the Great Hall, mass public leafleting in Oxford Street in the afternoon a street theatre and disco in the evening are all planned. The delegate lobby of Parliament can be organised.

The U.G.M. was, of course inquorate by the time the vote on the strike motion was taken. 240 members were present and when a vote was taken only four voted against. Presumably, the high tension of the hustings took its toll of the other 300 who were at the best attending General Meeting this year but drifted away after Mooney. Clearly we need a well attended E.G.M. next Friday, 12.45—Great Hall to take the final decision. Meantime petitions are available for each class to request the support of its lecturers by postponing their lectures. Many of the staff support the grants claim and we should have no hesitation in asking them to help us in this way.

The March 14th action is on it's up to you to make it a decisive rejection of the Government delaying tactics!

Note: Next Grant's Action Committee—5.00. Today—Committee Room A.

White Paper (cont'd from page 3)

the axe; after all, nobody really likes students (especially after Stirling) and most people like babies. The 10 per cent increase in the defence budget also means economies have to be made somewhere.

The first effect of the government's proposals on Universities will be to reduce the number of places available, thus making entry more difficult and strengthening the binary system. Places will be reduced by reducing the universities' financing. This has many other effects besides simply cutting numbers of students.

The quality of education will decline, for staff/student ratios are to be cut from 8:1 to 10:1. And not only will there be less teachers to go round, but those that there are will be, on average, older—reductions will be made by cutting recruitment.

Cutting back is indeed the prime motive of the proposals—research student numbers are to cut back too. The reduction in supervisors for undergraduates thus implied will have to be met from teaching staff, who'll have less time for their research. It's a shame they don't spend more time on their research anyway, since so many of them are such useless teachers and are

totally uninterested in teaching.

One of the most important innovations of the White Paper is the Diploma of Higher Education, a two-year course with A-level entry. This would be great if it was intended as a foundation course, since so many students go to college for nebulous reasons forced upon them by head teachers and their staff with their own minds undecided. If it were possible for students to make up their minds on a degree course bearing in mind their experience on a Dip HE course the latter would be valuable; but the government see it as a two-year terminal qualification, designed to satisfy the demand for higher education and to reduce still further student numbers. But do they save in the long run? Their cuts can only prove detrimental to education as a whole. You may adopt the attitude of "I'm all right, Jack. I've been to university, so what?" But education shapes our society—a poor standard of education for all means a poor society for all. We must always bear the future in mind.

(based on an article by Joy Clancy, President of ULU, written for the LSPA).

THEATRE

Visits the Young Vic

"HOBSON'S CHOICE" by Harold Brighouse

A brisk few minutes walk from Waterloo Station takes you, past its elder slightly more sophisticated namesake, to the Young Vic. As we enter its small but inviting portals my fiancée is surprised to find one of her old primary school friends taking the tickets, but then the Young Vic is like that, friendly, informal, and very much alive. The stage is surrounded in a horse shoe fashion by upward sloping benches and there is room for about 300, including those sitting in the very small gallery. Here one feels part of the play, friends of the actors and an integral part of the atmosphere. Here the theatre is for living not watching.

The day is Saturday, February 24th, and the production, Brighouse's famous "Hobson's Choice". For those not familiar with the story of this comedy set in Salford in 1880, it concerns Mr. H. H. Hobson, owner of a shoe shop, and his three daughters, the pretty Alice and Vickie, and the dominant Maggie, who serves in the shop. At the age of 30 Maggie is considered past marriage but she has her eye on the very meek, master boot-maker, Willie Mossop, who works in the shop and who, although promised to his landlady's daughter, one Ada Figgins, is soon "un-promised" by the resourceful Maggie. Mr. Hobson, fond of his frequent visits to the "Moonraker Inn" is unable to prevent the subsequent marriage and in drowning his sorrows falls down an open cellar hole into Beanstock's store house. Young lawyer, Albert Prosser, is engaged by Maggie to sue Henry Hobson for trespass on behalf of Beanstock's and in settling "out of court" Henry finds he loses £500 and his other two daughters to Albert Prosser and Freddy Beanstock, while Maggie and Willie have set up their own shoe shop in their basement flat. Hobson's trade dwindles and when Henry is told by Doctor MacFarlane that he must give up alcohol to save his life, Maggie and Willie move in to help Henry and take over the shop, which now becomes "Mossop and Hobson".

The loud, temperamental and awkward Mr. Hobson is brilliantly portrayed by Peter Bayliss playing a role familiar to his more famous one (that of Dennis' father in "Fenn Street Gang"). Andrew Robertson as the short, funny looking Willie, was just as convincing. With stage props kept to a minimum (a few clogs and boots, cash register, door, etc.), the art of acting well was actively displayed before us by a cast and atmosphere that fired the imagination and absorbed one completely in the

The Young Vic has taken to the fifties of late, to the days before The Beatles and Harold Wilson put the spiritual and material gloss on the swinging sixties. The world revealed is as distant as Pompeii. The girls wear suspenders and girdles and one tiny slip leads to tragic consequences. The men wear straight trousers, shirts that need ironing and still take the likes of J. B. Priestley seriously. Hair is short, the middle classes get what's coming to them, men are angry and young and the woman's place is by the kitchen sink. The whole thing is in fact damn nigh unbelievable, except when you remember that these are essentially differences in manners. Material considerations, to judge by the appalling housing conditions which are still reality for most of us, have not changed so much, and now the gloss is wearing thin too. The Labour Party is a bad joke, the Beatles have gone and Georgie no longer dazzles us on the wing. University students, the pride of the Welfare State, are poor and graduates are unemployed. The music has not died quickly, but drifted away, like Glenn Miller in his aeroplane, and no-one quite knows where it's gone. These plays show us the world before it came.

I've seen two of them, **A Taste of Honey**, by Shelagh Delaney, first produced in 1958, and **Look Back in Anger**, by the Angry Young Man himself, John Osborne, which dates I think from 1956. As might be clear from the above, I wasn't really interested in them as immortal drama — they're not — but in the way in which they reflect social values and change, and on that level I highly recommend both. The plots and situations were a bit contrived — do prostitutes really go around with their daughters like that? asked my companion at **A Taste of Honey** — but the characters generally made up for it. Julia McCarthy, who plays the daughter, was a fantastically seductive schoolgirl, appealing to all sorts of

play. It was supremely funny, often highlighted by those small actions and expressions that symbolise the difference between playing and living a part. During the intervals one chats with those around you, makes new friends, or buys a coffee or ice cream.

With the Young Vic so close to I.C. by tube, for 40p you can only give yourself a very pleasant surprise one evening. As Willie Mossop said looking about the shop he now half-owned, in his brand new suit, at the end of the play, "Well, by gum!"

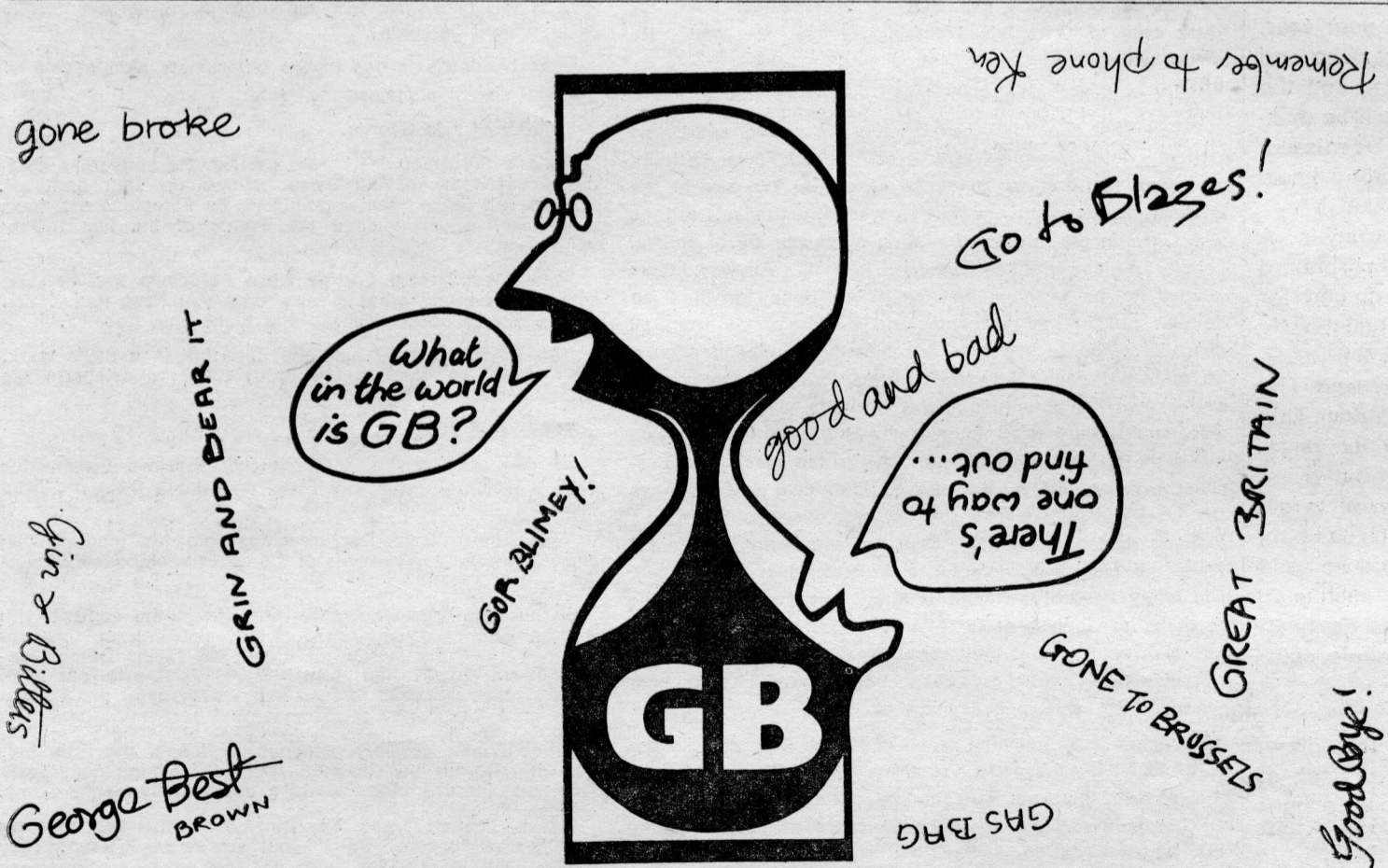
Jeremy Barker

fetishes in her gym-slip and bobby-socks, and her mother wasn't bad either. "As 'e got long legs? Ah luv 'em wi' long legs", she enquires of her daughter's dastardly sailor-boy, and she is still attractive enough for her own fancy-man to cry out joyfully after a furtive feel — "Christ, you're not wearing your girdle!"

It makes you feel so young, and the old seem so innocent. The characters are for the most part totally unaware of themselves, and hence of any alternatives to what they are. Peter, the chauvinist male porker in **Taste** is a stereotyped, unthinking tyrant, complete with eye-patch, cigar, whisky-bottle and an acute sense of who has the money around here — i.e. him. Jimmy Porter in **Look Back** is an equally predictable intellectual, with his red-brick background — he thinks like a red brick — his humanitarian outbursts by George Orwell out of D. H. Lawrence, his "quality" Sunday papers, which he takes seriously, and the soft centre which makes him settle for a "Me Teddy — You Squirrel" existence with his legitimate girl-friend after all. As for the women, they wear sexy underwear, iron shirts, make tea and worry. They are vulnerable—pregnancy hits them hard in both plays — and they are dependent. Sometimes they are beautiful too, like Julia McCarthy's fantastically seductive schoolgirl in **Taste**, and sometimes they even start to think about getting turned on, like the actress in **Look Back**, but even she retreats back into her well-groomed, church-going—how many actresses still go to church?—little world at the end, and there are only the merest hints of the coming awareness of women and of the release of their human capacities.

In fact, it is precisely this awareness that makes the total effect of the sixties seem more spiral than cyclic. People are by now more conscious of domination patterns, of the importance of economic independence, and of alternative modes of existence than they were in the fifties, and the disappearance of Harold Wilson's coat of varnish cannot interfere with this vital change. We still have our smiling morons, of course, but we also have a far more developed perception of society, and while this does not in itself change anything, nothing is likely to be changed without it. Anyway, go and see these plays. If nothing else you might become more conscious of your own consciousness.

John Bald



Gone to Brussels . . . Gone broke . . . Gin and bitters? So far the authors have successfully evaded attempts to extract a straight answer. "GB is what you make it", they say helpfully. No doubt all will be revealed to-day (Budget Day), when this topical musical revue opens at the Westminster Theatre.

GB has been written by a team: Alan Thornhill, Michael Henderson and Hugh Williams (book and lyrics), and Kathleen Johnson (music). Together they

take an honest, humorous and satirical look at our society.

Satire, according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is the "Use of ridicule, irony, sarcasm, etc., in speech or writing, for the ostensible purpose of exposing and discouraging vice or folly".(!)

The authors hope with GB to bring a fresh approach to a medium they feel has been too long the monopoly of cynics. "Much of the satire of the '60s was aimed at ridiculing ancient virtues

rather than modern vices", says Hugh Williams. "As a result much of what was vicious or ridiculous in the contemporary scene was left unchallenged because it was not fashionable to question it. Satire in the '70s needs to be both more honest and more forward looking. People are asking 'who are we, where are we going; what are we meant to become?'"

GB will be controversial. Watching rehearsals this week I saw some of the 40 songs, sketches, mimes and dances

which touch on everything from the Third World to Women's Lib, abortion to credit cards.

The Commonwealth Calypso (dedicated to Enoch) takes a wry look at immigration. A conversation in a stationary railway carriage shows the class war fought by both sides with equal enthusiasm and determination. Family life, drugs, urban violence (including Northern Ireland), pollution, inflation ("It's not that we want much, we just want more"), the GNP and the commercialisation of religion — they are all dealt with in one way or another.

GB spotlights the prejudice and hypocrisy in the older generation (and in some of ours too!). It views irreverently the exponents of the "civilised society" who appear to know how we should all live—and die. It challenges many of the preconceptions and the materialism on which our society is based.

Kathleen Johnson's versatile musical score ranges through folk and rock, ballad and music hall. The 20 songs are arranged by David Palmer, who last week directed the recording of a single for rush release. Palmer has his own musical coming to London shortly.

The multi-talented cast of 11 includes the French mime artist Michel Orphelin and singer Gladstone Adderley, who arrived from the Bahamas three weeks ago. Penny Croft, daughter of the creator of "Dad's Army", makes her West End debut.

Henry Cass directs his fifteenth production at the Westminster: "Many people think there should be an answers. Many people think there are no answers. This is where I think the Westminster is a tremendous help in our particular society. It tries and very often shows a way of positive and definite action. A theatre has a responsibility to the public. The Westminster Theatre accepts this responsibility".

Cont'd Page 6, Col. 1

The Secs Diary of a Guildsman — Guildswomen

Well you lucky members of C. & G. out there I thought the hallowed pages of Felix would make a tasy place to give you the low down on what's coming your way in the near future. I expect you've heard most of it before but the only way to get any of you involved is to keep ramming everything down your throats. Believe it or not we had our Hustings last Tuesday but not many people seemed to care; despite the fact that every single post (bar Academic Affairs Officer) was contested (which is more than can be said for the I.C. elections).

And so to this week. Having recovered from the strains and pains of the soccer sixes (you were there weren't you) we find ourselves in Tuesday, March 6th. Ring a bell? Yes, you've guessed it, its SHROVE TUESDAY, and for your titivation (with emphasis on the it) those buxom ladies of ICWA will compete with those buxom gents of IC exec in a pancake race around the Beit Quad. Easy you may say. Well it would be, were it not for you and your fellow compatriots perched up on Beit roof chucking water over all the competitors. (Inside info:— there's a water tank on the Union Building roof). What a great chance to get your own back on MCB and John 'Och Aye' Lane. Not to mention the glorious sight of an ICWA beauty (K. Conlon or M. Fairclough maybe?) falling a . . . over t . . .

Wednesday brings the first match in this year's Sparkes Cup, Guilds v Mines, at Hartlington, with a grand piss up afterwards. No one remembers when Guilds last failed to win the Sparkes Cup, and this year should be no different. This is, however, but a quiet prelude to the day you've all been waiting for, the one and only GUILDS REVUE. Yes folks, Thursday, MARCH 8th, for the meagre pitance of 25p you can turn yourselves on to a sexy stripper, a dirty film, a drag artiste, and some very silly sketches (performed by not so silly Guildsmen). However, to be the success it deserves, it is essential that you get a sketch out from your year, it needn't be Monty Python class, just short and stupid. There's loads of prizes to be won, and the star of last year's revue, Mr. P. Nowit, will be making a return performance. This is not to be missed. Get your sketches ready now and let Tony know how many sketches you have.

A short intermission and it's Tuesday again. A week today and it's your lucky day. Those hard working members of your exec have provided for your tentalisation, not one, but two events. Firstly at 1.15 p.m. in ME 542, we have the GUILDS ELECTIONS. Who will be President next year? The choice is yours. So make sure you get along. This is your big chance to be constructive for once. Then, following the traditional dunking in the swimming pool of the old and new exec it's off to get ready for the FIELD CUP 73. Starting at 7.30 p.m. (or thereabouts) the normal procedure will be used of a run round ten pubs, with clues to each pub. Prizes will be awarded for the most points per head of year and most points per head of people competing. This is always a great event, and should not be missed.

Well that's all for now. Hope it fills your diary. Apologies to my disappointed readers for lack of article in Guildsheet, but I miffed (a subtle pun) the publication date.

See you at all the above events.

Your friendly sec.,

Gray.

Cont'd from Page 5

After each performance there will be coffee and a chance to meet members of the cast and production team in the theatre restaurant.

Students seats are 40p. The Box Office will allocate these as best they can anywhere in the house, subject to availability at the time of booking.

R. L. Corcoran

Phosphorous the Jobrot and Ferocious Din

The antepenultimate part of
a serialisation of the book
by S. J. Swailes

Hardly had he spoken than a tiny black dot appeared on the horizon. The three watched with some interest as it came nearer and nearer. When it was only fifty yards or so from the stern of the boat, they realised that there were two creatures swooping down towards them — a little black thing and a much larger kahki coloured one. With a flapping of wings, the two beings thumped down on the deck. Foetid looked very tattered indeed.

"I must apologise for my appearance, sir", he said slightly out of breath, "but the weather last night was somewhat inclement. May I present Doctor Kevin Tonkey of the Flying Doctor Service?" with a courtly wave of a little wing, Foetid indicated the gentleman now sitting on the cabin roof.

"G'day" said Dr. Kev, and beamed round at the startled crew. The Flying Doctor was a short stout man, clad in khaki bush shirt and shorts. He wore a wide brimmed hat, firmly tied under his chin, and his face glowed a deep red. From his shoulder blades sprouted two magnificent white-feathered wings, now neatly folded down his back.

"Certainly that was a fair old flight", he said, wiping his face with a red spotted handkerchief, "me and the little flying weasel here wondered if we was ever going to make it". Foetid looked suitably supercilious.

"Well, thank goodness you have", said Ferocious quickly, "perhaps you'd like to come and have a look at the patient".

"Too right", said Dr. Kev, picking up his little black bag from the doghouse roof where he had put it on landing.

Together the doctor and Ferocious went below, and the latter indicated a still muttering George.

"Palsied Dingoes", expostulated the medical man, "A nasty case of O'Reilly's Tremble if I ever saw one". He looked worried.

"Is it serious?" asked Ferocious.

"Well, that depends", said Dr. Kev. "You see, sport, this particular lurgi is named after a man called Feeler O'Reilly who was the first to be struck down, as we say in the medical profession. Now Feeler was a politician, and he was taken in the middle of making a speech, so, of course, nobody noticed until afterwards, ho, ho. Anyway, there seemed to be nothing that could be done for him, so he was put in bed at home, and doctors came from all over the globe to see him, but nobody could find a cure. So poor old Feeler just went on muttering in the privacy of his own home, until one day his wife, a big sheila she was, could stand it no longer. It was the muttering, y'see, got right up her nose, as we say in the medical profession. Anyway, like I said, she couldn't take any more, so she hit old Feeler a real dinkum belt over the head with a frying pan, and shouted "Shut up, you boring old fool!" Well, the cure was instantaneous, Feeler lept out of bed, absolutely his old self again. Mind you there were some as reckoned he was easier to understand when he had the affliction on him, but they weren't qualified medical men". "Fascinating", said Ferocious, "but how does that help George?" Dr. Kev looked annoyed.

"Weren't you listening, mate? That's the only known cure. You bash the patient over the head with a frying pan and shout "Shut up, you boring old fool!" Never fails. Or hardly ever. There have been cases of people getting carried away on the bashing bit, and finishing the patient off, but that wouldn't be under your controlled medical circumstances. O.K.?"

"O.K." said Ferocious, unconvinced, and wondering if he should ask to see the doctor's credentials.

"Right" bellowed the Flying Doctor, "get those other fellows down here and we'll continue with the treatment."

Ferocious called Phosphorous, the Twigworm and the tiny bat down into the cabin, and explained the unlikely cure.

"Is there going to be any blood?" asked the Twigworm nervously, "I'm afraid that I faint if there's any blood". The Doctor beamed,

"Can't guarantee nothing, sport", he said, "but there's

a fair chance this should be a bloodless one". The Twigworm heaved a sigh of relief. "Now listen carefully, cobbbers", went on Dr. Kev. "I shall strike the patient a medically approved clout over the head with this cooking utensil what I've just found". He waved Ferocious' frying pan in the air, "and as I do so you all shout 'Shut up, you boring old fool!' as loud as you can. Alright?" Dr. Tonkey positioned himself. "Now!" he shouted, and let fly a huge swing of the frying pan. "Boing" it went as it struck George's head. The handle bent into a 'U' shape.

"Shut up, you boring old fool!" bellowed the assembled throng.

"Procreation flu", said George and turned over.

"Ah, newts!" swore the good doctor. "not loud enough on the "shut up etc." We'll have to try again. This time shout as loud as you can. That Mrs. O'Reilly was a big-lunged woman". He jumped up and down on the handle of the frying pan in a medical manner. When it had returned to something like its original shape, the doctor took it in his huge hand once again.

"Split those lungs, this time", he said. He swung. Kerdoink went George's head and pan. "Shut up you boring old fool!" screeched the rest of the team. George opened his eyes.

"What on earth is going on?" he said indignantly.

"Great!" grinned Dr. Kev. "another victory for advanced medical research".

"How do you feel?" asked Ferocious of a puzzled George.

"I seem to have a splitting headache", he said, "and what is this gentleman with the wings doing here, and once again, what is going on?"

"The headache is one of the unfortunate side effects of the cure, sport," explained the doctor.

"Pardon?" said George.

"That's the other one," said Dr. Kev "a temporary deafness caused by having these bellows up your earhole". George still looked rather confused, so Ferocious sat down beside him and explained the events of the last twenty four hours.

"Well, well", said George when Ferocious had finished shouting at him, "what a busy time you have had. I can only say well done everyone and thank you, doctor".

"No trouble, mate," said the doc. "all in a day's work. How about we crack a couple of tubes to celebrate the amazing recovery?"

"Eh?" said Phosphorous.

"I think the doctor is suggesting that we open some cans of lager, of the type I see protruding from his little black bag", explained Ferocious.

"Too right", said Kev, reaching into his medical bag and pulling out several cans of the famous antipodean beverage.

In no time they were all sitting out in the cockpit with a tube each, enjoying the sun, and listening to some of Dr. Kev's unlikely stories, of life in the Flying Doctor Service. Even Foetid had joined them, sharing a can with Phosphorous, who had fetched him a straw after much argument.

"I could not possibly presume, sir," said the little bat. But Phosphorous had insisted, and Foetid hung decorously from the Jobrot's elbow sucking occasionally at the straw.

"Well, cobbbers," said Kev. finally, "I must be about my business, I suppose. So I'll bid you'se all g'day". They begged him to stay for lunch at least, and Ferocious was much concerned to question the doctor further on his story of the kangaroo and the water diviner. But Dr. Kev was adamant. He packed the remaining cans of lager away in his bag and spread his wings. To the surprise of all, he had a wing span of some twelve or thirteen feet, beautiful wings, spotless downy white, with great rope-like muscles flexing just beneath the plumage.

"See you", said Doctor Kevin Tonkey and flapped his wings once, twice and he was away — powering up into the sun. He turned and soared over the top of the mast to give a last wave before heading out over the sea, effortless wingbeats taking him over the horizon and out of sight. On the Fanny they sat in silence for a moment. Ferocious broke it.

"Come on", he said, "we have still to find the elusive Twigwormery — shall we make a move?" And they did.

FELIX FINANCIALLY

In a world where Dishonesty is the best policy . . .

The word 'broker' is one of those evocative terms which conjures up, in our minds anyway, a series of rather menacing images. It seems to smack of wheeling and dealing by shadowy contact men at a high rate of interest: we think of stockbrokers and their belts, bowler hats and plump pink fingers: and there is Bismarck's 'honest broker' which he, somehow, turned into a phrase meaning just the opposite. And then there are pawnbrokers, who seem to give another down-turn to the picture we have of all brokers.

All of which crossed our mind when talking to FELIX FINANCIALLY's adviser, Derek E. Cummings. He, as readers of this column will know, is a broker. As readers of this column will also know, he has been pretty good at putting other people under the microscope in past issues and in making such as mortgage company managers, bank managers and the like explain what they are about.

So it seemed a reasonable idea to cross-examine him for a change and get his views on what his job out to be about.

It has to be admitted, of course, that Cummings does not exactly fit the images we talked about above, since he is one of the mavericks of the business herd—the kind of bloke who calls a spade a bloody shovel.

Anyway, we sat him down and fired off a few questions. It went like this:—

FELIX: What is a broker?

DEC: Basically, a go-between. A man whose job it is to act as the connection between a problem and its best solution. In terms of insurance, the broker should examine what the need is and obtain the best possible insurance cover at the cheapest possible rate, whether the problem is the insuring of a ship's hull or a housemaid's knee. There's always a good, efficient way of doing it—and many inefficient, expensive, wasteful ways of doing it. A good broker will find the best way.

FELIX: So a broker is really a kind of middle man?

DEC: Let's make no bones about it. A broker is a parasite on the body of a vast and important industry. But having said that let's remember that parasites have their uses. In practical terms, a good broker can save you a lot of money. And I'm not talking, necessarily about a businessman who wants to insure his factory. I'm talking about people like yourselves — students. A good broker can save you money — perhaps by doing nothing. I've spoken before about being very wary of buying insurance from the salesman who come round here trying to flog policies to people who don't need them. Well, a good broker might well advise you not to buy anything because you don't need it.

FELIX: From the experience of many students, there do not seem to be many in the insurance business who think like that.

DEC: That's quite true. Most brokers — and I do mean most — are perfectly content to earn their bread by selling policies which are advantageous to the insurance company and to themselves without giving as much as a damn about the client.

FELIX: How are brokers paid?

DEC: They are paid a percentage, either of the

premiums on the policies they sell, or on the sum assured.

FELIX: The more they sell, the more they get?

DEC: Of course. And that's why a great many brokers are quite unscrupulous. It really makes me mad to see how easy it is for a lazy broker to sell insurance. After all, insurance is a hazy sort of thing and the majority of people who buy it — and that's most people — have very little idea what they want or what they need. It's like selling sweets to children. You can get away with almost any old rubbish, and I might say that most insurance companies do just that. They actually depend on the public not knowing one policy from another. They make very fat profits from public ignorance and the pity of it is that a lot of people in my profession simply aid and abet them in doing so.

FELIX: Can you give an example?

DEC: Easily. Let's assume you feel you need life assurance, and that you bowl along to a broker to fix it up for you. Alright, what will the lazy broker do? He'll introduce you to an insurance company and together they'll sell you an endowment policy, which is the policy where you pay for, say, twenty-five years. If you kick the bucket, they'll pay your beneficiary and you couldn't care less anyway. If you live they'll promise to pay you back a lot more than you have actually contributed. Sounds fine. But there are two factors to be mindful of. One, that what individual companies will pay you can vary half as much again of the total premiums to twice as much. It depends on which insurance company you pick. Secondly, all the glossy talk about big returns at the end of twenty-five years has to be set against the real fact that it is taking the country only about ten years to halve the purchasing power of your money. In other words, even the very best return on an endowment is a very poor and inefficient form of using your cash. Now, no insurance company in the world will ever tell you that. And neither will the lazy, greedy broker. But I'm a broker. And I say it as often as I can.

FELIX: So far, it seems clear that brokers simply add to the cost of insurance. Wouldn't we all be better off without them?

DEC: A good question, but the implication is not quite accurate. If all brokers were abolished, insurance companies would simply have to employ armies of salesmen to take their places. Life assurance has to be sold. Almost all other forms of insurance are bought, but with life cover, the public has to be conditioned into buying it. That's why it is so wide open to advertising methods which border on the dishonest. No, I don't think brokers add to the cost of insurance. It's just that many of them go along with the insurance companies and their misleading advertising and con people into paying more than they need to for things they don't really want.

FELIX: OK, what about the good broker. What does he do?

DEC: A good broker will first look into his client's affairs and see what need he has of insurance — if any. If there is a need, he will shop around the companies with whom he

has contact and he will find the best cover at the cheapest rate. Remember, insurance is a positive and necessary factor in many situations. Life cover for the man with a family, for example, provides protection for his dependants in the event of his death. That's good. But there are numerous ways of going about it.

FELIX: But is it likely that a broker will risk reducing his rake-off when, after all, the client isn't likely to complain since he will have little idea of the alternatives.

DEC: It's not likely that the greedy broker will take any such risk. But then, he is a short-sighted bloke anyway. On the other hand, my own philosophy is that if you give a man good advice and a good deal at the outset, he'll very likely come back to you when he really needs you. I've got clients now I first met here at IC. Some of them I advised to go away and forget about insurance. They didn't need it — and they didn't need me, at the time. But when they did have a need, they came back to me and I was highly pleased. I'd established a trust, and that is a broker's most valuable asset, in my view.

FELIX: Why, would you say, do people need a broker's advice?

DEC: Because there is a very good chance that it will save them money in the long run. After all, you don't pay the broker. The insurance company does that if and when business is done. Furthermore, a broker can thread his way through the jungle of insurance whereas the ordinary man couldn't hope to. There are upwards of 150 insurance companies on the market for a start. It's quite likely that any individual's needs are best served by using several different companies. After all, no one company can hope to offer the best deal for every single insurance situation. One might be good for life cover, another best at for car cover, another for house content insurance. They tend to specialise. So to put all your business with one company could well be wasteful and costly. But an experienced broker will know which is best for what and will advise accordingly.

FELIX: It seems likely, then, that some insurance companies would have no great love for brokers — especially those who advise their clients to buy the cheapest policies.

DEC: That's not entirely true. Insurance companies want to sell policies, full point. Of course, there are some who employ thousands of salesmen and collectors rather than rely on brokers. This is simply because no self-respecting broker would dream of using them. They give the public a rotten deal — and they know it. Companies like that are prime examples of trading on public ignorance. They're bandits. And they are among the richest insurance companies in the land.

FELIX: You've spoken a lot about life assurance. That is, we know, the most important aspect of the business. But what about other things. Is brokerage advice important there?

DEC: I think so. There are just as many traps and pitfalls in other kinds of insurance as there are in life cover.

FELIX: For instance?

DEC: Alright, suppose you get married and you buy your spouse a diamond ring. It's worth two hundred quid, but you insure it for only a hundred to save a few shillings on the premium. It gets stolen and you ring your insurance company and tell them your two hundred pound ring has been nicked. Now, you might think they'd pay out the hundred you insured it for without argument. You'd be wrong. They'll pay you only fifty. Their reasoning is that you insured it for only half its real value and thereby forced the company to carry a greater risk than they knew about — because, it being twice as valuable, it was more likely to be pinched. Therefore, they reason if you only insured half the risk, they'll only pay half the sum insured. It's complicated, but there is a kind of logic in it. Now, if you had been in that situation, wouldn't it have been worth getting it insured properly, by using the expert advice of a broker?

FELIX: It seems to us that the insurance companies have us all by the balls.

DEC: They will have if you let them. My job is to protect my clients from that most uncomfortable risk.

SCAB

It is felt that certain misconceptions have arisen amongst the students regarding the set-up of SCAB. The purpose of this article is to lay these misconceptions.

The idea behind the inauguration of the Board was to crystalize the efforts of its constituent organisations to their mutual advantage and for the benefit of the students of Imperial College. Ents, this year has been an outstanding financial success and assuming they continue in this vein in coming years then it was felt that their excess should be used to benefit the entertainment of smaller minority groups within the college and so to provide a more comprehensive spectrum of entertainment. It was furthermore felt that the financing of these smaller clubs through bodies such as RCC was slightly out of place when it was grouped with what may be called "non-competitive sports clubs".

Many students who have been consulted have expressed concern that clubs like Dram Soc would become purely entertainment and thus lose their function and value as cultural and recreational clubs. There is provision in the constitution of SCAB to prevent just this kind of situation occurring and the Board itself will ensure that this does not happen.

The Board will also be used, and has the facility to put the co-operation between interested parties on a formal footing. The Board is not allowed to interfere with the internal running of the constituent organisations. It is important to note at this point that the Ents committee has the same standing on the Board as all the other clubs. Their Junior Treasurer will sit on the board, in addition to their chairman, for the very simple reason that they will handle the most money.

The Board will be chaired by the Social Secretary who will represent the Board on Council and will NOT have the same job or function as the present Ents chairman. His job will be to supervise the co-ordination of the organisations on the Board and to supervise the division of the money which in the first instance will be derived from the Union Finance Committee along with the Senior Treasurer of the Board. He will not be directly involved in the organisation of events and will ensure that the aims of the various societies on the Board are not interfered with directly by the Board.

The chairman of the Constituent College Union Entertainment Committees will sit on the Board to advise and to consult, but the CCU's will not derive any financial benefit directly from the Board.

SCAB has been criticised already and will be criticised again but hopefully it will improve entertainment facilities and communication in Imperial College but it is stressed that it may only advise and not interfere directly with its constituent organisations which include IC Ents Committee. It is not

Felix Diary

Tues. 6

IC Union Ballot for President & Hon Secretary (Ballot boxes in Union, College Block and South Side)

12.35	IC Catholic Society, Mass	Chemistry 231
13.00	STOIC Television Service: Cartoon time PANCAKE RACE around Beit Quadrangle	JCR & South Side
13.30	M. André Zavriew (Directeur, Institut Français du Royaume-Uni) Un Français à Londres (M. Zavriew will speak slowly in French) Rev. Ivor Smith-Cameron (Canon of Southwark Cathedral) Christianity and other faiths (continued) Miss Sarah Thomas: Listening to contemporary music. 8. Some problems for the listener.	Elec. Eng. 408 Mech. Eng. 542 Mech. Eng. 342
17.40	IC Railway Society: Mr. J. T. van Riemsdijk. Technical history of the compound locomotive	Mech. Eng. 664
17.45	IC Winetasting Society: Tasting of Champagne by Moët et Chandon (all welcome; small charge for non-members)	Physics Level 8
18.00	IC Transcendental Meditation Society: Introductory talk	Elec. Eng. 606
19.00	ICSSRS: Mr. Mr. B. M. Wheatley (Head, Health Physics Research, CEBG Berkeley Laboratories) Nuclear power and social responsibility IC Catholic Society: University Chaplaincy Shrove Tuesday Dinner	Mech. Eng. 640 City University Union
19.30	Hall Dinner	53 Cromwell Road
20.00	IC Catholic Society: Shared prayer	College Block 002
18.30	IC Islamic Society: Meeting and discussion	Royal College of Art
19.00-21.00	IC Art Club (behind Huxley Building)	

Thurs. 8

13.00	IC Catholic Society: Bible Study Group	Falmouth 118
13.15	IC Stamp Club (students and staff welcome)	Civil Eng. 412
13.30	Lunch-hour Concert: The Georgian String Quartet. Mozart, 'Quartet in D flat'; Beethoven, 'Quartet in F'	Library, 53 Prince's Gate
	NO GENERAL STUDIES ARRANGED: THE UNION MEETING ANNOUNCED IN THE GENERAL STUDIES DIARY WILL NOT TAKE PLACE	
19.00-21.00	IC Art Club (behind Huxley Building)	Royal College of Art

Fri. 9

12.45	IC Islamic Society Congregational Prayers—Juma	College Block 002
13.00	STOIC Television Service: ICS —the first programme in a new series (this week taking a look at the UL Flying Club and IC Radio Society, with music by IC Jazz Club)	JCR & South Side
18.00	STOIC Television Service: Repeat of 13.00 transmission	South Side only
18.30	IC Christian Union: Rev. John Hall. Colossians	Library, 53 Prince's Gate
19.15	IC Film Society: 'Women in love; Erotissimo (non-members 20p at the door)	Mech. Eng. 220

Sat. 10

14.45	University of London Association Football Cup-Final IC v Birkbeck or Bedford College	Motspur Park
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Sun. 11

10.00	Holy Communion	Ante Room CB
11.00	IC Catholic Society: Mass	53 Cromwell Road
18.00	IC Catholic Society: Folk Mass	53 Cromwell Road
19.30	IC Catholic Society: Folk evening	53 Cromwell Road

"Next week, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (13, 14, 15 March) Dramsoc presents "All Things Bright and Beautiful" by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, a Yorkshire comedy in three acts in the Union Concert Hall. Tickets, available from Union Entrance Hall lunchtimes or at the door, are all 25p."

a legal fiddle by which IC Ents swallow up Film Soc or any other club. Each club will be independent, will have its own committee and constitution which will be very little changed from the present ones.

Co-operation is the name of the game, not Monopoly.

M. J. Simmons, Phys. II

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Sporting Felix: Hockey

Last week the 1st XI had two hard games — against Ashford (Middlesex) on Saturday and Southampton Union on Wednesday. After another of their joy-rides when the coach got lost — because Heineken, who had the directions, went by car — we finally took the field half-an-hour late. After dominating the first five minutes, IC quickly ran out of steam and let Ashford in for two goals in the first half. The second half was fairly even with the only goal being scored by Ashford. However, IC deserved more in this half especially in one goalmouth melee when Ashford successfully used everything to stop a goal.

On Wednesday Southampton gave IC a hard, fast, but scrappy, game. It ended in a 1-1 draw — Colin Dyer scoring from the edge of the circle, after good work by Jag Gahir. Not much can be said about Wessex's goal except that Sid Boulton had a hand in it.

IC Mixed XI v Royal Vets Mixed XI IC 4 Royal Vets 3

After a very close game last Sunday, IC Mixed team retained their unbeaten record, but were lucky to do so. Vets fielded a strong side and were very

confident of victory (cocky b s). To counter this IC produced yet another secret weapon — they had two Wonder Boys in their side. Vets had the better of the first quarter of the match and eventually scored a well taken goal. This stirred IC into action and they eventually took a 2-1 half time lead, both goals coming from short corners. The first was from WB(1) trickler — the goalkeeper was fooled by the pace of the shot — and the second from a Julie creaker. IC added a third early in the second half following a WB(1)—WB(2) move which resulted in WB(2) scoring. Unfortunately Vets were then allowed to equalise from two defensive mistakes and could have gone into the lead from any of the many chances they created. Instead, it was IC who scored the winner, through WB(2), late in the game.

The following people were known to be present:— Richard, Bob, Julie, Jacqui, Junior, Chris, Blossom, WB(2), Villis, WB(1) an unnamed umpire.

IC 2nd XI v Ashford 2nd XI IC 2 Ashford 1

The result of Saturday's match showed that the age of miracles is not yet over. There was a certain amount

of confusion before the match caused by the very late arrival of some of the IC side (will culprits please take note). When the match eventually started, Ashford stormed into IC territory and remained there continually for all the first half.

However, thanks to some inept shooting and inspired goalkeeping by Jerry Heffer, Ashford did not score. In fact it was IC who scored first with a brilliant breakaway goal midway through the second half. A Mike Vieyra clearance found Chris Tyler on the left wing. The ball was then worked across the centre, leaving Dave Neal with just the goalkeeper to beat, which he did with ease. Almost immediately IC added a second when a long clearance was chased through by Dave Neal. At the sight of this, the goalkeeper took fright and kicked the ball into his own net. Though Ashford eventually scored at the very end of the match, they never looked like obtaining an equaliser.

Team:— J. Heffer; R. Bateman, M. Vieyra (capt.); P. Jowitt, A. Guest, J. Allen; C. Cobbedick, P. Brooks, D. Neal, I. Read, C. Tyler. Sub.: Julie.

A special thanks to our one supporter (M.C.B.).